

Fatal Tricks

t'Sade

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Mark Fatal rested on a pile of pillows propped up against the center of the headboard. His bed was large enough for a family of six, but at the moment it was only himself and a naked woman on each side. He smiled to himself as he looked down.

To his right as Melanie, the producer's assistant for his show, Fatal Tricks. She was a small-breasted, bleach blond who's only skill was to look good in a mini-skirt and suck his cock during recording breaks. She replaced Tracy, the assistant during season one and the producer was already hinting that she would be replaced when the third season started.

On his left was some dark-haired groupie. Her name didn't matter, it never did. All he cared about was holes to fuck and the adoration she brought to the bedroom. This one didn't have any grace or charm. Just large tits, a shaved cunt, and a tight ass. He picked her up as he was leaving Radio Mart after a promotion for cheap magic tricks with his face on the packaging.

Mark didn't care about either girl. They were disposable fuck toys and nothing else. If they were gone, a thousand other groupies hung around the stage doors at the end of every show begging to take their place. They knew it was a one night stand and he knew they just wanted the privilege of fucking someone on TV.

He sighed and looked around his room. He had everything: two top-rated TV shows, royalties from DVD and online sales, and fresh cunts every night. But, there was a feeling that he was missing something. The thrill of doing the show was waning and even the almost nightly parties had palled. He was successful, good-looking, and rich. He was everything he wanted to be when he first started

magic at the ripe age of thirteen, but as he sat there, he wanted something more.

The problem was that Mark didn't know what he wanted.

He glanced down to Melanie, wondering if he should bother waking her up. She'd suck his cock, she was good at it, and his shaft grew with the thought of her warm, wet lips. But, it was the same thing he got earlier that night. He glanced over to the clock. Last night.

It wasn't uncommon to have a late night. Even with the parties, he had a camera man following him most of the day for a reality TV show after the season ended. Two shows for the price of one. Of course, they had to edit out a fair amount of sex and drinking from it.

He lifted his head to look out the double doors to his bedroom. He could see clothes scattered on the floor and not all of it was Mark's. On the far side of the living room, the doors to the guest room were open and he could see two people sleeping on the waterbed. One would be Gary, his cameraman, and the other would be the other groupie that followed Mark home. Even though Gary was married, the "late night recordings" gave him almost as much pussy as Mark got. And, to Mark's surprise, some of the sluts were perfectly willing to bang the cameraman if Mark's cock was already occupied.

He shook his head in amazement. He never really understood the obsession of a fan. They were just bodies to him, but the speed they would take Gary instead of walking out always startled him. He shrugged. Gary and he had bonded over groupies and there were things that would last long after Mark wasn't popular anymore.

Mark scanned the room. He had a poster for every magic and television show he did. There was even one for the bit part he played in some crime investigation drama. He did it because he could, but it was disappointing not being the center of the attention.

The undefined feeling of missing something returned. He reached back and grabbed a large tablet computer from the headboard. Thumbing it on, he checked his email but when he saw the hundreds of unanswered messages, he swiped that off. Idly, he tried a game, but shut it off after a few minutes. Finally, he brought up his web browser and started tapping on random links.

Time blurred over as he followed link after link, trying to find something to pull him miasma that hung over him. Nothing interested him. He finished reading about reconstruction of bridges in Missouri and set the tablet down on his lap.

Mark hated this feeling. It only came when he was the only person awake in his penthouse apartment. He was suppose to be happy, ecstatic even. He had everything. If he wanted a fuck, he just had to pull a head over and they would suck down his cock as if was the most natural thing to do. If he wanted pussy, he just jam a finger in one to summon it. He had a bank account balance in the eight digits and he did magic tricks for a living. It was what every boy wanted.

The tablet screensaver kicked on and a random news article popped up on the screen. The screensaver was installed with some other program and he still hadn't figured out which one to uninstall it.

A soft groan, he leaned back. "Fuck," he whispered.

The groupie moaned and shifted in her sleep. She reached out and slid her hand up between his legs to cup his balls. He looked down to watch her bright red fingernails as they teased the base of his shaft.

On his tablet, he caught sigh of some girl's intense eyes before the image changed to an article about a boat sinking. Mark stared in shock for a moment, then snatched up his tablet. He forgot how to bring up the article again, but the eyes were burned into his mind. They looked hungry and sexy. He had to see them again. His heart beat faster as he strained to keep them locked in his thoughts.

Desperate, he brought up settings and paged through them one at a time until he found the ad-supported screensaver. A few seconds later, he was on the site and scrolling through the articles. He found it on the second page and stopped with shock.

"St. Agatha's Academy wins State!"

He didn't care about the softball team or that they won state. His eyes were riveted on a girl in the second row, the one with intense, seductive eyes. She had a dusting of freckles on her face and along her arms. Her red hair had just a hint of brown at the roots, but it framed her face in curls and over her small breasts. The tips of her

hair curled over, almost cupping the mounds and begging for someone to suck on them.

Mark's cock grew harder as he stared at her.

All of the girls were wearing the same uniform. A burgundy tie and blazer. The girl's tie ran down between her breasts, further highlighting the mounds. It stopped right above her navel which was covered by a light gray V-neck sweater.

Mark couldn't see what she wore below, but the girls in the front row all had matching gray pleated skirts and socks. He wondered what underwear she was wearing in the picture and precum oozed from his tip as he let his mind picture the teenage girl naked.

He gulped, feeling guilty, and scrolled through the article. He spotted a list of names and counted off the girls from the right until he found her: Alexandra Fitzgerald.

Alexandra. It was a perfect name for the girl. He smiled as he admired the picture. He wasn't stupid enough to do a search to find out more, not with his computer, but he committed her name and face to memory.

He didn't know what he would do, but it was something that made his heart beat faster. Something to bring his life back. Not a groupie begging to be fucked. Not a producer's assistant who knew her only job was to deep throat. No, he wanted a junior year student at some academy on the opposite side of the country. He wanted to see wrapped around his cock. He wanted to cum deep inside her as he lost himself in her eyes.

"Mmm," murmured Melanie, "is that for me?"

He pulled his tablet aside to see Melanie staring at his glistening cock with a smile. Her red lips curled into a smile as she licked them.

"Yes," he lied.

Holding his breath, he fixed his mind on Alexandra's face as Melanie lifted her body and slid between his legs. She settled down into place and grabbed his cock with both hands. Pulling it to her lips, she let her hot breath wash over the tip before sliding it deep into her mouth.

Mark almost came when he felt the back of her throat. He reached down and grabbed her hair to shove her down. She didn't

resist his taking control—that stopped months ago at the beginning of the second season—and he forced her clear down to his base.

It wasn't Melanie he saw, though, but Alexandra as her perfect, pale lips were smashed against his base. It didn't matter if she was willing or not. At the thought of her resisting him, his cock surged hotly and his cum blasted the back of Melanie's throat.

Mark let out a low, hungry growl as he came at the thought of Alexandra choking on his cock.

—

“What are you plans for the summer?”

Mark tore his thoughts away from his fantasy, it had kept him hard for a month. “What?”

The producer was a fat man who barely reached five feet in height and was almost as wide as he was tall. He wheezed as he regarded Mark over his desk and tall chair. “I said, what are your plans for the summer and fall?”

“Has the network decided if there is going to be a third season?”

“Probably. You are tracking very well in a number of markets. And your season finale has a couple million hits on the fan sites. That stunt with getting out of the glass box during free-fall was brilliant.”

It was a simple trick and mundane misdirection, but the drama and a good voice-over did wonders for shooting up ratings.

“What about Melanie?”

“If you get a third season, I'll get you a new one. What do you want? Another like her? Blonde? Black hair? A nigger? Chink?” He smirked. “Twins?”

Mark's mind drifted back to Alexandra. “Redhead. Maybe Irish?”

“You got it. What else?”

“I was... I was...” his mind stalled.

“Mark?”

“Sorry. I was thinking—” And then it hit him. A smile stretched across his face as he ran through it quickly. “How about a tour?”

“A magic tour?” The producer pulled a face for a moment, but his eyes were flickering back and forth as he considered it. After a few seconds, he smiled also. “That could work. I'm sure the network would let us use the Fatal Tricks branding and it would be a good

way to drum up more viewers. What are you thinking about? Big ten collages? Stadiums?"

"No," he tried to figure out a good way to phrase it. "I started younger than that. Maybe high schools? It would be a big boost to them and they could use the attention."

"High schools?" The producer said it as if it was a rotted carcass.

"They are sixty percent of my market."

"I didn't think you read those. And it's only fifty-four."

Mark winced inwardly. He made up the number out of desperation.

The producer shrugged and then shrugged again.

"Let me run it by the network and let's see."

—

"I don't know, Mr... Fatal," the old woman said his last name with the disgust associated usually for rapists and murderers. Which wasn't far from Mark's thoughts.

"Would Mark be better?"

She was just under eighty years old and looked like she had a scowl burned into her face. She wore one of the strictest black suits that Mark had ever seen. It was black as pitch without even a hint of decoration, jewelry, or color. He wondered if the frivolity of pinstripes was too much for her. "I'd rather use your real name."

"I did have it legally changed six years ago, Mrs. Palmer. Mark Fatal is my real name."

Mrs. Palmer pursed her lips. For a moment, he wondered if she would actually break down and use his first name. "Mr. Fatal would do. But, I don't know why are you are interested in St. Agatha's Academy for your... magic show."

He kept his back straight as he regarded her over the pristine desk. Not even a single piece of paper marred the polished wooden surface. She had a pen to one side, next to a picture of a man as old as herself.

"I simply don't think St. Agatha's would be an appropriate venue for your entertainment."

"I understand," he said as calmly as he could. He wanted to grab her and throttle her, but he had a plan. He stood up and held out his hand. "Forgive me for my indulgence. I just wanted to do something

in appreciation for your school. I understand that it was unreasonable and I understand your concerns.”

She stood up and took his hand. “I understand. I would recommend...” her voice trailed off. “Appreciation?”

“You did win state in softball three years running. And the Knowledge Bowl last year.”

She shook her head. “But, you live in California.” She said it as if someone outside of the state couldn’t appreciate anything that happened in Maine. Her hand froze around his hand, neither slack nor gripping tightly.

“I wasn’t born there,” he said it in a way to imply that he may have been born in Maine. His hometown was Madison, Wisconsin but he was sure that Mrs. Palmer didn’t know anything about him.

“Oh!” Her face brightened and she extricated her hand from his. “I didn’t know. Do you have a... cousin here?”

“No, I have an adopted sister at MaMor,” it was a local high school, “but I was impressed when you beat them out in the last inning during the state finals. That was... gosh, she graduated three years ago. Ever since, I’ve been following St. Agatha’s.” The game was real, he saw the footage of it, but there was no cousin. As he spoke, he could see her wariness crack into a delighted surprise. “So, call me a fan of the Academy. So, when I decided to have a show around her, well, you can understand. But, I understand your concerns so I can find a different venue.”

She gulped. “Perhaps I was being hasty. Would you... give me a chance to reconsider?” She gestured to his chair.

Mark sat down. “Of course, Mrs. Palmer.”

“Call me Stephanie.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it, Mrs. Palmer.”

She gave a satisfied nod. She was about to say something else, but someone knocked on the door. Mrs. Palmer frowned briefly before she gave Mark an apologetic look. “Excuse me?”

Mark nodded.

She spoke louder in a curt, annoyed voice. “Who is it?”

“It is Chloe, madam,” said a girl outside, “I have those papers you were asking for.”

Mrs. Palmer gave Mark a frustrated look. “Do you mind? This will only take a few minutes.”

“Of course. This was the only thing I had planned for today.”

“Thank you, Mr. Fatal.” The struggle Mrs. Palmer had with his name had faded. Inwardly, Mark smiled to himself. “Come in!”

The door opened and one of the younger girls came in. She circled around the desk and handed a red folder to Mrs. Palmer. Mark couldn't get a good idea of her age, but she looked to be about middle aged for the school. Her dark hair was straight except for a little flip right at her collar. She peeked at him through her horn-rimmed glasses, then did a double take. Her eyes widened as her lips parted. She let out a gasp, then pressed fingers against her lips and shot a frightened look at Mrs. Palmer.

She checked that Mrs. Palmer was engrossed in the paperwork and then peeked back up.

Mark smiled sly and gave her a wink.

She almost swooned.

“Miss Schuler!” snapped Mrs. Palmer.

Chloe jumped and stepped back. Her light gray skirt fluttered and Mark caught a brief sight of her long, thin legs before it settled back down. “Yes, madam?”

“Proper young ladies do not stare.”

“Sorry, madam.” The teenage girl lowered her head in apology, but Mark caught her peeking at him through her bangs.

“Now, young lady,” Mrs. Palmer handed the folder back to Chloe. “Apologize to Mr. Fatal—”

Chloe tensed as she began to pant.

“-and take this to the head nurse to get this notarized.”

“Yes, madam,” said Chloe a bit quickly.

“Well, go.”

Chloe rushed past Mark with one last longing look. He resisted the urge to watch her run away. The name sounded familiar to him.

“I'm sorry about that, Mr. Fatal.”

“Oh?” He cleared his thoughts to focus. “For what?”

“Her manners. She has the unfortunate reputation being a bit too... cerebral for her own good, but you know that she is also the captain of St. Agatha's Knowledge Bowl team. Who won state, if you remember.”

Mark smiled as he remembered the name. Chloe was holding the large trophy in the picture about the Knowledge Bowl. He thought

she was cute, but he was obsessed with Alexandra and passed her over. Knowing about the Bowl was just to establish trust. His mind shifted and he considered adding Chloe to his plans... whatever they were. "I do remember. I was very impressed with her."

"Them. It is a team of three."

He ran through his mental notes. "But, she got the last four questions right when no one else did. Even the one about Star Trek."

"Yes," Mrs. Palmer relaxed, "it was distasteful that they included crass entertainment in the trivia." Her eyes glittered for a moment. "You really do pay attention to the academy, don't you?"

Mark tensed. She was testing him. He promised himself to do more research before he encountered her again. He nodded.

Mrs. Palmer sighed, "If you forgive me, I do have an appointment in a few minutes. And tardiness is one of the vices we don't accept. As you know."

He stood up again. "Manners are the cornerstone of civilization." St. Agatha's motto.

She got up with a smile. "Indeed. Thank you very much, Mr. Fatal, for considering St. Agatha's. I will get in touch with you tomorrow."

"Why don't you talk directly to..." he fished out a card. "Here, this is my producer. He will arrange everything if you decide that I will not sully the reputation of St. Agatha with my presence."

With that, he left her alone, confident that he finally got a chance to get closer to his Alexandra. He strolled out of the office and down to his car. As he came around the corner to the visitor's parking lot, he saw a familiar face standing next to his car.

Chloe.

She had a notebook in her hands. Even from the distance, he could see his face plastered on the front of it. She bounced back and forth as she waited, her skirt fluttering up and giving him tantalizing glimpses of her trimmed legs.

Mark took the opportunity to look her over as he walked up. She was small-breasted with narrow waist and hips just beginning to show signs of womanhood. She was right at the edge of being a full-blown woman. He enjoyed the idea of making her a real woman.

"I-I'm sorry," gasped Chloe, "but I saw you and I had too... no, um, could you sign this!?" She brandished her folder.

He smiled and took it as he palmed his signing pen. "Do you have a pen?"

Her face fell.

Mark chuckled and flipped up his fingers, letting the shaft of the pen slid up so it looked like it appeared in his hand. "Don't worry, I have one."

Chloe giggled and blushed.

He wrote quickly. "To Chloe, my biggest fan - Mark Fatal."

When she read it, she gasped. "Oh, my god! Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

A pair of girls slowed down as they passed, a curious look on their face. One was obviously a senior student with her hair done up in a stern bun, but the other was a much younger girl who watched Chloe curiously. The younger student had an unruly mane of dark brown hair, which looked out of place compared to the older one's severe hairstyle.

Mark gave a bow. "Only for you."

Chloe gasped and pressed a hand to her lips. "Are you going to do a show nearby?"

"Actually, in your field house if things go well."

Chloe's eyes widened. "Oh, my god. Really!?"

He laughed. "Well, it depends on Mrs. Palmer."

"When!?"

"A few months, probably. I'm thinking early September."

She squealed. "Oh, I can't believe it. Mark Fatal here! At Agatha's! Oh, do you need an assistant or anything? Please, I'd do anything to be in the show."

And in that moment, Mark knew how he would do it.

"I never thought about it."

"Oh please," Chloe pressed her hands together as she begged. "I'd do anything to be in your show!"

"Well, I might consider using an assistant on the show."

She squealed and hugged herself.

"We'd have to have try outs though."

"O-Of course," her face fell.

His cock surged with the thought of having his hands wrapped around her throat. "But, I won't forget a face like yours."

—

Mark had a phone number he memorized but never wrote down. Part of doing magic was the illusion. Critical to that illusion was controlling expectations. And somewhere in Ohio, one component of his earlier illusions was a man named Danny Sinclair. Mark dialed the number and leaned back on his hotel bed.

“West River Body Repairs. Danny speaking.”

“Excuse me, sir,” Mark spoke with a nasally voice and a poor accent, “are you be fixing the Yugo?”

“We don’t service Yugos anymore. If you want repairs, I recommend you buy a real car, trash it, and then bring that in.”

“Are you be sure? Because I have this cherry,” Mark slowed down for the words, “tight, little thing that be needing a lube job.”

It was code between them, a sign that Mark wanted to see Danny discretely. It was part and parcel for the magician’s trade, but Mark hadn’t called Danny in over a year.

Danny inhaled sharply. The phone rattled for a moment and he heard Danny sitting down. “Where is the car in question?”

“The usual place. I have to get a bus ride on Cross-National and I can meet you there.” It was code to pick up a reserved bus ride using an account and password they both knew.

“I’ll see if I can fit you in, sir.” See you soon.

—

Mark sat at his desk as he worked late into the night. Behind him, Melinda and two blonde girls were curled up on the bed. Their naked bodies were entwined as they slumbered; they clung to each other when he slipped out at three in the morning.

He brought up a Tor browser and logged into a private email account. He wasn’t sure how the privacy network worked, but the geek who set it up for him promised it would be almost impossible to track. As long as he didn’t do anything stupid like browse sites or do web searches.

Mark was careful, he always was because one slip meant a ruined trick. He flipped through the emails until he found the one he was waiting for.

– Your money showed up in the mail. Everything is good and cash is much appreciated. I have a dummy corporation set up for the purchase. Can you send the address?

Mark replied to the email with the address to the warehouse that the production company got to store his tricks. It was in a industrial district near St. Agatha's and out of the way. Mark always like having a warehouse to work on his tricks in privacy. But the side deal, and secret email, was to rent out a second one a few blocks away where he could set up a much more different, and incriminating, tricks.

He was being careful about covering his tracks. As much as he wanted to ram his cock into Alexandra's and Chloe's pussies, he also needed to make sure they would never identify him later. And secrets are best held when there is only one living person who knows it. He shivered at the thought. He was going to kill two girls after he raped them.

He was a crux of his life. On one hand, he could just back off and enjoy all the pussy he could have in his life. He could enjoy a life without worrying about prison rape or being executed. On the other hand, he wanted them both so badly it hurt.

Mark was going down a path of evil and he didn't care anymore. All he could think about was how Alexandra would look as she was wrapped around his cock.

—

The Starlight Motel was rated the worst motel in the entire state by their own descriptions. Where the siding wasn't falling off, it was rotted and moldy. Pale green curtains covered the windows and fluttered through the cracked glass.

Mark pulled around the back with as sick feeling in his stomach. Somehow, he suspected the "clean beds" was much of a lie as the "color TV" blinking next to the broken satellite dish.

He got out and glanced around. There was no light in the parking lot. And only two rooms were lit. Screams of bored passion rose out of the one to Mark's right and he could see at least three shadows against the curtains. He turned and headed to the other. He knocked.

The door opened and Mark found himself looking at himself.

Six years before, Mark was arrested for a crime he didn't commit. He wasn't worried because he didn't do it, but the old lady picked him out of the lineup without a second's hesitation. Fortunately for Mark, DNA testing and his alibi got him free after a few days. Even

as he walked out the front door, the old lady insisted it was Mark who robbed her.

Her insistence got him thinking. Mark researched the local crime scene and tracked down the man who robbed her, Danny Sinclair. In a fit of fury, Mark marched right over and pounded on Danny's door with the intent of beating the crap out of the robber. But when Danny opened the door, his anger dissipated in shock.

Danny and Mark could have been identical twins. They had the same face, same build, even almost identical eye color. Somehow, among the billions of people on the planet, they won the same genetic lottery. And then managed to encounter each other.

Instead of fighting, they got to talking and having beers. Mark came up with a new magic trick, one that took advantage of their identical appearance. Danny agreed to do it for a couple hundred dollars. It was a hit. Mark asked him again and again.

A year later, Danny asked Mark for a favor, an alibi.

Mark agreed and spent a few hours in jail before he was released.

Since then, they used each other for their own careers. A few hours in jail was nothing compared to the look on the officer's faces when they had to let him go. And he used Danny as a double for some of the more complicated tricks.

Danny gestured for Mark to enter. "Been a while."

Mark nodded and closed the door behind him. "I could say the same, Danny. How is crime?"

He shrugged. "The economy sucks and those politicians should be thrown in prison. No one is buying anything good and the only things worth anything are too large to boost without a crew. I miss the days when stealing DVDs and CDs was just like printing money. Now, they aren't worth more than coasters. You remember that online service that sent all those CDs? It's like that now. Useless. I actually had to work honestly the last few months." He sighed. "I hate honest work."

Mark chuckled. "Yeah, know the feeling."

Danny handed him a beer and sat down on one bed. It had a dark spread over it but it looked more like a stain than an intentional pattern. "So, what's the trick?"

“Something,” Mark hesitated and took a swig from the beer before sitting down opposite of him, “a bit closer to your end of life. I’ll need an alibi.”

“Oh?” Danny smiled, “Joining the dark side?”

Mark shrugged with a smile.

Danny shrugged. “What do I have to do?”

“There is a big formal dinner at St. Agatha’s Academy. There will be alumni, staff, and parents. I need you to show up, chat with everyone, do a couple stupid tricks, and be visible.”

“Sounds simple. How badly do you need it?”

“Quarter million dollars.”

Danny whistled. “That’s a serious alibi. Four hundred grand.”

With a grin, Mark held out a hand.

“Deal.”

—

Mark sank down in the chair outside of Mrs. Palmer’s office. He rested his hands on his thighs, feeling the rough fabric underneath his palms. It was a new suit, he just had the final tailoring a few hours before, but he wanted to impress Mrs. Palmer.

One of the students came into the room. She was a tiny thing, with wide eyes, hook nose, and a narrow body. She had a large mane of dark brown hair that flowed loosely across her burgundy blazer. Carefully sitting on the chair across from Mark, she gave him a hesitant smile. She kept her knees together and he could see up her pale thigh until her gray skirt shadowed her skin.

“Hi,” she said almost in a whisper.

“Hi, back. You waiting for Stephanie?”

She looked horrified at the stern lady’s first name. “Y-You mean Mrs. Palmer?”

“Yeah, I forgot.” Mark chuckled. “Are you waiting for Mrs. Palmer?”

She nodded and press her hands against her thighs. She looked away from Mark to stare at the door.

Mark admired her for a moment. She was young, probably too young, but there was something familiar about her. He wracked his memory and tried to remember the girl.

The door to Mrs. Palmer’s office opened and Stephanie stepped out.

The girl stood up sharply and reached behind her back to clasp her wrists together. The movement pushed her breasts up and Mark didn't see a bra underneath the white shirt barely visible in the V-neck of her sweater.

He looked away sharply and stood up to hide his attention. He held out his hand. "Good morning, Mrs. Palmer."

She took his hand and shook it firmly. "Good morning, Mr. Fatal. Thank you for being prompt."

"Naturally, Mrs. Palmer."

Mrs. Palmer gestured for both Mark and the girl to join her in the office.

As the girl stood up, Mark remembered where he saw the girl before. She was walking past them when he was signing Chloe's notebook. He only had a brief look at her, but the mane of hair was a dead giveaway.

Mark followed after the girl into the office and sat down into the furthest guest chair.

Mrs. Palmer gestured to Mark. "Before we started, I want to thank you for your considerations on your stage. It isn't nearly as," she pursed her lips before continuing, "tacky as I expected."

"I would never sully the Academy's reputation."

She said nothing and he continued.

"I also promised to fire anyone who ruined your school."

She gave a tiny nod of approval. She pressed her fingers under her chin and turned to the girl. "Young Tyler has expressed an interest in relationship management. Would you be willing to let her shadow you while you are here? It would be a great learning experience."

Mark looked over at the young girl who squirmed and didn't look at him. "Anything to help St. Agatha."

"As for your request for a girl from St. Agatha for your assistant-" Mark's cock twitched at her words.

"-she is familiar with most of the students here and could help you select someone... appropriate for the task."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Palmer. I would be honored."

"Her last class is at four thirty every day. Could you pick her up?"

"I'll send a limo."

Next to him, Tyler gasped. He glanced over and she looked at him with delighted surprise. He gave her a wink before returning his attention back to Mrs. Palmer.

“If that it,” she handed him a folder filled with signed contracts, “then I have many things to do.”

—

Mark walked into the nearly empty warehouse. It smelled of freshly cut wood with a hint of gasoline. In the center was a stage identical to the one in the warehouse a few blocks away and also to what was being built at St. Agatha's. It was more sober though, with less of the glitzy decoration and a quarter of the lights. It didn't need to be fancy, there was a show for only two girls and neither were going to live to tell anyone. The only nod to his ego was his famous logo on the back of the stage.

He focused on the stairs leading to the audience area. The wooden steps were freshly cut and secured down. Fresh wood shavings clung to the corners. He tested the first step before putting his weight on it. When it didn't even creak, he let out a sigh of relief. He mounted the stairs and looked across the rows of stadium seating. They were identical to the hundred chairs in the other warehouse. No one would ever sit in them, but he needed the illusion perfect for his plans.

Instead of heading for the stage, he inspected the platform under the stairs. He knew it was hollow, but he couldn't tell by stamping on it. He tested the chairs and ran his finger along the upholstery as he walked to one end. At the far end, the last chair had a trap door underneath it.

He felt like a child about to open his Christmas gift. Unlatching the door, he knelt down and opened it. The smell of gasoline rose up in a choking cloud. Coughing, he pulled out a flashlight and peered inside.

Hundreds of plastic jugs filled with gasoline filled the crawlspace. Interspersed between the jugs and attached to the support joists were blocks of C4, all wired into the security system. The explosives had two purposes. One was to cover his tracks and ensure that Alexandra and Chloe's body would never be found. The other was just in case the police or anyone interrupted him.

Mark smiled grimly and closed the latch. He hurried down to the stage and hopped on the wooden platform. Seeing his tricks already set up, his heart skipped a beat. He had three planned, just in case, and all of them were fatal versions of the same things he used on his show. More importantly, none of them had the safeties which made it a trick instead of some glorified way of execution.

The first was a simple table with rings screwed down at the corners. Above it, a large block hung on a frame with hundreds of spikes mounted on the bottom. In his show, he would strap down an assistant, pull a curtain around, and drop the block. After a dramatic pause, and a bit of fake blood dripping down the corner, he would pull up the block and reveal the healthy assistant.

His cock jumped at the thought. When he used this one, there would be no curtain and no way of avoiding the spikes. He shivered at the thought and stroked his hardness through his pants.

The second setup was also based on a table, but instead of a block of spikes, it had a large radial saw mounted on it. He reached up and pulled it down; it moved smoothly and scraped along a narrow groove right where a girl's stomach would be.

The third was more complicated. It looked like a giant doll made out of two by fours and plywood. The top of the shape was slightly ajar and he pulled it off. It was heavier than he expected, but he wasn't planning on using it. Inside, there was a hollow space for a girl to lie down. Her arms and legs fit into the corresponding places in the shape; once placed in there, she wouldn't be able to move. On television, he would place the lid back on and dramatically cut off the arms and legs. And then, he would put it all back together and reveal a perfectly healthy girl inside.

Mark wasn't planning on the last step. He groaned to himself and fumbled with his jeans. Unzipping, he fished out his cock and pumped it with hard, desperate strokes. It was already hard and it didn't take him long before he was splattering seed against the side of the trick.

Groaning and feeling just a little ashamed of himself, he used a bit of cloth to wipe himself clean and shoved it back into his plants. Still breathing hard, he finished inspecting the tricks and headed behind stage. It was a narrow space instead of the expansive

quarters of the show, but it had one last customization by the anonymous construction crew.

In the center was a trapdoor made of steel. It was ugly and out of place from the freshly cut wooden platform. Mark stomped on it, but it didn't budge. He took a hesitant step over it and jumped on it. When it still didn't even twitched, he nodded with approval.

On a table next to the trap door, he found a tablet computer. Grabbing it, he entered the code given by the anonymous builders and the dashboard came up. Wireless feeds from video cameras poured into the tablet and he flipped through them. He could see every inch outside of the warehouse and even down the streets. More cameras focused on the roof of the building.

He flipped over to the motion sensors and watched litter rolling down the street activate it.

With a grin, he flipped past the next control, explosives, and to the last one. It was the controls for the steel trap door. Tapping it, he watched as the square in the floor silently sank down. Mark jumped over to it and rode it down like an elevator. As it lowered, he saw the innards of his stage, complete with gasoline and more C4. However, the platform continued down into the concrete below the warehouse and then the rock below that. It continued down smoothly until it came to a gentle halt at the bottom inside a tall storm drain that ran below the entire district. A thin trickle of water ran down the center, but otherwise it was clean.

More gallons of gasoline and C4 were down there, attached to a different zone so they could be activated separately. There was also an emergency pack filled with a sewer worker's uniform and matching identification. It was also rations and a map.

Mark nodded with approval. His money built the perfect place to kill Alexandra, and now Chloe. He returned his attention to the steel platform. On the side, there were two large circled in the steel box. They were bolts that would extend out when the platform was on top, sealing it into place. It would take the police days if not weeks to cut through it and by then, he hoped to be long gone.

He returned the platform with a tap on the tablet. Grabbing the map, he started down the pipe to explore his escape routes.

—

Mark sat in a restaurant across from Tyler. She still wore her school uniform and he had a perverse desire to peek under the table to watch her long, thin legs disappear underneath her gray skirt. Her hair tumbled down her shoulders as she finished her desert. With a sheepish smile, she dabbed the corners of her mouth before setting down her napkin.

“Sorry, Mr. Fatal.”

“I told you, call me Mark.”

“I-I couldn’t. If Mrs. Palmer heard me...”

“She isn’t here.”

“I-I-”

“Call me Mark,” ordered Mark.

“O-Okay.”

“Now, finished?”

She nodded. Her small breasts pressed against her sweater and he realized he was staring. With a gulp, he made a point of looking up at her face. She was looking away from him, staring across the restaurant at a man kneeling down in front of a woman.

Mark grunted. He remembered proposing once... and getting rejected. He tapped the table to bring Tyler’s attention back to him.

“Can we look at the girls now?”

“Oh sure, Mr. Fatal... sorry, Mark.”

He nodded with approval.

Tyler leaned over and dug into her bag.

Mark lifted himself in his seat to watch her hip and side, wondering what it would feel like to stroke it. As she sat back up with her laptop, he got up and brought his chair around to her side.

She looked up with surprise as he sat down next to her and pulled himself tight.

“It would be easier to see the screen.”

“Oh,” she whispered, “I guess it would.”

“So, show me my new assistants.”

She turned on her computer, it was an older model and it took a few seconds. He caught the scent of her body, no perfume but just the smell of her fruity shampoo and the hint of a woman beneath.

He smiled to himself, wondering what she would look like naked. He watched her from the corner of his eye, his mind turning to lustful thoughts. He could have her, he could know every part of her

body, but he couldn't let her talk either. He had three tricks already planned.

Tyler didn't know that her fate was sealed in that moment. Instead, she double-clicked on a program. A few clicks in and he was looking at a black girl smiling on one side of the screen and vital information on the right. She hit the right arrow key and the next girls showed up.

"This is Courtney. Third year student, good grades. She's pretty," Tyler coughed, "popular. Her father is into the import/export business."

Mark shrugged and gestured for her to continue. He only cared about one, maybe three of them.

Tyler hit the key and flipped through it. She announced the name and a few interesting facts before continuing. She skipped the next one before moving on. Mark was curious why she was skipping, but he didn't want to say anything.

She stopped at Chloe's page. "This is Chloe Schuler. She is a straight-A student and Mrs. Palmer trusts her. She is a bit obsessed with your show. She might make a good assistant."

"I see," he said as calmly as he could. He already considered Chloe a second chance if he couldn't get Alexandra.

A few pages later, he finally saw her. Her red hair framing her face as she gave a little smile to the camera. She was just as beautiful as he imagined.

But to his despair, Tyler flipped past her.

He wanted to yank the laptop from her, but instead he waited a few more girls before speaking up. "Why are you skipping some of them?"

"Oh," Tyler blushed, "Mrs. Palmer told me not to include them for various reasons."

"But, what about her?" He reached past her arm to tap the left key. It was a brown-haired girl with braces. She had a dazzling smile and very small breasts underneath the sweater vest. Her name was April Leighton.

"Oh, that's April. She's Alexandra's best friend. If you picked her, Alex would be upset."

"Alex?"

Tyler tapped the left arrow before Alexandra's image came up. "Alexandra Fitzgerald," sighed the young girl. "She is the prettiest girl in the school."

He looked at the girl of his fantasies. He wanted to wrap his fingers around her throat as he raped the hell out of her. He wanted to feel her body spasm around his cock as he tore into her. He wanted to do the unspeakable.

Mark realized his cock was hard and shifted in his seat. "Why-" his voice cracked. He gulped before trying again. "Why not her? She looks perfect."

"She is," Tyler said longingly as she stroked the screen. "She even turned down a modeling contract... I heard. But, her father is also very strict and just as rich. He thinks that television is the source of crime and gays in this world. So, Mrs. Palmer told me not to include her."

"Pity, she would be perfect."

"I know," sighed Tyler.

"Do you think there is any way I could squeeze her in?" He desperately wanted an excuse to be near Alexandra.

"Mrs. Palmer was quite insistent."

Mark had never hated a woman as much as he did toward Stephanie Palmer as he did at that moment. He wondered if he had to give up his fantasies of having Alexandra.

At least he had his plans for Chloe. He looked over the girl next to him. A smile crossed his lips. If he couldn't have Alexandra, maybe he could have Tyler and Chloe instead.

—

It was finally the day of the alumni dinner. He stood inside the field house, watching the last of the decorations going up. Expensive cameras stood as silent statues, aimed to a stage that may never be used. If he screwed up, he would be in prison for the rest of his life. His heart beat quickly as he waffled on the choice of a lifetime, to rape and kill or just quietly moved on.

He knew the answer, it drove him, obsessed him. It was like coming up with a new magic trick: weeks of planning for a few minutes of excitement. But, this time, it was more intense. He was going to murder someone that night.

“Mr. Fatal?” Chloe spoke up as she walked up with Mrs. Palmer and Tyler. Her skirt swirled around her trim legs and he slid his gaze up, pausing at her throat before focusing on her glasses.

“Yes, Tyler?”

“Thank you again for choosing me as your assistant.”

“Of course, you were perfect for the job.”

Mrs. Palmer nodded minutely.

Chloe beamed happily, but then glanced over at the stern Mrs. Palmer and forced herself to calm down. “I-Is there any more practice tonight?”

Mark’s heart skipped a beat. “No, I don’t think so. I have a dinner tonight, so relax and have fun tonight. I’ll see you first thing in the morning for a final set.”

“Thank you, Mr. Fatal.” Tyler looked at Mrs. Palmer who gestured her away.

“Um, Mr. Fatal?” said Tyler, “Will you need me also?”

Mark made a show of thinking. “I don’t think so.”

“Thank you.” She gave a smile, then walked after Chloe.

Mark chuckled as he watched her for a moment, her ass highlighted by the skirt. In a few short hours, he planned on seeing the body underneath that outfit.

“Mr. Fatal,” the third time came from Mrs. Palmer.

“Yes?”

“Do you have the amendments signed by your lawyers?”

Mark through for a moment, knowing full well that they were in his car, then let out a sigh. “Sorry, I left them at the warehouse.”

Her glare showed her disapproval. She shook her head. “Could you bring them to the dinner with you? I really need them filed.”

“I would be glad too.”

“Wait,” Stephanie held up her hand. “Better yet, wait for Tyler. I will have her make the request so she can get more experience.”

Mark’s heart almost exploded. His plans to lure Tyler away were risky but Stephanie just gave him the chance he needed. “Then, I shall be a difficult client.”

“No, you won’t,” warned Mrs. Palmer.

He gave her a little bow. “Yes, madam.”

—

Tyler called him as he was riding the limo to the formal warehouse. He stared at the Caller ID for a long moment before answering it.

“Hello.”

“Um, Mr. Fatal?” Tyler was adorably shy on the phone.

“Yes.”

“Do you have the addendum... sorry, Mrs. Palmer would like to know if you have those signed contracts?”

He smiled and rubbed his crotch. “Yep.”

“Could I... could I get them?”

“Sure, but I’m very busy getting ready for the dinner tonight. Do you mind if I send a limo for you?”

“Um...”

“It would be easier to get things done,” he said as he grabbed his cock, pumping it through his pants. He was hot and hard. After a moment’s hesitation, he unzipped his pants and pulled it out.

“I’m not suppose to be out late.”

He made a point of sighing. “I’ll try to remember to bring it with me.”

“No!” she cried, “Mrs. Palmer said I needed to get them.”

Precum slicked his hand as he pumped harder. He took a deep breath.

“I’ll have a limo pick you up.” He spoke in a stricter voice.

“O-Okay.”

“Twenty minutes, okay?”

She made a noise of agreement. After a few short words, they hung up.

Mark resisted coming. He slowed down and looked down at his glistening cock. He was going to fuck her. Grabbing a cloth napkin from the bar, he wiped off and tucked it back in.

Flipping through his contacts, he found the address for the limo service that he used the entire time he was there. Pressing send, he rested it against his ear.

“M&H Limousine Service.” He knew the operator’s voice by heart.

“This is Mark Fatal.”

“Good evening, sir, how may I help you?”

“I need a pickup from St. Agatha’s Academy to my warehouse. Please have them there in forty-five minutes.”

“Of course, sir.”

He smiled as he hung up. His heart pounded in his chest. He cocked his head with the need to come. He stroked it slowly as he waited for the limo to move further along in traffic.

Pulling out a second cell phone, a throw-away, he brought up the contacts. There was only a few contacts. He stopped at the first one, “LKA Plumbing.” It was really the phone number for someone he found through the anonymous network. In exchange for a night of pretending to be a limo driver, they got ten thousand dollars. Mark thumbed the send button and held it to his ear.

A moment later, someone answered the phone. Mark could hear a football game in the background. “Yeah, what do you want?”

“I’m looking for LKA Plumbing.”

“LKA? What the fuck...” a long pause, “sorry. How may I help you?”

Mark smiled to himself. “I need the agreed upon pickup in twenty minutes.”

“Shit!” The other man stood up and was rushing around. “Where am I going?”

“The academy, please.”

Beer cans cascaded down. “Who am I picking up?”

“The young lady who is waiting for you. Go to the front gate and deliver her to the warehouse.”

“Y-Yes, sir.”

“Don’t be late,” snapped Mark before he hung up. He stared at the phone. Even though the driver came highly recommended, Mark wasn’t impressed. He pursed his lips into a thin line, wondering if the driver was a weak link. Even the best magic trick could be ruined by one loose mouth.

He let out a long sigh. It was too late now.

It was a long, frustrating minutes before the limo driver stopped before the warehouse, the one every Tyler had come to every day for the last week. Every window was dark and even the light above the doors had been shut off.

The driver opened the door for Mark. “Don’t look like anyone is home, sir.”

Mark made a show of peering at the door. “No, but I have a key.”

“Want me to wait, sir?”

“You don’t have to,” Mark said carefully, “your company is picking up someone for me. I’ll catch that one back.”

The driver grunted and shut the door behind Mark. “I’d feel better waiting until you get inside. If you don’t mind.”

“No, feel free to wait.”

Mark pulled out keys to the warehouse door and unlocked the door. Reaching in, he turned on the light and waved to the driver. After a few moments pause, the lights on the limo turned on and the stretched vehicle pulled out of the empty parking lot.

His smile dropped as soon as the tail light disappeared from sight. He closed the door behind and headed into the warehouse.

He came around a corner and almost ran into Danny. “Damn!” He staggered back in surprise.

Danny chuckled and stepped out of the shadows. He was wearing a tuxedo and practicing one of Mark’s signature sleights-of-hand. “Good evening,” he said in an almost perfect imitation of Mark’s voice.

Mark held his hand over his pounding chest. “Sneaking in the dark isn’t one of my tricks, Danny.”

Danny chuckled and set down the pen. “No, that’s one of mine.”

“Sorry about taking so long. I had to set the groundwork for a few things.”

Shrugging, Danny leaned against the wall. “Knowing the feeling. How about my part?”

Mark grinned and pulled out his platinum pen and handed it to Danny. “I think you’ll like it. I had my apprentice pull out two girls from the show, a Vietnamese girl and one from Jamaica. I saw pictures of them, very pretty.”

“Vietnamese?”

“Asian.”

“Oh, awesome. She have a tiny cunt?”

Mark rolled his eyes but smiled. “The point of me not meeting her is that you’ll get a fresh shot at her and she won’t pick up any mannerisms you haven’t quite duplicated. I already promise she’s wetting her panties for me, so you should have an easy time.”

“Which one is going with me?”

“The Vietnamese girl, Kim is her name. Here, I have information on her...” Mark dug into his pocket and pulled out a few cards. He

handed the cards and his cell phone to Danny. "You have just a bit of last trivia to remember."

"Cool." Danny took it and headed for a nearby padded stadium chair. He sat down neatly, completely at ease in the expensive tuxedo. Mark was startled how a petty thief managed to take the role so easily, but then pushed it aside.

His heart pounding in his chest and his stomach twisting violently, Mark headed into the bathroom and changed into a black t-shirt and dark jeans. It was the outfit perfect for sneaking the few blocks to the other warehouse.

The tablet computer wired to the security system was underneath one of the chairs. He picked it up and swiped it open. A quick check on the motion sensors and cameras didn't pick out anything to worry about. He tossed it into a black duffel bag and headed for the back door.

"Have fun!" called Danny, still reading the cards.

"You too," said Mark as he slipped through the darkened back door the warehouse. The air was crisp around him and a breeze smacked up against his face. Carefully, he made his way to the second warehouse. The route was narrow and he had to stop at every parking lot and corner to peek around it. He was terrified of being caught and he let out a sigh of relief when he pressed himself to the back of the second warehouse. Using a key, he unlocked the door and slipped inside.

His breath sounded loud to his ears. He made his way down to the entrance of and flipped on the outside light. He unlocked the doors before heading to the stage.

Thirty minutes passed and he felt his stomach continuing to twist and gnaw at his guts. He expected the police to break down the door at any moment. He fretted with the tricks, trying to figure out which one Tyler would die on.

When he heard the car outside, his heart skipped a beat. Hurrying over, he tapped on the tablet and watched as Tyler step out. She was still in her school uniform and Mark ran a finger along her image. To his surprise, the camera zoomed in; he didn't know it could zoom. He let out a delighted moan as he watched her speaking to the driver. Holding out a finger for him to wait, she hurried inside.

“Mr. Fatal?”

“On the stage!” he called out. He set down the tablet as he watched the door. She came up between the rows of seats and walked down toward the stage.

In the dim light of the warehouse, she didn’t give the faked stage and audience chairs a second look. She was beautiful, with her mane of brown hair clinging to her face. Her shoes, burgundy sneakers, tapped on the stairs leading up to the stage.

“Hello, Tyler.”

“Good evening, Mr. Fatal. Mrs. Palmer said you had some contracts for me.”

“Yes, let me get them. Would you wait here?”

She nodded gingerly and looked at the three set ups on the stage. “I don’t remember these.”

Mark stopped walking away with a smile on his lips. Turning around, he returned to her. “Oh, I’m thinking about a last minute addition. Want to give me your opinions?”

“Um,” she looked at the devices, obviously torn about getting the contracts and the limo outside. “I’m in a hurry.”

“He’ll wait.” Mark already knew the driver would be pulling out soon and heading back toward St. Agatha.

“Okay, but just a few minutes.”

Cock aching in his pants, Mark rested his hands on her shoulders and guided her to the third one, the doll-like box. He described it before moving to the saw and then to the first one, the spiked block. He described how it worked, with the curtain and even showed her the vial of fake blood to drip down the legs.

“How does it work?”

“I told you.”

“No, the trick. How is she safe?”

He felt precum dribbling down his length and soak his balls. “Want to see?”

Tyler fretted for a moment, then nodded.

“Come on, sit up here.” He patted the wooden table.

She looked around nervously. “Here? Now?”

“Come on, it is only a second. You’ll be surprised.”

She continued to hesitate, looking back and forth. Her fingers ran along her laptop and she gave a longing glance toward the door.

Mark felt the impatience growing and the desire to throw her on the table spiked. He resisted and tapped the table again. "Come on, just a few seconds. Besides, you'll be the first to know how it works."

"I suppose, but then I have to go."

"I promise," he lied.

Moving slowly, she came to the table and then struggled to sit on it. Her trim leg rose up as she hooked it on the edge, then pushed herself on the table. He got a flash of her panties, plain and white, before she sat down.

Mark's breath was coming faster as he helped her position herself and laid her back on the table. He found a towel and rested it underneath her head. He walked around and looped the leather strap around her wrist.

"Mr. Fatal?" There was a surprised, frightened note to her voice.

"Don't worry," he said softly as he tied her down. It was firm around her wrist, but not digging into the flesh. He strapped it down and moved around her head to her other arm. His fingers caressed her arm as he went to grab it.

She pulled it away from him.

Mark held out his hand. "I said, don't worry, it's part of the trick and for your own safety. If you move too much, you could get hurt."

She gulped and looked up at the large block of spikes hanging above her.

He ran his finger along her wrist and wrapped his fingers around it. Pulling it to the corner, he looped the cord around and tightened it. He could feel her trembling as he tied it down. Without a word, he walked down the length of the table, his heart pounding, and picked her ankle off the wood. He pushed her sneaker off her ankle and slipped the rope around it. Looping it twice over, he pulled it tight and down to the table.

Tyler made a soft, throaty whimpering noise. "M-Mr. Fatal?"

"Yes, Tyler?" asked Mark as he walked to the final limb. His cock was tenting his pants as he plucked her leg from the table. His fingers wrapped around her shin and he could feel her body shaking as he slipped her shoe off.

"I don't feel safe."

"That's the point of the trick," he stated. He brought the cord up to her ankle. She tensed up as he wrapped it around. Setting it down

gently, he pulled other end through the cord and pulled it taut. A few seconds later, she was tied spread eagle on the table. "It's perfectly safe, you know."

"No, not with the trick. I-I..." she gulped as she strained to keep her head off the table, "I don't feel safe with you."

Mark almost came in his pants. "Why, Tyler?"

"Please let me go."

He looked over her body. Long, slender legs stretched out to the corner, her skirt draped over her pubic mound. He admired the heaving of her chest as she struggled with the bonds. Tears sparkled in her eyes as she pleaded with him.

"Please, Mr. Fatal, I don't want to do this anymore."

"But I do," whispered Mark.

A tear ran down her cheek. "Please?"

Mark sighed. "What are you afraid of me doing, Tyler?"

She shook her head and her bottom lip trembled.

"This?" He slid his hand up her inner legs, enjoying the feel of smooth flesh in his palms. Her body tightened into steel hardness as his fingertips slipped underneath her skirt. He could feel the warmth of her body as he guided his fingers up her thighs, stroking and touching them.

She let out a whimper.

Mark caressed her sex through her panties. He used his fingers to map out her folds, tracing each one. It grew hot around his fingertips as her hips twisted to avoid him.

"No," she gasped in a tiny voice.

He found the elastic of her panties and pulled it aside. One finger wormed up into her sex, but he found a surprising resistance, a thin piece of flesh blocking his fingers.

"No!" she cried out.

Tyler smiled warmly as he pulled his fingers back. "See, you just had to speak up."

"Please let me go."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Let me go!" Her voice echoed in the empty warehouse, a shrill sound that echoed momentarily.

"Can't believe you're a virgin," he chuckled.

"Please, just let me go."

Mark walked around and she lifted her head to follow him. He passed her trapped wrist and she inhaled sharply with anticipation. But, instead of stopping, he continued until he stopped right above her head.

"I just need to get something," he muttered as he reached under the table. On a small shelf was a pair of EMT scissors, the slightly curved blades were designed to cut clothes off people without injuring them. They were sturdy and fit comfortable over his fingers.

When Tyler saw them, she began to thrash. "No! God no! Please!"

He rested his hand on her shoulder, enjoying the push and pull of her attempts to escape. "Shush, Tyler, or you're going to get hurt."

"You're going to rape me!" Her scream echoed off the walls.

"Well," he cocked his head before he gave a short nod. "You have a point." He ignored her thrashing and reached out for the nearest bound wrist. Threading the bottom of his scissors underneath the cuff, he began to cut off her shirt. The slender arm flexed tightly, as if she could break free.

His shaft ached as he forced the scissors into the sweater vest. It took him longer as he cut clear up to her collar. The tip of the scissors brushed against her trembling throat as he finished and the fabric peeled apart to reveal her bare skin underneath.

"Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Tears ran down her face as she pleaded with me. "Please, Mr. Fatal, please don't do this."

"I think we can call me Mark now, don't you?" He said with a smile. The surge of lust and power burned brightly inside him and he wanted to rape her right then and there. Mark took a deep breath to calm his racing pulse. He started cutting away the fabric along her other arm. He watched her body shake with every cut of the scissors and his eyes focused on the shadow of her breasts, the mounds just out of sight beneath a few layers of fabric.

He finished with her sleeve and ran his free hand along her shaking arm, reaching underneath to caress the thin bra underneath. With a chuckle, he aimed the scissors down the front of her sweater vest and threaded it between the vest and her shirt. He wanted to enjoy the first look at her sweet breasts.

She jerked with each dull scrunch of the vest being cut away.

When he finished, he tugged on it and pulled it out from underneath her. "There, doesn't that feel better?"

"No-No," she sobbed.

"Well then." Mark set down the scissors and grabbed each side of her shirt. He could feel her firm body underneath, hidden beneath an almost transparent shirt. The heat of her skin was intoxicating, but so was the look of horror in her face.

With a grunt, he yanked open her shirt. Buttons snapped and bounced on the floor, the plastic bouncing loud for the brief moment before she screamed.

She renewed her thrashing, jerking helplessly in her bounds. The muscles in her arms tightened and relaxed but she couldn't pull herself free.

Mark gazed along her body, listening to the drumming of her heels against the wooden table. Drawing his attention back to her top, he used her thrashing to yank the remains of her shirt away. Tossing the ruined shirt aside, he stared down at the last protections of her small breasts, her lacy bra.

"Oh, we can't have this." He grabbed the scissors.

"No, Mr. Fatal, please don't do this." She sobbed as she spoke, the tears pouring down her face, "Please, just let me go. I promise I'll never tell anyone."

Mark worked one finger underneath the wire of the bra. "Now, I told you to call me Mark, didn't I?"

He cut the bra apart, one slice down the middle and two to sever each of the snaps. Setting down the scissors, he pushed the remains aside and trailed his fingers along her breasts. They were small but perfect. Tipped with caramel-colored nipples and little nubs almost the size of gum drops. Her chest heaved with her fear and her movement shoved the soft mounds into his palms.

Mark almost came as he stroked her. He caught her left nipple in his fingers and rolled it around until it grew hard. He teased her in silence, listening to her grunts of desperation and the choked sobs. Mark breathed deeply himself, watching with rapt fascination as she continued to helplessly try to escape.

Intoxicated with lust, he had to stir himself from playing with her nipples. Grabbing the scissors again, he circled around the table. Leaning over her side, he cut through the elastic of her skirt and

shoved it aside. Beneath, her white panties were wrapped around her hips and formed a thin shield of fabric over her pubic mound.

“P-Please don’t do this,” she cried.

Mark glanced up at her and smiled. He rested his hand against her sex, feeling the heat of her body rising up through the fabric. With the scissors, he sliced through the sides of her panties and pulled the tattered remains of her outfit aside.

Her pussy stole his breath away. It was a smooth mound with each side of her labia pressed against itself. He had to adjust his cock as he stared at it, aching for the need to slam it into her and fuck her right there. Trembling himself, he reached out and pressed his palm against her naked, hairless sex. The smooth lips, slightly moist with her natural liquid, pushed him dangerously close to an orgasm and he had to pull back to avoid coming in his pants.

“You’re beautiful,” he gasped as he watched the lips parting and closing with her attempts to escape. He reached out again, stroking it from asshole to her large clitoris, enjoying every tremble of her body as she strained to pull herself away.

She couldn’t escape his fingers. Tears ran down her face as she whimpered. “Please?”

Mark looked up, then pulled back his fingers. “I’m not going to fuck you now, Tyler.”

She let out a sob of relief. “Oh, thank-”

Her voice died in her throat as Mark stepped back and reached for the release lever. He wrapped his fingers around the wood, feeling his cock drooling and soaking his pants. He wanted to come, he needed to. But, just as much, he had to see the look of horror on her face.

Slowly, her eyes shifted from his face, along his shoulder and to his hand. For a long moment, she stared at it, then lifted her gaze up to the block above her. The spikes glittered in the light as they aimed straight for her body. Her mouth opened slowly as fresh tears welled out and poured down her face. “No,” she whispered.

Mark grabbed his cock and pulled the lever. He came in his pants as the loud click snapped through the air and the block dropped. It blew air past him as it slammed into place. The ground shook from the impact and the stage creaked.

He leaned into the block as he finished cumming in his pants. He heard moans in the gap of the block and the table and it brought fresh spurts to splatter against his underwear and soak his jeans.

With seed dribbling down his legs, he quickly stripped down before grabbing the chain to pull the block up. His palms slipped and he had to wipe them twice before he could pull it up. At the sight of blood dripping off the edge, his cock jumped with his pulse.

The trick worked as expected. The spikes over her face had withdraw into the block, but otherwise there was a neat grid of bloody holes in Tyler's body as he lifted the spikes out of the way. She was moaning and gasping. Frothy bubbles popped along her chest as she panted for air.

Mark had to focus on pulling the spikes completely out of the way. He shoved the safety block into place, sealing it into place. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her as the blood continued to well out of her wounds. One spike caught her right in the nipple, piercing it as it punched into her lungs. The other missed by a few inches. He ran his fingers along her shaking form, enjoying every heave of her body as she struggled to remain alive.

"You are beautiful," he whispered, "and I've wanted you for days."

Tyler looked at him with horror, her mouth open but not working.

He shook with lust as he crawled on the table between her legs.

She tried to move but only a wail of pain came out. Blood oozed out of her mouth as she gulped, trying to draw air into lungs that barely worked. Her chest heaved and gurgling noises filled the air.

Mark dug his fingers into her supple buttocks and lifted her hips. His thumbs dug into her inner shins to pull her legs apart. Sliding his knees through the pooled blood, he positioned his cock right at her entrance. Blood ran down her pubic mound and he used it to lubricate his cock.

Panting, he drove it in. Her entire body shuddered as he encountered her virginity, then pulled back and slammed it hard. He felt hit tear apart, bruising his shaft, but then he was balls deep into the young girl who had trusted him with her life.

She was painfully tight and her inner walls clamped around him. She let out a gurgling wail and tried to weakly twist away.

He dug his fingers into her hips and ass as he pulled back and slammed home again. Mark moved with frantic speed. His cock tore into her virgin pussy, forcing it open as he pounded her sex. His hips slipped into her inner thighs and the sound of the wet impact filled the large room.

She tried to struggle, but couldn't seem to move her hands. Her mouth opened and closed. Every time she inhaled to scream, her chest shuddered and fresh blood welled out.

Mark released her hips but kept pounding her sex. The feel of her tight, teenage pussy wrapped around his shaft kept him hard as he strained to shove his cock into her throat. He grabbed her ruined breast, fingers digging into the hole where her dark nipple used to be and used that for balance. He used his other hand to clamp on her shoulder, lifting her body so he could drive deep.

His cock slammed against her cervix, the entrance to her womb. He was just on the edge of discomfort, but Mark didn't care. He was so hard he was about to explode. He drove hard into her, pounding her body until it shook. Flecks of blood splattered the ground with every thrust.

Her stomach spasmed and her eyes rolled up in her head. She let out a long gurgling gasp as her struggles grew weaker.

Knowing she was about to die, Mark pulled her close to his body and drove into her frantically, thrusting with all his might. He wanted to whisper in her ear, to tease her, to say something dramatic, but the words failed. All he could do was pound her until her entire body shook from the impact of his cock violating her pussy.

He came hard inside her, flooding her ruined pussy with cum. It just kept on coming, pumping jet after jet until it splattered into the blood below. He let out a shuddering breath and kept on pounding her cunt, trying to eek the last pleasure out of her dying, nubile form.

He didn't know when she died, but he suddenly realized her eyes had rolled up in her head and she wasn't moving anymore, it set him over the edge again. He came hard twice before letting her body drop to the table. It hit with a meaty, wet smack.

To his surprise, he was shaking as he slid off the table. He stared at her limp body and heard the blood dripping to the stage. He was

still hard, anxious, but there was nothing left of Tyler's body. She was dead.

It suddenly bothered him, as if he realized he finally went too far. There was no turning back, no stopping it. He had just raped and killed a girl.

And found that he still wanted more.

With a shaking hand, he reached up and released the safety on the spiked blocks. He had to hide the body, not the evidence, but he couldn't look at her blood-soaked hair anymore. He pulled the last block and pulled the lever. The spikes slammed down again and he shuddered at the impact.

Struggling to move, he unlocked the wheels underneath the device and pushed it behind the stage. He left it behind and turned on his tablet. Finding the Tor network interface, he crafted an email to Chloe that looked almost like it was from Tyler, but there were mistakes. He misspelled her name and the domain was a ".se" instead of ".edu" like the academy had. The goal was to create something that looked like an email from Tyler, but obviously wasn't. Hopefully, it would throw the police off.

- Chloe, Mr. Fatil has an hour to practice some of the tricks he thinks you need help with. He is sending a limo to you tonight. Is that okay? - Tylre

Closing Tyler's laptop, he called the fake driver for the pickup before heading to a shower.

Twenty minutes later, he was clean once again and in a fresh t-shirt and jeans. He checked the anonymous network and smiled broadly when he saw a response from Chloe.

- k

He marveled at the verbosity of today's youth. He glanced over to the phone, the throw-away one, which blinked with a SMS message. Flipping it up, he nodded with approval. The driver was fifteen minutes away.

Mark calmed himself down by cleaning up the last of the blood from the floor with a mop. It smeared the blood around, but he poured paint over the worse of it, as if there was a spill, and swirled it around.

The tablet's motion detectors picked up movement. He peered over to see the limo coming to a stop in front of the warehouse.

Heart beating faster, Mark tossed the paint-soaked mop on top of the spiked block trick and washed his hands.

“Mark? Where are you?” Chloe’s voice filled the warehouse.

“Coming!” he called as he finished scraping the last of the paint off. The cold water stung his fingers as he grabbed a towel and headed back to the stage.

Chloe was already there, looking at the saw with interest. She had her school uniform on, but it was sloppy. One white tail of her shirt stuck out over her tight ass and her socks were mismatched. Her sweater vest had ridden up her hips, exposing the white fabric clinging to her belly.

Mark put on a cheerful face. “Sorry it being so late. I just thought since tomorrow is the big show, squeezing in a bit more practice would be good. You don’t think it will be a problem, do you?”

Chloe shook her head with a sheepish smile. She took a step closer to him. “No, that’s okay. I’d love... like to get in a bit more... practice.”

Mark’s throat was dry. There was something else in her eyes as she stepped closer. He felt like he was using control over the situation with only a few short words. He cleared his throat. “What do you think about these?” He gestured to the two remaining tricks.

A faint frown crossed her face. She turned to the side to look over the remaining tricks. Her shoes tapped lightly the wooden stage as she walked past the saw to inspect the wooden figure. He watched as she toyed with the latches for a long moment, then she turned back with a sigh. “Neither of these are on the show.”

“I know, but I think they would add something.” Like fucking her.

“But, you used the table saw last season,” she pointed with a wry smile, “and you revealed the trick with the sliding platform underneath it. You can’t use that again, not so soon.”

“Saw season two, huh?”

“Three times. And this,” she ran her finger along the top of the figure. “And this trick is new, right?” She leaned over it and peered over the figure. “You’re going to stick me in there and what? Cut off my limbs, spin them around, and put them back?”

The world spun around Mark. “Yeah.”

“We haven’t practiced that at all. Are you really sure you want to put it with only a night of practice?”

Mark gulped, then masked it with a false smile. "You're pretty bright, Chloe."

She took a step closer. "You know, I'd rather work on the acts already in the show." Another step. "And there is one I really need help with." There was a sultry purr in her voice. And she swayed her hips, though she was still too young to have a woman's curves. Licking her lips, she tilted her head up to Mark and he felt her breath on his chest. "Please?"

"Which one?" He found it hard to breath.

"The sword one." It was a simple trick to pretend to stick a sword through her chest. He had her blindfolded during the trick and hands tied behind her back. As he appeared to shove the sword into her spine, it came out between her small breasts. The illusion involved tying things to the sword or sliding it back and forth, but eventually pulling out with her unharmed.

Chloe stepped forward and her body caressed his. "Please? I need a bit more help."

Throat dry, he cleared his throat. "Which part?"

Breathing hard, Chloe caught his hand in her own. She turned around, her tight ass pressing against his rock-hard cock, and brought his hand to her breast. As she pressed it down against it, he felt her hard nipple grinding into his palm. There was no bra between them, just a thin shirt and her sweater vest.

"Chloe?"

"Yes, Mark?"

"I'm twice your age."

"No one will ever know. I promise." She pushed his hand down, then pulled it up underneath her vest. He felt her hot body against his palm, the thin fabric separating their bodies. Her nipple was hard and he felt it tracing her curves. She pushed herself back, his cock lodging itself into the crack of her tight, teenage ass.

She grabbed his other hand and dragged it to her other breast, pushing up her sweater vest and pressing his hand to her breast. Her mounds were small and perky, hot against his fingers. Her softness brought a heat to his groin and he ground his cock into her ass.

"I want you inside me," whispered Chloe. She inhaled and ground her tight body against his. "I want you to make me a woman."

“C-Chloe?”

She lifted her head to look at him towering over her. “I want you to take me, please? Right here?”

Chloe spun around. Her glasses glinted as she stared into his face, and then lowered herself to her knees. She stopped when her mouth was even with his cock. With a smile, she parted her lips slightly as she took a deep breath. Her fingers rose up so she could trail her fingertips along the bulges of his jeans. “I’ve been dreaming of this.”

Mark realized he was getting exactly what he wanted. He smiled broadly and reached down to stroke his hand along the side of her head. “Take it out,” he commanded.

Her lips curled into a grin of her own as she pushed the flap away and caught the zipper. Pulling down, she dropped her gaze to his crotch as his cock strained at the opening. She shook as she reached into his pants, wrapping her soft, hot fingers around his length and eased it out.

His hardness smacked her in the forehead and left a little splatter of precum against her face. She giggled and stared at it. “It’s beautiful.”

“Do you know what to do with it?” He was breathing harder than he thought he would be.

“I’ve seen videos.” She grabbed his cock with both hands and brought the slick tip to her lips. She kissed it and left a little smear of red against the thick, swollen helmet.

Mark moaned.

Chloe kissed it again, working her lips around the crown of his cock and lapping at it. She pulled back and a bit of precum clung to her upper lip. “It doesn’t taste bad at all.” She kissed him again. “I like it,” she whispered.

“Good.”

“Because,” she purred and tilted his length up to lick him from balls to tip. “I want to feel you cum in my mouth.”

Mark moaned with almost a growl in his throat.

She stroked his balls before tilting the cock back to her lips. She took a deep breath and bobbed her head down. Her teeth scraped lightly on his glans, but he didn’t care as she slid a few inches of his cock into her mouth. She tongued the bottom before pulling up with

a gasp. Before he could respond, she bobbed her head down and engulfed his length in her wet mouth.

He clenched the air, wanting to grab her head and fuck her.

Chloe's eyes lifted to his as she pushed her mouth down on his cock. She tried to deep throat him, but as the pressure increased and he felt his head lodging into the back of her throat, she gagged and pulled back. With a frown, she tried again but couldn't get his cock deeper.

Mark didn't care. He had a girl on her knees, sucking on his cock. He moaned to encourage her, staring with rapt fascination as she worked on bobbing up and down. Her hands wrapped around his base, jacking him off as she sucked on his tip.

"I'm not going... last longer."

She pulled off his shaft with a pop. Streamers of precum connected their bodies and a thin sheen of it coated her chin. "Good," she whispered before drawing him back into her mouth. She moved faster, bobbing up and down with wet, slurping noises.

His balls were about to explode. Unable to resist, he grabbed her head and jammed her down. She gagged as he drove into the back of her throat, but he didn't care anymore. With hard thrust, he pounded her face with short strokes; her entire body jerked with the movements as he quickly reached an orgasm. With a groan, he came in her mouth, flooding it with hot liquid. He felt himself spurting against the back of her throat, coating her insides.

Her eyes opened with surprise and she coughed around his cock.

He yanked out as the last of his orgasm splattered against her face and glasses.

She gasped for breath and opened her mouth. He grabbed his cock and squeezed it, forcing the last of his cum to drool into her mouth. She giggled and lapped at it, sucking on the sensitive tip to clean it off. Still giggling, she focused on the cum dripping down her glasses, then back at him. "Is that hot?"

Mark nodded, not sure he could talk.

She took off her glasses and wiped her face with her arm. "Was I good?"

"You could never do that wrong."

"Good," she moaned as she got to her feet. She used her shirt tail to clean her glasses. "Thank you, Mark."

“Thank you. That wasn’t what I had in mind when I called you over though.”

She stepped closer, not bothering to put her glasses back on. “More?” She reached down and wrapped her hands around his slick shaft. “Because there is something else I need.”

He grew hard in her hands.

“I want you to make something disappear.”

His heart pounded in his chest.

“My...” she lifted herself to kiss his lips, “virginity.”

“You’re a virgin?”

She nodded.

“But, you’re beautiful.”

She beamed happily. “Please? Take it for me?”

It took him a millisecond to decide. He reached up and began to unbutton her shirt. His fingers felt huge against her tiny body. He reached her sweater vest and shifted his hands down to remove it. With a moan, he pushed it back from her slender, beautiful body. Her nipples pushed out of the thin fabric of her shirt and he pressed his hands to enjoy the feel of them before working at her shirt.

Chloe moaned as she watched him unbutton her. As he finished unbuttoning her shirt, she inhaled and shoved her perky breasts up to his view.

“They’re beautiful.”

She blushed and shrugged off her vest and shoulders. The fabric dropped to the ground with a rustle of fabric.

He cupped her breasts, rubbing her nipples with his thumbs. Then, he reached down, wrapped his fingers around her buttocks and lifted her up.

Chloe let out a delighted moan and wrapped her legs around his hips. He almost came as his cock pressed against her skirt-covered crotch, but he resisted as he carried her over to the saw table and dropped her down. He didn’t care about the trick right now. The only thing he wanted was to ram his cock into her virgin cunt.

Fingers flew as he tore off her skirt. She wasn’t wearing any underwear beneath the shirt and he paused to admire her almost bare slit and puffy lips.

She writhed on the table and spread her leg invitingly. “Mark?”

He didn't bother taking off her shoes. He pulled her to the edge of the table and lined up his cock to her slit. It was hot and slick. He pushed the head inside an inch, then out.

"Yes," she hissed. "Fuck me."

Mark grabbed her thighs and held them tight as he pushed himself in. The heated pressure of her pussy was intense. Her stomach clenched as he guided it deeper, enjoying the feel. It didn't take long before he felt her hymen resisting his advances. Gasping, he pulled out and slid back in. Her pussy clamped down on him as he stroked back and forth, bouncing from her opening to her maidenhood.

"Mark... please?" whimpered Chloe.

"It will hurt."

"Now," she begged.

Mark bore down on her legs and thrust harder. His cock slid in and out with wet strokes as he prepared himself. Then, he pulled out his cock out completely from her sex.

Chloe whimpered, opening her mouth to beg.

He slammed forward, piercing her sex with his cock. He felt the resistance tear as his cock disappeared into her sex. His balls slammed against her ass as his cock tore into her. She was tighter than he expected and her inner walls molded to every bump of his shaft.

"Oh god!" she screamed. She arched her back and pushed down on his cock. "Yes!"

When Mark pulled his shaft out, it was coated with a thin sheen of crimson. He throbbed at the sight of it but then drove it back into her pussy. Holding her tight, he fucked her as a woman. He couldn't last long, not with the wet heat and he pounded her as fast as he could.

Chloe whimpered and grabbed her breast, using her fingers like claws as she mauled herself. Her pussy squeezed around him and he had to strain to drive into her.

She gasped. "Oh god, I'm coming."

Mark bore down on her, fucking her even as he strained to hold back his own orgasm. He could barely see as his entire world was reduced down to the wet, greedy cunt wrapped around his shaft. He pounded harder and faster. His cock slammed into her cervix,

reaching the back of her immature depths, but he didn't care. He continued to slam her and the entire table shook violently with every blow.

Chloe's face screwed as her body grew tight. He strained to drive into her clenching pussy, but then he couldn't pull back anymore. With a gasp, he buried his length deep into her cunt and exploded. His cum splattered her insides, filling her as he shuddered with the intensity of his orgasm.

For a long moment, he leaned against her as he felt his cock pulsating inside her. Shaking, he looked into her eyes.

She wrapped her arms around him. Her tiny breasts ground against his chest. "Thank you, thank you, oh god, thank you."

It took him a few minutes to pull his blood-streaked cock from her pussy. She struggled to sit up, then looked down at it. "I... I guess I'm not a virgin anymore." She let out a nervous giggle.

"No, now you are a beautiful, sexy woman."

"Thank you," she said with tears in her eyes.

He said nothing for a moment as he worked on how to lure her into one of the fatal tricks. She was already on the table with the saw, but in the wrong position. He thought about shoving her down to strap her in, but he didn't think he could move fast enough.

"Do you...?"

Mark looked up.

"I'd like to practice... actually."

"With the swords?"

She nodded sheepishly.

An idea came to him. "Let me get my supplies."

"You won't need the swords though," she purred. "I just want to get the position right."

He smiled. "You mean, you want to be blindfolded and hands tied behind her back?"

She blushed and squeezed her legs around him. "And you... behind me."

There was one bit of the act where he had his hand on her chest, carefully on her collar as he appeared to thrust the sword through her back. He remembered a few times when her ass pressed against him. It would have been just a tiny movement to bury his cock into her ass but he resisted the idea to avoid having a hard-on.

He realized she was trying to encourage him. "I see..."

She bit her lower lip and spread her legs again. He glanced down to see her lift her hips to give him a view of her tight little ass.

"Let me get the supplies." Mark reluctantly around the stage. He passed the block of spikes where blood continued to drip down, and to where he kept some supplies. He knelt down and quickly shuffled through his bags. He didn't have the rig for the sword trick, but he did have a number of rapiers he used for a different trick. With a grin, he shoved the blindfold and cuffs into the bag with the swords and brought it back.

Chloe stood in the center of the stage, naked as she mimed the actions she thought she would be doing the next day. Her legs lifted to reveal her inner thighs were still wet from her broken virginity and his cum. Her buttocks also glistened with something different than cum.

He moaned with pleasure and came up on the stage.

She kept her back to him, as part of the show. He set down his bag and pulled out the blindfold. Flipping it once, he draped it over her head and pulled back to tie it. Her naked ass ground against his cock as he knotted it. She spread her legs and worked her rear back and forth until his cock caught between her legs. "I've been practicing," she whispered hungrily.

"Which part?" he asked as he struggled to concentrate on the blindfold with his cock caught between her slick thighs. It was slicker than he expected. He took a deep breath and caught a whiff of lubricant. She was well prepared.

"Everything," she moaned and squeezed his cock.

"You know this trick backwards?"

She giggled. "I know the back part."

He dropped his hand over her shoulder to cup her breasts. She jumped at the touch, then slumped back against him as he twisted her nipples. Her ass slid up and down his cock, working his way toward her tight hole.

Mark reluctantly pulled back to grab the cuffs. He also grabbed one of the rapiers and tucked it underneath his arm as he stood up.

Chloe obediently crossed her wrists as he returned. Her body trembled with excitement and he watched her taut buttocks flexing with anticipation.

He cuffed her tightly, forcing her teenage breasts up into the air. She backed into him and he had to turn before she touched the hilt of the sword. As soon as he cuffed her, he grabbed the sword and held it behind his back. With his other hand, he reached around and wrapped it around her throat with a firm pressure.

She moaned and leaned back into him. When his cock touched her back, she lifted herself on her toes. He panted as he watched her positioning herself, aiming his cock to the tight, wrinkled opening of her last virginity.

When she was ready, he pulled back slightly, lodging his cock head into her opening, and whispered in her ear. "Are you ready to be impaled?"

He brought the sword tip to her back, a half inch away from piercing her flesh. His cock throbbed at her opening and he didn't know which one he wanted to drive into her more.

"Oh god, yes."

Her moan was ambrosia. He slid his hand down to cup her far breast, holding her at an angle with one side tight to his chest. "Ready?" he breathed in her ear.

"Please, do it now."

He took a deep breath, then shoved the sword into her back. At the same time, he dug his fingers into the side of her breast and pulled her back. The blade encountered resistance as it slid through her flesh and she jerked violently. A heartbeat later, the tip came out her chest, right below her sternum. He pulled back with a moan until the hit smacked against the soft ridge of her spine.

Chloe froze, her entire body rock hard as she struggled with the surprised sensation.

Mark grabbed her hip with his now free hand and drove his cock in. It slid into her lubricated ass, forcing it open as he buried himself deep into her body.

She let out a wet, squeaking noise.

He held her tight as he felt her body spasm. "Do you like being filled?"

A trembling shook her body and she squeaked again.

Mark gave her ass a single hard thrust. It shook through her body as he pulled her back on his cock. Her ass was hot and liquid and tight, just like her pussy. The tight ring wrapped around his base.

“M-Mark?” she gasped. Her anal ring tightened around his cock.

Mark balanced on one foot and lifted another rapier from the bag. Releasing her hip, he picked it up. “Yes, love?”

“W-What happened?”

“I impaled you,” he said and then drove the second sword into her body right above her right kidney. This was one was into her side. The resistance of her flesh turned him on more as he felt it sliding in. It made a wet noise as it came out her other side, on the far side of her belly.

Chloe cried out, her body tensing. She tried to twist away, but he yanked her back down on his cock. Her insides squeezed at his length, trying to force him out.

His cock swelled inside her as he felt her entire body clamping down on him. He thrust into her, forcing his cock deep into her rectum. He kept himself buried deep, not trusting his own body to avoid coming too soon. “No, no, we have to finish this trick.”

“I-It hurts.”

“Anal sex always does.”

“No,” she sobbed. She twisted her wrists, trying to break free. “It hurts.”

“I know,” he said as he picked up another sword. “But soon it won’t.”

“Mark, what are you doing?”

He switched hands. She tried to escape, but he pulled her down on his cock once again. He came a little inside her, but pulled back before he finished. He rested the point of the sword against the soft part next to her shoulder blade.

“Oh god,” cried Chloe, “no, please-” she couldn’t finish as she coughed.

He shoved the sword in. It jammed into her flesh and punctured her lung. It came out in the middle of her breast, slicing it open. He had to jerk to slam it home. The hilt struck her shoulder with a dull thump.

Chloe opened her mouth but only a gurgling noise came out.

“Now, we’re almost ready,” gasped Mark. He grabbed her hips with both hands and thrust into her. Her body jerked as she started to bend over, but he grabbed her throat with one hand and used it

to balance her as he found a rhythm that thrust his cock deep into her virgin ass.

The smell of blood and sex rose up as he pounded her, raping her ass as he drove in as deep as he could. Even after two orgasms, it wasn't long before the tight, clenching ass pushed him over the edge. He rammed it deep and came inside her, flooding her rectum with cum.

Panting, he pulled out and watched cum oozing out of her body.

She moaned and dropped to her knees.

He leaned over her. "Still with me, Chloe?"

Her blood-flecked lips worked for a moment. "Why?"

"Because the show must go on."

She frowned. He walked over and picked up the remaining swords in the bag. There were three of them. Coming back, he squatted in front of her. "You know, the trick with these swords needs all six."

Her eyes widened. With all her effort, she tried to shaking her head as she pawed uselessly on the ground.

"Don't worry, I'll just use the holes already there."

"No..." she gasped.

Mark circled around and aimed the first tip against her sex. He twisted the blade around as he worked it into the pink opening of her sex. She struggled and blood welled up from a cut.

"No, no, Chloe, a good apprentice trusts the magician. Don't you trust-" He shoved the sword into her pussy, driving it up into her guts until the hilt crushed her labia. He gave the blade a twist to force the hilt deeper before releasing it.

Chloe let out a long, gurgling wail of pain and agony.

Mark felt a rush filling him. He set down the last sword to hold the other. With a smile, he circled her slicked asshole with one finger, then rested the tip against the opening. A dribble of cum oozed out and ran down the blade.

Her buttocks tightened as she shook her head, weakly pawing at the swords piercing her body. Blood poured down her legs and stomach. He watched crimson rivers rolling down her inner thighs. More blood dripped from the sword embedded in her pussy.

Mark stroked her back, then shoved the sword deep. It slit open her asshole before disappearing into her body. She shuddered as the

edge sliced her insides apart. It caught a few inches from being fully embedded in her. He grabbed her hair and pulled back as he drove it home with all his might.

Chloe shuddered and toppled forward. She caught the blades with her weight and slid down them. The one in her shoulder didn't push out, but twisted instead and tore open her shoulder.

He stood up as he watched the stately slide until her body hit the ground with a wet, muted thud.

Mark gathered up the final sword and came around. Kneeling next to her head, he grabbed her blood-streaked hair and picked her face from the ground. "Chloe? Are you still with me?"

Tears ran down her face, leaving trails through the crimson. She sobbed her question again. "Why? I love... loved you."

"Because," he lifted her up to kiss her, "sooner or later, you would have talked. And I'm not going to let my show end tonight."

"I... wouldn't... I... I... promi... sed."

"I know," he said. He rested the tip of the final sword on her lips. She stared up the length of the blade. Tears poured out of her eyes as she looked at him, pleading with her eyes.

"I can't have you talking."

He shoved the sword down her throat. Her body gave one final spasm as he buried it home and twisted it hard. Mark inspected her face, watching the pain consuming her and then the focus leaving her gaze. Slowly, her eyes rolled up into her head and she let out a single gurgling sigh.

Mark dropped her to the ground, the sword hilt smacked the ground.

"You are beautiful, Chloe. And you always will be."

But, she couldn't hear him. She was already dead.

Mark pulled up a chair and sat down, ignoring the blood and cum that dripped down his body. He had the two girls he wanted. No, he had the second best girls. The one he wanted, the one he really wanted, was still out there. He hoped that Tyler and Chloe would sate him, but as he looked at the beautiful teenager dead at his feet, he realized he still wanted to wrap his hands around Alexandra's throat as he fucked her.

With a sigh, he slumped back and watched the blood pooling underneath Chloe. "Damn it."

After a few minutes, he got up. Bracing his foot on her, he pulled a sword from her pussy, watching the streaks of cum and blood dripping from the blade as it came out. It tapped against the ground before he set it aside. Cleaning up was always the hardest part of the show.

It took him almost an hour to clean up. He put Chloe and Tyler's body among the gasoline jugs and poured a red power that his supplier called Thermite. It should destroy the evidence once he set the warehouse on fire.

Mark was surprised at the despair he felt. His mind bounced from the pleasure he got from Chloe and Tyler and to the feeling of loss at not getting a chance at Alexandra.

He was just about to finish when his phone rang. Surprised, he grabbed for his usual phone, but then remembered he gave it to Danny for the illusion. He fished in his other pocket for the temporary phone. It came upside down and he had to flip it before he read the Caller ID. It was Danny on a temporary phone of his own.

Frowning, he answered it. "Starlight Motel."

"I would like a reservation, got a minute?" It was code that something came up.

"Of course, we are customer driven." I'm safe.

"Crap, I don't have codes for this." Danny sounded nervous.

Mark felt a prickle of fear coursing down his spine. "You in a safe place?"

"On the roof of the school. No one is here."

"What happened?"

"I just got a call from the limo service. Two girls just gave the driver a grand to drive them to your warehouse."

Mark inhaled sharply. "Which one?"

"The limo? The real one, M&H."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know, some blonde chick and her friend."

"Why?"

"They saw that a limo was waiting for someone else and convinced him to take them instead. He called to verify and I was in the middle of a conversation and couldn't ask questions. I said yes."

Sweat prickled Mark's brow. The limo driver should have given up waiting hours before. "How long?"

"I just got the call, but he picked them up a half hour ago. They'll be there really soon."

"Crap!" Mark grabbed a hat and pulled it over his head. He hurried to the back door, stopping only to grab the tablet computer. He slowed down as he checked the security systems, but no one was there. As soon as he could, he jammed the tablet into a bag and slammed the back door as he rushed outside.

"Anything I can do?"

"Yeah, make sure you are seen. I have... I'll talk to you later. We'll do the trade off at the backup location."

There was only a click of Danny hanging up.

Mark skidded to a stop. Spinning around, he returned to the warehouse and rushed over to his supplies. He found his taser and shoved it into his bag. He dug into his other bag and found a gag and cuffs. He added them to his supplies before running back out.

It was only a quarter mile between the two warehouses. He had taken the route half a dozen times, but with the panic burning in his veins, it had taken on a treacherous tone. Fences blocked off parking lots and he had to carefully jump over a few sluggishly running streams as he ran along the backs of the large buildings. He stopped every few hundred feet and peered around for cars or cameras.

He was one block away when he saw the limo pulling up. He ducked along a chain link fence and swore that if he ever did it again, he would find a sewer entrance. He was thankful for the dim light as he rushed to the back of the warehouse. Fumbling with the lock, he opened the door and rushed inside. It slammed behind him and he winced at the noise.

As he worked his way to the front, he heard two girls speaking.

"I don't want to be here," whined the first girl.

"Shut up, April."

"But, he's at the dinner with our parents, Alex, I told you that."

Mark froze at the name. His heart pounded in his chest and he clutched the side of the stage as he stared at the two silhouettes cast on the frosted glass of the front office. Both were beautiful, but he

wasn't prepared to handle two girls at once. In fact, he wasn't ready to handle Alexandra at all; he had given up on getting her alone.

Gulping, he spotted the kitchen area near the front. He ducked in there and felt around the shadowed room until he found a cold, damp cloth. Straining to listen to the girls, he wiped down his face and hands.

"Bullshit. There is only one reason he had a limo waiting for that bitch Chloe."

"He's a tapping her ass?"

Alex made a disgusted noise. "Please. She's a skinny geek. There is nothing he could possibly find attractive about her."

"Just because you're the prettiest girl, Alex, doesn't mean—"

"Quiet. I think I heard something," whispered Alexandra in a sharp voice.

Mark leaned against the sink, trying to come up with some place. He could continue the ruse and pretend that Tyler and Chloe never showed up. It would give him an out, but the girl he lusted after was in the other room. He didn't know what to do. Did he risk everything for her or play it safe?

Letting out a long, shuddering breath, he stared into the darkness, torn by indecision.

"Hello? Mr. Fatal? Are you in here?"

Mark turned as he watched Alexandra walking by. Even in the darkened warehouse, he couldn't help but stare at her body. Her skirt swished back and forth as she walked along in heels. Her sweater vest and shirt were impeccable and her red hair was a black cloud behind her as she strode down the hall.

Behind her, a blond girl followed hesitantly. "Come on, Alex, slow down."

Mark stepped in the hall after her. He watched hungrily as the two girls made their way into the main area of the warehouse.

"My god," whispered Alexandra, "it's another stage. Why does he need another one?"

"I'm sure he had a good reason."

"But, no one is going to see anything here."

"I don't know, Alex. I want to go home. I don't want to get caught."

"I want to find him."

“And what? Tell him to put you into the show?”

“Yes! I can do just as good of a job. And if I’m on stage, Mrs. Palmer won’t pull me off. And I can do any show she can do.”

Mark found it interesting that even speaking in private, none of the students would use Stephanie’s first name. He smiled and stepped forward, still torn with his choices. He gulped as he glanced back to the kitchen where he left his bag.

Sneaking over, he grabbed his bag and followed after the girls. By the time he entered the main area, Alexandra was on the stage looking over the mundane tricks. April stood in the aisle between the chairs with her back only a few feet away from Mark.

“Alex!” she called out. “Come on. The driver is going to leave without us.”

“Calm down, I told him to leave.”

“What!?” April’s voice rang out. “Why?”

“Ever heard about burning bridges to prevent retreating?” Alexandra reached over a table, the skirt riding up along her taut legs. She braced her foot against a support and he caught a flash of a red thong before she stepped back. She was holding one of the rapiers, a twin to the one that Mark just used to kill Chloe.

The image of her body straining pushed him over the edge. Mark dug into his bag and pulled out the gag and cuffs. He set down the bag and crept up to April.

He could smell her perfume, it was flowery with a hint of citrus. She danced from one foot to another, her sneakers squeaking on the wooden floor.

Mark’s heart pounded on his chest. He toyed with the gag in both hands. It was a ball gag with Velcro on the back. It wouldn’t stop her for long, but he only needed a few seconds. He stepped forward and flung it over her head.

April made a gasp noise before he jammed the gag into her mouth. Slapping it against the back of her head, he yanked her back from the stairs and into the darkness. She kicked out, catching him in the shin, but he shoved her down to the ground. He grabbed the cuffs and flipped her on her stomach. Pinning her down, he cuffed her.

She screamed out, but it came as a muffled noise. Her foot caught on one of the chairs and it rang out.

Mark swore under his breath and grabbed his bag. Yanking off the strap, he looped it around her legs and tied it tightly around her knees. April's eyes were wide as she thrashed around.

"April?" Alexandra's voice carried over the chairs and he heard her footsteps rushing up the stairs.

"Shit," he swore. Digging into his pack, he fell off April just as Alexandra burst into sight.

The red headed girl came to a stop as she stared down at the figures. "April!" She rushed toward Mark, murder in her eyes.

Desperate, Mark yanked the taser from his bag. He managed to get it up just as April kicked him in the balls. As the world exploded into light, he jammed the taser forward. As soon as it hit soft flesh, he pulled the trigger. A sharp pop noise filled the air and Alexandra hit the ground with a thump.

Groaning, Mark got to his feet. He stood over Alexandra who was curled up sobbing on the ground. She clutched her belly where there was a scorch mark.

April was next to her, still struggling to break free of her bounds.

"Damn it," he groaned and limped over to a workbench. He grabbed a roll of duct tape from the top and headed over. Shaking his head to clear it from the pain, he wrapped tape over Alexandra's mouth. More loops went around her waists, knees, and ankles. With her caught, he pushed her skirt up over her hip, but then April's struggles drew him back to reality.

Swearing to himself, he hopped over and pinned April down on the ground. "Damn it, girl, you almost ruined everything." He finished off the role of tape around her ankles and arms, binding her tight.

She looked up at him with wide, frightened eyes. Her mouth bulged around the thick rubber ball and she made a muffled crying noise.

"This wasn't planned, April. April, I remember you." The braces gave her away. She was one of the girls Tyler showed up, one of the forbidden ones. He didn't count her as an option, but with her body straining underneath him, he was quickly warming up to making sure her last moments were like the others: filled with rape and pain.

Next to her, Alexandra moaned as she regained control of her senses. She looked around frantically, then caught sight of him. Whimpering, she thrashed violently and tried to break her bonds. Her feet slammed against the chairs as she rolled over on her back, then back on her belly.

Mark looked back and forth as he tried to figure out what to do. He couldn't take them in the warehouse. And the primary warehouse wasn't set up for hiding evidence. It wasn't worth the risk. He worried his lower lip for a moment, wondering if he hadn't just made some terrible mistake.

His eyes caught sight of a large, brightly painted box. It had a false bottom on it, but it also had sturdy latches. An idea crossed his mind and he chuckled. Abandoning the girls, he grabbed a dolly and the trick box. He put down a few boards and strapped the box down on the dolly. With the boards in place, it would prevent them from falling out the false bottom.

Returning to his victims, he picked up April first. Her body was light but she struggled violently. It took him long minutes to force her ass-first into the box. As she folded in half, she let out a high pitched scream as she sank into the box. He looked down at her bright eyes.

"Quiet," he commanded.

She didn't.

He returned to Alexandra who had managed to crawl to the hallway. Her skirt was up around her waist and her red thong tight between her legs. Mark watched as she inched toward the door. The sight of her ass flexing with every movement sent a fresh wave of lust through his veins. He grabbed another roll of duct tape. "Come on, Alex."

She screamed out and crawled faster. He grabbed her soft hair and flipped her on her back. She kicked up, but he was ready that time. Catching her ankles, he forced her knees up her chest. Her hips lifted from the movement, bringing her exposed pubic mound to his hungry gaze. He tore his eyes away and looked into her face. "If you struggle, it will make this harder."

He used the tape to bind her knees to her chest. It made her small enough to fit in the box, but also unable to resist like April. Despite that, she continued to thrash and writhe. With a grunt, he picked

her up. Her pussy ground into his wrist and he could feel the moist softness as he carried her over and placed her on top of April.

The blonde's muffled screams grew even quieter with Alexandra on top of her.

Mark sealed the box and latched it shut. Heart pounding, he rolled them out the back door and peered outside. He didn't see anyone. Mark shoved the dolly outside. His hardness made it difficult to walk, but he couldn't stop. He carefully checked every corner as he wheeled the two girls to the second warehouse. Closer, he used the tablet to verify no one was watching and then brought them inside. Locking the door behind him, he rolled it up to the main stage.

"I'm so fucked," he gasped as he regarded the box. His cock was painfully hard and straining at his jeans. He rubbed his hardness as he reached out for the latch. His chest hurt from the tightness and he couldn't breathe.

Stepping back, he shook his head. "God damn it." He was terrified to open the box. He was already committed. And inside that box was one of the most beautiful girl he knew. He couldn't resist for long.

With a long, shuddering breath, he stepped back up and unlatched it. The hinges squealed as he threw it back. It slammed into the side. He looked inside.

Both of them were terrified. Two pairs of wide eyes regarded him. He stared down at their bodies, watching as their breasts heaving as they sobbed in fear. Their cheeks puffed out with their rapid breaths.

He leaned on the edge of the box. He pushed back all the fear and terror and favored them with his best smile. "Hi, there."

Alexandra screamed into her gag. She thrashed around in the box, trying to escape.

He shook his head. "Don't worry, I'm going to get you out in a moment. But, if you stop struggling, it will go a lot better."

April screamed louder into her gag.

Mark shook his head and reached into the box. Alexandra tried to move away, but he wrapped his arms around her waist and hauled her out. She tried to butt his head, but he hoisted her up. Enjoying the feel of her body squirming against him, he brought her to the

nearest device. It was the plywood frame; the lid was leaning to the side.

He set her down on the ground. Flipping her on her belly, he pinned her to the ground with his knee. Tearing at her bonds, he ripped her hands free and caught her wrists before she could escape.

Her body jerked against him and her tight rear ground against his cock. She let out a whimper and twisted violently, but he increased the weight on her spine until she slumped against the ground.

Mark grabbed Alexandra by her hair and picked her up. Her body twisted as he hauled her to the platform and threw her down inside. She gaped for air and he took the chance to shove her into place. Her head slipped into place and he shoved a wooden dowel rod through a hole in the side of the frame. It crossed over her throat and pinned her down.

Moving quickly, he snatched Alexandra's wrist and shoved it into place. Two dowel rods, one at the wrist and one above the elbow, pinned her arm. He hurried over to the other side as she thumped her feet against the wooden frame. He finished pinning it in place. Moving down, he ripped the tape from her ankles and knees and shoved each one down into the frame.

Alexandra jerked violently, her body arching against her bonds. She screamed out through her gag as she looked around for some way to escape.

He struggled to force the dowel rods in place, one at the knee and the other at the ankle. When he finished, he stepped back and panted. She was beautiful but she wasn't giving up. The plywood frame rattled from her attempts to escape, but the dowel rods kept her firmly in place.

It took all his willpower to turn away. "Hold on, Alex, I want to leave you for last."

Mark returned to the box and fished April out. The blonde was sobbing as he brought her over to the table with the saw. He set her down.

April twisted in her bonds. She stared at him with fear. Her lips worked at her ball gag. She thumped against the table. Then, her

eyes caught sight of the saw above her. She inhaled sharply and let out a high-pitched scream.

“Yes, it’s a saw. In the show, you’d have this beautiful belly of yours,” he rested his hand on her stomach and she tensed up, “would be protected underneath a steel plate. But tonight, there is no trick. When I pulled this saw, it is going to tear through your body and you are going to die.”

April’s head snapped toward Mark. She screamed again.

“No, no, quiet, quiet. You have a chance to stop this.” He reached up and stroked her face. She jerked away, tears in her eyes. “April.” When she didn’t respond, he repeated himself. “April, look at me.”

Sobbing, April turned to him. Her tears continued to run down her face. She shook her head.

Mark reached over and unbuckled her gag. “Hello, April.”

“Please don’t do this. Please, please, please.”

“No, no, quiet. Relax. Just relax.”

“Please don’t kill me.”

Mark leaned against the table and smiled. “Do you have something else in mind?”

“I won’t tell anyone, I swear.”

“No, April, what else?”

“W-What do you want?”

He looked over her body. With a smile, he reached down and stroked her inner thigh. Slowly, he pushed her skirt up to reveal her tightly clenched legs. Turning his gaze back to her face, he continued to slide his fingers until he felt her fabric-covered pubic mound.

“I-I’m a virgin.”

His cock pulsed. “Is it more important than your life?”

She whimpered.

He slipped his finger around the elastic and trailed his finger over her lightly haired slit. She wasn’t wet, but he didn’t care. He just stroked up and down, enjoying the heat. “Would you rather lose this instead of your life?”

She sobbed and shook her head.

Mark breathed hard as he look into her terror-filled eyes. “Tell me, April.”

“W-What?”

“What would you do to live?”

“No,” she whispered horrified, “no, don’t make me do that.”

Mark made a show of shaking his head. He brought up a rope and looped it around her ankle, working around the tape.

April screamed at the top of her lungs as she tried to jerk. She was helpless as he tied her ankles, then pulled them taut. With one hand, he tore the tape binding her and used the other to force her legs apart. In a matter of moments her legs were bound to each corner.

“No! No, I’ll do it!”

Mark looked up, his cock aching with anticipation. “Do what, April?”

“I’ll fuck you. Please don’t kill me.” Her voice cracked.

Mark circled around and ripped the tape holding her arms together. She yanked her left arm free, but he was focused on her right. Hauling it up, he looped the rope and tied her down to the table.

“You promised! You said-”

He silenced her by putting his finger on her lip. He could feel her hot breath against the back of his hand. “No, I haven’t broken my word yet. I’m leaving one hand free.”

“W-Why?”

“Because you aren’t ready to fuck. I want you to play with yourself.”

Her eyes widened with shock. “What?”

“Masturbate, jill yourself, frig, what ever you call it. Get yourself wet and sloppy. Right now, you are too dry to fuck and if I can’t fuck you...” he finished his sentence by flipping on the saw.

The high pitched whine of the blade sped up. Vibrations shook the table and April screamed shrilly. “I can’t!”

“Well, if you can’t.” He reached up for the handle.

“No!” she screamed again. “I-I can do it. I’ll do it.”

Mark stepped back and gestured for her.

Her entire body shaking with her sobs, April reached down between her legs. She shoved her finger into the hair-lined lips and found her clitoris. The tiny fold was barely visible in the pink folds, but she teased it with her fingertip before rubbing it in a circle.

After a few minutes, Mark reached over and pressed his finger against her slit. It was hot but still dry. The friction prevented him from entering her. "Not good enough."

"I can't just masturbate like this!"

He reached up for the saw.

She screamed. "No, please, just give me both hands."

Mark raised an eyebrow. "I'll give you some slack. If you don't impress me, I'm cutting you in half." He walked around and loosened the rope holding her wrist. He let a few feet play out before tying it down.

Closing her eyes tightly, April dropped her other hand to her breast. She shoved the V-neck sweater aside to find her breast. The white fabric dimpled as she caught her nipple through her lacy bra and twisted it.

She whimpered after a few moments then tore open her shirt. Buttons bounced on the ground as she dug into her bra. She grabbed her tit and found her bared nipple again. Tears leaked from her tightly closed eyes as she lifted her hips, struggling with some fantasy to get her wet.

Mark got a pair of EMT scissors and returned to April. He reached over and grabbed her bra. She froze, but he just sliced her shirt and bra from her chest before pulling back.

She shuddered and sobbed, but used her new access to her own body to twist and pull at her nipples. They were a dusky pink and growing harder with every moment.

He wanted to reach over and suck on them, to pull her free and rape her on the ground. Shaking with hunger, he set down the scissors and grabbed her other nipple.

She froze under his touch.

"Keep going," he commanded. He twisted the hard nub in his hand, rolling it in his fingers until she resumed her stroking. The faint smell of her excitement drifted up as she struggled to find some happy pleasure in the middle of her horror.

She moaned as her hips left. Her splayed legs tugged at the ropes binding them apart, but she couldn't shift them.

"Tell me what you are thinking about, April."

"I-I..."

"Go on," he encouraged with a flick against her nipple.

She shuddered. "I'm thinking about... Al... Alexandra."

A few feet away, the noises from Alexandra's box stopped suddenly.

"What are you thinking about? What is she doing? Is she kissing you?" He had enough "lesbian" shows for his own pleasure that girl on girl didn't excite him as much as it used to.

"She was fucking someone else," sobbed April as she fingered herself frantically. "And he came inside her. And she didn't want him to. They fought and then... she came to me."

"And what did you do?"

"I-I... I was licking her out. To get the sperm out."

He smiled and worked his own jeans off. He returned to tease her nipple. "I see. Saving your best friend."

April nodded, still stroking. Her nipples were hard in his palm and he rolled them along his fingertips as he listened to her rapid breaths.

"Is this your 'go to' fantasy? The one that always gets you off?"

She sobbed as she stroked harder. Tiny sounds of liquid slurps drifted up from her pussy.

Mark reached down and pressed a finger to her entrance. Slowly, his finger sank into her pussy but stopped when he encountered the veil of her virginity. He pumped one finger in her for a moment, then pulled out. Bringing it to his mouth, he sniffed at her delicate scent. With a grin, he brought the moist finger to her mouth and rubbed it against her lips.

"Have you ever tasted her pussy?"

"No," whimpered April as she looked nervously in Alexandra's direction.

"She's going to know what you want. She can hear you, you know. She might even let you go down on her. Would you like that?"

April's fingers moved faster. Her eyes were locked on Alexandra's box as if she couldn't tear her gaze away.

Mark watched as April's hips rose and fell. Her legs strained against their bondage with every movement. He stroked his hands along her breasts and enjoyed the feel of her gasps and twitches.

Without a word, he loosed the rope more. Not enough to free her but just enough to pull her down to the end of the table. He finished stripping and came around to the end with her legs. Looking up, he

watched as she pumped two digits into her pussy, her fingers slick with her juices.

He grabbed her knees and pulled her to the edge of the table, stopping only when her pussy stuck out just at the edge. With her ankles bound, her legs folded up. The rope on her one arm grew tight and she had to rest it above her head.

“Oh god.”

“Don’t worry, this will be over soon.”

Mark poised his cock at her entrance, resting the swollen again on the line of her sex. She tried to push him away, but he grabbed her wrist and pinned it to her belly. “Don’t fight, April.”

He focused on her cunt. It was pink and swollen, with the folds just beginning to spread open. He chuckled and brought her hand down. “Spread open for me.”

“P-Please don’t do this.”

Mark gestured to the still spinning blade above her. “April, you have a choice.”

Sobbing, she reached down. Her fingertips touched his shaft and she snatched it away.

“Spread them.”

She reached down around his cock and obediently spread her labia for him.

“Now, tell me to fuck you.”

“I-”

“If you don’t in five seconds, you’ll die.”

“Fuck me. Fuck me, please. Rape me!” She bawled out as soon as she finished screaming, her humiliation obvious in her tortured face.

Mark’s cock throbbed at her words and even more with April’s screaming. He grabbed her thighs and aimed his cock straight for her opening. It was tiny hole and it disappeared as he rested his cock head against it.

He took a deep breath.

Mark shoved it home.

It tore into her and she screamed out in pain. He felt the moist ridges clinging to his cock. She rubbed him raw as he forced his cock into her. It only reached a few inches before the friction stopped him, but Mark didn’t stop. He reared back and slammed it home

again. And again. He tore into her, shredding her virginity and ripping her open.

April thrashed and screamed.

Her panic only encouraged him more. He dug his hands into her legs and pounded harder, forcing himself deeper until his balls slapped against the edge of the table and her ass. With a guttural moan of pleasure, he began to ream her out as fast as he could, pumping with abandoned.

The friction was brutal, but the excitement pushed it aside. He leaned into her, forcing himself deeper as his precum added to the blood lubricating her sex. As he continued to drive into her, he felt her pussy open up to his swollen cock. It didn't take long before it felt like his cock was wrapped in buttery tightness. Every scream tightened her insides and added to the slick friction and pleasure.

He grunted as he came close to an orgasm. It burned as it rose up from his balls and seared his senses. He grabbed her tightly, fingernails breaking the flesh, as he pounded her arm. The entire table shook with the impact of his hips, the saw blade wavered over her throat.

Mark couldn't hold it back any longer. He drove deep and let himself go. Jet after jet of cum splattered her insides, flooding her. He kept coming as he stared at her heaving breasts and her sweat-soaked skin. She wasn't fighting anymore. She was looking to the side, tears running down her cheeks. Except for the lift and fall of her breasts and the occasional clench of her pussy, she was broken.

Shuddering, he pulled out and watched his cum ooze out of her pussy. Streaks of blood joined it and it pooled on the wooden table underneath her body.

Mark looked up at the saw blade. April was a last minute addition, but he still didn't feel state while looking down at her limp form. His eyes drifted over to Alexandra's form. She was still trying to escape, but with the dowel rods holding her down, all she could do was lift her body and drop her.

He turned his attention back to the saw. Circling around, he noticed April watching him. He reached down for the rope holding her arm and pulled on it.

She began to respond as he pulled it tight, dragging her back into position on the table. When he couldn't pull any more, he tied it down.

April frowned as she stared at him. She gulped and there was a look of betrayal in her eyes. "W-Why?"

"Because, April, you weren't part of the plan."

He grabbed the handle for the saw. As he pulled it down toward her tightly stretched belly, she let out a scream. It burned his ears as she tried to cover her stomach with her free hand, as if it would protect her.

Her entire body jerked violently. She thrashed her head back and forth and the screams never ended. She tried to bat at the blade, but it caught her finger and snapped her wrist. She spasmed at the pain and the scream grew ragged as her vocal cords tore.

Mark stared with rapt fascination as he brought the saw down. It caught her side first, shredding the flesh. A thin red line appeared, then split open as the blade continued into her organs. A splatter of red painted the table as he continued to pull it through her stomach. Orgasms shredded and tore apart and he saw a flash of white before the saw blade dug into her spine.

Instantly, her thrashing legs quieted down as he pulled it through the friction of bone. Out the other side, it felt like butter as he continued to draw the blade through her body. Organs poured out of the wound and he shoved the saw back through the viscera before flicking it off.

April was still screaming, or trying to, but no noise came out of her throat. Instead, she gasped for breath as her wild eyes looked around and saw nothing.

Mark reached down and stroked her legs. The saw tore through the fabric on her body and left it a snarl of blood and guts.

An idea hit him. He circled around and untied her legs. They were limp and helpless as he lifted her bottom half by her ankles and carried her over. With a grin, he forced her legs to kneel on each side of her head and he pressed her body down against her mouth.

"Go on, April, lick her clean."

April sobbed and opened her eyes. She wasn't coherent, but her tongue darted out and ran up her own slit. A moment later, she pulled it back into her mouth and he saw cum and blood on the tip.

“Go on, clean out your lover.”

April moaned, her body shuddering as she was dying. She closed her eyes and lapped at her own pussy, lapping her slit free of cum and blood. She moved slower with every passing second until she just stopped moving.

Mark let go of her body and let the lower half slump against the corpse. He reached underneath the table and pulled out a large canister of the Thermite. He emptied it out over her body before moving to his real goal: Alexandra.

He leaned on the edge and looked down at her. Alexandra’s body was slick with sweat and she continued to test her bonds. A red line crossed her throat and matching ones were on her arms and legs. He reached in and yanked her tape gag off.

“You fucking bastard!”

“Now, Alex, that isn’t very nice.”

“You killed her!” Tears burned in her eyes as she glared at him.

“Yes, and I’m probably going to kill you.”

“Why? What did we do? You never met April or me before!”

“Same reason for Tyler and Chloe, they were between me and you.”

She was horrified. “Tyler? You killed Tyler?”

“Raped and killed, if you want to be specific. Chloe, I just fucked... right before I shoved a sword through her chest.”

“Why!?”

Mark sighed. The target of his obsession was before him. He reached over and began to unbutton her sweater vest. “You are beautiful, you know that. You have the prettiest eyes and I love those freckles.” He tapped her nose and she snapped at him.

Pushing her vest aside, he began to work on her shirt. “For half a year, I’ve been waiting to see your body. I want to see you naked right here.”

“Fucking pervert.”

“Yes,” Mark felt a stab of guilt, “and a murderer. But... hold on.”

He grabbed the EMT scissors from the other table and shook off the blood. Coming back, he cut away her sweater, shirt, and bra from her body. Pulling it out from underneath her, he tossed it aside and admired Alexandra’s smooth, teenage body. It was everything he dreamed about. She had firm breasts tipped with pale, puffy

nipples. The freckles sprinkled down to her chest, stopping only inches from the tips of her breasts. She had a belly piercing, a little crystal right above her navel.

Mark stroked it and ran his fingers up the center of her belly to circle her nipples. He sighed happily.

“Don’t you dare touch me! My parents will hunt you down. They will kill you!”

He focused his attention on her hips. Using the scissors, he sliced through the skirt and her thong. Her body smelled sweet as he tugged the fabric away. Underneath, her pussy was shaved bare as Tyler’s own. She had two swells of her pubic mound and lips that begged to be entered.

Mark reached in and stroked her pussy. It was moist but not slick. “Not turned on?”

“I hope you spent the rest of your life being raped in prison.”

Mark knew he risked everything for her, but looking down at her, she was everything he wanted. He wanted to enjoy her for as long as he could. A small part of him wanted to not kill her and take her away, a slave to his passions for the rest of her life.

Gulping, he picked up a long flat wooden box. Setting it on the wooden frame, he opened it. “Do you know this trick?”

Alexandra clamped her mouth shut.

“It’s based on the Cut in Sevenths. The basic trick is that you pull apart a girl, do a little song and dance, then put her back together again. Most of the time, it’s done with an agile assistant and some illusions.”

He lifted the first of the blades. It was a ceramic knife, custom made and eight inches across. Each one had a rubberized handle and weighed twenty pounds. The edge was sharp enough to slice through flesh and bone. “Today, we aren’t going to bother with the putting back together.”

Remembering something, he ducked under and pulled out a bottle of thick liquid. It looks like glue, but the warnings plastered across it spoke of something more sinister. “This is liquid cauterization. Basically superglue but designed for battlefield triage. It hardens in seconds using blood as a catalyst.” He chuckled, “Or something like that I don’t really care how it works but let’s say it is good for major injuries.”

Alexandra stared at him with shock. “What are you doing?”

“Want me to demonstrate?”

She shook her head, her forehead rapping against the side of her confinement. “No!”

“Well, these are delicate, so let’s try this one at a time.”

He set down the ceramic blade and shifted the box to the ground. Picking it up, he walked up between her legs and tapped the joint of her hip and leg. “You have lovely legs, Alex.”

“Oh god,” she must have realized what he was about to do. “Please don’t do that.”

“I’ve dreamed about them, you know. I dreamed of when you could wrap them around my hips, but then I realized you would never do that. You would never wrap them around me like a lover.” As he spoke, he fitted the blade into a groove right above the joint. The edge sparkled in the light as he held it in place.

“No,” she whispered desperately.

Mark slammed the blade down. It made a thunk noise, but stuck. Blood spurted everywhere. He lifted it up and slammed it down again. He felt her leg bones splitting from the impact and the ceramic blade punched down until the handle slammed into the top of the frame.

Alexandra froze, her eyes staring up as she tried to process the new agonies of having her leg severed.

Mark released the blade and got the cauterization liquid. Opening it up, he choked on the fumes, then used one hand to pull away the severed end of her hip from the blade and poured it in.

And then she screamed. Her entire body spasmed as she slammed at her bounds. Her muscles rippled with desperation to pull herself free. The stench of blood rose up, mixing in with the stench of glue.

Mark calmly lifted the blade. It came free with a sucking noise, but to his disappointment, it was cracked in half. The ceramic was sharp but delicate. He smiled at her, even though she was screaming at the top of her lungs. “Good thing I got four, huh?”

He returned to the box and got the next one. He returned to her other leg.

She stared at him with wide-eye horror. Her leg kept slamming against the dowel rods. The impact rattled the entire frame as she

tried to break free with sheer strength. Without leverage, though, she was helpless as he fitted the blade over her other hip.

“This might sting.”

Every muscle in her body tensed up as he got a tight grip. His cock sent a surge of cum to splatter the outside of the frame as he slammed it down. Prepared for the force needed, he drove it clear through her leg bone without even a hint of friction. The impact shook the frame and a nail popped loose. It rattled loudly on the stage before rolling off.

Mark shoved his fingers into her sex and shoved her off the blade. The severed end twitched as blood poured out. He poured the cauterizer against the sliced through bone and reached down to smear it all over. It stuck to his fingers and he wiped it quickly on the side of the wood.

He looked at his sticky fingers. “Shit.”

Alexandra kept screaming, her body spasming in pain and agony. With her legs freed, she bucked up and he watched the stubs of her legs flailing at the box. Her pussy spread open with her thrashing as she bucked out of the box but fell in.

“You are so beautiful, I had to have you.”

He picked up the third blade. He brought it to her right arm and fitted it into place. He didn't slam down, though, as he stroked her arm. Her hand was balled into a fist and bruises were already forming from her escape attempts.

“Just a few more slices and you'll truly be beautiful.”

He ached to come, but he had to finish. Every part of his body tingled as he grabbed the blade with both hands and slammed it down. The ceramic blade punched through flesh and bone, snapping her arm.

Her screams grew high-pitched and desperate. In her blind panic, she tore her arm free and blood spewed everywhere, splattering her body like freckles.

Swearing, he shoved his hand down on her chest, crushing her breast as he poured the cauterizer against the severed end. When the blood kept coming, he grabbed her shoulder and armpit and smeared the gaping wound against the oozing glue until blood stopped pouring out of her.

He circled around, looking down at her face. She was crying, mouth working but only broken sounds came out. Her mascara ran and left dark pools under her eyes and darker trails down her cheeks.

“I can’t describe how much I need you, Alex. I need you like a drug. And if this is the only way I can have you, then I will.”

The last blade went into place. She was still struggling, so he drove it down and severed her arm, inches from her shoulder joint. She jerked up violently, her screams suddenly stopped. Her mouth still moved, her breasts still heaved, but only a wheeze escaped her lips.

He leaned over the edge, staring down at her as he fought the heady mixture of power and lust that boiled inside him. Gulping, he managed to find words he dreamed about for months. “It is just you and me now. And there is something I’ve wanted to do for a long time.”

Mark reached into the frame and released the last dowel rod. It dropped to the floor with a clatter as he slipped his hands along her naked waist. Digging his fingers into her back, he pulled up. The angle was wrong and he had to grunt before he managed to lift her out of the box.

Alexandra jerked in his grip, her severed arms and legs flailing helplessly as he carried her a few steps and set her down on the stage. The stage was a fake, but it still had to match the one in the other warehouse. The black surface contrasted with her pale, freckled body. She almost glowed in the overhead lights. The bloody ends of her arms and legs were a shocking red as they waved frantically, but there was nothing to hold on to, nothing for her to shove away.

The fear turned into something else, a mind-shattering terror, as Alexandra realized she was helpless. Her mouth opened to scream, but only a gasping gurgle escaped her soft lips.

He stroked his cock as he watched her struggles. Her pussy gaped and closed as she tried to move legs that were no longer there. With each heaving breath, her breasts rose up and fell, the nipples bright pink in the halogen glow.

Mark wiped his dripping hand on his hips and knelt down next to her.

Alexandra whimpered and tried to push away. The severed end of her arm brushed against his thigh, leaving a smear of crimson glue, and she let out a shriek from the pain.

Slowly, he trailed his fingers down her throat to explore her collar, and then her breasts. Even with her missing arms, they were firm and perky, standing up.

The cool air wrinkled her nipple and they stood up, begging for attention. He twisted her right nipple just to see her wince in pain. With a moan, he lowered his mouth and caught her nipple.

She tried to flinch, but it was pathetically easy to push her down. She twisted helplessly underneath him.

His cock grew harder than he ever thought possible as he nipped at her breast, then bit down.

She jerked and exhaled hard, but no noise came out. She had ruined her own voice with her screaming. The hoarse breathing turned him on even more and he felt precum pooling underneath his body.

He worked his other hand down lower, sliding along her flanks and exploring her hip. His body grew hot and tense as he traced the line of her severed leg, the cauterization glue already setting. He found her pussy and spread her open. It was hot and moist. The shudder she gave at his touch turned him on even more.

With one finger, he found her clitoris and stroked it. He wasn't expecting to turn her own, but he continued to nip and suck on her nipple as he caressed the fold of pleasure.

Her body jerked underneath him, a broke sob welling out of her throat. She twisted her head away from him, a few streamers of his precum, blood, and glue sticking to her dark red hair.

Mark breathed in the scent of her body: the delicate hint of a teenage girl, the perfume that clung to her skin, the sweat and fear that swirled around her.

She was his.

He positioned his hips against her body and pressed his cock to pussy. He was dripping enough for both of them and forced it inside. To his surprise, he encountered a resistance only an inch deep into her hot, tight body.

Surprised, he pulled out. "Another virgin?"

Alexandra closed her eyes tightly and another sob tore through her.

“I guess I’m going to steal something else of yours,” he moaned as he repositioned himself. His cock swelled at the anticipation of ripping her open. He looked down to see his cock poised at her smooth entrance. Slowly, he leaned forward and watched as it disappeared inside her. The friction clung to his shaft but his passage was aided by the precum soaking his tip. He reached the shield of her maidenhood quickly and held it there, feeling the pressure wrapping around his cock head.

With a smile, he pulled out until his glans were barely inside her soft lips. Tensing up, he drove it hard into her.

When her virgin was torn open, Alexandra jerked violently. Her back arched as she screamed out, a hoarse sound of pain and agony. Her inner muscles clamped down on his shaft, trying to force him out.

Mark moaned at the pressure and the slickness that came with her violation. He drew back and watched as the red-streaked shaft lipped out of her pussy. Lust burned inside him. He had her and now he needed to claim her.

Gripping her hips tightly, he drove into her again, plunging his cock into the soft, pulsating depths of her sex. With precum and blood lubricating him, he pounded his way into it, driving with hard strokes that shook her entire body. His desire grew painful as he watched his cock sliding in and out, ripping into her with wet, slurping noises.

Panting but never stopping, he lifted his gaze to her face and watched the pain and agony across her face. She was being violated and there was nothing she could do about it. Her trim body flexed and writhed as she tried to escape. Her amputated arms and legs flailed helplessly, the crimson-tipped ends bright against the stage.

Mark shoved hard and buried his cock completely to the balls inside her. The heat wrapped around his shaft pushed him close to the edge and he yanked out of her to avoid coming. Gasping, he stared down at her as she sobbed.

She was beautiful. Her small breasts lifted and fell with her ragged breath. Her body twisted and writhed. She tried to flip over,

but couldn't. She gave him a horrified look and tried to flip over again, as if she could ever escape with his cock impaling her.

The hard edge of orgasm receded. Mark watched as she managed to flip herself over with one violent twist. Her face smacked into the stage. She tried to crawl away, by clenching her body and digging her ruined legs into the floor. She managed to crawl a few inches toward the edge of the stage before Mark decided to return to her.

Even on his knees, it only took a second to reach her. He grabbed her hips and dragged her back.

Alexandra cried out loudly, sobbing as he flipped her back over.

Mark sighed and wiped the blood from her perfect breasts. His fingers caught the hard nipples and he twisted them before cleaning her off more. His fingers left crimson smears on her perfect skin, but he didn't care. "You aren't done, Alex. I know, it hurts but right now, there is only one thing left for you to do."

He reached for her face, but she jerked away. He chuckled and pulled her closer, hooking her tight, teenage ass on his thighs so he could grab her chin with one hand. With his other, he wiped the tears from her face. His cock rested along the length of her pussy and he could feel the heat from her sex teasing him.

"I wish I could keep you." He sighed and stroked her breast. His fingers explored the plane of her chest, running along the freckles that dotted her skin. "But, I can't. But," he stroked the fresh tears from her face, "I can dream, can't I?"

He released her chin and grabbed her hips. Her body was light in his grip as he lifted her up and aimed his cock for her pussy. His shaft was drooling and it took nothing to bury himself into her heated sex.

She let out a gasping wail as he slammed his balls into her. Her pussy clenched around his shaft. Pushing himself up on his knees, he watched as her head thumped against the stage. Leaning into her, he bent her almost in half before he began to drive into her. The wet slurping of his excitement only pushed him harder as he fucked her with all his might.

Mark had never felt anything as lovely as Alexandra's pussy. It was tight and hot, slick and clenching. It was driving into a velvet vice. Every thrust brought a spasm through her body as she uselessly tried to force him out. There was nothing to stop him.

Alexandra's hips moved as she tried to squeeze her legs together. Her torso twisted as she tried to escape, but he held her tight as he fucked her cunt. With every stroke, he slammed into her cervix and she winced. He didn't care about the discomfort or pain, he was deeper in a woman than he had ever been before. It felt like he could drive his balls into her with his thrusts.

His orgasm rushed up and he pulled back with all his might, but it was too late. With a groan, he came inside her, flooding her virgin cunt with his seed. It kept pouring out of him, jet after jet. He gave tiny little thrusts, a reflexive attempt to impregnate her, but it didn't matter anymore. He dug his hands into her hips as he towered over her. His cock kept pulsating even after the last of the cum poured into her.

Gasping, he slumped back. His cock, still hard, slipped out of her pussy. It left a splatter of cum across her spasming belly. "God... that was," he took a deep breath. "That was everything I hoped it was."

Alexandra sobbed, her entire body shook with her sorrow. The ends of her arms flailed helplessly as she twisted her torso, her eyes refusing to look up at him. She managed to roll off his thighs and hit the stage with a dull smack.

He chuckled and reached over to run a finger down the crack of her ass. "You want me to fuck your ass now?"

She froze.

He stroked his hand along the smooth curve of her buttocks. Her muscles tensed up and she let out a whimper. He trailed a finger down her crack again to rest against her asshole. "Not really my thing, but if you are sticking it up like that... well, I'm sure I can service you."

Alexandra shook her head. She twisted her body, trying to roll away from him.

"I bet it would hurt too." He said as he pushed himself back to his knees. "But, might as well add one more."

"No," she managed to force out. She looked at him with pleading eyes. "P-Please don't." It sounded like someone had scoured her throat.

Mark smiled and reached down. He wrapped his hands around her hips and pulled her back to him.

She sobbed as her body was dragged along the stage. The muscles in her back spasmed with her efforts to keep her face from scraping but he could see her breasts dragging along the wooden boards, the nipples catching on the space between the boards.

He pulled her back to his thighs until her breasts were pillowed by his knees. The hard nipples teased his skin. Breathing hard, he positioned his cock between her buttocks and transferred a bit of precum to the tiny wrinkled opening he found.

She sobbed.

“Would you rather I fuck your cunt again?”

For a moment she froze, as if trying to decide between two horrors.

He circled her tightly clenched anal ring. Her buttocks tensed around him, but with her amputated legs, it was nothing to keep her cheeks spread apart.

“Alex? Cunt or ass? I only have one more fuck left in me.”

Alexandra’s lips moved.

“What? I didn’t hear that?” He forced his finger into her ass.

“V-Vagina,” she sobbed.

“You don’t have a vagina. You have a cunt. Now, do you want your cunt or your ass?”

Her ring tightened around his fingers.

“C-Cunt.”

“Ask for it,” he breathed as his shaft grew harder.

“Use my cunt.”

He felt a surge of power over her, a dominance of her teenage body. “No, no, beg. Beg for me to fuck your cunt.”

She sobbed again, her shoulders shaking. She groaned as she strained to keep her head up. Her lips worked silently for a long moment as fresh tears ran down her cheeks. “P-Please...”

“Please what?” He forced a second finger into her anal ring, stretching it open.

“Please, fuck my cunt.”

Mark almost came. “That’s a good girl. Again.”

“Fuck my cunt,” she cried out.

“How can I say no?” Mark slipped his fingers from her ass and wiped it on her cheek. With a moan, he grabbed her hips and pulled

her down on to his shaft. It was still slick with his cum and he easily slipped into her soft lips.

Alexandra shook with her cries. Her head slumped forward. Her entire body tightened around him.

Mark released her hip and slid his hand up her spine until he could grab her shoulder. Without a word, he dug his hand in and tried to pull her up. When she slipped free, he used both hands to grab her breasts from behind and pulled her up off the stage.

Her weight drove his cock deeper into her body. The remains of her legs tried to push her away, but it took nothing to hold her in place. As her buttocks ground into his stomach, he wrapped his hand around her throat and held the other over her breast. He drank in the scent of her hair, shampoo and perfume.

“You are beautiful,” he moaned.

She sobbed and looked away from him.

Mark kissed her shoulder and began to fuck her. He started off tenderly, holding her in place as he slid his shaft into her. He was gentle, as if comforting her. The gentle ebb and flow of him sliding in and out.

Her entire body trembled with fear. He moaned and thrust a bit faster, driving into her as he held her tight to his chest. Her gasps shoved her breast into his hand and he clutched to her tit with his fingernails.

“I dreamed of you,” he moaned and began to fuck faster. “Ever since I saw you in the article. Your eyes, your face, your breasts.” He squeezed her tightly and moved into harder thrusts. Her entire body shook from the impact of his cock slipping deep into her pussy. Cum dripped down his shaft but he didn’t care.

Alexandra made an attempt to escape but he caught her and clamped his hand back around her throat. A moment later, he added his other hand around her neck, holding her tightly in place as he pounded harder. The wet slurping noises added to the pleasure and he felt an orgasm beginning to boil inside him.

He couldn’t talk, he didn’t know what to say. Hours of fantasies had come to a head and he didn’t have the words. He held her tightly as he slammed into her, lifting her completely off his thighs before driving her back down.

Mark was drunk with pleasure. He released her neck long enough to slide his hand to her back and grab her from behind. He did the same with his other hand, his fingers wrapped around her throat as he pounded into her. With a groan, he pushed himself up on his knees.

Her weight shifted slightly with more of it being carried by his hands. Her struggles grew more frantic as if she knew what he was doing.

He dug his fingers into the center of her throat as he drove into her. He used his grip to yank her back on his shaft at the same time he thrust forward with all his might. He fucked her, rode her hard and without slowing. He had to have her, he had to own that slick pussy wrapped around his cock.

Mark was harder than he had ever been in his life. His cock felt like a an iron rod as it pounded into her pussy. He filled her completely before pulling out and slamming it home.

Every thrust sent a spasm coursing through her body. Her soft flesh bunched up as she tried to escape, but there was none. The remains of her arms, the bloody stumps, shook and flailed helplessly.

Mark's orgasm came rushing up. He bore down on her neck, squeezing with all his might as he fucked her harder. He couldn't hear anything over the pounding in his ears, but he could feel every gasping sob, every twitch as she tried to struggle. It pushed him closer to the edge.

His cock slammed into her pussy with a sloppy smack. Cum and juices poured down his thighs as he raped her pussy, dominated it. There was no friction, just the pleasure of her inner walls trying to force him out.

Mark's knuckles cracked and then there was a muted crunching noise as Alexandra's throat collapsed. There was the briefest pauses and then she let out a gurgling scream, thrashing violently as her death approach.

He slammed her down as he shoved himself to his feet. He pounded into her, ramming as hard as he could as he felt her body spasming underneath him. His fingers continued to dig into her throat, squeezing with all his might as he forced himself into her.

Mark tried to hold it back, but he couldn't. He reared back and drove his cock as deep as he could. He felt her entire body shudder with the impact and he came in her. It was painful and pleasurable. He felt every pulse as he pumped her full of cum. He held her there, pinned to the ground and hands around her neck. He couldn't move as he kept coming and coming.

He didn't know if his orgasm would ever stop. The ecstasy drove him to give her a few half-hearted thrusts, but he could barely move. His cock kept surging and more cum jetted out of him.

And then, with a rush, all the energy left his body. He slumped back down and panted. He struggled to breathe himself as he forced himself to relax his grip around her neck. When he couldn't, he focused on one finger until he could pry it loose. Slowly, he worked on the neck, trying to remember how to use his own body.

Gasping for air, he peeled his hands from around her neck and let her body drop to the stage. Cum poured out of her pussy and it mixed with the blood on the floor below them. Mark flipped her over and let out a sob of his own.

She was dead.

It was his plan almost from the beginning, but she had given him something that he didn't know possible.

For the first time in his life, Mark was sated.

And in the relative silence, he heard beeping.

He snapped his head up and looked around. On the table, his tablet computer was flashing red.

"Fuck!" He ran toward it and snatched it off the table. He left a smear of blood on the tablet as he swiped the warning aside.

The motion sensors were activated on two sides of the warehouse. He smacked the screen to bring up the cameras. Half a dozen cop cars surrounded the building. And, in the corner, he saw his limo driver, the one he used every day, speaking animatedly with three of the officers.

Mark swore again. He forgot to check to see if the driver was actually gone. Instead, he trusted Alexandra's comment. He tapped the other cameras and saw more police surrounding the building. All of them had their guns out. There was no doubt they heard her screaming.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

He rushed past Alexandra's corpse toward the steel platform into the sewer, but slid to a halt when he saw her body. He had to hide the evidence.

Mark's heart beat a thousand times a second. He tapped the screen to prepare the platform and stormed toward it.

Tears burned in his own eyes. He couldn't afford to make a mistake now.

With a gasp, he ran to the edge of the stage and grabbed a large container of Thermite. Grunting to pick it up and feeling a muscle in his back protesting, he stumbled back to her body and fumbled with the opening.

"Fuck, fuck!" He swore as his fingernail cracked with the effort to rip off the top, but he managed to pop it open.

Flashlights painted the walls as the cops rushed inside.

Mark emptied the Thermite on her body. It poured down along her breasts, the reddish power clinging to her nipples but not covering them. A puddle of the power formed in the gap between her legs, soaking into the blood and cum.

"I see movement!" called out a cop. A gun went off.

Mark winced but it never hit. He dropped the container next to Alexandra and dove through the curtain to the back stage. He slammed into the block with spikes and rushed for the dark square of the platform. With a grunt, he held his breath and jumped inside.

There was a moment where he couldn't feel anything, then his feet hit the platform with a bang. He rolled on his back and stared up at the shrinking square of light above him. Just as the platform hit the bottom, the flashlights shone along the opening as the police rushed up.

"Over here!" called a different cop.

Mark rolled off the platform and hit the sewer floor with a smack. Gasping for breath, he crawled to the emergency lift button and slapped the large button. Behind him, the steel box rose up with painful slowness. It seemed to inch toward the top of the sewer ceiling. He fumbled for the tablet computer, then realized he didn't bring it down. Knees aching, he stumbled back to where a small wireless remote had been taped to the wall. It only had one button and a post-it note that said "Do not press!" Without a second hesitation, he slammed his thumb on the button.

A muffled boom shook the air. Air blasted down around the steel platform and struck him in the fact. The heat and dust seared his face and he buried his face in his hands to protect them. He couldn't breathe and it felt like something had punched him in the chest. A flare of pain exploded from his tailbone as he landed on the hard concrete, but he didn't know when he fell.

The wind stopped as fast as it came up. He blinked to clear the stars from his vision, but then he heard a different noise. It was a whistling that quickly turned into a howl of wind as the air was sucked up into the shaft. It tore at his body, dragging him across the mud something sucked the air from the sewer back up into the shaft.

With a panic, he clawed at the concrete to keep from being dragged closer. His hand caught one a pipe as the wind and he held on with all his breath as the icy air of the sewer rushed past him.

The wind died down almost instantly and he dropped to the ground. The steel platform finished sliding up into the shaft, cutting off the suction. He slumped to the ground as he panted for breath. Through lidded eyes, he looked at the jugs of gasoline scattered across the floor of the sewer; he was lucky that the heat didn't set them off or it would have been his last trick.

Above him, dust poured down the ceiling as a rumble shook the world around him. He could imagine the devastation above when the explosives went off. The inferno would burn for days and threaten the warehouses surrounding his lair. By the time they stopped the fire, he will be on the road again and there would be no evidence that he had lured, raped, and murdered four teenage girls.

Struggling to his feet, he looked down at his mud and blood-soaked body. Shaking his head, he staggered over to the emergency clothes and found a rag to wash down. His cock was limp and he smiled as he scraped it clean. He still felt sated and wondered if he would ever enjoy pussy again.

He decided it was a question for later. He got dressed and made himself presentable. Before he left the junction in the sewer, he set the timer on the gasoline that survived to burn away any evidence of his passing.

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The next day, Mark pulled into a truck spot in a pickup truck. His appearance was carefully crafted to draw attention away from him: jeans and a polo shirt. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and had a large wallet in his right back pocket. His socks didn't match, one was gray and one was white. He reached behind the driver's seat and patted the suitcase. Four hundred thousand dollars in cash was inside the case he bought at a consignment store. He grinned and pulled on a rimmed hat with a fishing logo on it. Hands in his pockets, he strolled into the station.

The attendant glanced up at him, then back down the cashier.

Mark strolled through the aisles for a moment, then headed into the bathroom. It was empty and the light was off. It was also one of the bathrooms that wasn't a private bathroom. He flipped on the light and headed to the far back handicap stall. Closing the door, he shoved his pants down and sat down.

Waiting for Danny was painful. Mark stripped off his shirt and hung it on the stainless steel handhold. He felt vulnerable as he sat there, his pants down his knees. He occupied his mind reading the dirty messages scrawled on the door.

He was tempted to add some of his own when the bathroom door opened.

"Oh, those beans are killer." It was Danny.

Mark let out a sigh of relief and called out. "Tell me about it."

He reached over and flipped the lock.

Danny slipped in, already stripping off his own shirt. "Hey, sailor."

Mark glared at him and stepped out of his pants. He waited impatiently as Danny stripped and they switched clothes. When they were finished, Mark was once again Mark Fatal and Danny was just an anonymous driver in a truck stop.

"How do I look?" asked Danny.

Mark inspected his double, circling around him. He reached over and moved the wallet to the proper side, then stepped back. "You look good."

Danny didn't say a word. He gave Mark a nod and headed out.

Mark closed the door behind him, and sat back down. A few minutes later, he got up, flushed, and headed out.

Danny's truck was already gone. Mark headed straight for his own car and unlocked the door. Sinking into the familiar seat, his fingers brushed against some trivia cards Danny left him. Keeping them in the gap between the seat and the center console, Mark started up the car and headed for the highway.

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. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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