

# **Betrayal Sapphires**

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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# Betrayal Sapphires

# 1

Nicholas groaned as he fought back a surge of nausea that rose up in his throat. His thoughts were stuffy and sluggish, cobwebs tugging with his efforts to identify where he was and what happened. His groan shook through his body and he struggled to crack open one of his eyes. His eyelids refused to move, weighed down with dried tears and weak muscles. He managed to flutter one eye, then the other, straining to pry open his eyes to look into a suffocating darkness.

His head lulled to the side and he tried to open his mouth to drink in a breath of air and to clear the horrid taste. When his jaw refused to move, he didn't think much of it beyond his exhaustion, but his continued attempts to pry his lips apart met with growing concern.

Nicholas strained to bring his hands up to his mouth, but when he found them bound to something hard and immobile, his growing fear spiked into an all-consuming terror. A muted scream rose up pitifully as he jerked hard on his arms and legs, but instead of freeing himself, it only confirmed the worse of his fears.

He was trapped.

Blind panic tore through him as he screamed out again, shaking violently. His arms and legs strained powerful until his muscles burned with the effort to tear himself free. His screams, muted by whatever gagged him, came out as a muffled groan instead of the louder noise that should have come out. He clamped his jaw down, feeling how something shoved his tongue down, something soft, thick, and utterly terrible tasting. All the smells and tastes of sweaty clothes flooded his mouth and he swallowed to get rid of it. Instead, it only made things worse and he felt a surge of bile rising up in his

throat. Gagging, he had to force it down by swallowing more of the vile taste. His eyes watered as he was forced to endure the onslaught of flavors, forcing his stomach to retch again.

He ground down on his jaw, begging silently for it to end. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he struggled to avoid throwing up. The stench inside his throat intensified, choking him violently. His head rolled to the side as he concentrated on working his mouth open. His tongue shoved at whatever was inside and he realized that it was a sock. The realization triggered another round of gagging as he tried desperately to shove the sock out of his mouth. Something over his mouth, tape he finally guessed, refused to let the horrid thing out.

Shuddering with revulsion, he leaned forward as far as he could and retched loudly. As he was gasping for breath, he thought he heard someone talking. Between bouts of retching, he swallowed and steeled himself against the terrible taste that suffocated him. Tears rolled his face with his effort to hold still, but between the pounding beats of his heart, Nicholas heard the one voice that sent a wave of bitter shock burning through his body.

“Come on, Gary. Not right now!”

It was Sarah, his girlfriend of six months. Instead of the terrified sound of her seeing him tied down in some manner, she sounded more like a teenage girl pushing off an overly ambitious lover. The masculine moan that followed only reinforced the illusion that she was amused by his blight and Nicholas felt a burn of betrayal and jealousy rising up inside him. He had to swallow hard, but that only triggered a terrible round of choking as the horrid stench gagged him. He heaved violently against the smelly socks as he desperately tried not to throw up. His eyes blinked at the tears and he realized they were tears of more than just suffocation but of a feeling of betrayal that cut at his heart. His eyes blinked at the darkness and he saw a few cracks of light on the edge, a blindfold.

Breathing deeply through his nose, he almost managed to drive out the stench when he felt movement right in front of him. Instinctively, he jerked back, but a hand grabbed his hair, twisting it painfully as another wrapped fingers around his blindfold. With a wrench, he felt a duct tape blind being torn off his face, his world exploding into white-hot light and pain.

The corona of light faded quickly as the tears ran down his cheeks. He blinked painfully, struggling to focus on the shapes in front of him. The first sight he focused on was golden, blond hair that sparkled in the light of the day. His watery eyes stared until he made out the face of his girlfriend, Sarah. She leaned over him, her beautiful blue eyes scanning his face and her lips parted with excitement. He noticed how her red lipstick, the color of a perfectly ripe strawberry, was marred along the edges. Without a doubt, the knife of betrayal cut deeper as he realized she was making out with someone.

He let out a thin whine but she ignored him, her eyes just roaming over him. He felt a sense of helplessness burn through him. His girlfriend of almost six months didn't move away from him, didn't even try to rescue him. Instead, she drank in the sight of him until her lips parted and she let out a soft moan of pleasure. She spoke in a soft whisper, haunting with the sounds of hungry and obsession.

"Oh yea, I remember that face. That first time he looks at you. The first time you rip off that gag and he realizes that something terrible has just happened. That question that burns in his eyes. I love that face."

Her eyes continued to probe into his, her lips working absentmindedly.

"Yes, the fear, the shock and surprise. The slow realization that something terrible was going on. And even the fear that something terrible was about to happen."

Sarah turned away from him, speaking over her shoulder.

"Do you think he knows?"

Nicholas shuddered as he looked around, but his eyes were drawn to the deep shadows of her breasts, barely contained in the spaghetti top she always teased him with before. Now, each breast hung loosely inside, swaying just out of reach, even if he could free himself of the binds. His eyes dropped further down, focusing on the gray tape that wrapped repeatedly around his wrists and elbows. Further below, he could see where his legs were similarly bound.

He was very trapped.

Drawing in a deep breath, Nicholas let out a muffled scream. It only drew Sarah's attention back to him. As she brought her head

back to look at him, he watched a slow, predatory smile cross her lips.

“I remember that sound too.”

Behind her, a strange man’s voice spoke up.

“Memorize it then, I’d rather not do this again, baby.”

Sarah let her head turned back to the other man. Nicholas let his eyes follow her movements. This time, Sarah stepped back away from him as she turned around.

“Oh, don’t worry, baby. It won’t happen again.”

Gary grunted and spread his arms out over the back of the couch. He was wearing only a pair of boxers, with an obvious hard-on of impressive size tenting the silk fabric. His muscles flexed slightly as he stretched out further, his eyes focused only on her.

Sarah purred as she padded over, her bare feet whispering across carpet. She was wearing only her top and a thong, the blood-red fabric disappearing into the tight crack of her ass and showing off every glorious curve of her buttocks. Nicholas groaned, unwilling to focus on that as he drew his attention on the stranger. Gary’s eyes flashed toward him and a cocky grin crossed his face.

“You don’t get it, do you, Nicholas? You are fucked, man.”

Nicholas gasped in surprise, but that drew in more of the foul taste of the socks. A wave of revulsion slammed into him and he began to gag violently. Stars exploded in his vision as he closed his eyes tightly, shaking with the effort to not throw up. His body shuddered as he strained against his bounds, his throat spasming with the effort to choke back the bile.

He heard Sarah’s voice drifting through the gagging noise, condescending and merciless.

“Try not to choke on my boyfriend’s, my real boyfriend’s, socks right away.”

Her voice dripped with spite and scorn, something he never thought would be directed toward him. Her sweet voice and attitude seemed like a memory as he gagged on the socks, praying with all his might for the pain and suffering to end. Instead, it continued on endlessly, his throat spasming with the need to throw up the foul taste that choked his senses.

Gary chuckled dryly, “You better hurry up, I think he’s going to choke to death on those socks.”



Sarah sighed dramatically and returned to Nicholas. Her naked thighs spread out over his bound legs as she settled down. Nicholas tried to pull away from her, but she easily caught his head and forced him to look at her. He gagged from the vile taste but couldn't pull away from the hard blue eyes that pinned him.

"We're not done with you just yet."

He winced away from her but she grabbed both sides of his head and forced him to stare at you.

"I'm just going to ask you a few questions. If you behave, we'll let you go."

From the couch, Gary chuckled dryly but said nothing. Nicholas' eyes snapped back and forth between Sarah and Gary. Sarah's voice interrupted him.

"Nicholas, pay attention to me."

She spoke slowly and surely, as if he was nothing more than a little child. He whimpered, jerking as he gagged on the socks. She pressed a hand warningly on his face, fingertips dancing along the tape.

"Pay attention. I'm going to ask you a bunch of question, just simple questions."

Nicholas felt himself shaking as he stared up into the baby-blue eyes of his girlfriend. She smiled warmly at him, her body pressing up against him.

"Do you remember when we met?"

Nicholas shuddered and frowned, remembering the bright eyes that caught his attention one day as he was leaving the hospital. He nodded, working his mouth to avoid the foul taste that choked him.

Sarah beamed at him, "Getting somewhere now. I remember it, you were visiting your mother."

The purr of her voice sent a cold shiver down his spine. She spoke after a moment.

"You were a pretty target then, handsome and naïve. I had to give up my Gary for almost six months while I pretended to date you. Six long," she sighed, "months finally over."

She cooed as she stroked her fingers along his chin. He shivered at the sight, the bright blue of her eyes turning into a cold, predatory stare.

“It was such a shame that she died so fast. Cancer is never a pretty picture but I was so glad that I didn’t have to spend much time in the hospital.”

Nicholas felt anger rising up inside him at the thought that Sarah may have been involved with his beloved mother’s death, but his ex-girlfriend shook her head.

“We didn’t do anything about that. But, it was pretty obvious the old bat was about to go and you were so willing to fall into my arms.”

She gave him a little smile and a giggle.

“A month later, I’m invited over to your house,” she cocked her head mockingly, “to console your sorrow. I know how it worked, just as we planned.”

She sighed as she wrapped her arms around him.

“The only hard part was being away from my Gary for so long.”

A slow smile crossed her lips but it was hard and humorless. All amusement faded almost instantly as she looked back over her shoulder.

“I suspect he was happier I wasn’t spending the rest of the money.”

Gary grunted but said nothing. Sarah blew him a kiss and Nicholas felt jealousy rising up inside him.

“But, that gets us to the point of why you are here,” she patted his duct-tape bounds, “and why I am here.”

Nicholas shook in an effort to escape, but his grunting quickly turned to gagging as he felt the stench of the socks sent off another wave of revulsion.

Sarah waited a moment for him to gag into the socks.

“Now, a bunch of yes or no questions, sound good?”

Nicholas felt a flush rising in his cheeks but there was nothing he could do. She tapped his mouth.

“Sound good?”

Humiliated, Nicholas had to nod his head.

“Good, good. Now, do you know what happen to your mother’s things when she died?”

Nicholas didn’t need to think back to handling her estate. As her only son, it was on his shoulders to do so and he suffered it for months, with Sarah by his side. He thought back to the long hours

he spent working at the table, the tears that rolled down his cheeks, and her apparently false comfort. But now, all that love he felt was something else. Something poisoned.

Sarah smiled, “Well, now that I remember. There was something I never saw cross your desk. It was her most precious possessions and something I wanted very much.”

He frowned in confusion, trying to understand. Sarah sighed.

“The gemstones, Nicholas. Your mother had one of the largest collections of flawless sapphires known in this part of the country.”

At the word “sapphire,” realization slammed into Nicholas with the force of an atomic bomb. Ice poured down his spine as he looked up with fear and loathing, terrified at the sexy woman who now held his life in her hands. All for a bunch of rocks. He hated those gems and always had. When he had to deal with them, he just threw them aside instead of trying to track down the insurance waivers or try to get assessments.

He felt tears stinging his eyes as his shoulders slumped.

From the couch, Gary chuckled, “Oh, he remembers those.”

Sarah moaned, rocking her hips, and forced Nicholas’ face to look at her.

“Do you know where those sapphires are?”

He considered lying, but she squeezed tightly on his head.

“Lying would be a very, very,” she held her eyes rigid against his, “bad idea, Nicholas. There are things far worse than choking on Gary’s socks. In fact, I’ve done those worse things.”

Looking into those hard blue eyes, Nicholas saw a specter of death looking back and shivered at the terrible visions he saw. A tear rolled down his cheek as his former girlfriend let the giggling mask return over her face.

“Now, yes or no, do you know where those sapphires are?”

His will to fight left him with a rush and Nicholas felt a tear rolling down his cheek as he nodded. Sarah let out a happy sigh.

“Good boy. Are they in the house?”

Nicholas thought of the library where he threw literally threw the sapphires across the room. The velvet bag spilled out over the logs of the main fireplace, the sparkles of deepest blue pouring out over the embers and cascading down into the trap below. He felt his

stomach surging again, the foul taste of the socks setting off another wave of nausea. Gagging, he gasped for breath as he nodded.

Sarah cooed, "At least it isn't in a bank this time. Upstairs?"

A shake.

"The basement?"

He shook his head, but then almost threw up into his gag. His body shook violently as he fought against his body, feeling the bile and humiliation rise up in acidic fury. He gasped for breath, barely able to speak, until Sarah's voice drew him back into the present.

"Nicholas, Nicholas, Nicholas... oh, are we back?"

Sweat dripped down his face but Nicholas nodded.

"So, the first floor?"

He had to clamp down on the muscles of his stomach to prevent another wave of revulsion. It took all his effort just to nod his head.

Sarah's eyes rolled up in her head and Nicholas felt frustrating rising as she tapped him on the shoulder.

"Okay, kitchen?"

Nicholas shook his head, wanting it to end this misery as soon as possible. Sarah frowned before asking again.

"Here in the living room?"

He managed to get another shake, but felt his stomach lurching from the effort. The vile taste of the socks was blurring his vision and giving him the feeling of snakes twisting in his stomach. He gagged briefly, then winced when she smacked his shoulder.

"Damn it, what about the... the entry hall?"

Nicholas started to throw up and had to bear down with all his strength as he felt the bile rising. Sweat poured down from his face as he let out a painful moan, gagging violently on the socks that choked him with their taste and their scents. Somewhere in the gagging, he heard Gary sigh loudly.

"Damn it, this is taking too long! Hurry up, Sarah."

She snapped back, "Easy to say, yes or no always takes-"

"Then take off the god damn gag."

There was a long moment of angry silence, then Sarah snapped her head around. Scratching his face, she dug her fingernails under the duct tape and tore it away from Nicholas face with one hard pull. It tore, taking hair and skin with it and Nicholas let out a long scream of agony.

Sarah started to ask something, then her eyes widened and she dove back as Nicholas leaned to the side and threw up over the edge of the chair.

“That’s disgusting!”

Nicholas couldn’t respond as he finished making a mess of his mother’s living room floor. His only thought was that the socks were finally out of his mouth, not that he could taste over everything else. Gary chuckled as he finished.

“Well, it will be easier to get some answers now.”

Sarah gaped at him, then at Gary. Gary rolled his eyes.

“Come on, I’m not in the mood to run from the police this time.”

She gasped and started to respond, then looked back at Nicholas. The look she gave him, filled with disgust and revile, brought a flush of shame burning across his skin. Sarah started to speak, then sighed.

“It’s disgusting in here.”

Gary rolled his eyes as he stood up.

“If I have to,” as he spoke, he grabbed the back of Nicholas chair, then the world spun as Nicholas was helplessly dragged out of the living room and into the kitchen. He let out a bellow, trying to break free but there was nothing he could do as Gary spun him into the center of the room, sending another wave of nausea rising as his chair bumped against the table. He clamped down, still tasting the foul socks on his lips, and managed to keep the remains of his stomach intact.

Sarah and Gary circled around him before Sarah went to the sink to wash something off. Gary followed and Nicholas realized he had a slight chance of freedom. His eyes slithered to the right and left, eventually focusing on the thin gauzy curtains that hung over the kitchen window. In his mind’s eye, he could picture the short distance to the neighbors, an old retired couple that always worked on their garden at that time of the day. Taking a deep breath, he realized he might be able to call out loud enough for them to hear him.

His eyes flashed back to his attackers, but it only brought a new feeling of revulsion as he spotted them kissing, Gary holding Sarah’s hands tenderly as they kissed loudly. Her eyes were closed tightly, one leg rising up on his thigh as they kissed.

Nicholas closed his eyes tightly, drew in as much air as possible, then began to yell as loud as he could.

“Help! Help me, Williams!” he tried calling out their last name, “Help! Help!”

Gary and Sarah froze at the first sound of his voice, but they responded quickly. Gary took a few steps toward him, his hand raising to punch him. Outside, the sound of a shovel being dropped clearly rang out and Gary spun around and sprinted for the door. Sarah stared at his back in surprise, then threw herself at Nicholas. Her hand slapped hard against his face, clamping over his lips and sealing her palm against his mouth and nose.

“Shut up, you bastard!”

When Nicholas continued to struggle, she leaned forward. He felt her moving, an attack he couldn't defend against. Agony exploded in his gut as she kned him with considerable strength. The air drove out of his lungs and he saw an explosion of black and white burst out across his sight, blinding him as he gaped helplessly for air.

He thrashed his head back and forth, trying to find breath to scream again, but her hands easily caught his, pressing her fingers against his face. He felt her palm, soft and delicate, grinding up against his lips and crushing his nose. His eyes focused back on hers as he regained his focus.

The serious set to her lips scared him, her eyes were focused on her hands and he could feel her stretching her fingers over him, pressing the soft strength against him as her fingertips curled to seal his mouth shut.

It came to him in a terrible realization.

She's done this before.

That thought sent ice through his veins as he stared at up at the girl he was just thinking about asking to marry in a few months. But now, only cold hard anger burned in her eyes.

Sarah's eyes focused on him as she twisted her upper palm over him, her thumbs interlocking over his chin and her fingers stretching across both sides of his face to grind down on him. He felt discomfort rising as she forces his lips tight against his teeth, grinding down on his jaw as she whispered in tight, angry tones.

“Shut. The. Fuck. Up.”

He blinked back at the tears as she jerked on him, emphasizing her point. Nicholas heard a door of the house slamming shut, then bare feet slapping against the floor. Then something was shoved toward his face.

Gary snarled, "Use these, apparently they are the only thing keeping the bastard silent."

Nicholas barely had time to register they were a fresh set of truly horrid-smelling sweat socks, almost steaming, before Sarah made a face of her own.

"Ew, Gary, I mean-"

Even as she spoke, she slipped her hands off. Nicholas tried to jerk away, but with almost a supernatural speed, she managed to grab his mouth, pry it open, and jammed the foul socks into his mouth. He gagged immediately, but her hands clamped down on his mouth, squeezing tightly as she pressed her body up against him.

"Nicholas."

He choked, trying not to think about the dampness of the socks or how he was utterly helpless. Tears rolled down his cheeks as Sarah got back into place.

"And if you throw up on me, Nicholas, I will kill you."

He felt her fingers pressing against him, crushing his lips and cutting off his breath. With the foul taste filling his head, he could only blink back the tears. She sighed.

"Guess we do it the hard way. Where were we? Yes or no, is it in the hallway?"

He let out a long whimper, then shook his head. Sarah smiled, "Good, how about the library?"

For a moment, he wanted to keep on shaking his head, but the idea of choking on Gary's socks was too much. Broken, he nodded. Sarah squealed happily and Gary chortled. Padding out of the room, Nicholas heard him heading into the library. Sarah watched him leave, her attitude brightening.

"Isn't he the sweetest thing?"

Nicholas looked at her, fear rising. Her eyes focused on his and she squeezed her hands tighter over his mouth. Tears rolled down his cheeks, the vile taste choking him but the feeling of her hands holding it in was a strange contrast. Her fingers were soft, but the

inescapable grip gave no quarter as she pinned him. She smiled, then tapped one finger on his mouth.

“I asked a question, Nicholas.”

He whimpered, trying to find a right answer, then gave a hesitant nod. Sarah smiled sweetly and tossed her hair over her shoulder. The movement caused her hand to rock on his face, stroking across his lips and her fingertips almost caressing. Then, she tightened them back down on his face, soft flesh tight against his mouth and cheeks.

“He isn’t sweet to you, of course. But, he was with me the first time, with that diamond.”

Her eyes got a faraway look for a moment, then she regarded him. Her fingers stroked across his cheek, her palm still pressed tightly against his mouth and keeping the foul stench of Gary’s dirty socks caught in his mouth. Everything felt terribly wrong as she asked a soft, dangerous question.

“Do you think I waste money?”

Nicholas thought about the massive shopping trips they took, with him spending thousands in a matter of hours. With sweat stinging across his brow, he lied for his life and shook his head. Sarah smiled, softer but still the hard smile of a murderer.

“I didn’t think so either, but that diamond,” she sighed, “that diamond didn’t go as far as it was suppose to. Only a few years and we already ran out of money. Millions don’t go as far, I guess.”

She sighed before speaking, “Do you think I could get millions for your mother’s sapphires?”

He nodded sadly, it was well in the estimates he saw from his mother. Sarah smiled even brighter. She slid her hands over his mouth, switching which palm pressed tightly against his lips. He swallowed involuntarily, cringing at the horrid taste but unable to pull his eyes away from his keeper.

She sighed, “Mexico was nice, but I think this time, maybe Tahiti or something exotic. I mean, that year in Mexico was just avoiding all the,” she made a face, “old and poor people, know what I mean?”

A warning squeeze on his mouth, her thumb cutting off his breath, frightened him and he shook his head. She smiled.

“I want an open house, with those little ceramic floors. What is the most popular color?”



He had no clue how to answer that, but Sarah squeezed her hand in warning. As he tried to find an answer, she sighed and then suddenly ground her hand hard against his mouth. He felt the sock shoving deeper into his throat, choking off his vision and sending up a wave of nausea twisting in his stomach. He gagged violently, trying to find vision. The suffocating hand over his mouth made everything hard to breath, the soft press of her hand felt strangling terrifying, grinding the sock further into his mouth. Even the scent of her lotion, a scent he thought was quaint, wasn't enough to overpower the terrible stench of the socks.

She continued to ask questions, many impossible to answer with a nod or shake, and she kept on choking him with his socks when he didn't answer. It felt like forever until Gary came back, arms covered in soot and sapphires dancing in his hand.

“I found them, baby!”

Sarah squealed happily, bouncing on Nicholas' lap. He winched at the pain as Gary came up, towering over both of them. She cooed to him, holding out her hand but keeping the other firmly attached to his lips. He tried to shake it free, but she ground her fingertips around his jaw, sealing his mouth shut as the soft palm ground tightly against him.

Gary poured the ash and sapphires into her hand, the deepest blue he had ever seen and the bane of his existence. Ash poured through her fingers as she gasped in awe, her lips parting with excitement. Nicholas let out a short breath of relief, but then his breath froze in his lungs as he watched Gary grab Sarah's breasts tightly, smearing ash across the silk. She gasped happily, let out a moan as her hand trembled on Nicholas' mouth. Nicholas tried to pull away, but she forced his head back as Gary's fingers mauled the nearly perfect breasts, squeezing them until the two hard nipples peaked out from the silk. The color of dusky pink, it was the first and maybe the last chance Nicholas would ever get to see them and all he could feel was humiliation, jealousy, and fear.

Sarah moaned, “Oh, baby, you know I love you.”

She leaned back against Gary, arching her back but forcing Nicholas to watch as the hands tore open the silk top, shoving aside fabric to present her pink nipples. Then his fingers twisted and teased them, mauling them in front of Nicholas. It was everything

Nicholas ever wanted, to feeling her naked body against his, but it was stolen from him as Gary groaned, shuddering against her as he nuzzled her neck. Sarah's eyes didn't move away from the sparks of sapphire in her hand, but when Nicholas gagged from a sudden wave of nausea, she bore down and forced him to keep watching them. Her pretty blue eyes rolled up in her head as Gary pressed harder against her, tweaking her nipples until she let out a long moan of pleasure.

"Oh Gary, damn it I missed you."

Tears burned Nicholas as he feels them making out on him, his body shaking with every thrust of Gary's hips and arch of Sarah's back. The humiliation and helplessness tore at his heart and he sobbed through the sock gag.

Gary's eyes opened slightly, regarding him.

"Baby?"

Sarah gasped, "Oh, yes?"

"What about him? Going to kill him off, like the other guy?"

With those words, Nicholas' heart froze for a moment, his entire life on a sudden edge of a knife. His body felt suddenly heavy, as if it was filled with lead, and the entire room tilted in a surreal spin. His eyes widened in complete and utter fear. A slow shake began to grow inside him, hitting him from his stomach and twisting violently as he tried to even comprehend his own mortality.

Sarah's eyes flashed and focused on him, probing into his own eyes as she stared at him. It felt like she was looking into his very soul, balancing him against a feather, a brick, or something else that terrified him just as much. As if thinking about it, she ground her hand tightly against his mouth and stretched her fingers up to block his nose. He jerked violently, the fear of being suffocated far worse than even the socks gagging him.

He whimpered loudly, trying to shake free as a slow, evil smile crossed her perfect lips. Gary's hands continued to grope her, mauling the breasts and invoking tiny gasps of pleasure, but the entire world focused on Nicholas and his captor, the woman who betrayed him. His lungs burned with a fuel-driven need for breath.

She leaned back, releasing his nose. She sighed, but didn't release her palm over his lips.

“We better not. Caused a lot of trouble with the diamond sale last time. We lost at least a million he said, because of... what happened.”

Gary nuzzled against her neck, his fingers teasing her nipples and his hips rocking against her back.

“Good idea, keep him around until after we sell these. This time, we’ll make enough to keep you in dresses and jeweleries for the rest of your life.”

Sarah cooed, “Oh, Gary.”

Gary chuckled, “They have a cabin, Nicholas and his mother. Up in the mountains in North Carolina. I read about it when we checking him out.”

He nuzzled her neck, “Oh, just a couple weeks of you and me up in the mountains. I bet it has a hot tub and everything.”

Still mauling her lustfully, Gary nodded to Nicholas.

“Ask him where the keys are, or a map to get there.”

Nicholas whimpered, not wanting to go through a series of yes or no questions. Sarah squeezed her hand over his mouth, pressing her palm tightly over his mouth. The softness of her skin was intense against him, delicate strength that kept him so helpless with nothing but her hand. He strained against her, trying to breath through the fumes and suffer with the terrible burning of humiliation that he felt at her hand.

Sarah shoved her face right up to Nicholas’, breathing in deeply as she looked at his eyes. Her lips parted as he watched her eyes scanning his, glinting blue with her obsession.

She sighed softly, “Don’t worry, my little Nicholas. I already know that answer.”

Returning her gaze back to Gary, she smiled.

“In the black file cabinet upstairs. Bottom drawer. Even has keys in an envelope and a map to get there.”

Gary slipped his hands away from her finally, pulling the silk back over the perk nipples and straighting the straps. He rocked his head back and forth to crack it, then grunted.

“We better hurry up. That old bat may not be able to hear him yelling outside, but I’d rather get him away from anyone helpful as soon as possible.”

Nicholas whimpered pitifully as Gary padded out of the kitchen. His heavy footsteps sounded loudly as he went up the stairs, leaving Sarah and Nicholas alone in the kitchen. Sarah turned her attention back to Nicholas, reaching over him to pour the sapphires out on the kitchen table. Her almost-naked breasts pressed against his chest for a moment, then she sat back to regard him.

“We need to keep you around a bit longer, my dear Nicholas. Enough to steal everything of worth here and take you off,” she grinned, “to a fantasy world where you... will probably never leave. But, first I need to make sure you won’t make any more noise.”

He gasped, or tried to, but her hand clamped over his nose and she ground down with her other hand. He tried to whimper as she bore down, her shimmering blue eyes riveted on his, watching him as he slowly suffocated by her hand.

Black spots scraped across his vision and he felt himself pleading with his eyes as the pounding of his heart rang in his ears and his pitiful attempts to escape did nothing more than shake the chair.

As he felt his consciousness being torn away, the last thing he heard with Sarah’s moan. He prayed the darkness would keep him and he wouldn’t wake up to far worse.

# About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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