

# Butcher 2

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# 1

My day started with a horrible pounding in my head. Endless rapping, rapping at my temples. For a brief moment, I thought I was dreaming of a raven, then I realize the pounding should be coming from me because I can't afford to drink.

Even when I wanted to.

So, I took the supreme effort to crack open one eye and peer up at the peeling paint of the bedroom ceiling. The nasty brown swirls of old water spots and the rather impressive web from a long-dead spider stared back at me as I tried to find the source of the pounding. Cracking open the other eye, I peered around the smelly room. The pounding was growing more rapid and even more violent. The crack of wood finally told me, in a clear and very depressing sound, that the pounding was coming from the front door of my apartment.

Groaning, I crawled out of bed. For a brief moment, I considered moving in time with the sounds, but then decided getting dressed and answering it would finally stop the noise. Digging around for the cleanest dirtiest clothes and pulled them on. For a brief moment, I stared at the shirt, remembering the last time I was wearing it.

In the sewers, replacing the girl I stole. Memories drifted for a moment, then I realize I was having a senior moment. I can't have a senior moment, I'm only thirty-three!

Snarling at the thoughts of being old, I padded over to the door. Just as I turned into the hallway of the apartment, the pounding stopped. A few faint dribbles of dust fell off the door as I stared at it. The sounds of someone walking away shook the floor, barely felt

through the ancient worn carpet. I didn't realize I was holding my breath until the sounds faded and I exhaled. Gingerly, I sneaked forward. One trembling hand reached up to cover the peephole, holding it there.

When no one shot through the door, I worked the bolt and cracked it open. There was no one outside, so I opened the door even more. The hallway, smelling of urine and rotted wood, was devoid of life larger than the fleas and termites in both directions. Automatically, my eyes looked down, trying to find a package or something.

There was none, but when I looked up, I found the source of the pounding. Something was nailed into my door. Briefly wondering if someone was creating a splinter church, I read the first few lines and groaned.

Eviction notice.

Just because I couldn't afford to pay my rent for the last... two or three months, the bastard of a landlord was evicting me. Of course, this always happens once or twice a year. A post-it note on the notice hung from one corner. I yanked it off and tried to read it. Turning it around so it was right side up, I actually managed to understand the words. It was a short, brutal note from the landlord. There was no paying rent, the bastard was getting rid of me for good.

Excitement rose up my throat like bile.

Oh wait, that might not be excitement.

Taking a deep breath, I very carefully balled up the post-it note and threw it in the hall. I only have ten days to find a new apartment. Otherwise, I'll probably end up in the alley with the rest of the homeless, hoping some stupid bastard brings around a woman to fuck on occasion.

Yeah... that would be the life.

So, it was time for Butcher... no, John now, to find a job. That means clean clothes. Grumbling, I pulled out some of the last of my funds and grabbed a huge basket of dirty clothes. Shuffling down, I ignored the apartment laundry and headed down the street to the Soaking Suds. At least there, my clothes won't come out stained with red and smelling of nasty eggs.

When I got back, I could hear someone pounding on a door even as I lugged the folded clothes up the stairs. When I was on the floor below, I realize it was on my floor. Knowing my luck, it would be at my door.

“I got your damn notice! You don’t have to remind me!”

The pounding stopped as soon as I yelled up the stairs. That was good, I was getting almost as annoyed with the pounding as with gorilla’s grabbing my throat to make a point. The sounds of someone walking toward the stairs didn’t bother me until I realized it was the gorilla himself standing at the top of the stairs. For a brief moment, I looked up with the growing sense of fear, then decided it wasn’t worth it. Hefting my clothes, I started up the stairs.

“De boss wants tuh see yuh, Butchuh.”

The boss. The big man in charge of what is basically known as organized crime. Also a man that scared me more than just about anyone else. Except for the people I pissed off in New York.

“Well, he’s going to have to wait until I get my laundry in my apartment. I have to find a job.”

“Yeah, I saw de notice. But, he wants tuh see yuh right now. Right?”

I ignored him as I struggled with the basket. After a few moments, he must have gotten impatient and tromped down the stairs to yank it from my hand. Picking it up with his immense hands without even a struggle, he carried the basket to my apartment. I followed with the bottle of generic Tide and the remains of my quarters.

Once we got in my apartment, he was obviously upset and somewhat stressed. I found a few neat clothes and changed into something that didn’t remind me of killing semi-innocent women. By the time I pulled on a neat button-down shirt, he was tapping his feet.

“We need tuh go, now. Ya’ dig?”

The urge to be annoying spiked in me, so I didn’t resist. “Doesn’t it hurt to use that fake Brooklyn accent?”

He glared back.

“We need tuh go.”

I finished dressing and stood up. Yeah, this looked like an outfit I could find a “real” job for.

“Is this going to be long? I need to find a job.”

“We are leavin’ now.”

I sighed. I’m good at sighing. “Fine.”

He almost dragged me down to his car. I looked at the bondo torture device and wished I could afford earplugs. Later, as I was holding my ears to keep my brains in my head as the music, or what he called music, pounded hard against my head, I wondered if the earplugs would have helped. It didn’t help that he was trying to sing along with the dark rap music, but I don’t think I could understand words anymore. Instead, I tried to distract myself by staring at the cars whipping by at speeds reserved for 747’s.

I half expected to be dragged to the exercise club, where I met his boss the first time, but to my surprise, he headed toward the south-side of Chicago. The buildings that passed were turning into buildings that didn’t have a lot of money, places rife with crime and people who didn’t like innocent white boys like myself. Oh yeah, I’m going to have a good day. I can feel it right in my spleen.

Wherever that is.

The iron coffin of evil music slammed to a halt in front of a non-descript store at the corner of two nameless streets. I peered out the smudged window and felt a sinking feeling yank my stomach and most of my internal organs down.

It was a butcher shop. A real-life butcher shop.

“Oh no, I can’t be here.”

I tried to buckle my seat belt, but the ham-like hand rested down on mine, threatening to shatter every bone in my hand. Trembling, I looked up at the dead-serious eyes of the man pretending to be a gorilla.

“Go inside.”

There was no Brooklyn accent or even a hint of humor in his voice. For a brief moment, I wondered who was really the most dangerous one, but that little thing I like to call self-preservation kicked in and I released the seat belt. As soon as I shut the car door, he drove off and I found myself standing in front of a meat shop.

I really hope my parole officer, may he rot in hell, doesn’t find me here.

Someone moved inside the shop and the door opened. It was another of the Boss’s men, this one was a thin man with humorless



eyes. He motioned for me to enter and I did, even though he didn't scare me as much as the gorilla. Inside the shop, the familiar smells of raw meat, blood, and... memories. I couldn't help myself as I stopped, breathing in deeply even as the feeling of getting in a lot of trouble filled me.

The courts told me to never go near a butcher shop again. At least, that is what I think they told me. That was in New York and I don't think they knew I was here. Actually, I knew they didn't know and, unfortunately, I think the Boss also knows this. That man could make my life hell. But, I'm not going back to prison, ever.

The goon cleared his throat and blinked his eyes. For a brief moment, I was reminded of a nasty-looking lizard. So, he was now a lizard just as the other goon was a gorilla. That brought a smile. The lizard was confused for a moment, then pointed to the counter.

"Boss said you were a butcher. So butch."

"Just like that?"

"If you want to survive."

I blinked at the lame-sounding man. However, he spoke for the boss, so I looked over the counter. There were fresh meats out already, most of them neatly arranged. The cold air teased my senses as I checked the cases. I was surprised to see some of the equipment there, it was more than I thought the entire neighborhood could afford. The three deli cutters also had all the bells and whistles. You'd be surprised how many things they would put on something that makes thin slices.

I started to go down the back, but the lizard goon jumped up and stood in front of me.

"Not in there."

"I have to see what is back there."

"Not in there."

Ah. It must be my day for people repeating themselves. Not wanting to resist, I wandered back to the counter, found a comfortable stool and sat down. Glancing over to the lizard, I realized he was very much out of place for the area.

"Why don't you go back there?"

"Boss said to make sure no one goes in."

"Then I'll make sure. I assume I'm here to make it look like we are still in business..."

I paused for a second and the dead silence pretty much told me I guess right. I think someone pissed off the boss and was spending a couple hours in the back, until something nasty happened to them. The lizard hesitated and I tried to convince him.

“Go on, I’ll make sure no one goes back there. Just keep the screaming down.”

He hesitated for a moment, then walked down the hallway. A soft clicking of the door and he was out of sight. At least, I didn’t have to worry about him lurking over any potential customers. Customers. I haven’t had customers for a long time. Not since that day...

Tearing my thoughts away from wool-gathering, I busied myself by exploring all the drawers. There were knives, pretty knives of all shapes and sizes. Most of them, ironically enough, were Chicago Cutlery, a good quality knife for beginners. It was my first set also, back when I first opened up my shop. Good knives.

After about twenty minutes of exploring, the bell on the door jingled. I peered up to see a black woman, probably in her early fifties shuffle into the store. She paused at the sight of me, then peered around.

“Where is Michael?”

Thinking fast, I hesitated for a moment, then came up with a story, “He wasn’t feeling well, so he asked me to watch the store.”

The old woman frowned, “Doesn’t his wife normally do that?”

“I think she was also sick, food poisoning.”

I could see the fear explode in the old woman’s eyes, “From the meat?”

“No, Taco Bell.”

The fear faded in a second and she grumbled to herself about the evils of fast food. I could almost hear the beginning of the “when I was young...” but choose not to stop it. As she started into her speech, I wandered behind the counter. At one pause, I asked for her order. She gave it and returned to her story about a small ice cream shop at the end of the street. Grinning, I enjoyed listening to her as I cut and wrapped up her food. I even carried it out to her car in front. She thanked me and paid me in cash... with a tip.

God, I missed this job.

To my surprise, the butcher shop actually had a lot of business. There were times when there was actually a line waiting for me.

Almost everyone hesitated when seeing a white man working the counter, but I guess I showed that I knew my job. By the time lunch came around and the customers wandered off, I had the story of food poisoning down pat. Everyone understood, apparently Taco Bell was not thought of highly in this area.

About twenty minutes after that, the gorilla showed up with lunch. Wendy's. Good thing he didn't bring Taco Bell, I would probably have died laughing. He actually started to spread it out on one of the cleaner tables. The lizard wandered out, as did two other goons. To my surprise, he motioned for me to join him and pushed a couple wrapped burgers toward me when I sat down.

"So, how wuz your day?"

I was actually even more surprised when I realized he was asking me.

"Pretty good, actually. Business is pretty brisk here. And people seem to be fairly nice."

"So, you were actually a butcher?"

"Yeah, about two or three years ago."

He grunted. I could see him wanting to speak more as he glanced at the other goons. I ate in silence for a moment. The others were looking at each other, unspoken words barely being communicated. When I finished the first, I started on the second one. I may prefer different types of meat, but beef will do when you are hungry. Finally, the lack of speaking got too much for me. Setting down the burger, I stared at them.

"Listen, guys, you know I won't talk about it. Not if I want to keep breathing."

They stared at me, the lizard goon barely blinking. Then, the gorilla chuckled.

"Guess you're right."

I favored them with my best grin, "So, you obviously want to speak. You could start by explaining why I'm here."

The gorilla nodded for a moment, thinking. Finally, he spoke softly, still holding his fries.

"Michael, the man who owns the place, stole a hunk of change from the boss."

"Change?"

"Change as in nine million dollars."

I suddenly found it hard to breath, “Nine... nine million... dollars?”

Three of them nodded and the lizard goon choked down his third burger. Where in the world does he put it? He finished the third one and started on his friends, shoving large handfuls into his mouth with noisy swallows. I nibbled on my meal for a moment.

“So, who is in the back?”

“He and his wife, and their girl.”

I could feel something strange tingling inside me. “Girl?”

“Yeah, fifteen or something like that. Boss said to leave her alone.”

There was something unsaid, so I pressed for more information. After a few moments, I found out that they were occupying the time until the Boss showed up by softening them, mainly by raping his wife in front of him. The idea of rape always left me cold, but I was guilty of it myself in a past life. So, I kept my mouth quiet when they started talking about the wife.

Not soon enough, lunch ended and all four of them headed into the back. I took up my position as facade. Business was slow for a couple more hours, then the dinner crowds started showing up. I finally got busy and spent an enjoyable number of hours remembering the times of joy, before everything went to crap. It almost brought a tear to my eye, so I clung to enjoying it.

Then, the boss came in. He was flanked by two goon, each of them looking more competent than anyone else I knew. I also recognized them from the health club. The boss glanced at me seriously, then stepped over.

“Butcher, they found you.”

I decided to be humble.

“Yes, sir.”

He looked around. It was dark outside, probably around eight at night. I blinked as I stared out, surprised at how fast the day passed. He looked back at me.

“Close up the store and come in back.”

He didn't wait for an answer. Instead, he stepped in the back and the two goons followed. I carefully put everything away. Just as I was wiping down the last counter, I realized that no one would probably ever be using this place again. Knowing what most crime

bosses do to people who steal from them, those three would probably never make it out alive.

For some reason, that made me sad.

I finished up and locked the door. Flipping the sign to “Closed,” I turned off the lights and went into the back. The back was just as I expected, neat and tidy. The two goons were standing by one of the heavy steel doors. As I stepped up, they mutely opened it and a blast of cool, but not cold air hit me. I saw that they turned down the freezer to its lowest setting, probably because they spent so long in there.

Stepping inside, I managed to get my first look at the people who pissed off the boss.

Michael was a black man, in his forties. His eyes were almost swollen with beatings and a few cuts oozed blood. He was stripped naked, shivering violently on the freezer floor. I could even see where they shattered his toes.

Next to him, was his wife. At first, I thought it was his daughter, but I saw another smaller form in the back, barely visible. His wife was naked, her breasts sagging slightly. She was about half his age. Her face was also bruised, but the streamers of cum that dripped from her lips and the white and bloody puddle between her legs told me how she managed to keep warm. There was a dull, haunted look in her eyes that sent a shiver down my spine. That was a woman broken.

Pushing myself, I stared at the girl. She was maybe thirteen or so. Unlike her parents, she was wearing underwear and a training bra. Her dark brown skin shook as she tried to sit away from the cold wall. There was the same shocked and pained look in her eyes, but she was otherwise untouched. As if feeling my look, she glanced up with her brown eyes, puffy with tears, then tore her gaze away. I could see the gag, made from some white cloth, gagging her and preventing her from making any noise. There was so much pain and terror in her, that I had to look away.

On the other side of the room, the boss knelt down in front of Michael.

“We found the gun safe where your wife said it was. What is the combination?”

Michael looked up and tightened his jaw. I could see the desperate fight still burning in his eyes. The boss looked around and made a dramatic sigh.

“If you don’t tell me, I’m going to be very upset. And if I get upset, I’m going to shoot your wife and daughter, then find someone to break into that vault.”

Michael’s eyes glanced to his daughter, who whimpered. His wife didn’t react, other than to close her mouth. There were tears in her eyes, though, so I realized there was some life still left in her. To my surprise, Michael didn’t speak. He only looked away from his daughter who whimpered loudly, a desperate call for help from her father.

For three long breaths, no one said anything. Then the boss stood up and held out his hand. One of his personal goons placed a black gun in his hand. Fingering the trigger, he motioned for the girl. The lizard man jumped up, took the few steps over, and yanked her up. She screamed through her gag, trying to flinch away. As he dragged her across the thawed freezer, there was nothing I could do.

The boss grabbed her and pulled her close to him. I could see the gun press against the side of the girl’s head. She was screaming through the gag, violently trying to escape, but her legs looked like they were asleep and not responding. The boss looked down at Michael, who was visibly steeling himself.

“Now, are you going to tell me the combination? Or am I going to shoot your little girl?”

Michael tried to look away, but one of the goons grabbed his head and forced him to watch. The girl whimpered loudly, trembling against the crime boss.

Then, to my horror, she looked at me with those bright brown eyes. Tears were rolling down her cheeks and I felt my stomach turn. Groaning softly, I looked away. No one said anything as I stared at the wall, waiting for the sound of the gun.

Then, the boss’s voice cut through the freezer, “Is there a problem, Butcher?”

Looking over my shoulder, I saw the entire room looking at me. The boss, who was not happy, was still holding the girl who was begging with her eyes. I felt the twist of my stomach and shook my head.

“I... I can’t watch this, sir.”

And, to my surprise, I actually left the freezer. Of course, that probably means I’m going to end up dead, so I stopped right outside, and tried to fight the tears that were trying to escape. I barely had a chance to think about why I was sad when the boss came out and shut the door. He was still not happy and his fingers were toying with the gun.

“Butcher.”

I looked up, “Sir.”

“Do you have a problem with this?”

“No... yes, sir. I do.”

“What?”

“Not the girl, please?”

“How else do you plan on me getting the combination? Ask nicely?”

“No, sir-”

“Listen. This fuck-head stole nine million dollars from me, then didn’t have the intelligence to actually get out of town.”

I realized that it would be a stupid thing to stop this rant, so I let him continue. It helped that he thumbed the safety and shoved it into his pocket. Pacing slightly, he stared at me.

“So, I find him and his girl spending too much money and asked for it back. He resisted, so I decided to ask him properly. A few hours of my boys with his wife and I found out about this gun safe. Which I found, but it took a lot of effort.”

He paused to take a breath.

“So, I have this half-ton gun safe in the back of a storage locker in Cicero, filled with my money. Now, I hate safe breakers and I hate thieves. So, I’m going to get that combination any way I can. So, Butcher, do you have a better idea that doesn’t involve beating him, raping his wife or girl, which I haven’t tried yet, or shooting them?”

A tiny thought crossed my mind. Then it was violently crushed by other thoughts. As I struggled with the urge to open my mouth, I realized the boss was staring at me.

“Do you, Butcher?”

Slowly, I was nodding. He seemed to get a little less upset and stopped pacing.

“Fine, do it your way, but if it doesn’t work, I’m going to torture that little girl to get my combination.”

I wish it was relief that I felt. “Thank you, sir.”

“What do you need?”

“I... have to pick up something. It would probably take me a couple hours, since I don’t know if they are open still.”

He grunted, “Fine. Come back tomorrow afternoon and show me your great idea. And it better work. Otherwise, the girl gets it too.”

“Could you feed the wife and girl, sir? They’ll need their strength?”

“Fine, but no food for Michael.”

“Of course not. You want him to break down. Feeding will let him recover.”

The boss nodded, “I’m glad someone understands. You have until tomorrow.”

He went in to give his men orders and I waited. The gorilla came out to give me a ride home. He even came up with me to my floor. As I reached the stairs, I saw the landlord standing outside of my apartment, looking annoying. However, the slimy man took one look at the goon and decided that the elevator might actually work despite the sign. I grinned and thanked him before crawling into my apartment.

The next afternoon was silent, no pounding of eviction notices or parole officers at my door, but it was still a dark day, despite the summer heat. I finally had to get out of bed. Listlessly, I pulled myself out of bed. Digging in the box underneath, I pulled out a handful of pictures that I choose to forget. At the bottom was a business card. Shoving the terrible memories back into the box, I got dressed.

Making a brief phone call, I made sure they were open. They were, on a Sunday of all days.

A little bit of food from the fridge and I was on the streets. This time, I had to take a couple bus rides to get to the right side of town, to a rather impressive-looking building. A long line of names declared the place to be a lawyer’s pit. Ignoring the suited people going in and out, I went inside. The receptionist, a pretty girl with a disdain for anyone she couldn’t sleep with or had money, rudely stared at me. I presented the card. She sniffed at it.



"I'm sorry, they do not work there anymore."

I gave her a smile, "May I ask who took over his work?"

"No."

Wow, this is someone who is just asking for the knife. So, I repeated my question. She repeated her answer. That was about the time that a old man came out of one of the boardrooms. So, being annoying as I was, I repeated my question. And she, just as bitchy, repeated her answer. However, this time, the old man stopped next to me.

"Cheryl, who is this?"

"Someone asking for Thomas Guiler."

"He doesn't work here."

"I know, I told him."

I was getting very tired of being ignored. So, I spoke up firmly.

"I would like to know who took over his duties."

He finally actually looked at me.

"Why?"

"Because, one of his former client requested that he hold something for me."

"Former client? We are holding something for you?"

I nodded, feeling the attention of other lawyers and paralegals around me. It was uncomfortable, I hated lawyers so very much. The bastards wouldn't leave me alone. I must have piqued the interest of the old man because he motioned for me to follow him. I did, staring at the dark wood in the office, massive books listing thousands of pointless laws, and furniture that probably cost more than a year's rent. We entered one of the largest offices and I sat down on the offered chair.

"Now, how may I help you, Mr. ...?"

It was an obvious question for a name, so I gave him my current "name."

"Butcher."

"Mr. Butcher. Who was our former client?"

"Jessica Silvers."

"Jessica... Silvers." He pondered for a moment, "I think I do remember her. She was the daughter of one of our best clients. Until she was murdered by a psychopath who liked to cut up women and eat them."

I clamped my mouth shut and said nothing. He stared at me for a long time.

“But, I wasn’t involved with that specific case, so I won’t make assumptions.”

“Thank you.”

“So, how may I help you, Mr. Butcher?”

“She said she left me a package here, in the chance that I would be moving to Chicago.”

“That was three years ago, right? When she was mur... died?”

I nodded, still feeling uncomfortable. He grunted, his piercing gray eyes staring at me. One finger reached out for the intercom and he gave some quiet orders to the girl up front. About twenty minutes later, she came in, glaring at me, and set down a dusty box and a sealed manilla envelope. The old man took the envelope and opened it. Shuffling through the papers, he grunted.

“Ah... Mr... Butcher, it looks like you are right. We are to hold this box for you for up to a hundred years. And you are allowed to take or remove items, as long as you don’t take the box itself. Once you take the box, our duties are discharged.”

Ignoring the hundred years bit, I reached out for the box. He and the girl watched as my fingers opened it. It easily opened, squeaking from even just a few years of age. Inside, there were papers, folders, and more than a little cash. Most of it surprised me, I was only expecting one thing, not a bunch of others. However, this time, I only needed one thing... okay two things. I grabbed enough cash for a few months rent and a large, flat box. Closing it, I pushed it back to the old man.

“Thank you.”

“No problem, Mr. Butcher.”

It only took a few more minutes to escape the leather-bound prison-makers. I had my box and some money. When I hit the street, I raised a thumb for a taxi, but a large ham-fisted hand grabbed mine and pulled it down. I started to resist, but it was on of the boss’s goons, the gorilla. My ears throbbed in pain.

“No, not the noise mobile.”

He grinned and gestured to his bondo chariot. Whispering a prayer for my ears, I crawled inside. As the torture of his music tore at my sanity, I found solace in caressing the box. The money wasn’t

important, just the contents of the box. I whispered to myself as he lurched through the roads.

“What am I doing?”

My chauffeur didn't answer, nor did I want an answer. He stopped at the butcher shop and I got out. He drove off, but I didn't need much help. It was Sunday, so the shop was closed but the door was unlocked. I left it that way and went into the back rooms.

In the thawed-out freezer, the three were still there. The lizard goon was also there, with a cellphone hanging out of one pocket and playing on his Gameboy. The old one, not the one with lights or even modern games. He looked up at me, blinked, and went back to his game. I set down my case in one corner and stepped over to the girl. She looked up at me, eyes pleading and soft whimpers in her throat. Kneeling down, I could smell the fear coming off her.

“Did you eat?”

She hesitated for a moment, then nodded. Patting her shoulder, I could feel the goose-pimples along her arm.

“I'm sorry, but I'm going to do bad things to your momma.”

Tears started dripping from her eyes, so I had to stand up. Moving over to Michael, I looked down at him.

“Michael, right?”

He grunted. I spoke softly, “I was given a chance to get the combination out of you.”

He glared at me so I continued.

“And I won't use a gun to do it. Instead, I'm going to show you what I will do to your daughter,” she screamed at her reference, “by doing it to your wife. Will you please tell me the combination?”

He grunted, “No, you're just going to kill them anyways.”

Shaking my head, I responded, “No, that isn't true.”

There was no doubt he didn't believe me. So, I corrected myself and decided to be a little more honest.

“Okay, they may kill them. But, there is a difference between someone shooting them and what I'm going to do.”

He scoffed, “Right.”

It was sad, seeing a father choosing not to save his wife and daughter. I stood up and looked at his wife. She was staring out into the void, her body shaking. Fresh streamers of cum dripped off her face and tits. There were also a few new bruises while some of the

older ones were turning black and blue. Her wrists were tied tightly behind her back, the fingers barely touching the floor. Her legs were unbound, but she just sat on the ground, unmoving. I was already moving toward her as the thoughts raced in my head. As I stepped closer, she reflexively spread her legs open, exposing the gaping pink opening of her sex. I had no desire for her, a broken woman, but I had to do something.

Grabbing her wrists, I pulled her up to her feet. She staggered but moved mindlessly. Leading her to the center of the room, I found a chain and hooked it to her wrists. Jumping up, I ran it through one of the pulleys hanging from the ceiling and drew it up. She started to finally respond when her arms were pulled up. Bending at her elbows, her arms spread apart until I could see the tension in the muscles. Moving fairly quickly, I grabbed a few other chains. When I grabbed her ankle, I felt a little resistance as she was forced to lean heavily on her bound arms. Pulling it up, I folded her leg tightly against itself, then bound it tightly in place. Soon, her leg was unable to stretch out and the ball of her foot was pressed up against her buttocks. The scent of sex was strong in the air, but I didn't really care for it. Dragging another chain through the hooks above, I clipped it to the bound leg, then pulled it up. It took more effort, and the lizard bastard refused to do anything but watch, but I managed to suspend her by her arms and one leg. His wife was finally making noise, struggling as I grabbed the other ankle and bound her leg tightly. As her feet left the ground, she let out a tiny shriek as she began to swing. I fought against her struggles and bound her leg tightly, folding it tightly in half and binding it in place. Michael's wife was violently twisting now, screaming out in wet noises as I found another chain to clip to the leg and throw it through the hook in the ceiling. After more struggles, I managed to pull her up so she was hanging from her wrists and the two chains wrapped around her legs.

As I watched, she closed her legs, lifting her body up to hold them together. I could see the struggle as she tried to hold herself up, but there was obvious pain in her eyes as her shoulders started to scream out in pain. For a brief moment, I pressed my palm against her cheek, then pushed hard. She screamed out again as she began to swing back and forth.

Looking at the goon, “Drag him under her.”

“You ain’t my boss.”

I started to answer, but a short snap of a voice filled the freezer.

“Do what he says.”

It was the boss himself. I decided to make myself busy and stopped her from spinning. Adjusting her position, I set the chains to her breasts were about a foot or two above her hips. It was a beautiful sight: the pressure of the chains made her breasts two soft mounds that didn’t sag at all. Dark brown skin tipped with darker nipples. The lizard was jumping to his boss’s orders and dragged Michael underneath, stretching him out underneath his dangling wife.

Looking down, I gave him the most serious expression I could. “As I said, if you don’t tell me, I’m going to do this to your daughter.”

Michael glared back at me, but I wasn’t done. Moving over to the box I coveted, I knelt down and worked the combination lock. It opened smoothly and I opened up my precious.

It was a knife case, but each of the seven knives were held up by golden brackets. The blades never touched a single bit of the leather-lined box. Each handle was made out of bone and the memories flooded over me. The blades were unmarked and unlabeled, nothing to indicate who made them. But I only saw the flaws. The place where the metal cooled at the wrong speed or where the tiny nick ruined the biggest blade because I chipped it against a bone.

There were tears in my eyes and I reached down and gingerly picked up the smallest of the blades. The handle was warm, just as the time I last touched it. Even after years of misuse, it was still like a lover. Caressing the smooth bone, from the thigh of a girl who gave herself to me, I pulled it out of the case. Standing up, I padded back to the dangling victim.

Reaching out, I caressed her breast. It was already trembling in fear, but I was committed to this task. I tried to focus on the little girl’s expression as I reached down with the blade and pressed it against her mother’s nipple. The tip sunk in without even hesitating, the blade almost supernaturally sharp. It sliced in and I cut a neat circle that traced the line of her nipple. From experience,

I knew that it would be bleeding soon, so I finished quickly, a twist and the dark flesh fell from her skin. The room was silent as the severed nipple dropped on his lap. Glancing down, I saw Michael's expression turn to a pale white in color.

"Combination?"

He didn't answer, but his wife started to gasp as the pain finally exploded. My hand stroked along the now bleeding hole, then over to the other nipple. My knife traced a circle around the next nipple, then again. On the second circle, it cut in. I barely felt the flesh resisting as the blade easily sliced it off and it fell to land next to the first. A strangled scream came out of both my victim and the girl, but I was just looking down at Michael.

"Combination?"

He didn't answer. I stuck one finger into the bloody hole and hooked it inside. Inside, her body was heated liquid, but I was already pulling her breast out. When no answer came, the blade tip pressed against the base of her breast. She started to whimpering, but I just pushed the blade in, cutting the base of the breast out even as I was pulling it away from her with my finger. Her whimper turned into a scream of agony as I cut into her, almost scraping against the bone, but just missing it. The soft mound shook violently as my smallest knife circled around, slicing it neatly off. Letting it go, it clung to my finger for a moment, then dropped into his lap. Michael swallowed hard, shaking as he tried to wiggle out of position. The one goon was pinning him down, staring up at me with growing fear and shock. The jagged wound of her missing breast was shocking, even with the view of one of her ribs, but I just looked down and spoke in the calmest voice I didn't think I had.

"Combination?"

There was too much shock in his expression, so I moved to her next breast. She was violently twisting in the chains, trying to escape, but I held her tightly. Blood was dripping, almost pouring out of her neat wound, but my tiny knife was already working. It cut in, slicing without a single hint of resistance. The smell of fear and terror washed over me, but I continued the single movement. Her left breast dropped to the ground with a wet slap, right between Michael's legs. He whimpered softly, a barely visible sound.

"Combination?"

No answer.

My hand finally released her screaming form. She was begging for answer. I made the mistake of looking at the girl, who was screaming into her gag with tears rolling down her cheeks. As she looked at me with her pleading eyes, I had to look away. Instead, I looked at the boss. He was standing in the doorway, watching me with the same look of a professional. One of his goons was looking rather sick while the other was staring blankly. Everyone reacts differently.

Speaking softly as I circled the dangling woman, I fingered the handle.

“Now, Michael, I really beg for you to give me the numbers. Do you really want to see your daughter in this position?”

As my words filled the freezer, I was standing over his head and using my spare hand to push her legs apart. Her crotch was right above his head, but she was resisting, despite the dangling. So, taking my hand, I pressed it against the small of her back and put my weight into it. With her legs bound, the only way to resist was to spread her legs. Soon, I was looking at her two private openings. Both were drooling cum and a little bit of blood from her being raped too many times in the last day.

Glancing over, I saw my keeper, the gorilla goon. Unlike the others, he didn't look like he was going to vomit any time soon. Gesturing for him, I pointed to her back. He moved mutely and pressed his large hand against her back. His other hand grabbed her stomach and held her in place. A single drop of cum splashed down on Michael's face.

Taking a deep breath, I pressed my thumb against the wrinkled opening of her ass. At the first touch, she jumped but the gorilla kept her in place. I really should learn his name. As bastards go, he isn't that bad. My thumb slipped in easily and I twisted it around. The tight opening was fairly loose, the goons must have used her pretty badly.

I hook my thumb and pulled out slightly. Her anus bulged out and I brought the knife to bear. As if reading my thoughts, his wife started to scream and twist back and forth. It took a few moments for the gorilla to keep her into position. Looking down between her abused legs, I caught eyes with Michael.

“Combination?”

He didn't answer. So, I pressed the blade at the ring of her anus. The blade, as sharp as ever, slipped into the skin, cutting clear down. It sliced through muscle and skin without hesitating. Just before it touched my thumb, I brought it around, cutting into her skin. The sharpness easily sliced through flesh as I cut out her anus. When I finished, I tugged it lightly as it fell out. Life seemed to slow as she exploded into screams and it bounced off her spasming buttocks and fell onto Michael's face. He started to scream and jerked himself, so it left a bloody smear against his throat before landing on the ground.

Staring at the gaping opening her ass, I spoke softly.

“Combination?”

Only a strangled response came. I didn't even bother trying to hear anything. My fingers circled around the ruined opening before moving down to her sex. Her legs spasmed, trying to close against the pain, but the gorilla prevented her from doing so. As my fingers teased against her slicked lips, I repeated myself.

“Do you really want to see this being done to your daughter?”

When no answer came, I tugged at her outer labia, right side. The dark skin was shaking underneath my hand. It only took a second to slice it, from the base to the top. It fell from my hand as a wet strip of flesh. She was screaming, but I asked my question.

“Combination?”

With no answer came another cut. This one took off her other labia, which clung to her inner thigh. I brushed it off and started working at the smaller folds, her inner labia. He refused to answer, so I slowly cut off each one until her sex was just a bloody opening. After each cut, I asked for the combination and I only got screams and whimpers in response. It took a lot of effort not to look at the girl, I really didn't want to do this to her. However, if it came down to the boss or her... well, I wanted him to speak.

When I trimmed the last of her hole clean, I looked down. He was glaring at me, trying to pour all of his answer into his gaze. Well, that was promising. He was closer to those stages of death; well past denial into anger.

“Combination?”

“Fuck off!”



“After your daughter, man.”

His daughter whimpered, but I was already staring at my next target. Using my free hand, I started to finger the soft woman in front of me. Blood and cum squealched as I worked one finger, then two, then three into the gaping hole. She was screaming, but there was nothing I could do about that. Pressing harder, I started to force my hand into her fuck hole, stretching it painfully apart. Soon, I managed to force me fourth finger into it. Then, with a brutal twist, I rammed my hand into her hole and plunged it in. This is the closest I got to a woman in a long time, but there was no time for fun. Using all my strength, I started to punch in and out, working the opening until it loosened. She was screaming, spasming underneath, but I was staring down at Michael. His face was turning purple with anger.

Finally, it loosened around my wrist and I pulled out my bloody fingers. Wiping them on her thighs, I gave him another chance.

“Combination?”

It was almost a droning question, but he almost responded. When he didn't, I glanced over at the boss who nodded. Okay, that man scared me. Pressing my fingers along the blade, to “protect” it, I started to work the knife and my hand into her hole. It was hard work, because I didn't want to cut her inside. At least not yet.

The gorilla had to use his strength to hold her in position as I managed to shove my hand and my knife into her destroyed opening. Once inside, I could feel her slick inner walls squeezing against me. But, I already had a purpose. Releasing one finger, I forced my hand further up until it pressed against the hardness of her cervix. I had to use my other hand for position as I worked the blade up against the opening, then pushed it into the soft flesh next to it. You could almost feel that scream of terror as I began to cut out the final gate of her womb. The long scream turned into a wail that echoed shrilly against the freezer walls. Not having as much room, it took much longer to work the blade around her gate. It finally came loose, but I lost it. Grumbling, I pulled the blade out carefully, then shoved my other hand into her hole to get it back. Her insides were already soaked with blood by the time I managed to shove my fingers into her innermost depths and catch the slick thing. With a little effort, I wrapped my fingers around it and pulled

it out. My fist came out with a wet slurp and a scream of pain. Holding it front of Michael, I asked him seriously.

“Combination?”

The fear was in his eyes was almost a constant. I could see it was only a few more tortures before he answered, I hoped I had enough body parts. Dropping the flesh on his face, it slapped him with a splash sound. Slowly, it rolled off his nose on the floor.

Tears were forming in his eyes, but could barely hear anything over the screams of his wife. The muted screams of his daughter were also loud, but I didn't hear a single number in the noises. So, I wiped my hands as clean as possible on her legs and stepped around. I stopped at her side as I reached down with my knife, then up between her legs. Pressing the tip against the opening, I made sure he was looking as I shoved the knife into her clitoris. The scream of pure terror and pain exploded in the room as I started to draw it down, through the tiny bump of former pleasure up toward her belly button.

That last bit was enough as he started to scream himself.

“Seventyseveineightthenfourteenthenfiftythree!”

I stopped, but didn't pull the blade from her flesh. “Pardon?”

He repeated himself in a constant scream, yelling it out. I had a feeling that something was missing and pulled the blade even further. It cut along the bone, the tip almost caressing her pubic bone, as I sliced it further along. The tip plunged into her stomach just a little when he screamed out again.

“No! Please don't! I'll tell you about the grenade!”

Pausing, I stared down at him.

“What grenade?”

“The grenade on the door. The wire is near the bottom, you can't miss it. Just cut it before you finish opening the door. And the combination is-” he continued to babble and I saw one of the goons writing it down quickly. Looking up at the boss, he nodded. When I started to pull the knife out, he shook his head. Looking over at the lizard, he gave a short command.

The lizard goon called someone and repeated the numbers and warning. A few moments later, he nodded to the boss. The boss chuckled, “Very impressive, Butcher.”

Just as I started to pull out the blade, he cleared his throat, “Finish up with her, then come talk to me.”

“Pardon?”

He leveled an unfriendly gaze back.

“Finish up. Cut her up, you’re the Butcher, so make her into some meat. I know you need something to eat.”

I hate this bastard. I really hate that fucking bastard. But, he was also someone who could kill me without trying, so I’m not going to say no. Not to mention, I was getting hungry. Calming myself, I dragged the knife up through her belly, around the button, and up to her throat. Her internal organs came splashing out, splattering against Michael who finally screamed himself into unconsciousness. The remains of his wife were also fading, but I wasn’t done. Gesturing with the chains, I had the gorilla lower her until her throat was hanging only a few inches from Michael’s groin. The gaping opening of her chest and stomach was filled with wet, stinky dangling bits but I managed not to cut open a single organ.

Damn, I’m good.

Even after three years.

As her head lowered, I kicked Michael until he woke up. Then I cut her throat. Blood exploded from the neat slice and there was more screaming. Michael managed to remain conscious for a few more minutes, but then faded. Straightening up, I carefully cleaned my knife as the blood flooded out of her gaping throat. Almost reverentially, I placed the cleaned blade back into the case and closed it. Spinning the combination lock, I sealed it and stood up.

Looking around, I saw the center of the room was soaked in bright blood. It was slowly draining down the drain. The brightness was also shocking. Even though it was a stupid mistake, I looked over at the girl who was staring with fear in her eyes. Tears soaked her face, but at least she stopped making noise.

Not letting my box out of my sight, I carried it outside where the boss was standing in the darkness of the front shop. I blinked, trying to remember when it got to be night time. He was brushing his fingers against the scale. As I entered, I set down the box on the counter.

“You did good, Butcher.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“You don’t like this, do you?”

There was a choice about honesty when being asked a question about a guy who could kill you with no effort. And there is also the choice about telling him what he wanted to hear.

“No, sir.”

I guess I did the honesty route.

“Why did you do it?”

“Do what?”

“Save the girl?”

“Because she is innocent. It isn’t her fault that her parents are stupid.”

More of that damn honesty. But, he didn’t shoot me, so I was happier already.

“Yeah, stupid. And he should have known better.” The boss looked at me for a moment, a new expression on his face.

“Well, you better take your charge and get out of here.”

I started to leave, then stopped.

“My... my charge?”

“Yeah, the girl. You saved her, you keep her.”

“Pardon?”

The boss’s feet rapped against the ground as he moved toward the back. “You saved her, Butcher. And it’s your job to make sure she never speaks about it. I don’t care how, but if this comes back, you’ll be the one on the ground and she’ll be dangling. And, I may not have your skill with a knife, but it will hurt just as much.”

His words left me cold and alone. He disappeared in the back and a few moments later, she came forward, wearing only her panties and training bra. In her hands, she was carrying some more clothes. The eyes that looked at me were filled with trepidation, fear, and hope. Unable to handle the acquisitions, I looked away.

“Might as well get dressed.”

Sounds of fabric rustling filled the empty shop opening. A few moments later, she was standing next to me, staring out at the darkness of the street. She looked different with clothes on, but the same sadness was in her eyes.

“You can’t talk about this, you know.”

“To no one?”

“Not if you don’t want to join your mother.”

“Why...” the words caught in her throat and she started to cry for real. Sobs that tore at my heart, but there was nothing I can do. I’m not a father. Hell, I’m nothing but a rapist and murderer. Someone walked up behind us and I turned to see the gorilla.

“My ride?”

He nodded and pulled out his keys.

“Could we turn down the music?”

He glared briefly at me, then nodded. Putting a hesitant arm around her, I started to guide her out the door. She flinched and resisted, but when she realized she was leaving, she followed. Outside, the smell of rain was heavy with smog. She crawled into the back seat without a problem and I joined her, if anything to make sure she didn’t run away. My keeper got in, turned down the radio, and turned on the car. The bondo evil started down the street, until he hit the interstate. Then, he flung himself into traffic and sped toward my home.

She stared out the window silently as they drove along. Clearing my throat, I spoke up.

“Could we get some food? McDonald’s?”

The gorilla chuckled and started to find the next exit. She said something softly and I had to lean closer.

“Pardon?” I was saying that a lot.

Her voice was soft, a tear-filled whisper. “Subway?”

“Subway? You want healthy stuff?”

She nodded. I pressed her more, and she finally gave her order. The gorilla pulled into Subway, listening. Without asking, he got out of the car, repeated her order. I gave him mine, which I think he heard, before he closed the door and left us alone. It finally started to rain as we watched him make his order. Heavy droplets of water pounded on the hood of the car, but none of us spoke.

Finally, she broke the silence.

“Are you going to rape me?”

Surprised, I could only stare at her for a moment.

“Rape? No, that didn’t even cross my mind.”

“Why... why did you save me?” She paused, “You saved me, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, I think I did.”

More of that damn honesty.

“Why?”

“I’m an idiot.”

She didn’t say anything and eventually the goon came back. Tossing our subs on the seat, he drove us back home. Neither of us seemed to touch our food, so we brought it up to my apartment. The gorilla escorted us, but left us at the top of the stairs. She followed me as I opened my door and guided her in. There was no question about her opinion of my castle, but it was all I had.

Setting the food on the table, I looked back at her. “It isn’t much, but I’ll do what I can.”

Then the tears began. She stood in the middle, a little black girl, bawling her head off. It was a pain-filled noise that left me helpless to do anything. Between one sob, she threw herself at me, wrapped her arms around me, and held me tightly. I could feel her frail body shaking with every sob. Slowly, I let my hands drop down to hold her tightly, letting her cry.

She sobbed for a long time, until my arms and legs hurt. Then she ate a little and cried some more. It wasn’t until very late at night when she finally fell asleep in the chair. She was almost comfortable in it, but I still spent a long time watching her, waiting for a spring to explode or something to go wrong.

I was still up the next morning, trying to figure out what was going on. Then, a knocking at the door startled me. Looking carefully, I made sure she was still sleeping and answered it. Surprisingly, it was another black woman. But, she was wearing a pin-striped suit that showed off every wonderful curve of her large breasts and good hips. It was a perfect-looking woman, except that she looked like she never smiled.

“Uh... can I help you?”

“Yes.” Without bothering to expand on it, she pushed me out of the way and entered the room. Peering at the girl for a moment, she stared pointedly at the table. Getting the hint, and curious as a cat, I cleared it off so she could set down a pile of papers.

“Sign.”

Handing me a pen, she pointed out every place to sign. I barely had a chance to read it, things about “Powers of Attorney” and other legal forms. All of them were signed, by Michael and his wife. For a brief moment, I tried to figure out when they had the time to

sign it, but then I decided not to ask. When I got near the bottom, where there were more forms, giving me guardianship over Kestral, the girl's name, I was even more shocked.

“What?”

“Sign.” It wasn't a request, it was an order. An order from a scary lady. I finished signing it. By the time I was done, Kestral was up and staring at me, peeking over the back of the chair. I could see the blanket half on her, half on the arm of the chair. Her jeans were rumbled and slipping off one hip. The scary lady, a lawyer by the actions, finally was happy, gave me a copy and gathered up her things.

“Congratulations, you are now her official guardian.”

“Why?”

She looked at me with serious, hazel eyes.

“You saved her, you keep her.”

God, I'm an idiot.

*t'Sade*



# About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](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.