

Betrayal Sapphires 2

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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Nicholas never realized how terrible the state maintained the interstate until he was tied up in the back of a van. He felt every bump, buckle, and ditch along the asphalt. Every thump that vibrated through the van knocked his head hard against the cold steel wall. He tried to pull himself up and away, but his back screamed out in discomfort and he had to drop back down. The cool metal crushed his face in icy hardness but there was nothing he could do.

It was dark, except for the flashes of light through the windows. He tried to stare out at the streetlights, but his vision blurred with tears of pain and thoughts of betrayal. The constant thumping of the roads gave him a rhythm for his attempts to get out of his ropes. Every bump, he twisted his wrists, trying to find some way to slip out of them. It looked easy in the movies, but now, it only left blood running down his wrists and agony shooting up his arms. No matter how hard he twisted, no matter how hard he pulled, the ropes refused to give.

He groaned softly and closed his eyes tightly. The van continued to ride along the interstate and he continued to twist at his bounds. It wasn't until the van slowed down at he stopped, his senses growing sensitive as he listened carefully. The van turned off the interstate and he held his breath. It would take hours to get up to the cabin and they were barely driving for an hour.

Nicholas struggled into a sitting position. The edge of the van dug into his back, but he could see the two people who betrayed his life in the front seats.

In the driver's seat was Gary. The man who stole the woman he thought was his girlfriend. His dark hair shook with the vibrations of the van and waved in the wind from the A/C unit. Nicholas didn't know where Gary came from, except that he said he killed someone for some diamonds. Nicholas wasn't sure what happened, but Gary's threats still echoed in his thoughts.

To Gary's right, Nicholas focused on the former love his life, the golden-haired blond who comforted him during his mother's illness and death. Then ripped his heart out when he found out she was only there for his mother's flawless sapphires. They were a few million dollars on the open market and they were in her hands. He let out a shuddering breath as she turned to look at Gary, her nearly flawless profile taking his breath away. He watched her lips work, not hearing her words because of a sudden ringing in his ears. He leaned against the side of the van, but misjudged and banged his head loudly.

Sarah jumped slightly and turned to look at him. Her perfect lips stretched into a smile as he felt her bright blue eyes staring right into him.

"Awake already?"

Nicholas moaned and hesitantly looked away. At her cheerful chuckle, his eyes glanced back to find her gaze still riveted on him. A flush rose along his cheeks as he stared at her, unable to look away. Her bright blue eyes shimmered in the flashing streetlights outside.

"Don't worry, we just have to make one more stop, then we are off to your ma's cabin."

In the driver seat, Gary chuckled, "Yeah, that's going to be a fun visit for him."

Sarah smiled at him and turned away, her cruel laughter echoing in the van as she settled back into place. Nicholas groaned in discomfort and let his head bang against the side of the van. His discomfort only brought more laughter from the front.

Nicholas worked his mouth, licking his dry lips. The last time he tried to make a noise, they threatened him with the most horrible of things he had ever tasted: Gary's disgusting socks. He could taste it in the back of his throat, the type of stench that burned like acid. His eyes teared with the very thought of it and he kept his lips

tightly sealed, terrified that Gary would consider using his socks once again to silence him.

Instead, Nicholas watched mutely as the flashing lights passed the van. To his surprise, they pulled off the interstate. It was too soon to be near the family cabin. His eyes spotted a green sign proclaiming the exit and his frown deepened. He didn't know anyone from that exit.

The van drove away from the interstate and into a housing area. He watched as the lights changed from the overhead ones on the street to the varied lights of various houses. Finally, the van pulled into a driveway Nicholas assumed and Gary leaned on the horn impatiently.

"Give her a second, honey."

Honey? Nicholas frowned and shifted into position, his wrists aching from his efforts to twist free. A door slammed shut and he heard a rapid tattoo of footsteps as someone came around the front of the van. Gary chuckled and Sarah squeals happily, bouncing slightly in her seat. The side of the van yanked open with a screech and the bright, bubbly expression of Linda popped in.

Nicholas fought back a groan. Any small shred of hope disappeared almost instantly when he saw her long, platinum hair. Her smile turned into a 100-watt bulb as she regarded Nicholas.

"And here is the birthday boy!"

Gary snapped back, "It isn't his birthday."

Next to her, Kathy peeked her head in.

"But, he got the surprise present of his life."

For the briefest of moments, Nicholas considered choking on the socks as an alternative to Kathy's piercing brown eyes. Kathy turned slowly, as if reading his thoughts, and stared at him. Her fizzy brown hair was pulled back into a pony tail, with one of the leather straps she used to tie it back. It would have looked good, if it wasn't for the sardonic smile that she always wore. Nicholas cringed as she crawled into the van.

Linda crawled in and dropped right in the center of the van.

"Nice rental."

"Better than one of us being caught on the speed traps."

As one, all four looked back at him. Linda broke the silent first with a giggle. She reached out of the van and grabbed a large

suitcase, grunting as she pulled it in. Kathy tossed in her own suitcase, bright pink except for a skull drawn on it with a permanent marker. It was a suitcase of a teenager and probably something Kathy kept with her for the last five years. She gave him a single hard look before easily sliding into the van and jamming it shut.

Gary looked back with a grin, "Well, ready to go?"

Linda bounced up and down, squealing happily. Kathy crawled toward the back of the van, giving Nicholas a view of her cleavage but he was too frightened to appreciate it. Actually, he never really cared for Kathy's looks and the hard look she gave him gave him no reason to change his mind.

Her voice was soft when she spoke, almost a whisper, "And how is the little piggy today?"

Nicholas leaned away from her, his eyes widening. She reached around him and grabbed his wrists, pulling them into the light, then chuckling lightly. He blushed fiercely as she inspected his wrists.

"Trying to escape already?"

Her perfume almost choked him and he shook his head. Clicking her tongue, she shook her head and squeezed her thumb right along the sore part of his wrist. He whimpered, his mouth parting with the sharp pain as she dug her fingernail right into his cuts.

"Now, be honest, if you value... fuck that, just be honest or I will make you," she ground down on his wrist and he gasped out in pain, "pay for every fucking lie."

He helped out as the nail cut deep and Gary started up the car.

"Keep him quiet, Kathy."

Kathy chuckled dryly and squeezed down on Nicholas' wrist again, grinding down until he gasped out again.

This time, Sarah snapped back, "Kathy!"

Kathy grinned back up, "Sorry, I never got to screw around him like that."

Gary muttered, "Keep him quiet at least."

Kathy looked back at Nicholas, then a slow, cruel smile crossed her face. She pushed him forward, away from the wall. Nicholas tried to resist, but she dug in until he obeyed. Slipping behind him, Kathy slid her back down along the wall of the van and slipped one

leg around each side of Nicholas. He cringed, his body tensing up as he tried to pull forward.

One hand snaked around to grab his mouth. He somehow knew what was coming and tried to dodge her palm. It smacked against his cheek before she caught his mouth, slapping it against his mouth. Nicholas jumped but Kathy grabbed his wrists with her other hand, holding them against her thigh and digging her thumb back into the bloody wounds left by the rope.

Her breath teased his ear.

“Now, I can do whatever I want and you can’t make a noise, right?”

Nicholas didn’t say anything and she bore down. He let out a yelp, muffled from the hand across his mouth. He whimpered loudly and tried not to think about his position. Tears dripped down his face, burning his eyes. The only thing he could smell was her skin, the delicate perfume she used and the feel of her firm hand across his lips, pressing down and holding him tightly.

He let out a long shuddering breath as he tried to jerk his head out of the way. She bore down with her palm and her thumb at the same time, freezing him with pain as she held him firmly in her bounds.

“Not this time, Nicholasy boy. This time, there is nothing you can do to escape.”

Nicholas strained against her, but the strength drained out of him as she yanked him back, pressing his back against her breasts and holding her hand tightly against his face. His feet twitched, but the feeling of her hand across his face, her smallest finger curling under his chin reminded me of his position.

And reminded him of what Sarah did to him only a few hours before. The memory of Sarah’s hands on his face left a cold shiver down his spine. When he tried to escape was when Gary shoved those terrible socks in his mouth. He almost died, choking on them, and he had no desire to do that again.

The van jerked as Gary finally put it in reverse and pulled out of the drive. Swinging it around, Nicholas felt the van return to the interstate, the almost soothing thumps of the poorly maintained road softened by the body pressed up against him.

If it wasn't for the fact she wanted to kill him, it would have almost been nice.

Linda spoke up cheerful, "Where are we heading?"

Gary grunted before answering.

"Nicholas' mother has a cabin up in the mountains. At least a couple hours out, but there is no chance anyone will find us there."

"And...?" The question hung in the air.

"Well, we leave you alone with Nicholas while me and Sarah meet up with our buyer. Maybe five, six hours at the most and you'll get your share."

Kathy spoke up behind Nicholas, her breath teasing his ear.

"Ten percent, right?"

"That's right, ten percent of a couple million. Should be enough to keep both of you on easy street."

Linda giggled, "Best paying babysitting job I'll ever get paid for."

Kathy chuckled in Nicholas' ear and shifted position briefly to press her palm tighter against his hand. Her fingers rested along his cheek, the edge of her palm right underneath his nose. Nicholas felt his breath against her skin, the tiny hairs of her hand tickling his as he exhaled a long shuddering breath. The crook of her thumb rested lightly along the edge of his nose and he felt her pulse through the delicate skin.

Nicholas held himself as still as possible, frightened of another round of a woman's smothering him. His eyes locked on the front windshield. As he watched, Sarah's smooth hand reached over to stroke Gary's lap. Nicholas felt the tears beginning to blur his vision as she stroked it a few times.

Then, to Nicholas' horror, she slid her fingers up and the distinctive sound of a zipper filled the air. Linda didn't seem to notice, but Kathy did. Her soft whisper tortured him.

"Already at it. How long were you two together?" Nicholas said nothing, but he ground his teeth together. Kathy increased the pressure warningly but then relaxed as Nicholas let out a soft whimper.

He could do nothing but watched as Sarah's hand began to move and Gary's moans of pleasure carried back. The feelings of helplessness burned as did the terrible cuts of betrayal as he

watched his former girlfriend, the one he almost asked to marry, jacking off some man he didn't know yesterday.

Now, he was nothing but a watching in the terrible play as Sarah, the blond goddess of his life, unbuckled her seat belt and leaned over to kiss Gary's shoulder. Gary chuckled dryly and kissed her back, the van jerking slightly.

Linda finally notice.

"Oh my god. Are you two going at it again," the plaintive whine told Nicholas more than he could imagine. The next words floored him, stealing his breath away: "Bad enough you make out all the time at my house, but at least keep your hands to yourself in the car!"

Nicholas' whimper vibrated in his chest, hot tears splashing down his cheeks. He watched them roll along Kathy's hand and she tightened her grip on him in response. Hot burning tears couldn't blind him enough to hide the look Jennifer gave him, not Linda but him. The icy spite, the anger that he never knew she had, then her gaze returned to Gary. With a smile in perfect profile, he watched as she lowered her head down into his lap.

Unable to watch, Nicholas turned away, but Kathy forced his head back to the front.

"Watch this, Nicholas. Watch what that slut is doing to her real boyfriend."

Sarah's shoulder moved in a rhythm that left nothing to the imagination. Nicholas let out another muffled whimper through Kathy's palm. She brought her other hand to layer on top of the first, pulling him back against her as she breathed into his ear. He could feel the softness of her palm, the little folds of her skin. His world seemed to resolve around that hand, plastered to his face and holding him so helplessly in place despite his best efforts. He tried to twists at his rope bounds, but a threatening jerk back froze his movements.

Suddenly, Gary swore loudly. He grabbed Sarah's hair and pulled her up, "Damn it, Sarah, get up and put me away!"

There was a tint of fear in Gary's voice as he fumbled with his pants. In the side mirror, Nicholas caught the flash of red and blue. He held his breath as the first glimmer of hope rose inside him. A

moment later, Kathy noticed the same thing and jerked him back, her hand squeezing tightly on his mouth.

“Don’t even think of it.”

Her voice was a tense hiss and Nicholas could hear the fear despite her anger. Everyone in this van could be thrown in jail, if he could just call out at the right time. He froze for a moment as he remembered when he tried to call out to his neighbors. His eyes focused on Sarah and Gary, scrambling to yank their clothes back into place as Gary pulled to the side. The police lights were bright in the mirrors and he heard a door shut beyond the van.

As the police officer came up, Kathy bore down on his mouth, sealing it tightly. He tried to force his jaw open, his body straining at his bounds. She grunted and squeezed down, pressing her thumb against his nose as she curled her fingers around his jaw. He could feel the softness of her palm as clearly as the strength that kept him held in place. Tears burning down his cheeks, he ground his mouth open, trying to bite at her palm.

Kathy hissed loudly in annoyance and clamped her hands down on him. Linda looked back with a start, rolled her eyes, then threw a blanket over both of them. For a moment, he struggled violently in surprise, then the world exploded into a white light as Linda sat down heavily on his lap. The impact crushed him into Kathy and drove the air out of him for a brief moment. Kathy clutched to him as she recovered from the surprise maneuver and Nicholas managed to pry his jaw apart. However, with her palms pressed tightly against his lips, crushing them with his teeth, he couldn’t get enough to bite her.

Nicholas heard the police officer talking in the window and he realized that he didn’t have much more time. He tried kicking his feet, but Linda’s casual weight held him down tightly. Fear sparkled along his skin, prickling with sweat and terror. He thought furiously, trying to find some way to call out to the officer.

A moment of inspiration came to him with a flash. Desperately, he shoved his tongue between his lips and started to lick at it. Kathy let out a hiss, “Ew,” and almost let go. Inspired, Nicholas began to lap at her hand even more, trying to get it as wet and dripping as possible. He could taste her skin, the delicate scents of her perfume and even how her fingers squelched around his tongue. Her hands

trembled and she let out a shuddering breath as the blanket over their head lit up with the flashlight of the officer. Nicholas tried to jerk into place, but Linda shifted into possible before speaking out in probably one of the most innocent voices he had ever heard.

“Good evening, officer.”

“Madam.”

Damn, damn, damn. Nicholas struggled even hard but Linda masked with her movements and Kathy managed to barely keep her fingers spread around his mouth, almost smothering him. The light turned away from his prison and Nicholas redoubled his efforts.

Kathy whispered sharply in his ear, “Stop that!”

Nicholas managed to get a muffled grunt out, then made a louder one as Linda jammed her elbow hard into his side. The pain radiated from his side, but Kathy managed to keep her hand firmly across his mouth, pressing down hard until he felt it crushing him. He jerked violently, struggling to escape, and Linda jammed it even harder, grinding it down into him until tears poured down his cheeks.

As he continued to struggle in the suffocating heat of the blanket, he heard the police door slamming shut with the cold finality of his freedom. He froze with a cold sweat prickling his brow. His heart pounded powerfully, slamming into his chest as he started to shake his head in denial. When the police car pulled away, his will finally broke. Slumping, he let out a pitiful sob. Compared to the weight of the blanket on him, the weight of his sorrow ground down with the pressure of the universe.

The icy chuckle that teased his ears cut through his sorrow, slicing in his heart and reminding him how little he had left.

His cries were muffled through Kathy’s palm. Linda got up disgustedly, giving him on more jab in the side before she dragged the blanket away from he and Kathy. He blinked at the sudden light, still trying to escape from Kathy’s grip. Linda let out a long, pained sighed before bunching the blanket underneath he and sitting down heavily.

Beyond her, Nicholas caught sight of Sarah and Gary at it again. Gary’s hands clutched tightly to the steering wheel and Sarah’s arm stretched across the intervening space. Nicholas felt fresh tears in his eyes as he watched her move in a rhythm, a rhythm that left no doubt of what her fingers wrapped around. For a moment, he felt

the bile rising up in his throat and swallowed hard on his suddenly dry throat.

Nicholas closed his eyes tightly, his body shuddering as he pitifully cried. Kathy kept her palm tight against his lips, almost smothering him as she held him tightly.

“You are pathetic, Nicholas,” she said in a cruel whisper, “Even in the point you needed it most, you couldn’t even escape two... helpless... girls.”

Her fingertips dug into the side of his mouth as she dragged him back, her lips just touching the ridge of his ear. He shuddered, unable to find the energy to open his eyes. Kathy kept on whispering in his ear.

“And when we get to that cabin of yours, I bet I could come up with something-”

To silence her, Nicholas started to lick her palm again. Kathy shuddered in revulsion. Her hand squeezed down on his jaw, pressing her skin in a suffocating attempt to force his jaw shut. Her voice hissed sharply in his ear.

“Stop that!”

Nicholas refused to stop and threw everything he could into getting some freedom. He could only hope that someone would hear him crying, if he could just break free. His feet slammed against the floor of the van, but it sounded pathetically muted with his struggling. The constricting confines of her palms felt terrifying. This time, Kathy’s fingers slipped away from his mouth, giving him a breath of fresh air.

“Sarah,” her voice changed suddenly from cruel to whiny and he felt a tiny spark of hope, “Nicholas is licking me.”

Inhaling, Nicholas let out a bellow at the top of his lungs, “Help!”

Up front, Gary let out a disgusted groan, “Sarah, go silence him.”

Sarah whimpered, “But, honey-”

Nicholas kept on yelling as they argued. Every time Kathy tried to silence him, he snapped his teeth at her until she shoved him forward to get her away from.

“I ain’t fucking watching him now. Linda, your turn.”

Linda’s glare shot daggers at Kathy. Nicholas ignored them as he struggled, the very thought of him missing his chance to escape burning in his thoughts. Kathy scrambled away from Nicholas and

sat down next to Linda. Sarah stared at them with shock, then made an annoyed noise. Nicholas watched as she slid her hand from Gary's pants. The sound of a zipper being closed echoed loudly in the van and he shook his head, praying that she wouldn't come back.

It took him only a heartbeat to realize that there was no hand over his mouth. Drinking in the cool air, he relished the brief moment of freedom and let out the loudest yell he could muster. His feet crashed against the floor of the van as he belted out cry after cry for help.

"Sarah!" came Gary's annoyed voice. Sarah finished unbuckling her seat and staggered to her feet. Straightening her outfit, she crawled into the back. Nicholas saw her coming and let out a shriek, winching away from her as she drew closer. Sarah's face darkened in anger as her foot snapped out, slamming into the side of his thigh. His screaming halted instantly with his intake of pain.

Sarah slammed one hand against the roof of the van as she reached down with her other. He jerked away from her, but her palm snapped out with the force of a snake, slapping against his face hard. With a jerk, she dragged him to face her, her face hard with anger. Fingers dug into the side of his mouth, her nails driving hard into his skin. He whimpered in agony, still trying to pull back from her.

Immediately, he couldn't help notice the difference between Kathy and Sarah. Kathy's hands were soft and delicate, teasing as they held against him. Sarah's, on the other hand, felt like a soft band of steel wrapped around his head. Almost as soft, there was cruel strength in her grip. There was a confidence in how she slapped her hand across his face, suffocating him with only a moment's effort.

Despite his best effort, he could smell more than just her perfume and lotion on her palm. There was the musky scent of something he never wanted to smell. It was the smell of Gary's cock on her hand. The choking smell of sex made him want to vomit, but he only heaved dryly with nausea.

She scoffed, looking at him with pity, then smiled without any mirth reaching her eyes. He could barely see her through his blurring vision, but the firm hand plastered against his face couldn't escape his senses. Even in the few short hours since she last held

him, there was no mistaking Sarah's firm grip. No hesitation, no mercy. She held him tightly as if he was nothing more than a hunk of meat pressed against the side of the van. He knew there would be no relief from her as he sobbed silently into her palm.

Delicately hard, the skin ground tightly against his face. Sarah held him pinned to the side of the van, grinding down with her hand. This time, unlike that horrible experience in the kitchen, she used all of her strength to crush him. Twisting her palm as she ground down, he felt his jaw being forced open with the pressure.

He realized, in that brief moment, that his mouth was open. Desperately, he tried to lick her palm. He tasted the perfume and lotion and almost gagged on the taste of Gary's shaft, but he was more than desperate. Nicholas slathered his tongue on her as fast as he could. It worked with Kathy and it would work for her.

When he heard the dark, evil chuckle filling the room, he realized he made a mistake. Trembling, he looked up with fresh, burning tears in his eyes. He focused on her hard, overpowering gaze. The hard laughter sent an icy shiver down his spine.

"Did you really think that would work?"

Her lip curled up slightly, a feral glare that froze his heart in a second.

Nicholas couldn't fight Sarah as she ground down with her palm, crushing her soft skin against his teeth. The smells of lotion and Gary's cock flooded through his mouth as she almost broke his jaw. His head rapped hard against the back of the van, stunning him for a second. Then, she slapped her hand back across his face. Her thumb slid up to press against his nose, cutting off his own breath as she held him tightly against the metal wall. The ringing in his ears was nothing compared to the rapid burning in his lungs as he struggled for breath. Though his mouth was open, flooding his senses with every undesirable taste, he couldn't get even a tiny wisp of air around her finger.

Uselessly, his feet slammed against the bottom of the van. Sarah ignored him, her eyes flashing as she stared into hers. Her lips parted with excitement as she watched him suffocate. Just as he started to see the spots swimming before his eyes, she relaxed enough for him to draw in a long breath into his aching lungs. To his surprise, he managed to get a few more breaths before she clamped

down again. Her soft skin ground against his mouth, smothering him as she pinned him tightly. Hard muscles held him in place and he prayed for it to end, but she only suffocating him long enough for him to see stars again, this time they came in seconds, before relaxing.

“Don’t,” she growled down at him, “ever lick my hand again, Nicholas.”

Looking into those hard blue eyes, knowing that his very life was being held in the soft, but cruel hand plastered against his face, Nicholas nodded.

She squeezed her hand against him. Nicholas struggled pitifully, helpless in her grips. His foot slammed against the bottom of the van, ringing out loudly. He could barely see through the spots and the haze, but he watched as Sarah made a slow, deliberate look up to the front.

“I know one thing that will keep him under control. Honey?”

At the knowing look she gave Gary, Nicholas felt the fear rising up inside him. He shook his head, clamping his lips shut and he pushed back away from her. His back pressed against the warmed metal of the van, but he couldn’t get away from the hard look Sarah gave him.

Gary pulled to the side of the road again, kicking on his flashers. Without ceremony, he pulled his shoes off and handed his socks to Sarah. At the first whiff, Linda clapped her hand over her mouth and nose.

“Oh god!”

Kathy gagged almost immediately after her, “What is wrong with you!?”

Gary only laughed and held back his socks. After a few moments of gagging, Sarah grabbed the fetid handful of socks and held it toward his mouth. His eyes burned from the stench of it and he shook his head. She brandished them menacingly, then slapped his head against the side of the van with her other hand.

Frightened, Nicholas tried to shake his head, but she jammed the socks against his face. The scent of it gagged him, suffocating him with the powerful scent. He felt his stomach heaving from the scent of it, but nothing could prepare him for when she ground the socks into his face, forcing them into his mouth. He tried to clamp down,

but her fingers dug into the spot at the back of his jaw, forcing them open.

At the first taste of the horrible socks, Nicholas remembered choking on them in his kitchen. He gagged violently, the stench burning at his eyes and throat. It took all his effort to breath in through his nose, but even then the searing pain of the socks tore into his sinuses, choking him violently.

It was overwhelming and he gagged violently, feeling the vomit rising up in his throat. It was worse than before. He didn't think that the socks could have been worse, but somehow the very scent of it burned the roof of his mouth like acid. Sarah ground her palm against his mouth, forcing the socks deeper into his mouth. He considered pushing it out with his tongue, but the very thought of tasting it was so vile that he couldn't force himself to touch it.

The world seemed to circle around him, his senses were overwhelmed by the terrible socks jammed in his mouth. Sarah looked down at him, her eyes filled with disgust. He looked up with his blurry vision, trying to find any shred of hope in those blue eyes. Slowly, she shook her head and jammed her fingers into his mouth, forcing the socks deeper.

“Oh, my god, you are really killing him, Sarah.”

Kathy's voice sounded both horrified and excited. Linda giggled, then drawled as he felt her eyes on him.

“Look at him struggle, how pathetic.”

Nicholas tried to whimper at the same time he struggled to force the socks out of his mouth. His need to breath fought strongly with his desperation not to taste the foul, choking socks with his tongue.

Kathy whispered, her eyes riveted on Nicholas.

“What's going to happen? How is he going to die?”

Sarah shifted her position, her eyes also locked on Nicholas. He felt the pressure of their gaze on him and he never felt as helpless as he did at that point. The shame of being stared at as he choked on the foulest fabric in the known universe and someone asking how he would find the end of his life in this position sent a bright bolt of shame and humiliation through him. He struggled more violently, but his despair dragged him down almost as much as the toxic taste that burned at his throat.

“First he is going to struggle, not that he can get out. You’ll get to see his eyes bulge out,” Sarah whispered, remembering her prior murder as much as watching Nicholas with rapt fascination, “Then he’ll start to turn blue. He’ll have this look...”

Her voice trailed off wistfully. Nicholas’ eyes rolled in his head, watching how Kathy, Linda, and most importantly, Sarah watched him, staring at him as every pounding pulse of his heart was his last. Sarah ground her hand down on his mouth, shoving hard with her fingers. To his horror, the socks slid further down into his throat. His eyes widened with fear as he realized that he couldn’t breathe at all, the socks blocking his breath. A soft choking noise rose out from him as he tried to shake himself free. Sarah jammed her fingers in harder, keeping her palm pressed against his chin.

Nicholas tried to fight back, but the world shook around him. The van seemed to disappear from his senses as he heard a ringing in his ears. The horrible stench burned away his senses as he focused on Sarah, the former love of his life. He was hoping for marriage, maybe even love, but the idea of choking to death on her boyfriend’s socks was never on his plans.

The tears burned on his cheeks as Sarah watched him, her face growing darker as his world grew shadowed. He tried to blink the darkness from his eyes, but it refused to go. The ringing grew louder as he probed the face of the woman who stole his mother’s priceless sapphires. She was the one who betrayed him and now, the last thing in the world he expected: he was choking on her boyfriend’s socks.

The dark shadows of his world stretched out as bright white sparks swam across his vision. He tried one last time to push the socks out of his mouth, but Sarah just jammed them in.

It wasn’t fair, he thought.

“Oh, my god, is he going now?”

He couldn’t tell who spoke. Then the ringing in his ears grew too loud and everything seemed horribly wrong. It was a terrible thing, feeling the world go dark and knowing that the woman he wanted to marry someday and her real boyfriend were going to live happily ever after without him. Just the thought of them using him send a black wave of despair over his fading consciousness.

The world faded to black.

The last thing he could think of was the horrible burning of his throat.

And his mother's sapphires.

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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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.