

Fatal Tricks

2: Encore

Performance

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Fatal Tricks 2: Private Practice

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“And for my final trick of the night, the Cistern Candle!”

Mark Fatal swept his hands in a grand gesture and stepped to the side. The spotlights followed him, blinding him with the light centered on his face, but he knew the stage like the back of his hand. Two steps back and one to the right would bring him right to the mark. In the shadows, invisible in contrast to the spotlights, was the bottom half of the candle trick.

“And, ladies... and gentlemen,” he appended with a wink, “Marstwood’s very own Jennifer Golden will be my lovely assistant!”

Applause rose up in a deafening roar. He fought the urge to let the smile drop from his face as an emptiness filled him. He watched Jennifer stumble from the side stage. She was pale and nervous, sweat beading on her brow. Unfortunately, it glinted off the lights and highlighted her red-face. She wore a black dress with ruffles on the front. The autumn breeze fluttered the bottom edge.

Mark felt a surge of impatience and frustration rising inside him, but he kept it off his face. Jennifer, like the last three assistants, was barely able to stand up straight when standing on the stage. He half expected her to run off when he announced her name, but instead she was content to fumble through her actions and wave the audience. He knew that she would be ruining the trick, but he didn’t know when the public humiliation would come.

There were consequences to actions and Mark was facing one of them. A year and a half ago, his first private show was at the Saint Agatha’s Academy for Young Women. It was a high-class and very exclusive school. But the night before the show, his assistant and three other girls were kidnapped, raped, and murdered.

It was a devastating blow to the Academy and parents were crying for blood. The head lady, a dour woman named Mrs. Palmer, was sacked instantly even though there was no way for her to stop the gruesome deaths. The blind rage of politicians and parents ensured she would never work anywhere again.

Mark, in a very public show of sympathy, arranged a fund-raiser for the grieving parents and brought national attention to the tragedy. It brought in millions of dollars, made a few celebrities feel good about themselves, and gave closure to a devastated nation. And he got the chance to, just as publicly, turn down the money the Academy offered in thanks.

It was the least he could do, since he was the one who raped those girls.

No one ever questioned his role in the murders. From all accounts, he was schmoozing with the parents and grandparents at the time of the deaths. Well, at least his almost twin double was. C4 and Thermite did a good job of hiding any evidence to the contrary.

It got easier to smile through the fake grin. He stepped back across the stage and brought Jennifer out to the center of the stage. With his other hand, he shut off the microphone so he could whisper to her. "Ready?"

She gulped, her body shaking in his hand. She was a young thing and somewhat pretty, but Mark didn't feel any attraction to her. Ever since the rapes, sex didn't satisfy him anymore. Nothing could compare to the intense thrill of a screaming teenager and the fear in their eyes. The last one, a gorgeous redhead named Alexandra, had died on his cock. He had ground her mutilated body against the concrete sewer as he raped the life out of her. She would have fought back—she had spirit—but he had left her amputated arms and legs up in the warehouse when he blew it up.

Jennifer gulped, unaware of his thoughts, and said, "Y-Yes."

"Now, just hold still. Turn here." He guided her in the positions, discretely checking that the rig was carefully hidden in her dress. It was nestled against her belly. It was a simple trick, push a candle through her stomach, but it always drew gasps from the bystanders who didn't know better.

Flipping his mic back on, he went through the motions and the spiel, describing how dangerous the trick was. He pulled out the

candle, which was more of a blow torch, and waved it around. At the appropriate places, people gasped and Jennifer looked nervous.

He fought the urge to just walk away.

At the climax of the show, he brought the candle up close to Jennifer's back. He could see her tensing, even though they practiced it thirty times. No matter how much he convinced her she wouldn't even feel it, she usually screamed and flinched at the wrong point, usually with the fake candle hanging from her chest.

Mark declared that the squeamish should turn away. He brought up the torch high, watching her body carefully. She flinched and a tremor coursed up her legs.

When he saw her take a step forward, he thumbed off the low-powered transmitter that would cause the fake candle to burst out of her dress. With a sigh, he brought the flaming torch down.

Jennifer screamed and jerked forward, spinning around. Her shrill tone echoed across the suddenly quiet audience. She backed away, sobbing an apology.

Mark sighed and watched as she reached the edge of the stage, stepping out into the voice. One of his assistants, the real ones from his hit TV show, rushed out of the darkness and caught her. He set her down and was gone before she even realized the black-clad man was there.

Mark continued his movement, taking a brief step to the side to aim the flame against one of the pyrotechnics for the finale. The fuse hissed for a moment, then exploded into a shower of sparks that enveloped the entire stage in a deafening boom—assisted by the bass speakers underneath the stage. At the same time, he kicked the release for the trap door and dropped down.

Another assistant was there, taking his cloak away and giving him a baseball cap. He took it with a nod and rushed out the side of the gate. As people stared at the fireworks in shock, he strolled to the back where another assistant gave him an identical cape and snatched the hat away.

Just as the sparks were fading, Mark stood up on the secondary stage. Lights burst around him and he called out, his voice magnified by the speakers.

A dazed audience looked around, listened to his rousing finale, and burst into applause. There was cheers and people standing.

Girls, mostly teenagers, screamed out his name as they bounced up and down.

And at the far end, Jennifer leaned against the stage and sobbed.

Mark tried to feel some sympathy for the girl, but couldn't. He had seen teenage girls at their worse, their most terrified. He had seen them face death and break down. A blonde girl who screwed up a trick wasn't anyone in his eyes.

—

"That was an amazing show," crowed Kevin, the producer for Mark's show. Kevin was sitting at his desk in L.A., talking through the video client. Rolls of his belly obscured the arms of his expensive leather chair.

Mark chuckled. Kevin was happy any time the Fatal Tricks logo was on screen.

"We got some amazing footage for the 'Making Of' special. It will be a fantastic lead-in for season four. I already have marketing coming up with some idea for the network."

Stretching out on the hotel bed, Mark propped himself up on the pillows. "They still screwing around with contracts?"

"Just a few minor details to handle, mostly Internet sales. The usual crap."

Mark shrugged. "Keep on that. I'm not going to stick with three cents a copy if they are getting three bucks."

"I won't, kiddo."

There was silence for a long moment. Mark grabbed the room service menu and flipped through it. There was nothing he wanted but he didn't have anything else to do.

Kevin broke the silence. "Hey, you okay?"

Mark looked at the screen and shrugged. "Yeah. Why?"

"Because you've been really," the man waved his hands and Mark watched the fat rippled from the movement, "out of it ever since that," another wave, "'incident' with the girls."

"It must have hit me hard."

Making a rude noise, Kevin glared at him through the screen. "Please, no one is listening. You don't have to give me the bleeding heart crap. I know damn well you faked every tear."

Mark glanced at the producer, amused by the man's casual attitude to four teenage girls being raped and murdered. Typically Hollywood attitude, he decide, and shrugged. "Maybe I'm just tired."

"Look, Mark, I can't get you another bonus, so don't—"

"Kevin, I don't need another bonus. Tricks is doing good enough and you'll get me the cut on sales. No, I... I..." he thought for a moment, "I think I'm going to take a few weeks off. Maybe go to Tahiti or something."

Kevin stared at him for a long moment, then smiled. "Why not? You only have one more school to do a show—"

Mark groaned.

"—and then you'll have a few months before Fatal Tricks recording starts up again. Maybe you'll get laid and smile a bit more. It can't be healthy not getting laid for a year."

Mark chuckled. He hadn't had sex ever since Alexandra. After the girl, there was no joy the endless groupies begging for sex or the starry-eyed sluts pretending to be the producer's assistant. "Yeah... maybe."

"Seriously, Mark, you need to get fucked. Go to Shanghai and pick up a six pack of whores. Find out if you like lady boys, something. Just get fucking laid."

"Kevin, just get me the information for the next school, please?"

"You'll have it in the morning."

—

First thing in the morning, Mark grabbed his tablet computer. Swiping it on, he tapped through a couple news alerts about him and his show.

Kevin had already uploaded a teaser show of the previous night's show, complete with some fake jerkiness to make it look like a camcorder. He managed to avoid the disastrous final trick and there was only a few signs of editing. Already, there was a few hundred comments, mostly three-letter abbreviations and the digital equivalent of screaming.

Encouraged by his rabid fans, he ordered breakfast and started through his email. By the time he got through contract questions, a few fans who managed to find his real email address, and a pair of interviews for magazines, his food was cold. He choked it down as he got to the final email in his inbox.

The final stop on his fall tour was an all-girls school called Beachmount Academy for Girls. It was located less than a mile from the ocean in northern Georgia. The first part of the information packet looked like a travel brochure: panoramic views of the campus, shots of the beach, and plenty of pictures of girls having fun.

He thought about Mrs. Palmer, the dour woman who insisted on formality at every step. She didn't want Mark to do his show at her school because it wasn't "appropriate". Now, schools were crawling over each other to get him to show up. Kevin managed the discrete bribes, free services, and even outright cash and used that to pick out the locations for the show.

Beachmount had a dress code, like most of the schools he visited. The girls all wore navy blazers with a matching tie. Their skirts were a plaid of navy and white. Underneath, white stockings. The only hint of personality came from the different types of shoes and the hairstyles. Half the girls wore necklaces, but it was always a simple gold chain. Almost all of them had earrings, but he didn't see anything fancier than a simple hoop or stud.

After so many schools, Mark knew that Beachmount was going to be stern and proper. No doubt, whoever was in charge was going to be controlling just as well. He sighed. As much as St. Agatha's sternness was a turn-on and a challenge, he doubted Beachmount had anything that would pull him out of his funk.

A welcoming committee met him at the airline gate, which surprised him. With TSA's rules and regulations, it had been years since anyone could get past security. But, as he was arriving, there was a man in a suit and four girls in Beachmount uniforms standing there.

Mark headed straight for them, his messenger bag over his shoulder.

The older man was in his mid-sixties with deep wrinkles and a full head of hair. He wore a pinstripe suit, which brought back memories of Mrs. Palmer.

"Good morning, Mr. Fatal. My name is Sebastian Fuller, the dean of Beachmount." Sebastian's handshake was firm but not overpowering. "I hope your trip was pleasant."

Mark smiled warmly, a fake smile for one last errand. He thought about his vacation and wished the show was already over. "Yes, it was. Thank you very much for providing such wonderful service." First class on the school was a perk, even if he didn't want to be there.

Sebastian gestured to the four girls next to him. They were standing at attention, with their hands behind their backs. This caused their breasts to push out from their chests and against the white shirts. Mark could see the hint of lacy bras, all white, barely visible through the fabric.

"If you don't mind, we had a little competition to see who would greet you at the gate. These four," Sebastian smiled broadly, "ladies won through academic excellence and a little bit of luck." He gave Mark a wink.

Keeping the fake smile plastered to his face, Mark chuckled appropriate and let Sebastian introduce them. They were just more teenage girls, though their excitement was better contained with the headmaster of the school standing there.

And then he got to the last girl.

Katie Gowan. She was a skinny girl, with narrow hips and almost non-existent breasts. Despite that, she had two eraser-sized nipples which tented her blouse, even through her lace bra. She had her long hair loose over her shoulders and the honey strands framed her full lips and her brilliant smile.

"Welcome to Beachmount Academy, Mr. Fatal," she said while worrying her bottom lip. She blushed and shook his hand. It was a firm grip but she let her long fingers trail in his palm before pulling back her hand.

Mark was surprised at the intensity of her dark eyes. They were brown with a hint of blue, but it was hard to concentrate with her regarding him.

Feeling a sudden sweat on his brow, he smiled at her warmly. "Thank you, Ms. Gowan... Katie."

She grinned at her last name. Mark learned that most girls loved being spoken formally by him, followed by the pause and their first name. It made it feel intimate.

“Well,” announced the headmaster, “if you don’t mind, we have a busy schedule for you and I want to give you a chance to see the sights Beachmount Academy has to offer you.”

Mark wanted to remind the man that the filming crew already had the shots framed out and that Mark didn’t have a little girl to send to the school, but it didn’t matter. He put on a fake smile and followed after him.

—

“Hey, Kevin?”

Mark was in the penthouse suite near the academy. The room was large, spacious, and no expense spared. A bottle of champagne sat in an ice bucket, untouched since he arrived twenty minutes ago.

“Yeah?” Kevin was on his cell phone while on the video conference with Mark.

“Beachmount sent videos, right?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Kevin held up his finger to Mark for a moment, then finished up. He tapped the phone to end the call and set down his phone. “Sorry, what?”

“Beachmount? They sent videos?”

“Oh yeah, Mark, they send everything. Crap from the teachers, parents, students. Overhead shots and pictures.”

There was no way for Mark to be subtle with Kevin. “Can I see them?”

Kevin stopped, then smiled. “Saw a pussy you wanted?”

Mark rolled his eyes, though internally he was cringing. “Please. Not everything is centered around sex.”

“No, don’t care if you fuck anything there. Just don’t get caught with your fingers in some young slut’s cunt, okay? That will ruin your show.”

“Not to mention get me arrested.”

Kevin shrugged. “Eh, they’re all gold diggers. As long as you don’t get caught on national TV, I’m sure we can make a deal.”

“I’m not going to get caught. I’m not going to do anything, Kevin.”

Mark was just considering it.

—

“Hi, my name is Katie Gowan and I’m a senior of Beachmount Academy.”

On the screen, she sat on the same leather-topped stool as the other girls. Her brilliant smile took his breath away as she sat primly, hands on her thigh and her eyes focused directly on the camera.

“I’m sure that Beachmount will have—”

From off-screen, the headmaster whispered loudly. “Beachmount Academy.”

“Sorry,” she grinned and flipped her hair off her shoulder, “Beachmount Academy is a beautiful place. I love it so much. And if —”

“When,” came the the whisper.

Her eyes sparkled and she leaned forward. “When you come to visit, please consider me for your apprentice. I’m very good at following directions and I don’t panic on stage.”

She winked as the camera cut off.

Mark hit the stop button and wiped his hand on the blankets. She was the one, but not for her show. He felt a familiar hunger rising up, one that had only been awakened a year before. He wanted her wrapped around his cock, screaming out his name. He wanted to see her writhing in pleasure.

He wanted to see her die.

—

Mark sat in the third row of the school’s auditorium and trying to stay awake. For the last three hours, he had watched girls auditioning to be his apprentice for the show. Most of them fumbled through the lines, mumbling as they spoke and blushing hotly. Some showed magic tricks and others demonstrated their best Vanna White impressions... not that any of them knew who Vanna White was.

It was the same thing he had seen from twelve schools before.

He glanced to his right where the headmaster watched with stern disapproval and discretely played with his tablet when he thought no one was watching. Mark noticed that he was fond of card games but every time the headmaster caught Mark looking, he flipped it off.

Mark wasn’t worried about the headmaster. His gaze focused on the police officer standing in the corner of the room, watching the stage and him at the same time. Ever since the murders, there was

always someone watching him. No one ever suspected him, or at least said it out loud, but there was a concern that it would happen again.

It took all of Mark's willpower not to lean forward when Katie auditioned. She was good and exactly what he would look for an apprentice. But, after the last time, he couldn't afford to have her close to him. Not if his plans succeeded. He had to keep his distance, but it was hard as he watched her strutting across the stage. All he wanted was to flip up her skirt and bury his face between her legs. He bet she tasted sweet.

Behind him, there were a few parents. Most of them were just as bored as he was. After their girl finished showing off, they would drift away. Mark wondered what bribes they would offer him to pick the girl, but he was careful to never take one. Instead, he made sure they knew about Kevin and let his producer handle the bribing.

"And the next girl," the headmaster said as he flipped to the schedule, "is Nicole Munroe."

A woman started cheering from the seats behind. "Go, Nicole!"

Mark looked over his shoulder at her. The woman was older, with dark hair and lighter streaks. She wore squarish glasses and a black skirt suit. Her rings flashed as she stood up, clapping loudly.

The headmaster sighed. "Mrs. Munroe, please? We are discouraging parents from make outright displays of affection during the auditions."

"Some of us, Amelia," said a woman a few rows back, "can keep our enthusiasm down and let talent come through." The woman who spoke up was a blonde with bright blue eyes and an easy smile.

The mother glared at the blonde. "Stay out of this, Bobbi."

Mark watched with amusement as the two women glared at each other. There was history between them and he wondered what it was. He also noticed that both of them were large-breasted but from completely two different worlds. Where Amelia looked like she just walked out of a boardroom meeting, Bobbi wore a simple t-shirt that strained around her bra. The shirt was red except for a black line across it. Her nipples tented the fabric just below the line.

Bobbi looked around and caught Mark watching her. She winked at him before turning back to Amelia. She lifted one trim leg and rested it on the back of the seat. "At least I came when the auditions

started instead of having your girl call you right before she went on stage.”

“I had a call. Some of us,” she spat out the words, “work for a living instead of—”

The headmaster groaned and muttered underneath his breath. “Every time those two get into the room...” He stood up. “Mrs. Munroe and Mrs. Gowan, please don’t start a fight. We have a distinguished guest and he doesn’t need to have...”

Mark stopped paying attention to the man speaking. He looked back at the blonde with the realization that she was Katie’s mother. The wink gave it away, but he missed it at first. He saw her in a new light, wondering how much Katie would look like her when she grew up... if she grew up. A warmth spread across his body as he watched her lift up her leg from the chair, giving him a long look of her thigh before setting it down.

“Ladies!” the headmaster held out his hands. “Please, sit down.”

“Mother!” came a new voice from the stage.

Mark turned and then froze. Nicole was on the stage with her fists on her hips and glaring at her mother. She was slender and small-breasted like Katie. Unlike the other girl, though, she was a brunette and had her hair loose over her shoulder. She was glaring at her mother, the frown creasing her brow.

“Mother, sit down. Please.”

Amelia looked at her daughter then sighed. Shooting one last glare at Bobbi, she sat down.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the auditorium. Someone coughed.

With a groan, the headmaster sat down. “Sorry about that.”

Mark shrugged, his mind still stripping both Katie and her mother with his imagination.

“Okay, Nicole, go ahead.”

—

Mark fired up the Tor browser and waited for it to connect. He didn’t understand how it worked, only that no one could eavesdrop what he was doing while he was connected to it. He had memorized the warnings and only used it for the important transactions, like planning a surprise trick or preparing to rape four girls in the middle of the night.

Tonight, he wanted land. Actually, a barn somewhere off the beaten trail. The last time, he had a warehouse built next to his staging area, but he couldn't risk anything so close. Instead, he was going to lure Katie somewhere far away to have his fun. He didn't know if it would be rape or consensual, but he wanted to make sure no one ever found her body.

The limited browser popped up on screen. Mark entered the email client but paused at the email address. He had to remember the next temporary address to use for his contact. It was hard to remember, but he prided himself in never missing a trick or screwing up a step. Recalling it, he entered it and composed a short message.

He hesitated over the send button. There was that brief moment as he doubt himself, the point where he wondered if he should be planning to fuck and kill an innocent girl, all because of her smile.

Mark clicked the send button. A moment later, the window disappeared.

He let out a sigh of relief.

Someone knocked on the door and he jumped.

Guiltily, he disconnected from the Tor network and shut down his tablet. Tossing it into his luggage, he stood up. He was naked with a half-hard cock. He swept up the robe provided by the hotel and wrapped it around him. Padding over, he peered through the fish-eye lens on the door.

When he saw Katie's mother, he inhaled sharply. She was wearing the same t-shirt as before, but it was tucked into her shorts. The fabric stretched over her large breasts; there was no sign of her bra. Her shorts accented her wide hips and they were pulled tight against her sex. She stood a few feet from the door and he looked her over from head to toe.

Gulping, he unchained the door and opened it.

Bobbi smiled. "Good evening, Mr. Fatal." She spoke in a husky voice, brimming with promise. Her perfume, one that Mark never smelled before, teased his senses.

Mark chuckled and looked down the hall. It was empty. "Wouldn't that be morning? It is after one."

"I didn't notice," came the purred response.

His cock lurched and ground against his robe. "Want to come in?"

“If you don’t mind? I brought this.” She lifted a six-pack of imported beer into his sight. The bottles clinked together and condensation dribbled down the necks. It was definitely a bribe and Mark couldn’t help but wonder how far she would be willing to go to ensure her girl was on stage.

It didn’t matter though, since Mark wasn’t going to be seen with Katie again.

“Come on,” he said and stepped back.

She sashayed into the room and he followed her with his eyes. Her ass swayed in her shorts. He didn’t see any lines for her underwear and was impressed. She was coming in for the kill.

He hooked the “do not disturb” sign on the door and locked it.

Bobbi was already on his bed, sitting on the corner. Her legs were crossed as she popped open the top of a bottle and handed it to him.

Heart thumping, Mark took it. He waited until she opened her own bottle and then held it up in a toast.

She smiled, clinked her bottle to his, and then drank slowly from it. Her blue eyes never left his. She finished a quarter before she lowered it with a gasp.

Mark drank less than her, but was impressed. Bobbi didn’t buy the cheap stuff. He finished and held it between two fingers. “You know, I don’t normally have guests this early in the morning. Specially mothers of girls I’m auditioning.”

There was a brief look of fear on her face.

Mark watched her, trying to figure out how he was going to lure Bobbie’s girl to her doom. He couldn’t think of any way of doing it without including Bobbie, but it would be one of his greatest tricks if he did.

He took another swig from his bottle. “Though, I’m not saying no... yet.”

“I guess,” she was nervous but tried too hard to show it, “this would seem a bit forward.”

“Maybe,” he said.

“I would like you to consider Katie. It would mean a lot for her.”

“Then why isn’t she here?” It came out before he could stop it. He clamped down on his jaw, his body tensing with fear.

Her eyes widened for a moment, then she cleared her throat. “It would mean a lot to me.”

Mark breathed out a sigh of relief, but he could see the calculating look in her eyes. "Oh?"

"That bitch, Amelia. I saw how you were watching her girl, Nicole. You're going to pick her, aren't you?"

He took another drink from his beer to hide his surprise. He was planning on Nicole. She was sexy and adorable and would be good cover for his plans for Katie. But he couldn't tell Bobbie that he wasn't picking her daughter because he was going to kill her later. He took another drink, stalling.

"I knew it," she whispered.

"Nicole is talented."

"Her mother's a royal bitch."

"I'm not auditioning her mother, am I?" Mark chuckled. He drained the bottle and dangled it from his fingers.

Bobbi dropped her gaze to it, then opened up a third bottle. She handed it quietly to him.

He took it but didn't drink.

"What would it take for you to pick my girl?"

Mark's heart thumped. He felt his cock pressing against the inside of his robe, shoving aside the fabric.

Bobbie's eyes dropped down to his crotch and then back up.

"What are you offering?"

"What do you want?" She was stalling. Bobbie licked her lips.

"Show me," he commanded in a quiet voice.

She hesitated for only a moment. Setting down her beer on the side table, she tugged her shirt out from her shorts. Pulling them up, he watched as her large breasts tumbled out. She was beautiful, with freckles dusting over her shoulders and the tops of her breasts. Each mound spilled out over her side and they were tipped with pencil-size nipples and quarter-sized aureoles.

Bobbie let the shirt slip from her fingers and it crumbled on the floor. "Do you like what you see?"

His cock pushed out of his robe and stood up straight. He was breathing hard as he admired her large breasts and the hungry look in her eyes. "I do."

"I'll do anything if you pick her."

"Anything?"

She licked her lips. "Anything you want."

Mark smiled and set his beer down. He crossed the distance until he was standing in front of her. He could feel her breath hot against his chest. Tense with anticipation, he reached up and ran his hand along her neck and up into her hair. “When do you have to be home?”

She looked into his eyes. “Seven, eight at the latest.”

“You’re probably going to be late.” He was whispering, not because someone would listen but from the intimacy of her body against his. He shifted forward until her warm breasts caressed his thighs.

She nodded. “They can wait.”

He held her by the back of her neck and guided her to the floor.

Obedient, she sank down to her knees. There was no directions needed as she reached up and pulled open his robe. Her breath was hot against his cock and it jumped up as she kissed the head. The caress was cool from her beer and he shuddered at the sensation as she mouthed the end of his cock.

It quickly warmed up as she slid down, taking his glans into her mouth and teasing them with her tongue. She took his balls with one hand to hold him still. She bobbed twice, taking his entire length until it bumped against the back of her throat. She made two more deep strokes before wrapping her other hand around it.

Mark breathed deep as his cock surged hotly in her mouth, the ache in his balls growing. He was trembling with excitement and struggling to hold back from coming too fast.

Bobbi pumped his shaft with her hand, her saliva lubricating his length. The pressure and her hot mouth were hard to resist. She inched closer, moving on her knees, until her breasts ground into his thighs and she stroked him from tip to balls and back again.

Her lips were hot and her mouth slick. She took him deep into her mouth and held it down. Her fingers teased his balls and his inner thighs as she gulped around his hardness.

He moaned at the sensation. “Fuck, you’re good.”

She smiled around his cock and ground her lips into his pubic hair. She gulped and he shuddered from the intensity.

Mark gasped. “I’m going to cum.”

She held herself still and he realized she was giving him a choice.

He chuckled and relaxed his grip. "I'm going to cum on your face," he said, not giving her a choice.

Bobbi slipped out, letting his shaft pop out of her mouth with a slurp. She opened her mouth wide and pumped his length.

He stared at her on her knees and imagined Katie in the same place. His cock surged and cum splattered out, painting her face. She jumped at the first splat, but then held herself still as he coated her. Jet after jet streaked across her face. It dripped off her blonde hair and splashed down on her breasts.

When he finished cumming, Bobbie sucked on the top to clean it. Her tongue caressed his sensitive tip before pulling back.

Mark admired her for a long moment. "You really would do anything for your daughter."

"Yes," she said without hesitation.

He gestured to the bathroom. "You better take a shower because I'm going to find out exactly how far you'd go."

Mark was back in the auditorium, watching the second round auditions. He got it down to the final seven girls, including Nicole and Katie.

He was still warmed by Bobbie's final, desperate act of the morning. She was bent over the edge of the bed, her legs spread to reveal her asshole. Cum dribbled out of the formerly tight opening and added to the white streaks that ran down her thighs.

Now, she was seven rows back and no doubt watching him like a hawk.

Grinning, Mark focused on the girl in front of him. It was Nicole. The slender brunette was doing a dance number, spinning and twirling as she demonstrated her skills. She was very flexible and he could imagine her stretched out on a bed, her knees pressed against her shoulders.

He wondered if she was a virgin and his cock grew harder in his pants. She had the body of innocence, young-looking and sheltered in the academy. His eyes narrowed as he watched her, picturing the girl in one of his magic tricks, but where the blades were real and not fake.

Mark's balls ached with the need to cum. His fantasies and plans expanded to include the new girl. If he couldn't have Katie, he could

have Nicole. Either would work, if he could just lure her to a quiet little place where no one would hear her screams.

—

Mark read the message twice, a smile on his lips. His contact had made a purchase through a series of intermediaries. The email contained the details including directions to get there. He was surprised by the complexity, someone would need a GPS to find it. There was also pictures of the small, one-room cabin and a pair of barns in desperate need of repair. The entire thing was nestled in a valley of the Appalachian Mountains, well hidden from roads and even satellites. It was a heavily forested lot and he was purchasing a quarter mile of it in all directions. There was no Internet, no cellular service, and not even utilities.

It was perfect.

Mark chuckled. It was also paid from money he had been transferring to anonymous accounts for years. When he brought home millions of dollars from his show, it was easy to justify high-priced subscriptions to websites, memberships to clubs he wasn't sure existed, and services he never needed. That way, a large purchase such as buying a warehouse or land in the mountains wouldn't even raise an eyebrow by accountants or auditors.

A plan was already forming. When he killed the four girls earlier, he had convinced them to get into fatal magic tricks. Then, in one way or the other, he fucked them as they begged for their lives.

He smiled and reached down to grab his cock. His shaft was hot and hard in his palm. Stroking it, he hit the reply button with his other hand.

It was hard to type one-handed and he had to stop to masturbate. Relieved, he wiped his hands clean and finished typing in directions. There was plenty that needed to be done: tricks to be constructed, things to deliver, and repairs to be made. He was detailed in his requirements, referencing his past trick for reference. It was easy when he had his own show memorized and whoever was on the far end of the connection was paid to know every trick as well.

—

Every night before the final decision for his apprentice, there was a dinner with the parents and faculty of the school. When Mark originally came up with it, he made it as inclusive as possible to lure

Alexandra into his clutches. But, because of other events, he sent a double in his place while he was raping and killing her.

It quickly became apparent that the schools had no interest in giving the parents a chance to interact personally with a famous person. Instead, it was used as a fund raiser for the select parents and alumni willing to pony up a few thousand dollars for the privilege of meeting with the one and only Mark Fatal.

He hated it, but it was one more thing he had to suffer through to cover his tracks.

Beachmount Academy wasn't any different. The price to walk in the banquet hall was three hundred dollars a plate. All the men wore tuxedos and black ties while the women had understated dresses and expensive jewelry. He wondered if they had to pay fifty dollars just to drop off their coats.

Naturally, he didn't have to pay for anything. He was the guest of honor, which was a glorified name for being an excuse to collect money. After his introduction, he became just another person in the room. Even the headmaster abandoned him at the front table to stroll among the rich of Beachmount Academy.

He glanced at his watch. Only a few more minutes before he could extricate himself from the event. He had things to do that night, mostly to support his plan to lure Katie—or Nicole—to the hidden place in the mountains. He was working on the emails he needed to fake, planning out the words while he gave everyone a fake smile.

The seconds passed by. He glanced up at the room, but everyone was ignoring him. He watched the individual cliques milling about, people laughing while they ignored others.

Bobbi wasn't there, which gave him some relief. He wasn't sure if she would bring up the actions from the morning.

"Mr. Fatal?"

He jumped as Amelia Munroe came up behind him. She was wearing a black dress, which clung to her body; it was tight enough to reveal her large breasts and deep cleavage but not too tight to show off the cruelty time always inflicted on beautiful women.

She smiled at him as she sat down next to him. "You look lonely up here."

Mark glanced down the front table. Half-empty wine glasses littered the surface, along with plates the waitstaff hadn't carried off. "Yeah, maybe a little."

"Want some company?"

He looked at her sharply. There was something about how she said it that set the hairs on his arms on end. He stared into her glasses, seeing his own reflection in the curved surface.

She toyed with the diamond, then turned away from the room. "I have a business proposition for you, Mr. Fatal."

"You can call me Mark."

A smile and he felt a shiver of fear. "Call me Amelia."

"And your business... Amelia?"

"Oh," she said in a low voice, "I'd rather talk in private."

His stomach lurched. "Now?"

"No." She turned and gestured to a white-haired man talking to three other suited gentlemen. "See that man? That's my husband."

Mark remembered being introduced to Mr. Munroe. He ran a store of some sort, electronics he thought.

Amelia leaned toward Mark. "This isn't the type of business I'd do in front of him, if you catch my meaning." She slipped a business card into Mark's hand before standing up. "Good evening, Mr. Fatal."

—

Mark waited until he was back in his hotel room before he looked at the card. It was a steel fabrication business. The card was for "Victor Munroe, Owner." On the back, Amelia had written "Midnight" and a phone number. On the corner, there was a red imprint of her lips.

"Subtle," chuckled Mark. He set it down on the desk and picked up his tablet. Wandering over to the bed, he slumped down on it and started to fake some emails from Kevin.

The plan was simple, but hopefully effective. He created an email chain between him and Kevin talking about hiring one of the school girls to be the assistant during the entire fourth season. He put in teasers about money, in the millions, and the logistics of handling a young girl on the set.

As he worked, his cock rose up with the thoughts. The lure was almost as seductive as the idea of fucking Katie.

He picked a “drop dead” decision a few weeks after he left Beachmount Academy. Using that, he created a number of emails that had Kevin running Mark across the country and Mark begging for a few weeks alone to make the final decision.

If it worked, then Katie would know that she only had a week to convince him to join the show. And, he hoped, she would be willing to do anything to earn that position, just like her mother.

By the time he was done, it was almost midnight.

Stretching, he showered and ordered some room service.

When he got back, he picked up his phone and dialed the number.

It rang once before Amelia answered it. “Good evening.” Her voice was soft, as if she didn’t want to wake up anyone.

“Mrs. Munroe?”

“Amelia, please,” she said. There was the sound of her moving, the thump of stairs and the whisper of fabric.

“So, you said something about a proposition?”

“Is there a place we can talk?”

“My penthouse?”

“Somewhere people won’t notice me... us talking?”

He grew hard with anticipation. Mark peered out the window. “There is a park outside the hotel. It’s pretty dark but I can see a gazebo from here.”

“I know it. Twenty minutes?” He heard her pick up car keys.

“Yeah, twenty minutes.”

—

Twenty-two minutes later, Mark stepped out of the darkness of the woods and strolled up to the gazebo. It was further away than it looked, but he was in good shape. The air was warm but crisp, the end of summer about to turn into fall. He smiled and exhaled hard, hoping to see his breath but it wasn’t quite cool enough.

He inspected the gazebo as he walked up to it. It was large enough for thirty people to get underneath it. Three argon lights lit it up, casting the white concrete with an orange glow. A sign proclaimed that it was reserved the next day but he slipped underneath the chain and walked up the solid stairs.

Amelia was there, wearing a long coat. Her back was to him and she was looking furtively around. On the table next to her, she had a

black duffle bag. He looked at it curiously but couldn't identify its contents.

"You know—"

She gave a shriek and spun around. Seeing him, she pressed a hand to her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. "Mr. Fatal, you surprised me."

He grinned. "I thought we were on first names, Amelia."

"Oh," she favored him with a smile, "sorry, Mark."

Mark stepped on the bench of the picnic table and sat down next to her bag. "With such a clandestine meeting, maybe Ms. Amelia would be more appropriate, don't you think?"

She stared at him for a moment, a look of confusion on her face.

"Like a spy movie, with you wearing that jacket—"

Relief crossed her face.

"—and us meeting in the dark. Very suspicious," he said with a grin. He was already hard with excitement. She wanted him to consider his daughter and she, like Bobbi, was willing to do anything about it.

She toyed with her button. "It isn't that suspicious. I... I..." she faltered.

"I'm guessing the answer is 'yes.'"

"To?"

"Is Bobbi asking me to pick Katie?"

Her mouth opened with surprise. She closed it with a snap. "That bitch."

Mark said nothing.

There was a brief, calculating look on Amelia's face. She glanced around the empty woods. "Did you say yes?"

"I said," he cocked his head as he grinned at her, "that I'd consider it."

"And my Nicole?"

"I was asked not to consider her."

Amelia, her face flushed, stepped closer to him. "Is there... anything I can do to convince you to pick her?"

Mark shrugged. "I'm not going to make promises, if that is what you mean."

"Fine," she hesitated, "will you consider her for your apprentice? I'm willing to ask a lot more."

Mark used his chin to gesture to her coat. "Show me."

She clutched the jacket. "No, I want a promise."

He chuckled. "No, Ms. Munroe. I'm going back to my hotel room. Good evening." Turning on his heels, Mark headed to the gazebo stairs. As he walked, he could feel his heart pounding with anticipation. He didn't know if she would call his bluff, but even if she did, he had his eyes on Katie.

The rustle of fabric stopped him. He heard it cascade to the ground. A wide smile crossed his lips.

"M-Mark?" Her voice cracked with fear.

Slowly, he turned around. When he saw her, he drank in the sight of her body.

She wore almost nothing underneath her coat, only a black silk negligee and a pair of thigh-high stockings. The negligee was a gown and it hung off her large breasts but did nothing to hide the beautiful woman underneath. The spaghetti straps were thin and delicate, mere threads holding the sheer fabric up over her erect nipples and curves. The cool air ruffled the lace hem and it fluttered, giving him little glimpses of a shaved pussy and dark, swollen lips.

He faced her and stopped. He took in the sight of her, from head to bare toes.

She looked frightened but determined. "Do you like what you see?"

"Yes, Amelia, I do."

"I'll do anything that bitch did."

"Really?" He stepped forward, working the buckle of his belt. "Anything?"

Amelia gulped and nodded. She lifted her arms to cover herself, then forced them down to her side.

"Because I fucked every hole in her body."

Her eyes widened. "Even her....?"

"Her ass? Yes, I did, twice."

"I-I can do that. And more."

Mark was only inches from her. He could feel the heat of her body. Her quickened breath washed over him. He reached out and cupped her breasts.

Amelia moaned softly and leaned into his hand.

He enjoyed the heft of her breasts. He toyed with her nipple, teasing it to hardness. As he did, he watched the fear and trepidation in her eyes. It mixed in with the steely determination to make her daughter the star of the show.

“Bend over the table, Amelia.”

She tensed up. After a moment’s hesitation, she stepped out of her jacket on the ground and over to the bench. She grabbed the duffle bag and pulled out a towel. Setting it down, she leaned over the edge and spread her legs.

Mark ran his finger up her slit. It was wet and searing hot. She shivered under his touch as he explored the swollen lips, spreading them apart to get a good look at her sex.

Amelia rolled her hips and a moan rose up.

“You’re wet,” he said and shoved one finger into the drenched hole.

She jumped and clutched the table. He watched the play of her muscles along her back as she trembled underneath his grip.

He stroked her ass, enjoying the tension and fear. Stepping up to her, he spread her cheeks apart.

Amelia tensed up, her sphincter tightening.

Mark eased his cock into her pussy.

At the first touch on her labia, Amelia relaxed and pushed back.

He sank deep into her wet depths, the clenching heat wrapping around him like a glove. Gripping her hips, he pulled back and jammed it home. His cock reached deep into her cunt.

She moaned when he withdrew, a slow movement to enjoying every clench and spasm of her body.

“Spread your legs wider,” he commanded. When she did, he shoved back into her. Finding a good angle, he began to shove it into her hard.

Mark didn’t care about her pleasure. She was desperate and would do anything. He closed his eyes and thrust harder. As he did, he imagined it was Nicole bent over the bench, crying out in pleasure as he fucked her.

His cock grew harder at the thought. Releasing her hips, he grabbed her hair and hauled her back. His hips thrust up into her as she had to arch her back.

Amelia's hands flailed for a moment, then she reached back to grab his hips. She thrust back into him, her ass softening the blow of the impact of their bodies. The wet smell of her sex, perfumed and tangy, rose up between them.

Mark struggled to get a deep thrust with her bent against him. His cock thrust into her liquid core and came out slick and wet. He grinned into her shoulder, watching her determination hardening with every thrust.

He slapped his hand across her mouth.

Amelia's eyes widened with fear and she tensed.

His cock slipped out. With a grin, he reared back. The slick tip ran up the line of her thighs until he found the heat of her asshole.

She let out a muffled scream.

Mark slammed it home, punching into her asshole with a single thrust. His pussy-slicked shaft buried to the balls in her body.

She screamed again shrilly, her entire body tensing.

He released her hair and grabbed her breasts, mauling it as he found a rhythm that drove his entire length into her spasming channel. "You said... anything," he gasped as he pounded her ass.

Hot tears ran down her cheeks. Her entire body shuddered with every thrust.

Mark almost came at the look on her face. He whispered with every thrust. "Anything, anything, anything." Each word caused her tense up, adding to the slick friction as he pounded her tight ass.

His balls boiled and he couldn't hold back. Shoving her down on the table, he grabbed her hips and rammed hard. His cock speared her body and his balls slapped against her labia. He groaned with every thrust, moving between the spasms as he reached his orgasm.

With a groan, he rammed it in as hard as he could and came. He felt his cum splattering her insides, painting her bowels with his excitement.

Panting, he stroked her back. "Very nice, Amelia."

Her shoulders shook with a silent sob.

"For that, I'm going to consider Nicole."

Her ass tightened and she smiled through the tears. Her fingers clutched the top of the picnic table.

He pulled out. A flood of cum poured out of her asshole. “But, if you want to be sure...” He pulled her down to her knees, turning her around as she did.

She looked at his cock with fear.

“Clean it,” he ordered, “with your mouth.”

She looked up at him, pleading.

“Anything?” He said with a raised eyebrow.

“A-Anything,” she whispered as she opened her mouth.

—

Mark rested in his bed, trying to figure out his options.

Katie was beautiful. He desperately wanted to see her naked and crying. The idea of her brilliant smile fading into terror just brought a smile to his lips. He also wanted to fuck her face until she gagged. If her mother was any indication, she would be an incredible fuck.

Nicole, on the other hand, was just as beautiful. When she laughed, it brought a smile to his lips. She had the same helpless innocence that drew him to Katie.

The problem was their relationship. He didn’t think he could get both of them to the Appalachian Mountains with them killing each other. And, if the mothers were involved, it would be a screaming fight.

He chuckled.

On the other hand, the constant one-up-man-ship would make it easier to lure them to their deaths. It was risky, though. A year ago, he had to manage two girls at once and it was difficult. Another way to say, that he risked everything to take two at the same time.

He groaned. “Should I take both?”

—

Bobbi cornered him as he was walking behind the stage. She was wearing a cream silk blouse and black pants that clung to her hips. The only thing that marred her beauty was the glare on her face.

“What are you doing!?” she snapped as she backed him against the wall with nothing but the fury that surrounded her in a cloud.

Mark held up his hand. “I can explain—”

“Explain why you didn’t pick Katie!?” Her voice was shrill in the cramped quarters.

Mark smiled to placate her. "Listen, Bobbi, there is a reason I didn't pick her, but I can't explain why." Because he wanted to rape her wasn't the type of thing he should tell her mother.

"Why not?"

He rested his hand on her arm, feeling the tension in her arm. "Legal reasons. But, I promise you this. It is something we need to keep secret."

Bobbie stepped back. "Secret? What kind of secret?"

"Trust me."

She narrowed her eyes as she looked at him. "You better not be fucking with me."

"I'm not."

—
The apprentice that Mark selected was a lovely, but slightly overweight, girl named Ashley. She had a bubbly personality, a smile that would light up the room, and an enthusiasm that made up for the occasional slip up. She also thought he walked on water.

More importantly, he had no interest in fucking her, which made it easier to concentrate on mentoring her through the various tricks they would be showing to the entire school.

As he taught her, his mind kept going back to folder he kept in his bag. He was only looking for a chance to "accidentally" leave it some place for Katie or Nicole to find it.

He knew there was a chance that the opportunity may never come. It brought a sense of despair when he let his mind ponder it. But, Mark wasn't in jail simply because he was careful and if given a choice between prison and not getting the girls, he would live without either. The one time he risked everything, it ended up with a run through the dark behind warehouses with two girls locked in a wooden box. Someone saw him and called the police, which left thirty officers dead, large swaths of the industrial district burning, and hung a shadow over his show.

Mark sighed and then forced a smile for Ashley. "Thank you, that was perfect."

"Really!?" She always spoke in exclamation marks with him. "Thank you!"

“Why don’t you head back to the dorms. I’m going to just clean up and head to the hotel. Tomorrow, we’ll work on the Cistern Candle and the Mirror Box tricks.”

“Okay!” She rushed over to him to give him a hug.

Mark stepped back, discretely putting a chair in the way.

Ashley stopped, a brief look of confusion, then it faded. She waved to him. “See you tomorrow!”

He shook his head as she headed out, bounding cheerful. The girl was enthusiastic and perfect for the show. He thought she would only screw up a few times but he was motivated to give her the best show he could, if anything to hide his interest in the girls he would be fucking later.

Mark looked around at the nearly empty stage. A few of the stage hands were cleaning up, but otherwise it was quiet. Outside, crickets chirped in the flood lights that glared across the perfectly manicured soccer field. No one was in the benches. There was a sense of peace in the field, so he walked across it as he let his mind play through the fantasies.

“Excuse me? Mr. Fatal?”

The tension crawled up Mark’s back at the headmaster’s voice. He turned to see the older man striding up, a folder in his hand.

“Do you have a minute, Mr. Fatal?”

Mark plastered a fake smile on his face. “Of course. How many I help you?”

“I, um, I don’t think you would mind, but tomorrow, I’d like to assign two girls to help you with behind the stage tasks.”

Mark felt a prickle of fear coursing down his spine. He twisted for a moment. “I don’t let anyone work with me in private, it’s in the contract.”

“I know, but their mothers were quite insistent.” The pained look on the headmaster’s face gave Mark a sick feeling. “Independently, of course, but if you insist, I’m sure I could tell them that.”

“Would that be...” he made a show of thinking even though his heart was pounding faster. “Amelia and Bobbi?”

“Actually, their daughters, Katie and Nicole.”

Sweat prickled Mark’s brow. He forced his mind away to avoid growing a hard-on in front of the headmaster. “Really? I thought they wouldn’t work together.”

The older man waved his hands. "No, those two girls are fine with each other. Their mothers hate each other, mainly because Mrs. Munroe is a competitor to Mr. Gowan." He chuckled. "A rather cut-throat competitor, if you know what I mean."

"Yes," Mark said as he dug his fingernails into his palm to distract himself. "I take it they are both contributors to the academy?"

"Yes," the headmaster sighed, "otherwise it would be a lot different. They are very dedicated to ensuring their girls are on top."

Mark pretended to think for a moment. "Well, I wouldn't want to cause friction. I can probably give them a few things to do. To keep them busy, that is."

"Oh, thank you." The man took Mark's hand and shook it firmly. "If they get too much, I'll reassign them."

"The girls or their mothers?"

The old man chuckled. "Either, but you'll find the girls are as sweet as can be."

"I hope so. I hope so."

Mark woke up with a gasp, a dream still drifting through his thoughts. He had a way of solving his dilemma. And it was simpler than he thought it would be, or at least it felt like it would be.

Knuckling his eyes, he peered at the clock. It was four in the morning. He grabbed his tablet and swiped it on. There were a few new messages from Kevin and a ton of fan mail, but he pushed that aside.

Taking his faked email about going into the mountains to think about the final decision, he created two versions, a week apart from each other. Those emails needed more material to support each one: fake events, contract disputes, and searches. Each one, when read alone, made it look like he was fleeing to the mountains for three days to make the final decision. Before and after each one was a packed schedule. It was a single crucial moment for both of their lives. The only difference was the days for each week.

When he finished, he sent an email to the real Kevin, asking him to plan a trip to Tijuana. He gave the dates, two days before the first one and a week after the second one.

The final email required the Tor browser. Connecting to the encrypted network, he sent an email for his contact asking for a discrete way out of Tijuana and travel arrangements to the new land.

His heart thumping, he disconnected from Tor and smiled. He was going for both girls, and if he did it right, he would get them.

Morning brought a new definition of stress for Mark. He could feel the pre-show jitters, but it wasn't for being on stage, but somehow getting through the morning with two beautiful girls serving his every need.

Katie got him a coffee.

Nicole fetched his phone when he asked for it.

Katie rushed away to get one of the stage hands when Mark made a casual request for it.

Nicole stumbled when she tried to gather up the paperwork for the fireworks for finale.

When no one was looking, Mark left the teaser folder out on his bag. He slid out the top page, the one with Katie's and Nicole's name, so the names were obvious even from a short distance. Heart thumping, he headed away but kept his eyes on the notebook.

The girls were friendly to each other, chatting quietly when he was working with Ashley. They walked past his duffle bag, but he didn't see either of them stop or even slow down with curiosity.

The frustration grew as the hours passed.

Mark struggled to concentrate on Ashley's performance. He could do his own tricks blindfolded, but she needed a firm hand. He kept glancing over his shoulder at his bag, then berating himself for being obvious.

"Are you okay, Mr. Fatal?"

"Call me Mark," he said for the thousand time, then jerked. It was the first time Ashley didn't proclaim her words. He stared at her with surprise. "Y-Yeah, I'm okay."

"I wasn't sure," she said as she toed the ground, "since I heard Mrs. Munroe is coming here."

"Why?"

"I-I don't know, but I heard her talking to Nicole. Something about lawyers."

Mark gulped, his throat suddenly dry. "Oh," he said lamely. "Sorry," Ashley stared at the ground.

Tense, Mark shook his head. "No, no, it's quite okay. I'm sure she's..." he wasn't sure what to say.

"She can be a bitch. Always telling people what to do. I'm sure you didn't do anything wrong."

He nodded, but the joy had left his day. He tried to help Ashley through the Cistern Candle, but after a few tries, he had to give up. Sweat ran down his neck and chest as he walked back to his bag. The papers were untouched, but it wouldn't matter if Amelia ruined everything with a lawsuit. He knew what she would be hitting him for, breach of contract or fucking her like a whore.

Despair hung over him in a dark cloud.

Amelia came for him just after noon. Wearing a black suit, she strode right up to him and pushed two stage hands aside. "We need to talk," she announced to Mark in too loud of a voice. She was grandstanding, which was never a good thing.

Fighting his fear, he nodded and gestured to a quiet spot.

"No, we can do it right here." She was speaking to the crowd, not just him. Behind her, a good-looking guy with glasses and a briefcase watched with a smirk on his face. He looked like a lawyer.

Mark gestured to the hands. "Give us a second." When they left, he turned to Amelia. "What are you doing?"

She leaned toward him, whispering. "I'm going to crucify your ass, just like you raped mine. Rape, blackmail, the whole works. I'm going to break you and your little show."

He gulped but kept the nervousness from his face. "Why? Because your daughter isn't on stage."

"You better damn believe that."

He glanced around the room. "That's blackmail, you know."

"It doesn't matter. One smell of this and your career is ruined." She smiled in triumph. It was a predatory smile and Mark felt the fear pooling in his gut. She was right, unfortunately, but he wasn't sure how to avoid it.

Amelia searched his eyes for a moment, the smile growing wider.

"And if I put Nicole on stage?"

“Too late for that, fucker.” She stepped back and gestured for the lawyer. “Go on.”

The lawyer stepped forward and held out a manila envelope. “Mr. Fatal, by the great state of Georgia, I’m serving—”

“Mother!” screamed Nicole as she rushed up, “don’t!”

Behind her, Katie stopped at the edge of the surrounding people. Mark saw that she had a folder in her hand, the same folder he was hoping they would read. He almost came at the sight of it, the pretty blonde with his salvation, the desperation in her eyes.

“Nicole,” announced Amelia, “I’m not going to let this man hurt you. Gary, continue—”

“Mother!”

“Nicole! Stop interrupting.”

“Mother, shut the fuck up!” Nicole stood there with her hands on her hips, glaring at her mother.

Amelia froze, a look of shock on her face. “What. Did. You. Say?”

Nicole glanced at Mark, a nervous look, then rushed over to her mother. Amelia stepped back, but Nicole grabbed her and began to whisper frantically into her ear.

Mark panted for breath, a feeling of power rushing over him. He fixed his gaze on Amelia’s face, waiting for the point the smug smile faded.

Amelia frowned for a moment, then pulled back to stare at her daughter.

Nicole looked at Mark, then back.

And then it came. The moment when the fire in her eyes snuffed out in an instant. The smile dropped from the older woman’s face as she grew pale. Her lips worked silently, “Oh, god,” and she clutched to her daughter’s shoulder.

He almost came again, knowing that he had Amelia, Katie, and Nicole wrapped around his cock.

Amelia glanced at him, her face growing paler. She gulped slowly and struggled to compose herself. After a few seconds, she pushed herself away from Nicole. “Gary, don’t s-serve him.” She was remarkably calm compared to the stricken look on her face.

Gary turned. “Mrs. Munroe, we’ve already filed with the court.”

“Then unfile it!” When the lawyer didn’t move, she screamed at him. “Now!”

Confused, the lawyer walked away and pulled out his cell phone.

Amelia stepped forward, her cheeks burning. "Mr. Fatal, I—"

He held up his hand to silence her. Without a word, he turned and headed for his car. Behind him, he heard Amelia and Nicole whimper.

Mark wasn't angry, but he didn't know how much longer he could control himself. His cock was hard as steel and he desperately needed to cum. As soon as he was out of sight, he sprinted for the car.

—
"Mark, boy, I don't know how you did it." Kevin was on speakerphone from his car. "You had a lawsuit filed against you and four hours later, it was rescinded. What did you do?"

Mark was draped across the bed, exhausted and relieved. He panted softly and wished that he still had groupies to vent the excitement still burning through his veins. "No idea, Kev. Does that mean I'm in trouble?"

"No, this Munroe lady dropped everything and even paid the filing fees. Saw the original suit though, she said you raped her ass." There was a pause. "Stuck up bitch probably needed it."

Mark chuckled and rolled over on his back. "Don't know what you are talking about."

Kevin laughed. "Good party line. So, in other news, the contracts are all sealed up. We got you a pretty pair of apprentices for next year. Twins, though we aren't planning on revealing that until mid-season. Good with that?"

"Yeah, sounds good. When do you let it leak out?"

"I was thinking right before the show. Pump the gossip magazines for a few weeks and drive up the buzz."

That would give him plenty of time to lead Katie and Nicole into his clutches. "Good idea."

"And I got your trip planned out to Tijuana. Tickets, hotel, the works."

"Private?"

"A little cabin on the beach. You won't see another living being unless you fly them there. And, naturally, I got a nice packet of sluts willing to blow you if you need to vent. There is Internet and wi-fi,

but I don't know how good it is. I won't call you, of course, don't want to interrupt you balls-deep in some bitch."

"Thanks, Kevin, you're a lifesaver."

—

There was an email waiting on the encrypted network for him. Plans to get him out of Tijuana were complete. He had contact phone numbers, two drivers, a temporary phones to use, and everything else to discretely leave town without anyone knowing it.

—

The next morning, he saw Katie waiting for him near his parking spot. She wore the blue uniform of the Academy and he admired her long legs and small breasts underneath the blouse. She had pulled back her hair, revealing her slender neck with a simple gold necklace around it.

When he got out, she had a large smile on her face and a coffee in her hand.

"I'm sorry, Mr... Mark."

"For what?" He asked cheerful, trying to avoid staring at her. He wanted to tear her clothes off right then and there. The play of her thighs and the faint pale texture of her stocking brought life to his manhood.

"I... I peeked at your papers."

"Oh that." He took the offered coffee and slung his bag over his shoulder. "It worked out though, she dropped the lawsuit." He favored her with a bright smile. "You just saved me a couple million in lawyer fees, you know."

Her mouth opened in surprise, the lips parting. He fought the image of grabbing her face and fucking her mouth until she gagged. He could picture her choking on it, wide eyes.

Mark swung the bag over his crotch to hide his hardness.

"I-I didn't know."

"No harm." He stopped and looked at her. "You didn't go too much further, did you? The red folder?" He had to put on a fake frightened look.

She shook her head and held up her hands. "No, I didn't."

Mark dramatically sighed and looked relieved. "Oh, thank god. Kevin would kill me if you," he empathized the word, "read that."

Her eyes glittered for a moment and he felt a surge of excitement.

“So, what is on the plan for today?”

“Well, Nicole has to take the morning off for some tests, so I’m going to be by myself. This afternoon, I have a doctor’s appointment.” She gasped, “Checkup! Nothing wrong! I-I-” she stammered, “there’s nothing wrong with me.”

He smiled at her. “Of course not.”

The words hung in her mouth and she stammered again, blushing hotly as she did. “I-I’ll get your notes... right now.”

Mark watched her run ahead, her skirt fluttering up and revealing a tight backside. She had long trim legs that he couldn’t wait to wrap around his waist. He took a drink from his coffee to hide his smile.

—
Mark walked along the narrow hallway behind the stage. His sneakers tapped quietly on the wooden floor. Around him, the smells of plywood and freshly cut limber brought a smile to his lips. He loved the sense of newness of the stage, even knowing that it would be gone in a matter of days.

A pair of stage hands nodded to him as they squeezed pass.

He chuckled, then turned toward the staging area. It was darker there, with only a few florescent lights that lit up the familiar array of tricks and props.

In the back was his personal supplies: a box of bottled water, a few spare sets of clothes, and his bag. He wanted to find his tablet so he could play on the Internet while eating lunch.

Movement caught his attention. Holding his breath, he stepped to the side and peered through the fake spikes on a table.

Nicole was crouched over his bag, her back to him. The skirt had ridden up her ass and he could see to the valley of her thighs. She wore a white pair of underwear that clung to her teenage pussy.

Mark’s mouth dropped as he stared at her.

She looked around her and he stepped further into the shadows. Worrying her lip, she returned to his duffle bag and eased out the blue folder.

He felt his heart thumping louder as he watched her flip it over and started to read. He had color-coded both folders, blue for Nicole

and red for Katie. A smile crossed his lips and he stroked his crotch as she flipped from one page to the other.

Nicole gasped and whispered, "I knew it!" She folded one of the pages, the ones with his itinerary on it, and shoved it into the pocket of her blazer. With a giggle, she shoved the papers back into the folder and the folder into his bag.

Standing up, she peered around nervously.

Someone stared down the hall and she jumped. With a whimper, she rushed out the back of the staging area. Her skirt fluttered behind her, giving him one last view of her stocking-covered legs and tight ass before she was out of sight.

Mark smiled and leaned against one of the props. He had her.

—

"Mark, Mark! That show was fantastic!" Kevin crowed loudly from the video chat. He spun around in his chair, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "We've gotten a quarter million hits already on that one. And that girl, Ashley, hit everything spot on."

Mark smiled from where he was packing his bag. "She was pretty good."

"Think she'd want to have a guest spot on the show? Just a one night, but I think she tracks well."

Mark chuckled, thinking about his fake emails. "Maybe, but I don't really want to think about it until after I get back."

"Close enough, I'll make the offer. Did you get your tickets?"

Holding up the envelop, Mark waved it toward the camera. "Got everything. Tickets, reservations, and the whole works."

"Well, first class all the way, Mark. I'll see you in about three weeks. I bet you can't wait until you see the twins."

—

True to Kevin's word, the Tijuana cabin was a good hour drive away from the town. It was on a private beach with a mile of pristine sands and clear waters. The cabin was fully stocked with enough wine, champagne, and food to feed an army for a week.

Mark didn't bother unpacking. According to the encrypted email, he was going to get a driver to take him across the border discretely and deliver him to the cabin.

Instead, he sat on the corner of the bed and stared at his notes. He was excited but terrified at the same time. The Internet

connection was non-existent, which made it easier to hide that he wouldn't be there, but also made the long seconds waiting even more painful.

Headlights painted themselves across the wall. He stood up and peered out the window as a black Humvee pulled into the drive. He couldn't see the driver, but the passenger door opened and someone stepped out.

He couldn't see them at first, just a silhouette. Judging from the broad shoulders and thick arms, it was a guy that could bench-press Mark. He felt a prickle of fear.

The stranger walked across the light streaming into the cabin and the room briefly plummeted into darkness. A moment later, they were pounding on the door.

Cringing, Mark answered the door.

To his surprise, it was a woman. She had a hawkish nose and a scowl etched on her face. Up close, there was no mistaking her large breasts. From what he guessed, she was Latino, probably from southern Mexico.

"H-Hello?" Mark was surprised at her appearance and he stammered.

"Ready, señor?" The frown never left her face.

"Yeah, I'm ready. I'm—"

"You're Mr. Johnson," she said in a thick accent, "and I'm Sing."

That threw him. He looked her over from head to toe. "You don't look like a Sing."

Her scowl deepened. "Get in the car," she said in a sharp tone. "Leave your tablet and phone. No one will steal from here."

He went in to grab his bag. He dug out the tablet and his cell phone. He hesitated before tossing them on the bed. Zipping the bag back up, he followed her out of the cabin and locked the door behind him.

The driver was an African man with a scowl on his face and a single braid that coiled down his back. He watched Mark crawl into the back seat through the rear view window. He tapped on the steering wheel impatiently until the woman got into her seat.

"Let's go," she ordered.

Mark looked at the driver. "What should I call—"

“Shut up,” announced Sing. She tossed a bag into Mark’s lap. “You were told how to use those, but not while we’re in motion. You pull out the phone, I’ll kill you. The tablet is safe, it has no network access and plenty of your favorite songs.”

There was a red phone and a stripped down tablet computer. He looked up at the two scowling drivers and sighed. It was going to be a long trip.

—

They switched vehicles twice. First into a maroon sedan parked in a rest stop and then into a silver minivan which was parked in some school parking lot. Each time, they stopped only long enough to throw his stuff in the car and get going.

Mark couldn’t wait for the trip to be over.

“Is there...” he stopped at Sing’s glare.

“There is a beer in the cooler.” She turned back and returned to her ebook reader. She was reading something in Spanish, but every time he leaned over, she rebuked him with her icy presence.

He sighed. Sometimes, he had to trust others but he didn’t like it.

—

When he finally staggered out of the pickup truck, he was ready to never ride in a car again. His back ached, his rear hurt, and he desperately wanted to crawl into a soft bed and never wake up again. He tried to figure out what he wanted more: a pizza, a shower, or a bed.

Sing got out of the truck and dug in the back seat. “Here you go, your destination.”

“Here?” Mark frowned and peered around. They were at the bottom of a gravel driveway. A few yards away, a small cabin sat on a slab of rock. It looked more like a shed at first, but then he noticed there was conduits running underneath the short porch and light glowed from one of the windows.

Behind the cabin, he could see two ancient barns almost hidden beyond a screen of thick evergreens. Heavy boots had crushed a path to the barns, winding past the thick trunks.

“This looks...” he stared at the light inside. “Is there power?”

Sing pulled out his bag. “The generator is out back. There is enough diesel in it to keep running for a few weeks. When it beeps, top it off. I had the guys put in a solar heater for the Jacuzzi, but it

probably needs a few hours to heat up unless you want to figure out how to use the wood fire to heat it.”

Mark stared at her in shock. Sing had just said more words in five seconds than she did in two days of travel.

She handed him the bag. “There is a private cell tower for the red phone. If you need us, call and we’ll be here in about... fifteen to thirty minutes.”

“Um... I wasn’t expecting this.”

“No,” she said, “but my boss told me to take care of you. So, you got the best ass-backwards cabin I can provide with only two weeks notice.” She chuckled. “At least your directions weren’t as bad as the warehouse job.”

Mark froze. “Y-You did the warehouse?”

“Yes, but it was a challenge,” a faint smile crossed her lips. “So, Mr. Johnson, enjoying yourself. If you have an emergency call and dial any number, otherwise we’ll pick you up in about three weeks.”

“Um, thank you.”

He watched as she got back into the car and they drove off. In a few seconds, he couldn’t even hear the vehicle through the trees. Surprised, he picked up his bag and headed into the cabin.

It was far better than he expected. Despite the outside looking like something from a bad survival movie, the inside was neat and tidy. The freshly painted walls had a few pictures of mountain scenes. The floor was polished and swept, except where a thick rug spread out across the cabin.

The cabin itself wasn’t that big, but it felt spacious. A third of it was dedicated to a brand-new king-sized bed. Another third was the kitchen, but there was no walls separating the two areas. The rest of it contained a desk, some chairs, and a coffee table.

Mark got worried when he realized he didn’t see a bathroom. Nervously, he headed for the only other door in the cabin, in the back. Opening it, the hum of the generator washed over him. He glanced at the instructions bolted to the side of it; it would be easy to refill.

Behind the generator was a large water tank with a solar heater attached to it. He continued around and found the Jacuzzi tub. It was large enough for four and steam leaked out from the insulated cover on top.

A few hundred feet away, apart from the two barns, there was an outhouse. He made a face but he couldn't expect running water this far in the mountains.

He looked around, curious about the bath Sing mentioned.

Curiosity got the better of him and he headed to the barns. The first was filled with tools, wood, and other construction supplies. There was enough for a dozen shows. In the back of the relatively large enclosure, he found magic supplies. Most of it was semi-pro stuff found in the back of mail-order catalogs, but there was enough to fulfill any sexual or violent perversion that Mark had in mind.

But first, he wanted that bath.

Sweat poured down Mark's back as he struggled to force the large wooden disk on a steel pipe. The disc was made from plywood, cut down with a skill saw and painted a bright red. He put four pairs of holes along the edges where he would later thread some leather restraints.

If it worked out well, he was going to force one of the girls down on it, spread-eagle and utterly helpless. It was a dramatic trick, though, as he would throw knives at his spinning assistant and barely miss with every toss. Mark was very good at knife throwing, but he wasn't planning on missing this time. Instead, he looked forward to hearing the fleshy impact of the knife and the scream that would no doubt follow.

The fantasy gave him a second wind and he found the strength to jam it into place. Walking around the sturdy frame, he threaded a thick bolt into a hole and fixed it to the frame. Grabbing the edge, he spun it hard and stopped to watch it spin effortlessly in a circle.

Mark didn't realize how much he depended on the Internet. He rested on the bed and stared out at the pitch black outside. The tablet Sing gave him was next to him, already in sleep mode. He wanted to know what was going on. Did the police guess what he was doing? Did Kevin jump the gun and announce the twins and ruin his plans? Thousands of fantasies and nightmares flashed across his mind. He was helpless to do anything, there was nothing to distract him besides taking another bath, masturbating, or going to sleep.

—

The second trick was in two parts. The first was a simple rectangular frame made from steel. On the four corners, he had mounted four metal cuffs. Each cuff had a narrow slot suitable for putting a sword through it. In the illusion, the sword would bend around the girl's arm, but he planned on just shoving it through.

The frame also had a bracket in the middle. On the show, he had two large men pick up the woman, carry her over, and set her down on the spike. A little device would pop up from the bracket as it sank down, giving the impression that she was impaled.

Mark chuckled. There was no device. Just a very sharp sword aimed right at her spine. He wondered how long it would take for the girl, whichever one, would sink down on the blade. He wanted to fuck her then, just to see if her legs would be limp as he raped her cunt.

—

On the fourth day, he started on his third deadly device. It was relatively simple, a table made of 2x4s and plywood. It had restraints—he used handcuffs this time—and two steel brackets in the middle. When attached, it would keep his victim in place while he cut into her belly with a circular saw.

He had done the very thing before on a lovely girl named April. He sliced through her body, cutting through her skin, guts, and even severing her spine. He later made her eat out her own pussy, but this time, he wanted to see if he could cut down to the spine but not sever it.

The memory of all the blood splattering everywhere brought a smile to his lips. He had to take an hour break before returning to paint it.

—

Mark slumped back in the Jacuzzi tub, enjoying the hot bubbles coursing along his skin. Days of work, cutting and sawing, and bending metal, had left him aching but he was almost done.

He enjoyed the work of putting together the tricks. The anticipation was almost killing him and he didn't even know if either of the girls would show up. He could only hope that the missing itineraries would lure one of the girls to their doom.

Mark was sad that he was almost done preparing. Once finished, there was nothing to do but stare up at the brilliant stars and sleep. He sighed and closed his eyes. He could wait, he had to.

Just in case.

—

He was a nervous wreck. It was two days into the week he gave for Nicole's version of the itinerary but no car drove up the gravel drive. He doubted every second. He half-expected cops to show up but also feared getting through the entire week without Nicole ever showing up.

There was no way to find out. He couldn't check the Internet, he couldn't make a call. There was nothing he could do but wait.

He sighed and stood up. He couldn't sit just sit on the porch like some Appalachian redneck, waiting for someone to come up. He didn't have a banjo for starters. With a wry grin, he decided to go for a walk.

—

Hot water soaked into his shoulders and body as Mark rested his head on the side of the Jacuzzi. The solar heater was remarkably effective and the water steamed around him despite the cool nights. He smiled and just let his mind drift, not thinking about anything but the pleasure of bubbles coursing along his body and the heat sinking into his bones.

Mark didn't bother with a swimsuit or clothes. There was no one for miles and standing naked in the sun felt forbidden but freeing.

The noises of the mountains were comforting. He could hear the wind rippling through the tree tops, blending with the hum of the generators and the rustle of water. In the distance, some creature roared. It wouldn't get closer and he just found a strange sense of peace. It was the feeling that he was about to step out on stage, the anticipation and excitement knowing that he was going to amaze thousands. But, in the mountains, there was no one.

A car pulled into the drive.

Mark opened his eyes and stared at the brilliant blue sky. He wondered if he misheard but the crunch of gravel and the whine of an engine powering up the way was unmistakable.

He continued to bob in the water, listening intently to the noise. There was the bang of a door closing, then another. A tremor

coursed up his body as he held his breath. It was too early for Sing to come back and there was no one for miles in any direction.

"Mom, I don't see a car," came Nicole's voice from the other side of the cabin.

His heart stopped for a moment. A slow smile crossed his face. The relief was palatable, a pounding in his chest as his body remembered to beat and his lung inhaled air.

"Don't worry, baby, there's smoke. He's here. I know it."

"Are you sure about this?" Nicole sounded worried. "I mean, we're in the middle of nowhere. It might be some hillbilly or a freak. Or a cannibal."

"This isn't a movie. You got the address and this is it. Now, quiet and let's see if he's inside." A moment later, he heard someone knocking on the front door of the cabin. It was loud, almost drowning out the pulse that beat against his eardrums.

Mark closed his eyes and forced the smile from his face. He bobbed in the water. His cock grew harder, swaying in the water.

"Go around that way, Nicole, maybe he's around back."

He heard Nicole coming closer. Her footsteps tapped against the hard-packed earth and rocks. A branch creaked as she pushed it aside. He listened to every sound, feeling his body growing hotter as she came around the cabin toward him.

And then she was near the tub. "M-Mr. Fatal?"

Mark slowly opened his eyes, staring up at the sky for a split second before lowering his gaze.

She was standing there, wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt that hung off her small breasts and flared over her narrow hips. Her brunette hair was pulled back in a pony tail.

He made a double-take. "N-Nicole? What are you doing here?" He hoped he had the right amount of surprise and excitement in his voice.

"Um," she blushed and inched closer. "I was... kind of looking..." She was staring at him, nervous and terrified.

He smiled and sat up.

Her eyes flickered down into the water, no doubt focusing on his naked cock bobbing in the pristine liquid. Her mouth opened in surprise and the blush darkened on her cheeks. "Oh, my..." it ended in a squeak and she spun around. "Sorry!"

He stood up, the water sluicing off his body. "Sorry for what?"

"You're naked."

"Yeah, I wasn't expecting company."

She peeked over her shoulder at him. Her eyes grew wide and her head snapped back so fast he thought she was going to break her neck. "Sorry!"

Mark chuckled and crawled out of the tub. "You keep saying that."

"Sorry. Um, do you want me to get your robe... or something?"

He patted her on the shoulder, enjoying how she jumped. "I don't have one."

Mark walked past her, knowing that her eyes were riveted on his body, and around the cabin. He was thrilled and his cock bobbed with his movements.

Nicole followed, gingerly at first but then hurrying to keep up.

He came around the front as Amelia slammed the trunk down.

Amelia looked at him and her eyes widened. "Mark! There is a girl present!"

Mark shrugged. "And?"

"Put some clothes on."

"Or what," he said with a hard smile, "she'll see my dick?"

"Yes, but—"

"I don't remember inviting you, Amelia. Or telling you about this place."

She clamped her mouth shut for a moment. "I know."

"And," he gestured down to his hard shaft, "I wasn't dressed for company I didn't invite."

She stepped forward. "C-Could you put on some clothes? For her?"

Mark glanced at Nicole who was staring at his ass. He chuckled.

Nicole jerked her head up and blushed even hotter. "Sorry," she whispered.

He returned his attention back to Amelia. "No."

Amelia's mouth opened in surprise. "What?"

"If you have a problem with my cock, which you didn't earlier, then pack up your girl and head out. Otherwise, just suck it up and tell me why you're trespassing."

Amelia looked torn. She toyed with her blouse, tugging the end of it out of her tight jeans. She glanced back and forth between Mark and Nicole, worrying her lip as she did. Then, after a painfully long minute, her shoulders slumped. "Sorry, Mark."

He smiled, his cock bobbing with his excitement. He could feel the water drying on his skin and precum dribbling down his length. "Why are you here?"

"Did you make a decision... about the show?"

"No, I was still considering the candidates."

Nicole spoke up from behind him. "Am I on the list?"

He smiled at her and gave a nod.

The teenage girl breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank you." She started forward to hug Mark then stopped, her eyes dropping down to his erect member. She flinched as she stepped back.

"We," started Amelia, "we're wondering if we could convince you to pick Nicole."

"We?" asked Mark. "Are we negotiating?"

Amelia looked away, her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Because, if we aren't, Amelia, get back in that car and go home. There is no lawyers out here. If you stay, then you are negotiating. And you better put everything on the table." He stepped forward. "I mean everything."

She gave a short nod. Her neck was tight and he could see the muscles bunching.

"Even your daughter."

Behind him, Nicole whimpered but said nothing.

Amelia finally looked at him. "No, you can't. She's a virgin."

"Fine, her pussy is off the table, but that still means her ass—"

Nicole gasped.

"—and mouth are still assets. We agree?"

Neither said anything. Mark felt his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the desperation in Amelia's eyes. She shook with her internal struggle. After a long moment, she closed her eyes tightly and nodded.

Mark let out his breath. He turned to Nicole.

The teenage girl glanced down at his cock, a nervous look on her face.

"Nicole?"

With great effort, she lifted her gaze.

“Are you okay with this?”

“M-Me? Why are you asking me?” She squirmed under his look.

“Yes, because there are some things that I don’t want forced on you. If you aren’t willing to put up with this to get on the show, then I’m going to send you home.”

Nicole whimpered and clasped her hands over her crotch, no doubt feeling his gaze. “Will I get the part? The show?”

“You do what your said and keep your mouth shut, then I’ll stick you on the top of the list.”

From behind him, Amelia spoke up sharply. “No, if she... we do what you want, then she is the list. No one. Not Katie, no one else.”

Mark smiled, his eyes never leaving Nicole. “Deal.”

Nicole shuddered at the word. She crossed one hand over her chest but left the other hovering over her crotch. There was a nervous and frightened look on her face.

Mark’s shaft was painfully hard as he looked at her. He wanted her since the first time he saw her and now she was there, at his beck and call. He could do anything to her. He would do anything he wanted to her. But first, he was going to enjoy her submission.

“Take your clothes off, Nicole.”

She gulped and glanced at her mother.

Amelia’s footsteps came up behind Mark. “It’s okay, baby, just think of the show.”

“Yeah,” Mark said, “this is all for the show.”

There were unshed tears in her eyes as she reached for her shorts. She hesitated when her fingers wrapped around the waistband. She looked like she was going to stop and run away.

Mark fought back a whimper. His cock was dribbling with excitement. It jumped with every pulse of his pounding heart. He stared at Nicole, begging her silently to keep going.

“Baby?” asked Amelia, her voice choked with her own tears.

“No, I can do this.” Nicole took a deep breath and pushed her shorts down. The tight fabric clung to her tight ass and slid down pale legs. Her tummy, smooth with only a hint of a curve, led to the junction of her legs. He caught sight of her pussy, two pressed lips with her inner labia sticking out in a line.

He moaned. She was perfect.

Amelia's hand wrapped around his cock.

Mark jumped at the sudden touch. He looked down as Amelia gave him a few pumps, and then followed her arm up to her face.

"Mark," Amelia whispered, "please don't hurt my baby."

He gave her a winning smile. "I'm not. Trust me, the last thing I want to do is hurt her." It was a lie and he had to fight for control to avoid cumming.

Turning his attention back to Nicole. She was standing with only a t-shirt on. The hem hovered right above her pussy, framing it in shadow and teenage thighs. Her nipples were hard, tenting through the fabric.

"Go on."

Nicole worried her bottom lip before she tugged up her shirt. She went slow and he admired every inch of her tight belly and narrow waist as it was revealed to him. He held his breath as she tugged it over her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra and the two tiny mounds were perfect. Each one was tipped with a quarter-sized aureole and a hard little bump. He couldn't wait to suck on them.

She held her shirt as she looked at him. Her body shook with excitement. There was still fear in her eyes, but he could smell her pussy from the short distance away.

Mark raked his eyes down her body, taking in every inch. She was everything he could ever want. He wouldn't wait until he was fucking every hole in her body, but he had other things to do before that.

Amelia pumped his cock harder, the wet slurping rising up to his ears.

He grabbed her wrist to stop her. "Slow down."

"Sorry," Amelia said, but there was a calculating look in her eyes.

"Please go into the cabin and grab two towels. They are to the right of the door."

The mother hesitated, then unwrapped her fingers. Tiny strands stuck to her palm. She glanced at them for a moment, then wiped them discretely on her own jeans. Giving her daughter a look, she headed for the front door of the cabin.

Mark returned his attention to Nicole. "Come on, kneel right here." He pointed to the ground in front of his dripping shaft.

Nicole swallowed and stepped forward. Her body was shaking and there was a blush on her cheeks.

“Don’t worry, this won’t hurt.”

“A-Are you really going... my ass?” She sank down on the rocks in front of him. A heartbeat later, she adjusted her position. Her lips were parted as she stared at his cock. She knew what to do, but he could see the trepidation and determination in her eyes.

“Yes, because there isn’t a man alive who wouldn’t want to fuck you.” He slipped his hand around her neck. Finding the band for her pony tail, he tugged it free. “Because you are beautiful.”

Nicole smiled and some of the fear in her eyes faded. “Thank you, Mr. Fatal.”

“I think we’re past the point of formality. Call me Mark, okay?”

She nodded and relaxed more.

He stared down at her, his control slipping. “Go on.”

She focused on his cock. It was dripping on the ground with wet splats. Taking a deep breath, she reached up and wrapped both hands around it.

Mark groaned, fighting the orgasm.

Nicole gave it a hesitant stroke, her fingers light along his shaft down to his balls. “It’s hot.”

He chuckled.

She leaned forward and sniffed. A brief frown crossed her face and she opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and took a tiny lap of the tip.

The shaft in her palms jumped. Mark dug his fingernails into his palms

Pumping slowly, she titled up his shaft and kissed the bottom of his hardness. Her eyes flickered around, taking in the hair at his base, his balls, and up to his eyes. He loved seeing her brown eyes looking at him and he smiled at her.

Nicole kissed it again, exploring with her mouth. The soft, hot touched were maddening and he squeezed his hands until his knuckles hurt. He wanted to grab her face and fuck it, but the agony of waiting was far more pleasurable.

He heard Amelia come out of the cabin. “I have the... towels...” Her voice trailed off for a second. “What for?”

"F-For her knees." Mark found it hard to talk himself. He stared down at the young girl kissing his shaft. His precum clung to her face, leaving it glistening as she reached his base.

Nicole rolled his balls with her fingers and moved up with her mouth. She pulled back for a moment to speak. "I'm okay, mom."

Mark almost came at her words. He hoped he would fuck both of them, but never guessed. The surrealness of the moment and the hot pleasure mixed together. He groaned and stroked Nicole's shoulder to encourage her.

Nicole smiled and kissed her way back up his shaft. She titled his aching shaft down and opened her mouth. Her teeth flashed for a heartbeat before she curled her lips over them and brought his cock into her mouth.

It was hot and tight, a pressure mixing in with forbidden fucking a teenage girl. He moaned, unable to take his eyes away from the scene of his shaft sliding into her taut lips. Saliva and precum glistened on her lips. It gathered along his shaft as he pushed it further in.

She savored the length, working it slowly past her lips. He watched as his glans disappeared and the pressure around the ridge. Nicole grabbed him by the base of his cock and pulled him into her.

Mark took a quarter step forward and his cock slid into her mouth. He felt her molars against the ridge, but the hardness of her teeth and the inexperience only added to the heat.

She only took half of his length before pushing back. He let her guide the initial strokes. She only let him pull out a few inches before tugging him back.

He pushed into her, his entire body trembling with excitement as he watched her take three-quarters of his cock in her mouth. He withdrew, feeling the ache in his balls. Mark fought the urge to ram it home. Instead, he pulled out until just his tip was in her lips, then slid it deep.

Nicole let out a gasping moan. The vibrations coursed up his length.

Unable to resist, he grabbed her head and shoved forward. The last two inches of his cock slammed into her mouth as her nose crushed up against his pubic hair. The sensations of wet heat

wrapped around his cock was too much, he started to cum hard inside her.

She began to gag and cough, pushing him back.

His shaft slipped out of her mouth but continued to spurt, leaving wet streaks across her face and hair. He gasped for breath as the cum kept painting her face, catching on her eyelashes and her lips. Before the last jet came out, it was already oozing down her face, following the line of her throat, before dripping down to her breasts. The last one caught her nose, a wet splat that ran down to her lips.

Nicole bent over and coughed violent. Her tiny frame shook with each spasm.

Amelia spoke up with a nervous voice. "Are you okay, baby?"

Her daughter nodded. "Y-Yeah, just down the wrong pipe."

Mark smiled and panted himself, fisting his cock to squeeze out the last of the cum on the ground. He wiped his hand on his thigh before stepping back. "Thank you, Nicole."

Face red, Nicole looked up and smiled.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked.

She shook her head. "N-No."

Amelia walked up and handed Nicole a towel.

Mark looked at the contrast of the two women. Nicole was slender and naked, her perfect body the fulfillment of half of his fantasies. Even coughing, she was more beautiful than Mark had seen in a very long time.

On the other hand, Amelia was still dressed. She had a nervous look on her face, as if she was regretting what she had done. Her eyes were locked on Nicole, watching for something.

Mark felt a prickle of concern. Amelia's reluctance could get him in trouble. He decided to make sure he got her car keys as soon as he could. He would slash the tires, but then he wouldn't be able to dispose of it before Katie—if Katie—came next week.

He forced a smile on his lips, pushing back the beginning twinges of doubt. "Why don't you girls put your stuff in the cabin." He didn't ask if they were staying the night, as far as he was concerned, it wasn't an option.

"There is only one bed." Amelia looked at him with a silent question.

Nicole stood up, her chest still heaving from her effort. A wet dribble cum ran down the side of her breast, cleaning to the hard nipple. She looked back and forth between her mother and Mark.

Mark nodded. "And...?"

Amelia looked nervously at Nicole and then back. "I... I can't." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "Not in front of her."

He chuckled. "Fair enough. I'm sure if I feel frisky, one of you can go into the car or the hot tub. There is enough hot water for a few of them, if we put the cover on."

Taking a step to the cabin. "Come on. I'll make lunch. I have plenty of chicken alfredo and garlic toast."

Nicole looked surprised. "Alfredo, out here?"

"What, did you think I was uncivilized?"

Actually, Mark was expecting to survive on baked beans and hot dogs. However, he found a high-quality refrigerator in one of the closets and a pantry. There was enough fresh food and water to last for weeks. Sing had done a very good job of making his cabin a joy to live in.

—

It was a quiet peaceful dinner, filled with light conversation that somehow avoiding the reason all of them were there: magic shows and sex. After dinner, Nicole offered to clean the dishes out back, leaving Amelia and Mark alone.

Mark leaned back on his bed, propped up by his pillows. He watched Amelia packing away the last of the food into plastic containers before shoving them into the refrigerator. She didn't make any of it, but his gentle suggestion that she clean was taken with a brief scowl.

"Mark, you know this isn't for all time."

He raised an eyebrow. "What is?"

"This," Amelia pointed to herself—she was wearing her blouse draped over her large breasts and a pair of underwear—and then to the back door where Nicole was humming as she cleaned the dishes.

"You mean I'm not going to fuck both of you every night for the rest of the show?" He smirked. "I never saw that coming."

"Yes," she turned toward him and rested her hand on her hip. "Once we leave, Nicole gets on the show and you will never touch her."

“Making deals still?”

Amelia tensed up. “I just don’t want her hurt.”

“Don’t worry, I would never hurt her,” he lied.

She turned back to the kitchen and resumed cleaning. Her movements were terse and angry, but she was thorough.

Through the open back door, Nicole peeked her head in. She was wearing a t-shirt, mostly for her mother’s comfort. When she saw her mother pounding in the kitchen, she made a face. Turning to Mark, she gestured in the direction of the Jacuzzi tub.

Mark nodded and gave a little shooing gesture.

She raised an eyebrow, then lifted her shirt. He almost moaned at the sight of her teenage pussy and hard nipples tipping small breasts. He wanted to rush up and tackle her.

With a sigh, he shook his head and pointed to her mother. Then mimed one finger thrusting through two fingers on his other hand.

Nicole smirked. She stripped off her shirt and let it drop to the floor. Turning around, she gave him a view of her perfect, tight ass before heading around the cabinet.

Mark was hard already. “Amelia.”

“I’m busy.”

“No, you aren’t.” He said with a smile.

When she turned, he patted his lap. “I want you to come here.”

She glanced at the door, then sighed. Taking a few steps, she peered out the back door.

“Nicole is in the hot tub.” He said with a smile, then spoke in a commanding tone. “Come here.”

She walked closer.

“Lose the panties.”

Amelia stopped, a look of surprise. “Me?”

“Why not? You’re just as beautiful as her.”

“I-I-” She paled. “I thought if you had her, you wouldn’t....”

“What, find you desirable?”

She nodded and stared down at the blankets. “Yes.”

“You’re wrong. And right now, I want you to get on this,” he fished out his cock and pointed it straight up, “and let me suck on those lovely breasts of yours.”

A hint of a smile crossed her lips. She lifted up her shirt and tucked her thumbs into the elastic of her underwear. Wiggling her

hips, she pushed it down and gave him a view of her shaved pussy and hips. She wasn't as smooth or nubile as her daughter, but Mark was honest when he said she was just as beautiful.

His cock stood up straight as she crawled up on the bed. The firm mattress sank from her weight and he held the headboard with one hand. Hand over hand, she worked her way up his body, straddling him as she did.

She stopped when their mouths were inches away from each other, her arm breath washing over his face. "Do you really find me pretty?"

Mark ran his palm over her breasts, stroking her through the thin fabric. He found her nipple and caught it with his fingertips. He squeezed down with a smile.

Amelia whimpered. Her knees lowered on each side of his thighs. The heat from her pussy caressed his legs, moist and heated. He wanted to grab her hips and drive himself up into her, but he forced himself to move slow.

With a grin, he squeezed down harder on her nipple and pulled her up, guiding her with the caught nipple. "Closer," he whispered. He tugged until her wet pussy was lined up with his cock. The heated shaft sank into her lips and the length pressed against the opening.

Pulling up, he forced her body to rise. She obeyed with a whimper and the tip of his cock ran down her clitoris before it flipped into the wet channel of her sex. The opening soaked his head.

Knuckles white from crushing her nipple, he pushed her down.

Amelia closed her eyes as she sank down on his cock. His entire length buried deep into her pussy, sinking until her slick folds ground against his base.

"There," he said, "that wasn't so bad, is it? No one getting hurt."

She panted softly. With one shaking hand, she braced herself on his shoulder.

"I'm in charge, Amelia." He said and tugged up on her nipple.

She resisted for a moment, but then rose obediently.

He pushed down and then up, working her body to pump his aching cock. "Until you go home, I own every hole of your body. And almost," he said with a smile, "hole in your daughter."

Amelia tensed at his words. He could tell that she hated the idea of him fucking her, but he wasn't going to stop. She clenched her inner walls around him, adding to the friction.

"That's a good girl." Mark's breath was deep and panting. He used his free hand to unbutton her shirt, spreading the fabric open so he could admire her large, soft breasts. His cock grew harder as he released her nipple so he could heft both mounds in his palms. "Good girl," he whispered.

She continued to rise and fall on him, almost making love except that both of them knew that it wasn't love that kept her on his cock.

He loved the power over her, the way she submitted for something he could never give her. She didn't know that she would die soon and that added heated lust to his length.

Digging his fingers into her breasts, he shoved her down. "Faster," he commanded.

Amelia obeyed, rising and falling on his cock. The juices from their bodies slurped with every stroke. Her pulse was rapid underneath his fingernails, a quickening of her body. Her lips were open with lust but it didn't reach her eyes. Instead, he saw the calculating look that she tried to hide. She wanted to use him and then hold him over the barrel.

He kept the smile on her lips. There was no question about it, she was going to blackmail him with fucking her daughter.

Mark wasn't planning on letting her live. He gripped even tighter and forced her up and down. The wet heat wrapped around his cock and the soft skin in his palm was hard to resist. He pounded her up and down, mauling her tits to force her to move.

In a few seconds, both of them were slick with sweat. She rode his cock and writhed in his grip. She tried to pull away from his fingers, but he grabbed her nipples and crushed them between his tips. She cried out in discomfort, but kept pounding down. Her juices soaked his hips and the blankets underneath them.

"I-I'm cumming," she cried.

He grunted as he began to thrust up, spearing her sex with his shaft. Every thrust up and down caused her body to shift in his grip, the soft mounds, caught in his fingertips. He felt the heat boiling inside him and let it go.

When he came, he shoved her down hard. His cock flooded her depths, coating her from the inside.

Amelia tried to thrust up, but he forced her down.

“My turn.”

“Please?” she whimpered, “I’m almost there.”

He bore down with all his might, crushing her breasts.

She sobbed but held herself ground down, accepting his seed as he pumped it into her.

Mark gave a few final thrusts, his knuckles cracking from the force, before he relaxed. The afterglow filled him and he smiled. His hands didn’t want to work, each one leaving an indent in her tits. He forced himself to open his grip, one finger at a time. His fingers left little bruises on her skin.

When he finally released her, she let out a long, shuddering breath. “Damn you.”

He caught movement in the corner of his eye. Glancing over, he saw Nicole watching from the back door, one hand between her legs.

When she caught him looking, she disappeared into the darkness. A second later, there was a splash of her crawling back into the tub.

Mark turned to Amelia. “Maybe, but if you want to cum, you’re going to have to get me going again.”

She whimpered.

He chuckled and the power over her continued to grow. He wanted to find her limits, or at least how much he could push her before he killed her. He knew the next step, something she resisted before. His cock grew hard at the thought.

“You can start by cleaning me off.”

—

Two days and nights of hard fucking left Mark in a blissful haze. Early on the third morning, he headed for the tub to relax and enjoy the afterglow of fucking Amelia’s face until she gagged. Nicole was still sleeping next to them, but he thought he saw a flush on her cheeks as he fucked her mother.

As he drifted in the water, his mind was worked through the logistics of his true reason for having them in the mountains. Despite having all the sex he wanted, he couldn’t help but imagine their bodies on one of the tricks, begging for their lives or jerking as he vented his passions one last time.

Mark sighed. He screwed up, at least in part. Instead of coming up with excuses for getting them on the tricks, he spent the last few days pounding his cock into every hole he wanted. All but two, actually. He intended to honor his promise to Amelia that he wouldn't fuck Nicole's cunt, though he planned on violating that bastion of virginity when it was too late for all of them.

To his surprise, he hadn't fucked Nicole's ass. He enjoyed her mouth and she was getting to be a talented cock sucker, but impaling her ass never happened. Either it just didn't feel right to him, Amelia managed to get in the way with promises of depraved sex, or simply exhaustion.

He tore his thoughts away from Nicole's rump and focused on luring them to their deaths. He needed some reason to get them there, but he couldn't think of one. He could force them, but the car was a problem. He knew that Amelia kept the keys in her bag and he guessed there was a spare underneath the back tire because he saw Amelia crouched there when she thought he was napping.

Mark planned his theft. He would steal the keys that night, while the others were sleeping.

"Mark?" prompted Nicole.

Mark opened his eyes to see her standing next to the tub, wearing only a t-shirt. Her nipples tented the fabric and the edge clung to her hips. He admired the gap between her legs where her lower lips were pressed together. He touched them a few times, but with Amelia's disapproving look, he let it go.

The sex with Amelia was always more intense when she interrupted Mark from fucking her daughter. It also gave her the illusion of control over Mark, but it was simply because he enjoyed her struggles more than crushing them.

He realized she was waiting for an answer. "Yes, Nicole?"

"Mother's still sleeping. May I join you?"

"Of course." He spread his legs and moved his ankles off the opposite seat from him.

Nicole tugged the shirt over her hips, pulling it up and giving him a view of her small breasts. With a sweet smile, she tossed it aside and stood in front of him, naked and ready. Lifting one leg up, she hoisted herself over the tub and then sank into the water. The water lapped at her breasts, inches below her hard nipples.

She stretched out in the water and ran her feet along his inner thighs. "You were thinking about something. What was it?"

His cock began to rise at the touch as she worked her feet up between his legs. With a grin, she caught his length between the ridges of her soles. The clumsy stroking stole his breath away; he never had a girl use her feet against his manhood before.

Mark let out a long, shuddering breath and spread his legs. "Yeah, trying to figure out..." He hesitated, unsure how to proceed.

Nicole continued to stroke his length. "Go on." Her foot reached the tip of his cock and she pinned it against his belly to pump it faster. "If you can." She had a sultry smile.

A flash of insight hit him. "I'm trying to figure out how to present you to the producers. At least to get you on the show."

She hesitated. "Don't you make the decision?"

"Well," he reached down and stroked his finger along her sole to encourage her to continue. She did and he continued. "I have the say on the show, since I'm going to be working with you for months. But, the network executive have their own ideas of what is a good assistant or apprentice."

"Shouldn't be that hard."

He pondered for a moment, then pushed his hips against her feet as his cock grew painfully hard. "It is," he joked, "but men like me usually enjoy a lot of groupies, you know fans who—"

"Sluts who'd fuck you for a bit of fame."

"Yeah, that."

"Am I groupie?"

Mark almost came. She was following the line of conversation he wanted. "Well, you haven't actually done anything with me. Besides blowing me. And," he grinned, "that's a bit harder to put on network TV."

She giggled. "So, you are saying that it would be easier to get on the show if I actually did some magic."

He shuddered as he fought the orgasm. "Y-Yes."

She pushed her brunette hair to one ear. Her eyes caught his as she dropped her hand to her breast, teasing the nipple before delving between her legs. "Do I have to put clothes on for my," she licked her lips, "audition."

"I'd rather you didn't."

“Good. Then this afternoon, why don’t you show me some tricks?”

Mark nodded. “I would like that.”

She said nothing, but she stroked his cock with her feet.

He leaned back and thrust his hips into her soles, enjoying the pleasure of being masturbated by the girl he was going to rape and kill. The pleasure filled him but he didn’t concentrate on his fantasies enough to push him over the edge.

“Mark? I have another question.”

He opened his eyes again.

“Are you ever going to stick it in my butt?”

Mark smiled.

“It’s the closest you’re going to get to my pussy. And I’ve been fingering myself really wide, but you never do it.”

“It never came up,” he said.

“Bullshit,” Nicole giggled and stroked his cock. “It comes up all the time.”

“Fine, your mother is always getting in the way.”

“She’s sleeping now.” It was a whisper that brought his cock to full attention.

His smile grew wider. He pointed to the edge of the tub. “Show me.”

Moving gracefully, Nicole pulled her feet back and stood up in the water. The droplets sluiced off her as she ran her hands down her stomach and thighs, sliding over to run two fingers along the line of her bare, teenage pussy.

“Very nice, Nicole.”

“You ain’t seen anything yet.” With a swish of her hips, she turned around and knelt on the submerged bench. Spreading her legs, she gave him a view of her sex and asshole. The tiny opening was nestled between two taut buttocks. The flesh around her two holes was still pale, unstained by age.

Nicole reached behind her to slid one finger down the crack of her ass. Her fingertip circled the tiny wrinkled opening. With her other hand, she reached between her legs to caress her labia, peeling it apart and rubbing two fingertips along her clitoris.

Mark sat up, unable to look away from her body less than a few feet away. His cock was hard and aching. He had to fight the urge to

grab his shaft and pump it. Instead, he clutched the side of the tub and watched.

She worked one finger into her asshole, pushing and twisting. Tiny moans, girlish and utterly seductive, rose up as she gave it tiny strokes. "So tight, Mark. I bet I would squeeze you so nicely and hot."

With a moan, she forced her finger in to the second knuckle. He watched as the wrinkled opening stretched around it and how her knuckles were white from the force needed to pump it in.

It took her a few minutes before the fingering became long strokes. She moaned with every thrust, jerking against the side of the tub as she shoved into her.

"B-But, Mark, you are so big. I... I need two fingers." She pulled out her finger to add a second. With a long gasp, she forced both digits into her ass. The soft pumping was seductive as much as her frantic stroking against her pussy.

It grew too much for him. Mark stood out of the water.

Nicole moaned and pumped harder. "Are you going to fuck me?"

Mark said nothing. He grabbed a bottle of bath oil from the side of the tub and poured it on his cock. The liquid was thick and slick. He gave it a few pumps to coat it and stepped forward. "Move your hand," he commanded in a croak.

When she didn't obey immediately, Mark grabbed her wrist and pulled her fingers out of her ass. The tiny opening closed without her fingers and he felt her trembling.

"Please, Mark, I need you."

Fisting his cock, he stepped up behind her. Her smooth ass brushed against his thigh as he got into place. Squeezing hard to prevent himself from coming, Mark levered his cock between her legs and brought it up against her clitoris.

Nicole let out a gasp, then clamped a hand over her mouth.

"You want this, don't you?"

She pushed back against him.

Holding himself carefully, he drew the swollen head of his manhood through the soft folds of her sex, teasing her clitoris and hovering right over the virgin entrance of her sex. It would take just a tiny thrust to impale her.

Nicole must have gotten the same impression as she pushed back, begging for him to fuck her.

It took all of his control to draw his cock further up, along the perineum, and press it against the tight opening of her rear.

If Nicole was disappointed, she didn't show it. She pushed back against him, lodging his cock into her entrance. Her body trembled as she brought her hand up between her legs to caress his balls and finger herself again.

He didn't ask if she was ready. Gripping her narrow hips, Mark leaned into her. The pressure building around his cock. Her tight entrance resisted his intrusion, even lubricated by the bath oil.

Nicole whimpered into her other hand, muffling her voice. Her skin was hot as she held herself rock-still, only a tiny trembling betraying her anticipation.

Mark groaned as he leaned further into her. He could feel the tight opening blossoming underneath him and his cock sank deeper. It was tight and hot, tighter than he could ever imagine. Her anal ring strangled his cock head, bringing it to a halt with the pressure.

He bore more of his weight on her. Her tiny body was pinned against the side of the tub and there was no where for her to go. The only thing that could give was her clenching asshole. And there was no hope with an oiled spear forcing its way in.

Heat clamped down around him as he sank deeper into her. He felt every inch of his cock as it disappeared into her rectum. The heat and pressure was intense but so was the muffled moans and cries of pleasure and pain.

He fed inch after inch into her teenage ass. She clamped down and cried out but he forced himself deeper. Every inch was an exquisite agony and pleasure.

And then he pushed past her resistance. Her anal ring was tight around the middle of his shaft, but she took the widest part of his manhood in her body. Panting with lust, he grabbed her hips and braced himself.

“Both hands on your mouth, Nicole.”

She released her pussy and slapped both hands over her mouth. Her body tensed up with anticipation.

Digging his fingernails into her narrow hips, Mark pulled back a few inches. Taking a deep breath, he slammed it home.

The feeling of penetrating a teenage ass almost pushed him over the edge. She was a glove around his length, hot and slick. Her cries, a high-pitched scream muffled only by her fingers, filled the air.

Nicole's discomfort pushed him harder. He pulled back and slammed it home again, forcing himself into her body.

She shuddered and cried out again, the scream just as loud. Her knee slipped and she was spread open even further for him.

He looked down to see the base of his cock pressed against her entrance. Every inch of his length throbbed with excitement. He pulled back and drove it home. The impact sloshed water around them, but he didn't stop. Yanking it out, he speared her again.

With every powerful thrust, her resistance crumbled and her screams faded. He continued to pound her, taking her as hard as he wanted. Every impact crushed her against the tub but sent a hard wave of lust coursing through his body. He was fucking her and she would never forget it for the rest of her life.

He fought his orgasm, pulling back with all his might even as he strained to ram his cock into her throat. His body strained with every thrust. He slammed into her, ramming his cock deep into her rectum. The slick sounds of their sex mixed in with the burble of the water and the hum of the generator.

"Harder," whimpered Nicole. He didn't see her releasing her mouth, but she was clutching the side of the tub and pushing back. "Harder, please cum inside me."

Her desperate moans pushed him toward the edge. He gripped her tight and pounded with all his might, not caring if he was hurting her or if her mother heard. Each slam shook the tub. He drove deep, trying to force back his orgasm by the sheer speed and ferocity of his fucking.

Nicole cried out, a mewling noise of desperation. Her body tightened around his cock.

Mark had to strain to force his shaft into her. He did with lust and desperation. He was about to cum and he couldn't stop. He stumbled forward and drove as hard as he could. When he didn't cum, he drew back and slammed it as hard as he could. He was tearing her ass open, but he didn't care. Slam after slam crushed her against the side of the tub as his orgasm hovered on the crest.

Finally, the heat and pressure was too much. With a guttural groan, he rammed it with the last of his flagging strength and exploded inside her. As hot jets of cum flooded her intestines, he slumped over her. “F-Fuck.”

His body jerked with every spurt, the tiny orgasms rippling through his senses as he held it inside her. The ecstasy was agony, but he held his cock deep inside her until the last of the cum filled her ass.

With a moan, he pulled out his sensitive cock and slumped back into the water. The bromine stuck his length and he wished he could ram it home.

Nicole remained bent over the tub as she fingered herself frantically. Cum dribbled from her ass, soaking her fingers as she pumped three digits into her pussy and used her other hand to circle her clitoris. It was a frantic masturbation and he remained hard as he watched her finger herself to two orgasms.

Panting for breath, Nicole sank down into the water and sat on the bottom. “Oh, fuck, that was good.”

He looked down at her, unable to speak through his own afterglow.

She was blushing as she stared into his eyes. “I don’t care what mom says, I want to keep doing this even during the show.”

—

Mark was breathing deeply as he worked Nicole’s arm into the leather restraint. She was trembling with excitement and gave him little smiles as he tied it down and pulled it tight. The brake that prevented the disk from rotating rattled as he tested her ankle for movement. She wasn’t going anywhere.

It was a beautiful fall day and the sun was toasty against his skin. Around them, the sounds of the Appalachian Mountains were a backdrop to the realization that Nicole was going to die. He listened for a car, a plane, anything to give a hint of civilization, but there was none. There would be no witnesses to her screams.

He ran his hands up her naked leg to her hip.

Nicole moaned. “That feels good.”

Mark brought his fingers along her hips and slid them down her pubic mound. He found her clitoris, a little bump that grew harder underneath his touch. She was slick and heated. As he circled the

fold of pleasure, she rocked her hips up to his hands. Her bound ankles held her in place, as did her wrists. The only thing she could do was arch her body to his fingers.

He leaned forward and kissed her nipple. "Feel secure?"

She twisted her shoulders and hips. She only had an inch of clearance from the sun-warmed wooden disk. "I feel like I'm in some sort of perverted dungeon."

Mark sucked on her nipple, teasing it with his tongue and teeth. He stretched his finger down. Sawing it along her sex, he teased her without penetrating her virgin pussy.

Nicole moaned. "Oh god, oh god."

He fingered her. He ran his fingers around the opening of her sex until she moaned with desperation.

"Please, Mark, just let me cum."

He chuckled. "I can do that." He pulled his dripping finger from her sex and tasted it. It was sweet and light, with just a hint of tangy flavor. "You taste good though."

"Please, finger me."

"Don't want to break your virginity."

She whimpered and looked at him with pleading eyes.

"We'll use something shorter." Standing in front of her, he lowered himself to his knees.

"Oh god," she whimpered, her body trembling. "A-Are you going —?"

He silenced her by pressing his mouth against her pussy. The heat was intoxicating. He lapped at her clitoris and felt the spasms coursing along her frame.

Nicole jerked at her bounds, trying to escape, but she was helpless.

Mark lapped harder, working his tongue along her sex as he found the places that caused her to squeal with pleasure. He reached up and caressed her inner thighs as he worked his face against her sex and lapped at the entrance. He found the core of her being, the heated core that he could barely reach with the tip of his tongue.

She writhed in the grip, the brake of the disk rattling loudly as she thrashed back and forth. "Oh god, oh god."

Her juices soaked his face as he sucked on her clitoris, nibbled on her labia, and tongued her entrance. Every touch brought tiny spasms coursing through her body.

“Mark!” interrupted Amelia with a screech.

Mark looked up, Amelia’s daughter’s liquid coating his face. “Yes?”

“You said you wouldn’t take her virginity.”

He grinned. “I haven’t.”

Amelia pressed her fists against her hips. “And why is she tied up?”

“Mother,” Nicole cried out, “it’s a trick.”

“It’s rape. He’s going to fuck you.”

“No, he won’t!”

Amelia stormed closer. “He’s practically licking your cervix. Damn it, Nicole, I said don’t let him.”

Mark stood up, his cock bobbing. He wiped his face. “Look, Amelia. I’ll stop if you want.”

Nicole let out a whimper, but Amelia gave a nod.

“We were just trying out some tricks. It is perfectly safe.”

“And which one is this?”

Mark gestured to a dozen long throwing knives.

“Oh, no. Not my little girl.”

He glared at her. “And what is she suppose to do on the show? It’s perfectly safe.”

“It’s a knife.”

“So, there is a trick to it. Trust me, no one has ever gotten hurt on this. Or that,” he pointed to the frame with the two bands, “or even that,” he gestured to a single spike.

Amelia’s frown left furrows on her brow. She pointed to the lone spear sticking out of the ground. “How is that safe!? It’s a damned sword sticking out of the ground.”

“Spike, but there is a trick.”

“What trick?”

Mark held up his finger. He went over to a trunk and pulled out a harness. It had the fake sword tip that would stick out of the front. On the back was a metal plate. Normally, the plate was quarter-inch steel but this one was a cut-out part of a pop can. Firm at the touch but it would easily be pierced.

Amelia snatched the harness from his hands and inspected it. She toyed the opening where the fake tip would come out. "How does it work?"

"That button there. Press it."

She did and the tip slid out.

"And the metal in the back is to protect you."

Reluctantly, she handed it back. "I suppose."

Mark smiled inwardly. He was about to lure Amelia into wearing the harness. "DO you want to try it on?"

Amelia shook her head violently. "No."

"Okay, then just relax. The knives have a trick to them too."

Setting down the harness, he walked back over to Nicole. He ran his hand down her side. He slid them over her hip and gripped her thigh right below her sex. Pretending to test the bounds, he ran his finger along her soaked sex.

Nicole let out a moan and closed her eyes.

He switch to her other leg, his thumb rubbing against her clitoris as he tested her leg.

"Mark," Amelia said in a worried voice.

He glance at her. She was standing with her hands in front of her, a torn look on her face. She rocked back and forth. Her eyes were focused on the junction of his hand and her daughter's thigh.

"Yes?" Mark stretched his hand and pushed his thumb along Nicole's soaked folds and found her sex.

Nicole let out a moan through clenched teeth. Her hips lifted to his hand.

"M-Maybe you should show me that trick."

"Are you sure?" he asked as he worked his thumb up into Nicole. Her pussy was soaked. He found the thin veil of her maidenhood. Glancing up, he saw Nicole struggling to remain still as he swirled his thumb inside her virginal opening.

"Y-Yes," she nodded, then nodded again. "Could you? Now."

Mark chuckled and withdrew his fingers from Nicole's pussy.

The teenager whimpered and lifted her hips to him.

He licked his fingers clean, then grabbed the harness. Leaving Nicole still on the disk, he walked over to Amelia. He admired her, standing naked in the sun.

Amelia leaned toward him and whispered, "You shouldn't be doing that."

"She'll be fine."

"Don't even pretend. I know how accidents happen."

"Really? Personal experience?"

She blushed hotly. "None of your business."

"Right now," he cupped her chin with his finger, "your daughter is my business. And so are you."

She looked torn. "Can't you just leave that alone? You've had everything else."

He leaned into her, his lips inches from hers. "Is that a counter-offer?"

Amelia worried her lip, then nodded. "What do you want?"

"Go inside and put on something pretty. I'll get it ready."

"And then...?"

"I won't touch her pussy. Not even a little bit." He held up his fingers like a boy scout, "I promise."

She stared at him for a moment, searching his face. She gave him a brief glare before heading back to the cabin.

Mark stroked his head and returned to Nicole.

The teenage girl squirmed in her bounds, her breasts rising and falling. "What did she want?"

"She rather I didn't eat you out. Or finger you anymore."

Nicole favored him with a pout. "I was really enjoying that. It felt really good and I wanted more."

"Really? How much more?"

She grinned and leaned as far as she could. "You know, accidents happen. I could slip in the hot tub? Maybe fall on your cock?"

He almost came.

Her breathing grew deeper and she rocked back and forth. "I'm sure I could struggle, maybe for hours." Her voice was a deep whisper, sultry and hungry.

He stroked his length, the precum soaking his fingers. He pulled his hand away and stroked it along her belly, leaving a smear of cum against her soft, pale skin. He pushed his hand down, sliding the slick fingers toward her pink, teenage pussy.

The door slammed open and he jumped. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Amelia strolling toward them. She had put on a

black lace bra and matching thong. The lace gave little hints to the large breasts bound together, pushed up by the fabric. The black fabric ran down her pussy, clinging to her labia and giving just a hint of a groove along her sex.

“Sorry, Nicole, I have to fuck that.”

Nicole crinkled her nose. “I’d be a better fuck.”

He looked over his shoulder at her and smiled. “I guess I’ll find out.”

She blew him a kiss.

Mark headed back toward the spike, toying with the hardness. The protective metal was thick and sturdy, but he didn’t want to ruin the fatal twist by pushing too hard and bending it. He let it hang from his fingers. “You are beautiful.”

Amelia smiled and swayed her hips. “Thank you.” She kissed him and he drank in the scent of her body and the tease of fresh perfume.

“Are you ready?”

She moaned and arched her back, exposing her neck as he kissed along her throat. “And it’s safe?”

“Safer,” he said between his kisses, “than anything else in the barn.” He pressed the hardness to her belly as he held her close, moving up to her ear.

“Good,” she moaned. With his help, she shrugged into the harness. The thin leather wrapped around her breasts and along her inner thighs. She struggled with the buckles until he set them in place for her.

Mark helped her set it into place. He roamed his hands along her breasts, teasing the nipples through the lace. He stroked along her thighs. He could hear her breathing growing deeper. As he was buckling the leg strap into place, he ran his finger along her covered sex. With his other hand, he disconnected the button that made the fake tip stick out.

He stood up. “Ready?”

“I’m not sure I can do this.”

Mark gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Don’t worry. This is really easy. All you have to do is relax. When you feel the pressure, push the button.”

“That’s it?” She sounded surprised.

“That’s it. I promise.” He straightened up and turned her around. “Okay, now lean into me and tense up your back. Keep your legs straight.”

Nervous, Amelia leaned back into him. Her body grew hard as she tightened up every muscle in her body.

Mark swept her up, holding her by the shoulders and her knees. She was heavier than all the teenage girls he did tricks with over the summer, but light enough he could easily pick her up. He swung her around and held her up to Nicole.

The teenager giggled and squirmed. She blew Mark a kiss and rocked her hips.

He gave her wink and stepped back. His shoulders ached as he brought Amelia over the spike. His cock was hard as he saw her nervously looking up at him. It took all of his effort not to slam her down. Instead, he lowered her until he felt the light tape of the spike against the thin metal she thought would protect her.

Holding her still, he looked into her face. “Now, this isn’t that bad, is it?”

He put more of her weight on the spike. “See, it’s holding your weight. Perfectly safe.”

By his side, he heard her thumbing the button but the spike wouldn’t come out. A look of fear crossed her face. “I-It won’t come up.”

“Really?” He tensed up as he held his breath. “Just push harder.”

Her thumb clicked on the button. Her eyes grew wider. “M-Mark, this isn’t—”

He released her.

He heard the aluminum plate rip as the spike pierced her body. The words in her throat died as her eyes widened and her mouth opened in shock. A shuddering gasp ripped out of her as she sank down.

Blood splashed down on Mark’s foot.

“M-Mark?” she whispered as pain crossed her face. “W-What’s happening.”

His cock was painfully hard as he stepped back.

Her head and legs drooped down as she was held by the spike. It continued to slide down. Amelia let out a quizzical cry and then began to sob.

A moment later, the tip of the spike pushed out of her chest. It was tinged with blood and sparkling. More blood splattered on the ground.

Amelia managed to lift one arm, a wail rising in her throat. She reached out and wrapped her hands around the spike. When she pulled back her hand, it was crimson with her own blood. Tears ran down her face. "W-Why?"

Mark leaned over to her and reached down between her legs. She tried to close her thighs, but couldn't get the leverage. He curled two fingers into her sex and held her in place. With his other hand, he rested his palm against her right breast. "Because, my dear, Amelia, you are beautiful."

From the other side, Nicole let out a whimper. "Mom? Are you okay?"

Mark pushed down. The spike tore through Amelia's back and through her chest. More blood rushed out, hitting the ground in wet hot splats.

The pain broke Amelia's gaping silence. She screamed, a high-pitched noise. Her body spasmed as she tried to grab Mark. Her fingers dug into his arm, but he leaned into her, forcing her down on the spike.

"Mom!" screamed Nicole. The wooden disk rattled as she tried to break herself free.

Mark jammed Amelia all the way down the spike. The crimson-stained metal reached high above her. The base was still a few feet above the ground.

She tried to get kick for purchase, but her feet dangled inches above the ground. Blood continued to pool around her as she clutched at the spike. Her arms tensed as she tried to pull herself up, but her fingers slipped on the steel. "No, no. Please don't do this. Don't hurt my Nicole."

Mark knelt down on the bloody ground so he could smile at her. "I'm going to hurt her, Amelia. I'm actually going to rape her too. I'm going to fuck that cunt of hers until she screams, then I'm going to bleed her out. It's going to take hours."

"W-Why?" sobbed Amelia as tears ran down her cheeks and her body trembled with her useless efforts to free herself. "Why are you doing this?"

“Because I can. And you, my dear Amelia,” he stroked her cheek, “were willing to do anything to get your daughter in the show. You let me fuck her. You fucked me. You really would do anything, wouldn’t you.”

Amelia’s lower lip trembled. “I-I didn’t mean this.”

“Well,” he stroked her face with his fingertips, “congratulations. This is the show.”

“N-No. Please, don’t do this, Mark.”

“Too late, Amelia. Don’t worry, it won’t be that long.”

She sobbed. “It hurts.” She pawed helplessly at the spike.

“I know. I know.” He rotated her on the spike, pulling her around until her knees were on both side of him. He stroked his palms along her spasming belly. With a grin and encouraged by Nicole’s cries, he caressed Amelia’s slit with his fingers. She was wet, probably from before the spike, but it was enough.

Breathing hard, he pushed the fabric aside and crawled closer. His cock bobbed with his movements as he aimed it to her cunt. “Now, maybe if you’re a good fuck, I won’t rape and kill your daughter.”

Amelia tried to lift her legs, but the weight dragged her down. It took no effort to spread them apart and push into her. The wet heat of her cunt was a glove around his length.

Both girls cried out, sobbing, but Mark moaned at the incredible sensation of burying himself into a woman who was about to die. He shifted forward until he was buried completely in her, then rocked out. Using one hand to hold the spike, he began to thrust with his hips, driving his dick in and out of her with slow, steady strokes.

It didn’t take him long, he was already almost on the edge of orgasm after teasing Nicole. “Amelia,” he panted and leaned against the spike. The blood streaking underneath his fingers but he drove into her harder.

Amelia was crying, tears sheeting down her face. She looked up at him, straining to lift her head as gravity pulled her down. She shuddered with every thrust, her lace-wrapped breasts heaving.

“I lied,” he gasped, “I’m fucking you so I can last longer in that daughter of yours. I’m going,” he slammed into her, “fuck her,” he drove in again, “until she dies!”

She screamed out as he came, exploding inside her. His body shuddered from the impact, thrusting hard until the cum poured out of her sex. She let out a sob, jerking as she tried helplessly to push him out with her inner muscles.

Mark leaned back, his cock slipping from her sex in a flood of cum. It dribbled down, splashing into the blood already pooling below the spike. He watched as the fabric of her thong slid over her cum-slicked lips. With a grin, he eased the fabric back into place, sealing his seed into her dying cunt.

“But now, my dear Amelia, I’m going to rape your daughter right now and I’m thinking that is going to hurt a lot more than what I just did to you.” He stood up and grabbed her foot. Holding her tightly, he walked around in a wide circle.

Amelia cried out, mimicked by her daughter, as the spike twisted in her stomach and tore it open even further.

He stopped when she was looking at her daughter.

Amelia sobbed at the pain, one hand wrapped around the spike and the other flailing for the ground. She couldn’t bend her shoulder enough so her fingers only brushed against the damp earth.

“Mommy!” screamed Nicole. She twisted in her bounds, trying to break free. Her small breasts were slick with sweat. She whimpered loudly as she stared with wide, panicked eyes.

Mark admired Nicole as he strolled over.

“Please, Mark,” Amelia cried, “please don’t do this. You can fuck me again. My pussy... my ass, anything! Kill me, not her!”

He stopped next to her. He stroked her breast. Underneath his palm, her body shook violently and she was gasping for breath. She tried to pull away from him, but the restrains kept her in place.

“Please?” she begged as tears ran down her face. “I won’t tell anyone.”

“I know, Nicole.” He caught her nipple and tweaked it. “You won’t tell anyone.”

“Please let us go.”

Mark released her nipple. He kissed the tears on her cheek before reaching around the wooden disk and found the wooden brake. He gripped the side and released it.

It rotated around, spinning smoothly. Nicole let out a scream as she spun around.

He gave it another hard spin. Turning on his heels, he picked up the long throwing knives from the bag next to the disk. He turned and stepped backwards, moving toward Amelia.

Nicole continued to scream, the shrill noise rising and falling as she spun around.

Stopping next to Amelia, he turned around. "And now, my lovely Amelia, are you ready for my first act?"

"No, please don't," she whimpered.

He chuckled and flipped up one of the knives. He drew back the blade over his head, watching the spinning teenager. When she came up in a wide circle, Mark threw the knife with all his might.

It flipped over twice before striking with a meaty thunk.

Nicole's screaming stopped in an instant.

Amelia's whimpers slowed down as she stared at the spinning teenager in fear. "D-Did you hit her?"

Mark smiled and waited.

Taking a deep breath, Nicole screamed out in agony.

"No, I got her."

He watched as she spun around, splatters of blood going everywhere. He felt disappointed, the spinning didn't give him the horror he wanted. Still holding the knives, he strode back to the disk and stopped it.

Nicole was hyperventilating, her chest heaving up and down as she tried to inhale the air. Tears ran down her cheeks and splashed down on her chest. She was thrashing at the bounds in her arms, but he could see her trying not to move her legs.

With an ache of lust, he admired her naked body and moved his gaze down to her right thigh where the knife had impaled her flesh. It pinned her to the wooden disk and blood ran down her knee and shin to splash down.

"W-Why? Why!?" Nicole cried out, sobbing in a whine.

He pressed his hand against her breast. She was trembling underneath his palm and he grew harder with every passing second. "You are so sexy, Nicole."

"P-Please stop."

Mark held up the seven remaining knives.

“No, no,” she cried as she shook her head. “Please?”

Using his foot, he put the brake on the disk to keep it still. Trailing his finger down her stomach, he curled his fingers into her pussy. It was still wet from her previous excitement, but he was going to ensure she was slick enough for her rape.

Heading back to Amelia, he turned around. “And, now, the second knife. Will I miss, will I hit?”

Neither mother or daughter answered through their tears.

It wasn't a challenge to hit Nicole. He flipped up the knife, drew back, and threw it hard.

Nicole screamed out, which redoubled when the blade punched into her shoulder, right above her right breast. The meaty thunk slammed her back against the wooden disk. Blood poured from the wound, coating her breast and stomach in a matter of seconds.

Fighting back a groan, Mark held up the next knife. He threw it with an underarm throw. It glinted in the sunlight as it slammed into her side, right below her rib change. The impact was loud as was her scream.

“Missed a lung there. Good, don't want to ruin this too fast.”

Nicole sobbed, her body shaking as much as it could with three knives pinning her to the wooden disk. Blood poured down as she shook her head. “This is a dream, this is a dream. Please, oh god, make this a dream.”

Amelia cried out, her hands still pawing at the spike. There was a large puddle of blood underneath her. Her right leg was shaking violently, as if she couldn't control it. “Stop. Just stop.”

Mark smiled down at her. Taking the fourth knife, he brought it to Amelia's cunt. Resting the blade against her slit, he angled it toward her sex.

“No, no, no!” Amelia screamed and tried to move, but her body just dangled on the spike. Blood poured down as she ripped open her belly more, splashing down her legs.

He pushed the tip of the blade into her sex. He had to lean into her to force the blade through the lace of her underwear. But, as soon as it passed through the fabric, it slid in easily. Her body shuddered and he stopped when he only had six inches inside her. “Hold that, Amelia.”

Amelia sobbed, her mouth moving but no words coming out. Little spasms of pain coursed along her body as she weakly tried to free herself.

Mark flipped the next blade and then threw it forward with a hard, overhand swing. It flashed in the air before slamming into Nicole's belly.

The blade sank into the tight, teenage stomach and she was slammed into the wood. Her body spasmed as she screamed out. Blood poured down her legs.

He threw the next blade and it caught Nicole in the arm, punching through the meat of her slender arm. The thunk shook the entire disk from the impact.

Nicole cried out, sobbing. Blood poured down her body, soaking her trembling limbs. She tried to move her one leg, but it just shook and set little flecks of blood in all directions.

Flipping the last knife, he looked across her body. There was blood covering almost every inch of her body except for her left leg. He chuckled and aimed for it, encouraged by the weakening cries from both daughter and mother.

With a powerful throw, he slammed the knife into her hip. There was a crack noise as it hit bone. She jerked violently as her left hip was pinned to the wooden.

Nicole sobbed, her body shaking and her head bowed. "P... Please, stop."

Mark's cock was aching hard. He was right on the edge of orgasm, but he had one last knife. Reaching down, he yanked it out of Amelia's pussy. A splatter of blood coursed out. He didn't throw it. Instead, he strolled back to her.

She was as beautiful as he imagined. Her sobs tore through her body but she couldn't move around the knives. Her naked sex dripped with blood and he jammed two fingers into her pussy to stroke her hymen through the tight channel.

"One more knife, Nicole."

Nicole sobbed and looked up with pleading eyes. She looked up with blood-flecked lips, working them but only a whine escaped her throat.

Mark reached down and grabbed her left ankle. Using the knife, he cut through the restraint. Looking up, he saw the confusion on

her face. Gripping it tightly, he pulled her ankle up, bending her knee until it was pressed against her chest.

She could have resisted, but there was nothing left to fight him.

He stepped into her and ran his hand down her trim shin to her knee. The skin was hot underneath his palm as he shoved it hard against the board.

Pain crossed her face as he felt a resistance of her body. He bore into her, forcing the knee to shift to the side until it tapped against the disk. He could feel the muscles tearing in her leg. "Just," he grunted, "a few more inches."

With all his might, he slammed her knee against the wooden disk. The bones didn't crack and he didn't feel a pop, but he could feel the tearing of her muscles and the pain that spasmed her body. Taking the other knife, he pulled back and slammed it into the meaty part of her thigh, pinning her leg to the disk.

Nicole screamed out, her voice hoarse and shrill. Her entire body spasmed in pain.

He admired the blood as it dribbled down her thigh, following the line of her sex before rolling down over her sex. It trailed the length of her slit before tracing down the line to her clenching asshole.

"Don't worry, I'll help." He grabbed the knife pinning her right thigh and yanked it out. A fresh spurt of blood poured out and her knee lifted to relieve the pressure of her split. Brutally tender, Mark ran his hands along her inner thigh. He caressed her sex, before lifting her leg up. Her pussy and ass tilted up as he brought her right knee to her shoulder. His cock rested on her pubic shelf as he held her tight.

She sobbed, her body bent in half. Her body shook. "M-Mark, please don't do this."

"One more knife," he said, his voice deep and husky.

Pulling back, he looked into her eyes.

Nicole sobbed and he almost blew his load right there.

Steeling himself, he slammed the knife and nailed her to the board. His cock ground against her sex and he could feel the sticky heat of her body clinging to it.

Panting for air, he released the knife and used his hands to cup Nicole's face. "You are beautiful, Nicole, you know that."

She gulped, the tears mixing in with the crimson that coated her body. "P-Please, just end it."

"You mean kill you."

She nodded, the sorrow plain on her face.

Mark ached for her. He pulled back and rested his cock against her blood-soaked pussy. Pushing in, he felt her body tensing. He continued forward until he felt the friction of her hymen. It was her last virginity. It was his.

"But you said, accidents happen," he groaned.

Grabbing her thighs, he dug his fingers into the tight, teenage skin for balance. Pulling back, he stared down at his dripping cock and the swollen lips he was about to penetrate.

He took a deep breath and slammed into her. There was a brief friction, then the wet tearing of her virginity. He continued forward until he was buried balls-deep into her tight, clenching cunt.

Nicole let out a broken, gasping scream. She jerked in his grip.

Mark grabbed her tight and pounded his cock into her, slamming her hard into the disk. Her body didn't move even when he pulled out and he was consumed by the overwhelming sense of power over her. She was nothing but a hole to fuck. He slammed into her, shaking the wooden disk and her body as his cock crashed against her cervix with every blow. It hurt but the pleasure was too much for him. He rammed into her harder, throwing his entire body into every pounding stroke.

She cried weakly with his thrusts. He could see her trying to break free, but she was pinned to the board like a butterfly. Her pussy tightened around his cock and he wondered if she was trying to force him out of her cunt.

He decided to show her how much power he had over her. Grunting, he slammed into her. Every impact hit her cervix and he yanked completely out before driving it home. Her body tensed with every stroke, the muscles in her legs jumping.

Blood poured down her body and dripped off his balls. He groaned at the hot, slick sensation and fucked her faster. He could feel his cum boiling in his balls and raped her faster, venting every inch of pleasure he could out of her tight, helpless body.

With a bellow, he came. He slammed it home and let it go. the hot juices flooded her insides, soaking her completely. He could feel it

frothing out of the junction of their bodies, but kept it inside her as he pumped jet after jet of searing cum inside her.

He held himself inside her, his body shuddering with the spasms of his orgasm. Reaching up, he grabbed her head again and kissed her on the lips. "You are beautiful," he whispered. His cock jerked inside her. "You are perfect in every way."

Nicole sobbed. "P... please...? Make it stop."

He grew harder. "I will, when I cum again."

"N-No."

He held her throat as he began to stroke. His cock was sensitive, painfully so, but thrusting into her cum-soaked pussy added a slick pleasure to the discomfort. Soon, he was thrusting into her as their shared cum and blood splattered down on ground below them.

"Look in my eyes, Nicole."

She had to focus on him, her mouth open and the tears streaming down her face. Her pupils were slow as they took him in. She opened her mouth and closed it. Blood dribbled out of the corner of her mouth.

Seeing her dying drove him harder. He grabbed her throat hard and squeezed. It didn't matter if his cock head hurt, the sight of her dying on his drove him to slam against her body. His shaft pounded against her innermost gate. Each impact shook her body violently.

The knife in her belly dug into his gut with every stroke. He slammed into it, driving the knife deep into her stomach even as the one in her hip popped out of the wood. Blood spurted across his body

Mark's cock spasmed violently, but he didn't cum. He was on the edge of orgasm, the painful knife edge of ecstasy. He tore into her, gripping her hard and yanking her body as he puled out. He slammed her head into the wood as he drove into her pussy. His balls slapped against her ass, crushing them with the force of impact.

He grunted, a guttural sound of need, as he slammed into her again and again, desperately trying fuck her womb directly. It didn't matter if he couldn't, he was going to crush her with every iota of strength he had.

Stars exploded across his vision. He grunted with every slam, trying to break her. The knife holding her shoulder to the board ripped out and she let out a strangled moan through her blue lips.

He finally came, a searing hot agony of cum that filled her. As his body tensed inside her, he tore her off the board. The wet ripping noise pushed him harder and he held her up with only his cock and the hands around her throat. Pounding hard, he slammed into her with brutal strokes until the last of his strength faded out.

With a groan, Mark dropped to the ground. Gasping for breath, he released his grip from her throat.

Nicole hit the ground with a limp thud. Her body trembled and blood pooled around her. Her tiny nipples were hard and her breasts heaved as she clutched at the wounds in her belly. Her fingers shook violently with her efforts.

Cum oozed out of her pussy, a white stain on the puddle of crimson. It was the sexiest thing that Mark had seen.

He smiled, his mind bright with the intense orgasm.

Nicole sobbed and crawled away. Tears splashed down as she crawled toward her mother, leaving a trail of blood and cum behind her. One leg refused to work and it trailed behind her. The other dug weakly into the ground, pushing her along.

Mark was startled by the same scene he saw earlier, when he killed Alexandra in the sewers below the warehouse. He smiled and watched her.

Reaching out for her daughter, Amelia cried softly as strained against her bondage. The spike tore through her belly. He could see the flash of bone and her guts as she struggled to touch her daughter one last time.

Nicole cried out, her voice a broken gurgle. Her hand shook as she clawed for her mother. Inches from their fingers touching, she slumped to the ground. Her chest rose and fell.

A brief moment of pity filled Mark. Struggling against his own weight, he got up and staggered over to them.

Amelia looked up at him, all the hatred in the world. Her eyes were red with tears but unfocused with her own death.

Kneeling down, Mark grabbed Nicole by the hair. With a grunt, he picked her up and dragged her the last few feet. He dropped her on her mother's chest, no doubt speeding Amelia's death.

“B...baby, oh baby, I’m so sorry.” Amelia clutched her daughter tightly, her body shaking from the spike that impaled her.

“I...” Nicole coughed and splattered her mother with blood. “I... for... lov...”

And then she was gone.

Amelia’s eyes widened. She stroked Nicole’s hair. “B-Baby? Baby? Oh god, baby, talk to me.”

“She’s dead,” said Mark.

Amelia shook her head. “No, damn it, no.” Her eyes flashed as she gave him a glare. “Damn you.”

Mark smiled and waited.

—

Digging graves in the mountains was harder than Mark thought. What started with thin topsoil quickly turned into a thick clay littered with rocks and shale. He knew that graves were suppose to be six feet deep, but it took him almost a full day to carve out four holes up to his waist.

It was coming on sunset when he gave up. Groaning with pain, he staggered back to the cabin and picked up Nicole. The young girl clung to her mother but it was the grip of a dead woman. He yanked her apart and brought her back.

Another trip and Amelia was resting at the bottom of her own grave.

He considered leaving them at the bottom but the idea of animals eating their corpses was somehow abhorrent. With a groan, he started to shovel the dirt back over their bodies.

—

The car door slamming woke Mark up. He sat up in a dead panic. He clutched the blankets as his entire body tensed up. He was afraid to see red and blue light flashing through the windows but it was the headlights of some car.

He looked around for a weapon, but found none. He felt helpless and frightened.

Another door slammed shut and Amelia’s car turned over but died.

Still frightened, he crawled out of bed and inched over to the window. The light was blinding, but he could see shadows of people walking between him and the cars.

“Grab the jumpers,” said Sing, “and hurry up.”

“You got it, boss,” said the dark-skinned man with a surprising Irish accent.

Mark’s eyes grew accustomed to the light. He watched as Sing popped the trunk and they jumped Amelia’s car. As the engine roared to life, Sing got into Amelia’s car and the two drove off, leaving him in darkness once again.

He sat on the ground, staring at the two filled graves. He still couldn’t believe that he killed them. But, even knowing that, he still felt an aching, empty hole. It wasn’t that he missed them, though the nearly constant sex was far more enjoyable than his right palm, but something more. He wished they were alive so he could snuff them again, to see the pain fading from Nicole’s eyes or Amelia’s devastation. He wanted it, craved it. He wanted to kill them over and over again, just to lose himself in the lust and power he had over their bodies.

A bird cried out over the mountains. He looked up at the dark storm clouds gathering in from the west. In a few hours, it would be slamming against the cabin.

Mark sighed as he stood up. He was sitting on a thick folded tarp and a set of metal stakes. Using a hammer, he covered the two open graves and set it up so the water would sluice off instead of filling the holes. He had to keep it ready, just in case.

Mark couldn’t help but feel a bit of fear when the wind was howling and the rain pounded on the roof of the cabin. According to the clock, it was nearly midnight and the world outside was pitch black except for the flash of lighting that lit up the mountains.

He felt foolish being afraid of the dark. But, as he laid on the bed, he thought about a thousand scenarios of being trapped in the mountains: a tree falls on the roof, the wall collapses, the generator fails. None of them made him feel better but he was stuck in a morbid spiral of dire fantasies.

To alleviate some of his fears, he crawled out of bed. The floor was cool underneath his feet. He padded across the cabin to his bag on the kitchen counter. Unzipping it, he groped around looking for the red cell phone Sing gave him. He found it after a few minutes

and turned it on. The blue glare was painful and he watched it connect to the network. Seeing the four bars eased his fears. If something went wrong, he could call Sing.

He realized someone was knocking on the door. Surprised, he looked up to see headlights pouring in through the window, flickering as the rain hammered against the window panes. The knocking was loud and desperate.

Mark thumbed the phone off and jammed it back into his bag. He regarded the door as more irrational fears rose up. He didn't know if it was Sing, Katie, or someone else. He hoped it was Katie, though he wasn't expecting her for another day at least.

Turning back, he started to dig in his bag for shorts. But, the pounding on the door didn't stop. It grew faster and the door rattled in the frame.

He took a deep breath and headed for the door. Bracing his foot against the bottom, he cracked it open and peered outside.

Katie stood at the threshold, dripping wet and looking worried. The rain had plastered her blouse against her chest and it clung to every curve of her breasts and hips and shoulders. Her bra stuck out, the lace in relief against the thin fabric. Makeup ran down her face and left two dark streaks that gave her raccoon eyes. Her hair used to be done up but now the rain crushed it with the weight of water and it plastered against the side of her face.

She was beautiful in a helpless vulnerable manner.

With a sigh, she clutched the door. "Oh, thank god. I thought we got the wrong place."

"What are you doing here?" he asked, the surprise in his voice more honest than he expected.

She flinched as if he hit her. "I-I'm so sorry. I just thought that you... you wouldn't mind."

"Mind you showing up at my door in the middle of the night?" He opened the door further. He chuckled. "In the middle of nowhere?"

She whimpered and clutched her wrists in front of her. After a few heart-wrenching moments, she turned. "I'm sorry."

Mark almost grabbed her and hauled her into the cabin. Instead, he rested his hand on her shoulder to stop her. "Stop."

She tensed. When he turned her around, she obeyed in silence.

“Why are you here?” The rain was still pouring down on them, icy and humid. It sank into his bones as he stared into her eyes. He could feel the lust burning inside him, heating him up and his cock grew hard with his thoughts.

“I,” she gulped, “saw that you were considering me for your show.”

He smiled. “And you were hoping to convince me to put you on it.”

A nod. Katie clutched herself tightly, shivering in the icy rain.

“You found the address to my cabin from my notes too, didn’t you?” He enjoyed toying with her. The fear of the rain evaporated with the idea of fucking the teenage girl standing before him.

“Y-Yes.”

He admired her body and struggled to control his pounding heart. Gulping at his dry throat, he managed to croak out his response. “It will take a lot more than just showing up in the middle of the night to convince me, you know.”

She nodded. “I know. I,” she hesitated for a moment before she continued, “can...”

He cocked his head, waiting. It took all of his skill to keep the hope and anticipation from his face. With a sigh, he leaned against the door frame and hoped she wouldn’t notice that his manhood was aching hard.

Katie looked up. “Please, I’ll do anything to be on TV.”

“Anything? Somehow, I don’t really believe that.”

She nodded tentatively. “Mommy said you fucked her.”

He chuckled dryly as his cock jumped at his thoughts. “And...?”

“I’m willing to let you have me too. I-I’m clean and I’m on the pill.” She gave him a hesitant smile. “You can come inside too. Um, me. You can come in me.”

Mark pushed himself from the frame, stepping forward into the icy rain. “Did your mom tell you where I fucked her?”

“In the vagina. And in the mouth.”

“And...?”

Katie blushed hotly. “You fucked her ass too.”

“And you’re okay with that?” He silently begged for her to say yes.

When she nodded, he almost came. His fingers tightened against the door frame and he watched her as the lust rose up inside him.

“Take your clothes off, Katie.”

She looked behind her and then up into the rain. It splattered against her face and ran down her neck in rivulets. She turned back to him. “Here?”

He nodded.

For a moment, she didn't do anything. And then she lifted her hands to her blouse. Trembling fingers worked the buttons open and she spread the fabric, giving him a view of her bra and small breasts. She worked down the line, pulling it apart with small steps.

Mark's breath came faster as she tugged the blouse from her dark skirt. Rain dripped from the fabric as she shrugged out of it and let it drop. It hit the ground with a wet smack, but he was focused on the rain that beaded along her bared shoulders and the swell of her breasts.

Katie started on her bra, reaching behind to detach it. With a quick shrug, she peeled it off her small breasts and let it drop next to her blouse. Her nipples were hard, be from the cold or the excitement, and Mark wanted to suck on them.

She unzipped her skirt and pushed it down, rocking her hips back and forth as the waist caressed her thighs, knees, and then shins. It was a dark sodden mass at her feet as she stood there, wearing nothing but a pair of white lace underwear.

He grabbed his cock and squeezed down. He wanted her more than he ever did before. He gave it a few pumps, but stopped in fears that he would cum.

Katie favored him with a smile as she hooked the elastic with her thumbs and pushed down.

Mark held his breath. His heart pounded painfully in his chest.

The elastic clung to her hips, caressing the narrow girth. As she pushed it down to her thigh, the white fabric of her panties peeled back from her sex and he got his first look at her teenage pussy. She had a narrow slit with two swollen mounds on each side. As he watched, rain ran down her stomach and followed the curve of her pink pussy before soaking into the fabric.

Katie gave her underwear a little tug and it peeled off from her body. Lifting one foot, she eased it down to her feet and stepped

away. When she straightened, Mark thought she looked like a virgin goddess.

He moaned under his breath.

She stood there, shivering but not covering herself. Water streamed down her body.

Mark glanced over to the car which still had the lights and the motor running. "What about your mother?"

Katie shivered, her teeth chattering softly. "Up to you."

Mark felt his heart skip. "Up to me?"

"If you want just me, she'll find a motel or something."

"And if I want her too?"

She peeked at her mother. "You can have her too."

"Really?" He stepped up to her and slipped his hands around her waist. Her body was hot and slick from rain. She trembled as he ground his hard cock against her stomach and pulled her close. "And," he whispered, "if I want to fuck both of you at the same time?"

Katie tensed. She nodded.

He ran his fingers through her sodden hair. "And if I want to see her eating you out? Would you let your mommy lick your cunt?"

She whimpered.

"Katie?"

"Y-Yes," she whispered. "I'll do her... let her to do me. Anything."

He kissed the top of her head. "Go on in and warm up."

She pulled back from him and bent down to pick up her clothes.

"No," he said to stop her, "you won't need clothes while you're here."

"O-Okay," she gasped. She gave a relieved smile and reached down between them. Her fingers wrapped around his cock before she gave him a few strokes.

"Yeah," he chuckled, "I'm probably going to warm you up really soon. But get inside and dry off. I'll get your mother."

"Thank you," she said before circling him and entering the cabin.

Mark stepped out into the full onslaught of the rain. It sluiced off his body as he covered the distance to the car. The engine was hot enough that steam rose from the hood.

As he got closer, Bobbi rolled down her window. "Is it... is it okay?" Her eyes flicked down to his naked cock, the wet rain dripping off the end.

Mark leaned into the door and smiled. "You mean, is it okay that you are desperate enough that you'll let me fuck your daughter?"

Her eyes widened, then she sighed. "Yeah, that too."

"Why don't you come inside and find out."

Bobbi inhaled sharply. "M-Me?"

He favored her with a smile. "I always wanted to fuck a mother and daughter at the same time."

She gave him a nervous look.

"Yes, I'm going to make you fuck her too."

"I-I-"

"Do you want her to get on the show?"

"Yes."

"Then get out of the car, Bobbi." He stepped back and opened the door.

Bobbie kept her eyes on him as she turned off the car. She hefted the keys and then handed them to Mark when he held out his hand. With his other, he helped her out of the car and shut the door.

"Good girl."

She stood in the rain. The torrent poured down on them. She was wearing a blouse and a pair of tight, black jeans. The water plastered it to her body, clinging to her curves. Unlike her daughter, Bobbi wasn't wearing a bra and her shirt clung to her large tits and her curves.

"Should I strip?"

Mark nodded and stepped back. Lighting flashed around him and he watched as she fumbled with her buttons.

The water coursed down her body, plastering her hair to her face and dripping from her fingers. She struggled with the first button for a long moment, then sighs. Looking up at him with a sheepish grin, she grabbed both sides of her shirt and tore it open. Her breasts spilled out.

He moaned at the sight of them. His hands tightened into fists as his dick jumped at the sight.

Bobbi gave him a seductive smile as she finished ripping off her shirt and tossed it aside. "You like?"

“Very much. I can’t wait to get you back to the cabin and fuck the hell out of me.”

She worked the buttons of her jeans. “Be gentle to Katie, please?”

“What about you?”

She peeled open her jeans. “If it gets her on the show, I’ll do anything.”

“Good. Because if you do everything I want for a week, I promise your daughter will get on the show.”

She let out a sigh of relief and shoved her jeans down. She struggled with her shoes for a moment, then slipped out of both. When she stood up, she was naked as her daughter.

Rain continued to splash on her, tracing every inch of her body that he was planning on touching, stroking, and fucking. He watched as the water ran down the “V” of her legs and dripped off her swollen pussy lips.

Mark held out his hand. “Come on, I’m freezing.”

She took it, clutching it tightly.

As they walked away, Mark hit the lock on the keys and the vehicle chirped. Inside, he tossed the keys on the kitchen counter next to his bag.

Katie was drying herself off with a towel. She had one leg propped up the bed and she was bent over, giving him a stunning view of her tight little pussy lips and the tiny little asshole he was going to fuck until she screamed. The muscles in her leg jerked as she blotted herself dry.

Mark stopped at the door, staring at her.

“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” asked Bobbie.

“Yes.”

Katie stood up and smiled at him. She held the towel to her stomach, framing her naked breasts and hard nipples. She caught sight of him and bit her lower lip with a giggle.

Mark chuckled and closed the door behind him. It clicked as it latched, but the wind howled against it, rattling the door in the frame. He turned to throw the deadbolt.

When he turned back, Bobbi had crossed the room and was taking the towel from her daughter. They shared a questioning look, then Katie gave a nervous nod.

A tension filled the room. Then Bobbie tossed the towel on the bed. Her body was still dripping with rain when she reached out and cupped her daughter's chin with both hands.

Mark moaned as Bobbi brought her daughter into a kiss. It was ginger at first, a little peck on the lips. But then Katie opened her mouth and closed her eyes. Bobbi tilted her head and brought her into a deep kiss. Their bodies ground against each other as Katie slipped her slender teenage arms around Bobbi's hips and Bobbie shoved her large breasts against Katie's smaller mounds.

They continued to kiss, the hesitation melting away as they performed for Mark. He knew it was a show but didn't care. The sight of two women making out normally didn't turn him on—too many groupies—but knowing that it was a mother and daughter brought a stifling hardness to his cock.

He took a hesitant step forward, then another.

Bobbi and Katie continued to kiss. Katie's hands stroked her mother's flanks and then up to her breasts. Long, slender fingers hefted the large mounds. Bobbi, on the other hand, released Katie's chin and let her hand trail down, caressing the smooth flesh of Katie's shoulder, side and then down to her hip.

Holding his breath, Mark watched with growing lust as Bobbi inched her fingers across Katie's hips and down between her daughter's legs.

"You okay, honey?"

Katie looked up into her mother's eyes. She lifted one leg and stepped to the side to give her own mother access to her pussy.

Bobbi smiled and whispered something. Her fingers danced along Katie's pubic bone and hip before she brought it up between her legs.

Letting out a moan, Katie threw back her head. "Mommy!"

"That's my honey," whispered Bobbi as she shoved one finger into Katie's pussy, pumping in and out. "Just relax, just relax."

"Oh god," whimpered Katie, clutching to her mother. "Two... add another."

Bobbi was panting as she slipped a second finger into her daughter's pussy. As she pulled out, there was a wet slurp of Katie's juices clinging to her digits. Bobbie kissed her daughter and pumped harder, fingering her with wet, sucking slurps.

It was too much for Mark. He stepped forward with an aching cock.

Katie turned to him. A moment later, Bobbi followed her gaze.

Mark found it hard to talk. He cleared his throat twice before he could get the words out. "We're all tired. How about you two just suck me off and then we'll get some sleep. Tomorrow, I'll get to fucking you."

They hesitated.

Guessing that they were confused about his request, Mark pointed to the floor. "On your knees."

"Oh," Bobbi said and lowered herself. Her lips trailed along her daughter's breast and stomach. For a moment, she was poised before the teenage pussy but then Katie lowered herself next to her mouth.

Mark was breathing deeply as he stepped up to them, lining up his cock between their two heads. He stroked his hands along the back of their heads, guiding them to his aching shaft.

As one, the two women opened their mouths and kissed the side of his cock. The dual pleasures of heat pushed him close to the edge. Katie reached up and wrapped her arm around his leg, grinding her breast against his thigh as she worked her way down to his base.

Her mother grabbed his shaft and kissed her way up to the top. She mouthed the end and sent intense little sparks of pleasure coursing down his length. She pulled back and his precum left a little chain connecting their bodies. With a smile, she opened her mouth and took in his length.

Mark swayed and clutched at their bodies. His balls tightened at the touch of Katie's lips against them. He could feel her teasing the plum-sized testicle with curious, questing lips. She sucked on it slightly, rolling it with her tongue.

He wrapped his hands in both of their blonde hairs, flipping over his palm to get a good group. With a firm grip, he guided both of them.

Bobbie sucked on his cock, working her way down with wet slurps. The heat and pleasure increased and he clutched her tighter, pulling her down with short, impatient strokes. She obeyed, taking him deeper and deeper.

Katie giggled softly and released his ball from her mouth. She planted kisses up to the base of his shaft and sucked on the side of it. He felt her caught his balls in her fingers. The warm, soft touch of her tips brought little shudders of pleasure.

He came without warning. One moment, he was struggling to breathe and the next he was pumping hot cum into the back of Bobbi's throat.

Bobbie clutched and froze. She gulped at his cock, drinking the cum as fast as he could spurt into her.

Mark's knees wavered from the effort to stand and he saw stars exploding across his vision. He clutched both of them tightly, fingers pulling on their hair, as he shoved into Bobbi's mouth with a few desperate, futile strokes.

Katie, after a few seconds, realized that he was coming and pulled back.

He let her blonde hair slip from his fingers to grab Bobbi with both hands. Grunting, he began to pound into her face, forcing the last of his cum into the back of her throat.

Bobbie gagged on his cock, but she clutched his buttocks and guided him deep into her mouth as he slumped forward.

"Fuck," he gasped.

He pulsed a few times inside her, then slowly withdrew his shaft.

Bobbie sucked on his length, leaving it glistening clean when he pulled out. She smiled up at him, licking her lips. "So," she gasped, "did we pass the first audition?"

—

Mark woke up sandwiched between two naked women. He was on his side and his arm was draped over Katie's slender form. Bobbie was behind him, her breasts pressed against his back and her thigh up on his.

He smiled to himself. Looking down, he noticed that his cock was resting inches from Katie's tight little ass. The smooth curves of her rump caressed his hips. His shaft grew harder with his thoughts, reaching out to touch her seam.

Katie moaned softly.

Mark ran his fingers down her spine, tracing the line of her body. When he reached the small of her back, he caressed the smoothness of her ass and hooked his fingers between her thighs.

She lifted her leg, giving him more access.

He grabbed his cock and angled it down. It scraped against her teenage thigh before he pressed it up against her moist sex. Between her thighs, it was hot and he aimed for the moist opening he knew was there.

Katie was breathing deeply. Tiny little moans escaped her throat.

Mark continued to slid his cock against her, rubbing back and forth as he felt her pussy lips spread apart. His cock head caught the entrance to her sex, it was a tight little opening.

With a moan, Katie spread her leg more and angled forward. She whispered something, but Mark couldn't understand it.

He didn't care. He continued to work his cock back and forth, sliding it along the soft folds until his precum and her juices lubricated his head. With a grin and panting himself, he thrust against her. His cock slid down the length of her slit. He pulled back and pushed against her. He wasn't in a hurry to enter her, but the feeling of her warm thighs and hot lips wrapped around his cock was addictive.

The tiny strokes turned into longer ones. He released his cock and pressed down on her thigh, squeezing them together as he thrust harder into her. He still wasn't inside her, but between the little moans and the heat of her body, he was quickly reaching an orgasm.

A hand stroked along his chest. He peered over his shoulder to Bobbie. She was smiling as she held him. Her other hand was between her legs, stroking softly. She ground her soft breasts into his back.

She leaned forward for a kiss and he twisted his head until their lips caressed. It was soft and heated, just like his cock trapped between Katie's legs.

"Fuck my daughter," Bobbi whispered.

He thrust harder. His cock was thrusting into the soaked channel of her thighs. He moaned into Bobbi's kiss and clutched to Katie's hips. His body rocked back and forth between the two women.

Between one stroke and another, his cock slipped from the wet channel and he lodged deep into Katie's cunt. Katie let out a gasp and reached back, grabbing his hip to hold him in.

Bobbi moaned as she watched. She fingered herself faster.

Mark moaned and closed his eyes. He turned away from Bobbie to grip her daughter's hips and thrust harder. His shaft was soaked by her pussy and he could feel the tight walls clenching to his length.

His cock slipped out, thrusting wetly against her labia and clitoris.

Katie whimpered and tried to angle him back in, but the angle was hard.

Mark pulled back and she whimpered again. He shifted between the hot, soft bodies until he was on his back. "Mount me," he ordered to Katie.

The teenager smiled broadly and crawled on her hands and knees. Her small breasts hung down, tipped by two large nipples. She lifted her leg and spread herself over Mark's cock.

He watched as she aimed his aching hardness to the tiny, pink opening. She let out a soft whimper of need as she sank down. His vision grew blurry as he lost himself in the tight, slick pressure of her cunt swallowing his cock.

Katie's body was slender and light, but there was no question to the incredibly smooth, dripping sensation of being wrapped around his length. She spread her legs and sank clear to his balls.

He twitched inside her, enjoying the way his cock was trapped inside her body. He gripped her hips and kept her centered, but encouraged her to fuck him.

She planted her hands on his chest. Using only her legs, she raised and dropped herself on him. The slow feel of her withdrawal was interrupted by the burst of him burying deep inside her pussy.

Next to him, Bobbi was masturbating frantically. Her eyes were locked on the junction of Katie's pussy and his cock. He noticed that she occasionally glanced up, but mostly she was avoiding looking at Katie's face.

He grew hard at the idea of Bobbi being forced to fuck her daughter. He released Katie's hip and reached over. His fingers ran along Bobbi's stomach before reaching down for her cunt. He slipped easily into her wet channel.

Katie whimpered and rode him harder, slamming down with wet thrusts that shook him to his core. His cock throbbed inside her, the need to cum aching in his balls.

Mark leaned over to Bobbi. "I want to taste you."

Bobbie inhaled sharply. “Me?”

“Stop asking that and come over here.”

As Katie continued to impale herself on Mark’s cock, Bobbi got on her knees and crawled over. He drank in the scent of her excitement, tangy and mature. He grabbed her hips and guided her over to his mouth.

A droplet of her juices dripped down, splashing on his lips. He tasted it right before Bobbi sank down on his face. The heated damp surrounded his face. He used his tongue to delve into her shaved pussy, searching for her clitoris.

Katie rode him faster and harder, slamming her entire body down with wet strokes. Her fingers clutched his chest. With every impact of her slender body, his cock drove deep into her tight hole.

He lapped harder, trying to match Katie’s strokes but there was no way that he could keep up with the sexy girl. He managed to lick her mother every few times the wet pussy slammed down on his cock, but soon he was almost drowning in Bobbi’s juices.

With a grin, he thrust up into Katie’s fucking. His cock drove deep into her body, moving with slick lubrication as he strained to ram his entire length into her channel.

Bobbi clutched his head, her fingers intertwining with Katie’s. She rocked back and forth. Moans vibrated her body and she ground down with her weight.

He thrust up as fast as he could and lapped against anything he could find. The wet slurping drowned out all the noises, but he could still feel the heated sleeve of Katie’s pussy on his cock and the sticky folds plastered to his face.

Katie’s cunt suddenly gripped his length tightly. She slammed down and held herself there, rocking back and forth as a high-pitched wail reached his ears. She slammed down again as her fingers tug into his chest, squeezing painfully as she came on his hardness.

A few seconds later, Bobbi did the same. Her pussy slammed down on his face, cutting off his breath. She rocked back and forth, drowning him as she clutched to Katie’s fingers and his chest.

Asphyxiated, he felt an intense surge of pleasure fill him. He grabbed Bobbie’s thighs tightly as he thrust hard up. He lifted Katie off the bed as he came, flooding her teenage pussy with his cum.

Mark held Bobbi's to his face, lapping frantically as he felt every surge of his shaft. The jets of cum pumped deep into the teenager.

When he was no longer firing cum and just surging painfully into her body, he slumped to the bed.

Bobbi fell off him, gasping for breath. "Fuck."

"Yeah, mom," Katie giggled, "that was intense." She slipped off and globs of cum splattered down on Mark's hips.

Mark chuckled. "Okay, give me a second and then someone needs to make breakfast."

—

He floated in the hot tub, enjoying the water steaming around him and the afterglow of two orgasms in less than a few minutes. He stared up at the stars above him, marveling at the brightness of the stars and how clear the Milky Way was in the mountains. He didn't know anything about the stars, it wasn't important in high school, but seeing the blanket of sparks in the inky void of night made him wonder if he should have listened a bit more.

"Damn," moaned Bobbi. Her voice carried through the open door and through the gaps of the generator and the wall of the cabin. "He really fucked my ass tonight."

"You were screaming enough, mom."

"Kiss it?" Bobbi sounded hopeful.

"Ew, no."

Mark held his breath, listening intently.

"You did this morning."

"He was watching then."

The sound of someone slapping her ass.

"And you still have cum leaking out," finished Katie.

"Please?"

"Mom, this is for the show, remember?"

A sigh. "I know, I'm just having fun."

"Fucking your own daughter?" The sardonic tone was obvious even from outside of the cabin. Mark smirked and stared at his cock, amused but still exhausted.

"Yeah," the bed creaked, "even by my very sexy daughter."

"After this, we aren't doing this. And don't get any idea of 'accidentally' crawling into my bed. It was bad enough last time."

“Fine,” another sigh, “but I’m still going to think of you when I masturbate.”

“Ew.”

—

“Hey, Mark?” Katie asked as she made the bed. It was a futile gesture since they would be ruining it in a few hours, but the sight of her naked body bent over the bed gave him a little thrill.

Mark set down the plate he was washing. “Yeah?”

“Any chance you saw Nicole in the last few weeks? Or Amelia?”

Next to him, Bobbi froze as she stared down at the soapy sink. Mark glanced at her and saw that she was tensed up.

Katie asked again. “Mark?”

Bobbi glared at her daughter. “Don’t ask that, honey.”

“Why not? She’s was missing when we came up here.”

Mark felt his breath coming faster. He forced himself to slow down and relax. Pulling on a fake smile, he turned and looked at the sexy teenager he couldn’t wait to kill. “No, I haven’t. Why?”

Katie sighed. “I think they were missing. One day, Nicole wasn’t home and her father said she and her mom were going to visit Nicole’s aunts. But, they never got there and he was getting really scared.”

Bobbi interrupted. “She wouldn’t be here. You know that.”

“Yeah,” Mark said, “I just got here a day before you did. I haven’t seen either of them.”

“Oh, okay.” Katie sighed and bent over the bed to straight the pillows.

Mark watched her with a sly smile on his face. After a second, he turned and headed over to her. His cock grew hard at the thought of killing Nicole and what he was going to do to her.

—

Mark cradled a steaming cup of coffee and looked out across the mountains. It was a crisp morning and his breath fogged as much as the steam. In a few hours, it would warm up but the days of summer bliss were numbered.

As were the days of fucking Katie and Bobbi. He smiled as he looked down at the blonde head bobbing up and down on his cock. It was Bobbi’s turn to blow him while Katie was in the kitchen, cooking up breakfast.

Bobbie was on her knees, padded with a pair of towels. She was naked, of course, and the little shivers of her discomfort added to the realization that he had complete control over her body. She was desperate to do anything for him, including giving her access to every hole in her body.

His cock grew harder in her mouth and she inhaled before bobbing back down. Her lips clung to his length, sliding back and forth with slow, sensual movements. Her breasts ground against his thighs as she held his balls with one hand and stroked herself with the other.

The cabin door opened with a squeak and Katie came out with three plates of food. It was fried bacon, scrambled eggs, and some toast. With a smile, she set down one plate for her mother and handed a second to Mark.

Mark took it, resting his hand on Bobbi's head and encouraging her to speed up.

Bobbi sucked on his cock, bobbing deep until he was pressed against the back of her throat. She wiggled back and forth before sliding up. She reached his glans and sucked on the tip before delving back down.

Mark moaned and gripped her hair, pushing and pulling as his cock grew painfully hard in her mouth. Compared to Katie, Bobbi was excellent at sucking cock. She was even better than Nicole, though it was hard to remember how the dead teenager felt.

His cock surged at the thought of Nicole. With a grin, he leaned back and sighed happily.

"Life is good?" asked Katie.

He nodded and looked down at the submissive woman sucking on his cock. "Yes, it is."

"Hard to believe that you have to leave tomorrow."

Mark raised an eyebrow.

"Sorry," she said with a blush, "I read your itinerary, remember?"

"Yeah."

"So," she curled her legs underneath her and gave him a view of her pink pussy lips pressed together. Her labia was already blushing with excitement. "I really got on the show?"

Around his cock, Bobbi slowed down. Mark pushed her down, forcing his cock into her mouth. He grew harder as he realized he was going to kill them in a few short hours, he almost had forgotten. His manhood grew to full hardness and he gripped Bobbi's blonde hair tightly to force her to bob.

"Yeah, you got on the show. You're the list."

At Katie's surprised look, he felt a prickle of fear rise up. He didn't know why, but it was something he just said.

Katie pressed her legs together and curled it tighter against her body. "W-What did you say?"

"Um, just a little—"

"That is what Amelia always says. You're the list."

"Um," he panicked for a moment, "I met her at the sponsor's benefit. I probably just picked there."

Katie let out a long breath. "Oh, I suppose." But, he could tell that she was thinking of her friend still.

Bobbi let his cock slip from her mouth. It was softening with his brief brush with fear. Wiping her mouth, she crawled into the empty seat and grabbed her breakfast.

Mark looked back and forth between them. The sexy mood had evaporated with a single misspoken word. He sighed and dug into his own breakfast. "So, how do you want to spend your last day?"

Katie looked at him and smiled, but there was still suspicion in her eyes. "How do you want us?"

Inwardly, he was beating himself up. He screwed up and he wasn't sure how to fix it. He should have known better, a single wrong thing could ruin any trick.

"Well, we might as well get you up on some tricks. Just a few more?"

Katie nodded. She looked down at her plate and sighed. Setting it on the table next to her she looked back toward the barns. "But not the knife throwing board? Please? That thing scared me last time."

His shaft twitched at the memory of Nicole's death. "I didn't even come close to hitting you."

"I know, but it... it was just scary."

Mark glanced over at Bobbi and noticed that she was watching Katie. There was a look of concern but also frustration. His mind spun furiously as he planned out his actions. He needed to get at

least one of them bound into a trick. And then probably steal the keys or disable the car.

Katie stood up sharply. "I'm going inside. Just leave the dishes out, I'll clean up."

Mark watched as Katie left her plate behind and headed inside. The cabin door shut with a light click. He sighed with frustration. It was easier with Nicole and Amelia.

"Mark?"

He turned to Bobbi, forcing the frown from his face.

"I'm sure she's just tired. You've been riding both of us pretty hard and she's worried about her friend."

He nodded. "Probably."

An idea came to him, a way of getting at least Bobbi on one of the tables. He could deal with Katie, even forcing her, if there was only one of them. He turned back to the house and made a show of frowning, a look of concern on his face.

The seconds crawled by and there was an uncomfortable silence. He held out as long as he could, then let out a dramatic sigh. Standing up, he said, "I guess I better pack up."

Bobbi's eyes widened. She stood up sharply next to him. "Um..."

He waited with hope.

"Do you think you could... use me? Maybe if I'm having fun, she will?"

Inwardly, he jumped up with joy. But, he kept the happiness from his face and shrugged. "Sure."

She arched her back, pushing her breasts up to his vision. "Now?" When he didn't answer immediately, she crossed the short distance and wrapped one hand around his shaft. It grew hard in her hand and she gave it a few strokes. "I'd really like you to tie me up."

Mark thrust into her hand. "Okay."

Bobbi smiled and he saw relief in her eyes. She thought she was sealing the deal for her daughter to be on the show.

He almost came in her hand. "Come on. I know just the thing." He pulled out, slipped his arm around her waist, and guided her back around the cabin. As they passed the back door, he could hear Katie slamming plates around as she cleaned.

"She's just worried," repeated Bobbi.

Mark kept his concerns to himself. He lead Bobbi to the one barn and inside. Closing the door, he flipped on the lights. The trick he had in mind was near the middle, but he dragged it to the center of the room. It was the table with the metal bands around the waist and restraints at the corners.

Bobbi's breathing grew deeper as he loosened the restrains and flipped open the band.

"Now," Mark started, "this is a pretty simple trick, but really scary. I'll put you in this and get out a chainsaw."

She tensed up but said nothing.

"Perfectly safe though. Since we take this metal sheet and slide it out of the way." The metal scraped against the wood and he showed where she could lower her stomach below the blade. "You hunker down and I slide it back into place. That way, it looks like I'm cutting you in half and you are perfectly safe." He knocked on the metal.

She inched forward. "Looks pretty narrow and I'm..." She gestured down to her naked body. She wasn't the thin, slender teenager he would normally use. But, she was beautiful anyways.

Mark reached out and pressed his palm against her belly. The soft skin was a balm for his worries. He felt her tighten her stomach. With a grin, he pushed his hand down and curled it over her pubic mound to slip two fingers into her sex.

Bobbie moaned at his touch. She was hot and moist.

"Don't worry, mostly I just like tying down sexy women."

"I'm sexy."

"You are amazingly beautiful."

Wrapping her hand around his arm, she guided him to thrust harder. "You know, when Katie's on the show, I'll let you keep doing this." She licked her lips. "Any hole, anywhere."

Mark thrust hard into her, his knuckles smacking against her opening. "And your husband?"

"He doesn't have to know," she whispered.

They kissed, tender at first but quickly growing passionate. He continued to bang her pussy with his fingers, thrusting deep into the silky wetness. Her body jerked with every thrust. Soon, she was moaning into their embrace.

Mark broke it off reluctantly. He gestured for the table.

Bobbi smiled. "Sure you don't want a blow job first?" She pointed down to his hard cock.

"No, I have something else in mind." He felt the pleasure rising up inside him.

"Good," she whispered. She crawled on the table. It was solid underneath her. She was a bit less than graceful as she got on her back and stretched out across the wood. Her belly tensed up as she looked at him.

Mark's cock dripped with excitement as he tied her down. His knots were firm but tight, enough to hold her down when she would be thrashing for her life. He stroked and touched her body: tweaking her nipple, sliding his finger down the sensitive side of her ribs, and even fingering her briefly as he headed for her feet.

By the time he was up to the bracket, she was trembling and flushed. He brought the bracket down. It was a tight fit against her belly, it was sized for a woman a few sizes smaller, but he could latch it into place. Throwing the deadbolt, he ran his hands along her body.

"How do you feel?"

She gave him a nervous smile. "Kind of sexy and kind of scared."

He reached underneath the table and pulled out an electric chainsaw. It was powered by a powerful battery and had a twenty-inch blade. It was light enough to use one handed, which is how he planned on killing her.

At the sight of it, she inhaled sharply. "Oh my."

"Don't worry, we aren't going to use it." He ran his other hand down her stomach, over the bracket, and down between her legs. She was soaked and he pushed two fingers into her pussy. With a grin, he pressed the button.

The chainsaw spun up, a high-pitched roar.

Bobbi inhaled and her pussy clenched around his fingers.

Mark released the trigger and shoved his fingers hard. "You're wet."

"That's scary." She giggled nervously.

He guided a third finger into her, stretching out her opening. He jammed down on the trigger as he thrust up with his digits.

She jumped at the sound, a little squeal, then closed her eyes with a moan as he rammed his fingers home. He pumped into her,

releasing and pressing the chainsaw trigger with every thrust. The whine of the blade mixed in with her moans.

His cock was so hard it hurt. He wanted to snuff her right then and there, but he also wanted to tease her into begging for it, or at least doing the trick.

Mark pulled out his dripping fingers and released the chainsaw trigger. He grinned and brought a fourth digit to her entrance. "Think you can take four?"

She was panting for breath, her breasts rising and falling. She giggled. "If you keep doing that, you'd probably get your entire fist in there."

"Oh," he raised an eyebrow. He curled his fingers into a fist, tucking his finger underneath his pointing finger and forming a little ridge. He ran it along her pussy.

She moaned and squirmed, unable to move away from his grip.

"So, you think you can take it? It might hurt."

"You..." she gasped and he saw her trying to relax. "You can hurt me as much as you want."

Mark moaned himself and pressed his fist against her pussy. "I intend to."

He jammed down on the trigger and pushed. As the chainsaw spun back up, her body jumped. He shoved forward with his fist, twisting and jamming it against her pussy. It was soaked, but the girth of his hand was too much for her.

He released the trigger.

Bobbi moaned.

He pulled it back and shoved his fist against her again. The pressure was tight around his hand, but he sank another inch into her pussy. It was tight, tighter than anything he had felt before. He ground it against her, twisting and forcing it deeper.

After a few seconds, he relaxed and released the chainsaw.

"More," came the whimper.

He ground his fist hard to her pussy, forcing it into her. The chainsaw spun up again, drowning out her moans, but he could feel her body tensing and relaxing around him. Her guttural cries vibrated through her body. His fist sank deeper into her pussy, stretching her out. He could almost get the widest part into her cunt, but he felt a wet resistance of her entrance pushing him back.

“Hurt me!” screamed Bobbi.

Mark groaned with lust. He was going to hurt her. His knuckles white around the chainsaw handle and the white drowning out everything, he rammed his hand hard into her pussy.

She shuddered and cried out again.

He punched into her again, his arm straining to drive his fist into her.

Bobbie sobbed but kept calling out to him. “Harder, harder.”

He threw his weight behind his fist and shoved down. It wasn't a punch, but his hand sank into her pussy. He watched as her splayed apart labia stretched to accommodate and then swallow his hand. It inched forward, past the tight ring, and then suddenly it was inside her.

She screamed out. “Fuck! I'm cumming!”

Her pussy was tight around him. He had to strain to pump and twist it, but the wet pleasure was intense. He could see the pain in her eyes, but also the lust as she thrashed violently in her bonds.

Mark watched her restraints. She wasn't close to breaking free. He smiled and pumped harder, reaching clear up to her cervix and then pulling back until his fist couldn't escape her pubic bone. He stretched out his fingers and swirled them around her clenching insides, it was like sliding through pudding.

His cock was hard and dripping. He could feel it splashing off his balls, but the sight of Bobbi on the board, thrashing and writhing, turned him on more than he could imagine.

He released the trigger of the chainsaw. The blade spun down but he kept his hand in her sex.

“Fuck,” gasp Bobbi, “I've never been fisted before.”

Mark spread out his fingers against the soaked pressure encasing his hand. “Kind of sexy, isn't it?”

“Yeah. I came hard. Twice.”

He chuckled. “Well, that won't be the hard part.”

Panting, she looked at him.

“I have to get my hand out.”

Her pussy clenched around his hand.

“And then I'm probably going to fuck you.” He pulled at his hand, his wrist grinding against the exit of her pussy. It was a tight pressure.

Bobbi moaned. "Then pull."

"It might hurt."

"I don't care." She clamped down on his hand, grinding his wrist against her exit.

Mark held down the trigger of the chainsaw. As the blade spun up, she shuddered and a fresh flood of juices soaked his hand. He pulled at his hand, pressing his fingers tight together to make it easier.

Inch by inch, his hand pulled out of her cunt. It was soaked and dripping.

She grunted and bore down like she was giving birth. Her stomach tightened and he felt the pressure helping to push him out.

His fingers came free. He held it up and spread his fingers. Her juices glazed his skin and little strands of sticky fluids connected his fingers together. He chuckled and released the trigger.

In the silence, he tasted her. "Yummy."

Her breasts heaving and a flush dark on her skin, Bobbi smiled broadly. He knew that she was triumphant in keeping her daughter on the show.

He knew it was time.

Holding out his hand, he whispered, "Do you want a taste?"

Bobbi nodded. He circled around the table.

"Mom!" Katie's voice drifted mutely from the cabin. "Do you know where the canned peaches are?"

Mark frowned. He knew they didn't have peaches at the cabin. He started to turn to the cabin, but then noticed that Bobbi had a look of horror on her face. Curious, he turned back to her just as she was struggling to hide it from her face.

A prickle of fear rose up again. "Peaches?"

"I-I should probably help her." Bobbi twisted her wrist, trying to get out of her restraints. There was fear in her movements, a desperation that wasn't there a few seconds before.

"Mom!?"

Mark chuckled. "We don't have peaches."

Sweat was forming on Bobbi's brow. "I'm sure we do in one of the bags. Let me help her."

He shook his head and pulled the trigger of the chainsaw.

This time, when the whine filled the barn, it wasn't lust in Bobbie's eyes that he saw. It was fear. He smiled and stepped forward. He pressed his dripping hand, coated with her juices over her face.

Bobbie tried to jerk out of the way, but he had no effort to clamp his hand down on her mouth. She tried to pry open her mouth and he could see her inhaling to scream.

Releasing the trigger, he leaned next to her. "Canned peaches is a danger phrase, isn't it?"

Tears were shimmering in Bobbi's eyes. She shook her head.

"It means something is wrong?"

One tear welled out from the corner of her eye. It trailed down the side of her face and pooled in her ear. A sob rose up.

His cock throbbed against the side of the table. "I'm betting that you are lying, aren't you?"

Bobbi sobbed, the tears coming faster now. She shook her head again. The trembling shook the table, matching with his pounding heartbeat.

Mark pulled down on the trigger and released it. It was just enough to cause a whine to fill the room.

She began to cry as she looked at him with pleading eyes. Her jaw worked against his palm, but he gripped it tighter to prevent her from screaming. The noises that did come out were easily masked by another whine from the chainsaw.

He moaned. "Damn, you're so sexy." He lowered the blade and lined it up with the bracket strapping her waist down. He kept his finger off the trigger, but rested the blade right on the small gap of exposed flesh between the metal.

Bobbi let out a high-pitched scream at the touch of the metal.

Mark pulled the trigger.

The first splatter of blood launched across the chainsaw. It tore into her belly, easily tearing off the top layer of skin.

She screamed louder, but the whine of the chainsaw and his hand over her trashing head kept it muffled.

Mark was dripping hard as he lifted the blade and brought it down harder. The chain dug into her belly, slicing through her sexy stomach and ripping open her stomach. Guts were shredded and liquefied, splattering across the barn.

He lifted up the blade and release the trigger.

As it stopped, crimson dripped from the chain.

Underneath his hand, Bobbie was screaming and crying. Tears ran down her face as she jerked at her restraints. The table jerked as she pulled hard, then released.

Mark pulled the trigger and lowered the blade. It dug into her soft insides and tore it open. He could feel the vibrations of the blade through her body, shaking her hand and adding to the shuddering that was taking over her body. The heat rolling off her skin was intoxicating. She was growing wet with blood and sweat.

He watched as her sexual juices mixed in with the blood splattering everywhere. It ran down her face and blended with the tears that were flowing.

Mark jammed the saw into her belly again, tear through flesh. He felt a resistance as the chain caught bone. It was her spine. He backed up and levered the saw around to clear the flesh from around it.

Lifting the saw out of the way, he peered down at the gap. He could see her insides slipping into the gap, but for a brief moment, he saw the red-streaked bone of her vertebra.

At the sight of it, he began to cum. Hot splatters launched across the table. He lifted himself on his toes and aimed it toward her body. It struck the bracket and her stomach. Her breast rose and fall and he came a few times across them, leaving ropy strands of his seed to mix in with her blood and sweat.

Shuddering, he closed his hand and kept his hand clamped firmly on her mouth. "Fuck," he whispered. "I didn't even have to touch it."

"Mom!" screamed Katie from the cabin.

Mark looked up at the last spurt caught Bobbi on the face. "Well, I need to hurry up." He looked down at her. "I got to kill and rape your daughter."

Bobbie screamed.

He clamped down hard on her face, holding her down as he spun up the chainsaw. Drawing the blade up, he lined it with her two heaving breasts.

She screamed louder, thrashing violently.

Mark brought it down. The chainsaw tore into her lovely breasts, shredding them in an instant. Blood, skin, and fat splattered across the barn. He had to bear his weight down on her head, to keep her from breaking free.

His cock was still aching hard as the chainsaw dug into her ribs. It shattered bone and then he was driving it into her chest. It ripped open her lungs and the screams stopped suddenly.

He released her hand and grabbed his cock. Shaking with lust, he bore down on the saw, working it deeper into her chest. There was a small explosion of blood as it tore open her heart and he rammed it home.

Releasing the blade, he stepped back.

Bobbie was gaping, her eyes open but the life was fading from them.

Panting, he stepped up to her. "Silent, isn't it?" He gasped before he leaned over her. "You can't hear your heart. Your lungs. Everything is fading?"

Bobbie opened and closed her mouth. Tears continued to run down her cheeks.

Mark kissed her lips, careful to avoid her teeth in case she tried some last minute attack. He tasted blood and tears on her lips. He kissed her nose, and then her forehead. "You are beautiful, Bobbi. But, if you weren't willing to whore out your daughter for a show, you'd be alive tomorrow."

A frown crossed her face and there was fear burning in her eyes. The pain and regret storming her mind was visible even to him.

"But," he said with a smile. "I'm glad you didn't. I love you for that." He kissed her on the forehead again. "Now, I need to make sure your daughter doesn't do something stupid, like call the cops or make a run for it."

He left her, not expecting to see her alive again. He circled around the cabin, assuming that Katie would be watching the back door. He came in behind the hot tub, then crept along the side and ducked underneath the window.

Inside the cabin, he could hear her pawing through the dishes. "Damn it, give me a signal. Come on, one bar, that's all I need. One bar."

He gulped as he heard her rushing around the cabin. He didn't think any phone would work, but it sounded like she managed to get a signal. Fear rose up inside him, they could track him and the cabin by the phone. Even if he didn't get her, he would have to flee.

Swearing under his breath, he stood up on the far side of the window and hurried around the front. His original plan of disabling the car was interrupted by her on the phone.

Coming around, he saw that the front door was opened. He took a deep breath and charged it. Slamming it open, he only slowed down to find where she stood in the cabin.

Katie was wearing a t-shirt, but it wasn't hers. It was the same t-shirt Nicole wore the day she came up. In one hand, she had two rings of keys. In the other, a phone.

Mark's heart skipped a beat. It was her phone and she was jamming the green button frantically.

Katie spun around, almost losing her balance. She screamed and raced for the back door. She slammed into it, grabbed the handle, and yanked it open.

He scrambled to catch her, racing across the cabin. He almost caught her blonde hair, but she managed to slam the door in his fingers. Pain exploded from the impact and he pulled back with a yelp of pain.

Adrenaline surging through his system, he yanked the door open and raced after her.

Katie was twenty feet away and sprinting between the two barns. She didn't look like she was looking at either of them, but she was screaming on the phone. "Help me! Please fucking help me! He killed my mommy!"

Mark strained to catch up with her. He was fit, but running naked was uncomfortable. His dick smacked against his thigh and he was racing over sharp rocks.

Fortunately, Katie was also encumbered. She screamed into the phone as she tried to slid down the side of the steep hill.

Mark chased after her, scraping along the ground. At the bottom of a valley, he sprinted and reached out for her. His hand grabbed at empty air.

"Help me!" Her screamed echoed shrilly. She dove between two trees and he gained a few inches by swinging around the easy way.

His feet were in agony from racing on the rocks barefooted. Pushing away the pain, he surged forward and grabbed at her. His hand caught her hair and he clamped down.

Katie screamed as she was yanked back and to the ground. She hit with a thud. Tears ran down her cheeks. She fumbled with the phone. "Please, find me. He's going to kill me! Help me! I'm going to die! It's Fatal, Mark F—"

Mark slapped her hard once across the face. Then jammed his knee into her throat. Putting his weight down, he panted for breath.

She flailed helplessly, kicking out.

"Help me!" She croaked, looking at the phone pleadingly.

Mark grabbed her hand and twisted until she dropped the phone. He continued to twist her, lifting his knee as she was forced to bend her elbow around to her back. He flipped her over and pinned her again with his knee in the small of her back and his hand holding her arm against her far shoulder.

Katie sobbed. "H-Help me, please. He's... going to kill me."

Panting, Mark leaned over and grabbed the phone. He flipped it over and looked at it. When he saw the flashing "No Signal" he let out a sob of relief.

He chuckled and tossed the phone away. Leaning over to her, he looked at Katie's frightened face pressed against the stone. "And that wasn't very nice of you, was it?"

She thrashed underneath him, her naked buttocks grinding against his foot. She groaned and pushed up with her other hand, but he bore down on her until the strength left her and she slumped face-first into the rocky ground.

"What gave it away?" he asked, his breath coming rapidly.

"Fuck you!"

"Yes, but how did you figure it out?"

"Y-You killed her!"

Mark sighed. He twisted her arm up until she screamed. "I said, what gave it away?"

"Nicole's shirt! I found it under the mattress! And I found her keys." Her screams turned to sobs. "Please don't kill me."

He sighed. It was always the tiny details that ruined a magic trick. He looked around, but there was nothing to bind Katie. The only fabric he had was Nicole's shirt.

Reaching with his other hand, he gathered up the fabric around the collar and forced it down the arm he was holding. He had to switch grips, but he managed to free it from her one arm.

Katie continued to thrash, but he slammed her down into the rocks to stun her. With her struggling, it took him almost five minutes to rip the shirt off her.

Her small breasts were ground into the rocks and she sobbed in pain. "Please, don't do this."

"Are you going to be a good girl?"

She nodded, her cheek scraping in the rocks. Her tears left little dark marks on the stone.

He leaned forward. "I don't believe you." He chuckled before using his teeth to rip her shirt. It always looked easy in the movies, but it was very hard in practice.

Mark's leg slipped off hers and Katie kicked out. Her heel caught his thigh and buttocks, but she managed to miss his balls in her blind strikes. With every kick, the warm curve of her buttocks ground against his thigh and he found it harder to concentrate on pinning her down again.

"Stop it!" he yelled. He jammed her down, grinding her body into the rocks.

Katie slumped forward, sobbing loudly.

Keeping his weight on her, he resumed tearing the shirt into strips and forming it into a makeshift rope. It wouldn't hold for long, but he didn't need more than a few minutes to get his cuffs from the barn. Using his weight, he pinned her to the ground and tied it around her elbow. He grabbed her other arm and tied them together.

With her elbows bound together, her breasts were ground against the rock. She sobbed loudly as her nipples scraped against the sharp edges. She tried to lever herself up, but without her arms, all it did was remind Mark of her helpless sexuality.

"Damn, that is a lot harder than it looks." Panting, he pulled his hands back and watched.

Katie tried to break free, straining one direction and then the other. Her arms bunched up with the effort. Tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed. Her thin body twisted underneath him,

reminding him that it would take very little to rape her ass or pussy right on the rocks.

Satisfied that the rope would hold, Mark stood up and wiped the sweat from his brow. He reached down and grabbed Katie by the hair.

She screamed out as he forced her into her feet. She kicked out, but lost her balance. All of her weight was dropped on her hair and she screamed out shrilly again.

Mark yanked up on her hair, forcing her once again to stand. "Stop it!" he yelled. When she didn't, he slapped her twice.

Katie shrunk back from the last blow, her cheek red with his hand print.

"Now, march."

The next morning, Mark hummed to himself as he made breakfast. The bacon was steaming quietly on a plate and the eggs were popping in the remaining grease. As he cooked, he occasionally glanced over at the bed.

Katie was face-down in the covers, her ass sticking out and her handcuffed wrists pressed against the small of her back. The delicate curve of her buttocks was alluring as was the constant twist of her wrists as she tried to escape.

He was surprised she didn't try to roll off again. He stopped her with a few quick slaps and ratcheted the cuff tighter. Her fingers were much darker than the rest of her arms.

Her soft sobs were muffled by the pillow. She continued to twist and pull, but kept her legs pressed tightly together.

Mark chuckled. He could do anything to her. He stroked his cock through the apron and decided that breakfast could wait. Slipping the eggs on the plate, he dabbed them with a paper towel to remove the pooling grease.

His bare feet made a whisper of a noise as he crossed the cabin. He admired Katie as she writhed on the bed. She kept her face buried, afraid to look at him and so the pillow would muffle her cries. But, he could see the dark stains in the sheets from her tears.

Stripping off the apron, Mark crawled on the bed.

Katie tensed up, her muscles tightening and her thighs grinding together.

He didn't care. He tossed the apron on the ground and straddled her legs, his cock resting in the crevice of her ass. He ran his hands along her body, enjoying the trembling of fear that coursed through her body.

"You are beautiful, you know that?"

Katie's shoulders shook.

"Pity you are making this harder on yourself."

She lifted her head. "Go fuck yourself!" Her face was red and her cheeks wet with tears.

Mark chuckled. "Now, that isn't nice." He slipped his hands along her flanks, over her hips, and to her buttocks. Using his thumbs, he pulled her buttocks apart.

Katie gasped and buried her face again.

He admired the tight little hole. She was clenching it tightly and he could see the wrinkled opening vibrating with her effort to keep him out. Using his smallest finger, he caressed around the little hole.

Katie squeezed on her buttocks, but he pried them apart again.

"Now, don't make this hurt." He didn't care if she made it easier or not. He was going to rape her no matter what she did.

She screamed something in the pillow. It was probably "fuck you."

Sighing, Mark decided to teach her a lesson. He aimed his cock to her ass, lodging it into the opening. Releasing her buttocks, he felt her soft, tight ass gripping his length.

Leaning forward, he bore his weight on his cock. It didn't matter if her hole was mostly dry, his aching hardness and precum would break through her resistance.

Katie screamed out and thrashed.

Mark grabbed the cuffs and used it for leverage as he forced himself into her ass. Her ring fought against his intrusion, but he continued to bear down until he felt it tearing open, parting for his intruder.

The rush of raping Katie filled him. He drove further into her, sinking down inch by inch into the tight, teenage ass. He could feel every spasm of her muscles, both inside trying to push him out, and along her taut body.

He took his time, forcing his cock into her ass. The only lubrication came from his precum and the friction was intense against his raw nerves. But, her screams of agony and terror gave him the strength to keep pushing it, forcing himself into her until he was seated completely in her ass.

“That wasn’t so bad,” he whispered as he stroked the back of her shoulders.

Katie thrashed and shook her head, sobbing loudly in the pillows.

“Well,” he said as his cock grew harder with anticipation, “not compared to this.”

He ripped his cock out of her ass. As soon as he pulled out, he impaled her hole again, forcing it down as far as he could. He ripped it out and slammed it home, brutalizing her asshole with deep strokes she couldn’t avoid.

Katie’s screams encouraged him to rape her faster and harder. He gripped her cuffs in one hand and her hip with the other as he tore into her. Wet strokes that filled her completely. When he pulled out, his shaft was streaked with blood but that only engorged his lust even more.

Mark pounded into her, throwing all his weight and might behind impaling her. He felt her inner muscles clamping, trying to force him out, but they grew weaker with every stroke.

And after one deep stroke sent a shudder through her body, the tension in her buttocks disappeared. His next slam drove even deeper, filling her rectum with his cock. She was a tight, velvet glove around his length. The feeling of heat and pressure pushed him over the edge.

With a groan, he grabbed her buttocks and pulled out. He pried them as far part as he could as the cum splattered out. The white globs caught the gaping hole and poured into it. He shuddered at the sight of his cum sinking into her teenage ass, filling her as he pumped jet after jet into her.

Katie continued to sob as she laid limply on the bed. Her fingers unfurled from fists and laid limp against her back. Her shoulders shook, but there was no longer the fight that she had only a few hours before.

He had broken her. The realization brought a fresh surge of lust and his cock grew harder again. With a grin, he leaned forward and

slammed it home, using the cum-slicked shaft to ride her hard and deep.

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Mark used a washrag to pour soapy water over Katie's body. It sluices down her narrow shoulders and small breasts before splashing back into the tub. The glistening skin it left behind was soft and delicate. With a moan, he slipped his hands around her waist and pulled her closer to his body.

The movement pulled her tight ass against his throbbing cock. Her fingers, still bound in the cuffs, pushed at his abdomen. Even though she didn't resist as much, there was still just a little fire left in her. She leaned forward automatically, raising her body and drawing the line of her ass up along his hardness.

Mark pulled her down before he could impale her. "No, not right now."

She let out a shuddering breath. "W-Why?" she whispered with a sniff.

"Because," he stroked the hair from her ears and kissed her neck. "today we are going to do something different. Very different."

He watched as her muscles tensed up and her body shook. She let out another shuddering breath. There was a hint of a sob.

Mark ran one hand down her soap-slicked belly to her hips. He caressed the bone he found, then slid it down to the "V" of her sex. She parted her legs automatically and he slipped two fingers into her pussy. The silky heat brought a fresh ache to his cock. He wanted to fuck her forever, every hole, every position.

In the last two days, he almost got that. Her ass and pussy was his and he took it. A dozen times a day he fucked her as hard as he wanted. The sweet pleasure was overwhelming and addictive.

But, no magic trick survived being used all the time. There were things he couldn't do. He didn't trust fucking her mouth. He tried once, but the fear of being bitten and the effort to keep her mouth open ruined the mood. Mark knew there were ways of forcing her mouth opening, ring gags and the like, but he didn't have any there.

Last night, he almost made a mistake. A simple thing while switching the cuffs from her front to her back. There was a moment when he had one of her wrists free and he lost his balance.

Thankfully, she didn't realize he was vulnerable until it was too late, but it reminded Mark that Katie wasn't forever. She wasn't going to be his personal sex slave and, sooner or later, he had to go back.

He kissed her again. "We're going to do a magic trick, Katie."

She shook her head. "No," she whispered as the tears began again.

"Yes, one last trick."

Her shoulders shook and her body trembled. He felt a rush of power over her, knowing that she was going to die in a few minutes. He wanted to bend her over and rape her there, but he had fucked himself out. There was nothing left but blood and death.

Fingers still hooked in her pussy, he wrapped his arm around breasts. Her nipples, firm but not hard, ground into his skin. She was beautiful. He groaned as he picked her up, transferred her outside of the tub, and then joined her.

She collapsed to the ground in tears. Her hair plastered over her face as her thin body shook with the force of her sorrow.

Mark stroked his cock a few times and then he picked her up. Silently, he carried her down the footpath to the barn. Water splattered the ground in a trail and her sobs echoed off the trees. It was a muted noise on a bright fall day. The air was crisp, the mountains peaceful, and someone was going to die.

Inside, the final trick was set up in the center of the barn. The steel frame with the restraints at each corner and a waist bracket in the middle. The restraints were simple: steel manacles with a slot to slide a sword. The same with the bracket. It was used to shove a wide-bladed sword into her belly but the normal device to fake it wasn't there. It was just a hole to line up the blade and keep it straight.

The rig was mounted on a pulley so he could lift it by the four corners by himself. Next to the ring, he build a frame out of square steel so he could lie her down on her back. She would have been fine, except that Mark arranged five swords sticking through where her body would be. When he set her down, blades would pierce her shoulders, her hips, and her pussy.

Katie cried out when she saw it. "No, no, no, no," she whimpered as she tried to squirm out of his grip.

Mark chuckled and headed straight for it. He grabbed her water-slicked body and stood her up.

She tried to pull away.

He jammed her into the bracket and slammed it shut. As he locked it, she went limp but the bracket held her long enough for him to grab her hair and pull her up. Straining, he unlocked the cuffs and grabbed one wrist.

Katie screamed out, kicking him in the shins and thighs. She was aiming for his balls, but he angled himself away and ignored the impact of her foot and the pain. Instead, he focused on forcing her wrist into the restraint and clicking it shut.

Stepping back, he panted and rubbing his thigh.

She was held up by her wrist. She tried to pull it open with her free hand, but it was latched into place and she couldn't figure out how to open it. Her body was slick and her chest heaving with her sobs. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks and splashed down.

Katie was beautiful.

Circling around, he carefully grabbed her leg. With Katie screaming, he forced it into the restraint and latched it. A moment later, he had her other ankle fixed into place.

The muscles in her legs jerked and pulled on her restraints. She tried to push down or pull up. Every movement sent ripples through her body. He kissed the back of her knees and moved his way up, caressing the smooth curve of her tight ass and even planting one kiss on her tight hole, one that he raped many times in the last few days.

Standing up, his dripping cock smacked against her ass. He reached ground and grabbed at her arm. She pulled it away, but he dug his fingers into her shoulder to stop her and then grabbed it anyways.

She shook with terror as he clamped the last restraint over her wrist. The chains rattled loudly.

Mark spread his palms over her back, just to feel the tension. His cock nestled into the seam of her rear as he stroked around and cupped her breasts. They were almost flat in her position, but the nipples bore into his fingers. He rolled them between his fingertips, teasing them to hard little points.

Drinking in the smell of her cleaned hair and soapy body, he lowered one hand to her pussy and slid two fingers into it. His breath was deep and excited, mixing in with her sobs and little cries for help.

Her sex was hot and slick, not from excitement but from terror and soap. He fingered her a few times before pulling out. Stepping around, he brushed the damp hair from her face and smiled.

“You are beautiful, Katie.”

“I hate you.” She sobbed, a glare on her face and tears rolling down her cheeks. “I hate you so much.”

“I know, but I love you.” He kissed her shoulder and her hard nipple.

“Why?”

“Because, you are beautiful.”

“Were those other girls beautiful too? The ones you killed last year? My mom? Nicole? Amelia?”

His cock jumped at the thought of all their deaths. “Yes, they were.”

“How did you do it? Last year?”

He kissed her other shoulder and her nose. “A good magician doesn’t show his tricks. But, let me tell you how you are going to die.”

“No, please don’t. Please don’t kill me. I’ll be your slave. You can fuck me any time you want. I won’t bite. I promise.” She was pleading desperately, but it was too late.

He kissed her lips and felt the hot breath against his skin.

Stepping backwards, he picked up the first of five blades. It was long and narrow, with a sharp point but relatively dull edges. It was a weapon for piercing, not slashing.

Every muscle in Katie’s body tensed up. She shook her head and her hair plastered against her face. Fresh tears ran down her face, splashing down on her breasts, before hitting the ground.

Mark knelt down by her right ankle. Aiming the sword in the slot, he pushed it inside.

Katie screamed which redoubled when he felt pressure. She jerked at the restraints, her body tense but helpless.

Grabbing her foot, he pushed the blade in. It was like shoving into a turkey. He felt the blade scrape against bone as he forced it into

her body. Blood dribbled out from the cuff but he kept on forcing it in until the crimson-streaked blade burst out the other side.

Katie's screams were deafening. "It hurts! Oh god, no!"

Mark reached over and grabbed the next blade. He shifted to her other ankle without standing up. Grabbing the restraint, he listened to her screams of terror as he shoved the blade in. It went in smoothly, except for the resistance of her flesh, and soon he had it buried to the hilt.

She gasping for breath, little gasps and exhaling sobs. Her breasts heaved with her effort to get air in and he stood up to watch her. There was already a puddle of blood forming below each of her ankles.

His cock was hard and painful. He wanted to fuck her badly, but he had to wait. Only a few more blades. He picked up the next one.

Katie was incoherent as he aimed the point to her left wrist. He pushed it forward until he felt the pressure. The frame shuddered as she jerked violently, trying to escape her fate.

"You are still beautiful."

Her wail filled the barn.

Mark shoved the blade in, forcing it into the soft flesh and across the bones. Her entire body tensed up in agony as he forced it through until the hilt clinked against her restraints.

The fourth blade went in smoothly but it was tight. He grunted with the effort to shove the blade through her wrist. Streamers of crimson ran down her arms, following the curve of her armpit, and to the ground. The wet smacks were an aphrodisiac and he couldn't resist but stroking his cock a few times. His palm came back sticky, but he wiped it on Katie's breast before picking up the final blade.

"Ready, beautiful?"

"I-I hate you," she sobbed, glaring at him as her body was wracked with her cries.

"I know, but I love you." He aimed the blade into the slot and pushed until he found resistance. In the gap between the metal and her flesh, he could see the point dimpling her skin.

Reaching around, he cupped her buttock as he wormed one finger into her ass. She clenched down tightly but he wasn't finger-fucking her.

With a deep breath, he put his weight behind the blade. It dimpled the skin for a long moment. She tried to suck in her gut, but it was too late. With a little shudder, the flesh parted around the tip and the sword sunk into her belly, right below the sternum.

Katie froze in mid-gasp, her eyes wide with shock.

Mark panted for breath as he pushed the blade in, holding her in place with the finger in her ass. The sword sank into her soft guts, cutting through organs. He could feel the pressure of her insides and the tension in her body. Everything focused on the weapon sinking into her stomach. It was like the first time he buried his cock inside her, he could imagine it hot and wet. But, instead of being stopped by his balls, the blade kept sliding deeper and deeper until he felt it scrape against her spine and tilt around it.

Pressing his body to hers, he peered over his shoulder as he shoved the blade through. Her skin tented out and then ripped open. The tip pushed out, streaked with crimson.

Seeing it, he couldn't keep his stately pace. He groaned and slammed it home, burying to completely in her gut.

Jerked as if he punched her, then let out the longest wail he had ever heard. It was a scream of agony and pain. It was the sexiest thing Mark had ever heard.

He almost came at the noise and sigh of her impaled on five swords. He stroked his cock and had to snatch his hand away before coming too fast. Panting, he watched her struggling with the agony of being impaled.

Streaks of crimson ran down her body. It formed a pool underneath her and the wet smacks of blood pushed him closer to an orgasm. He had to finish it before he came, before she died.

Grabbing the pulley chain with a shaking hand, he began to pull up.

Katie cried out, inhaling for a breath and stopping as the action scraped her belly along the sword impaling her. She took tiny breaths, hyperventilating.

He pulled up the frame and it swung free. Adjusting it, he brought her into a horizontal position with her back toward the ground. The blood dripped off her body like a shower head, splattering in wet patters as he dragged her over to the five remaining blades.

Her sobs filled him with power and lust. He wanted her, he would have her. It didn't matter if his cock ached from raping her for days. It didn't matter if he was sore from fucking three other women. He would have her one last time, even if she didn't live through the trick. Moaning, he lowered the frame until the five points were pressed against her skin.

Katie cried out, her body tightening up. But, her tension caused more pain and she tried to relax, which only made the agony worse. There was no way for her to get comfortable and her body alternated and shifted, desperately trying to crawl away from her torture.

Mark tied off the chain so he could aim the blades. The ones at her hip were aimed right at the junction of her thin legs and the curve of her hip bone. He avoided the major artery, that would kill her too fast, but he wanted to make sure she felt every inch of the metal.

The shoulder swords were placed right at the joint to avoid the arteries that went up her arm. He knew it would be agony when he lowered her, but he couldn't wait.

The final sword was braced right at the base of her spine. He shifted it up and to the side slightly, aiming it for her pussy. He wished he could have cut through her spine and immobilized her, but then she wouldn't feel the agony of the other blades.

Panting, he walked around inspecting his work. At her head, he kissed her forehead. "I love you so much, Katie."

"I hate you. I hate you, hate you."

He smiled and went over to the pulley chain. Releasing it, he let it slip slowly through his fingers, letting her weight rest on the five points.

She screamed. Her body spasming and tearing open her belly.

Blood poured down as he released the chain and let her full weight rest on five points. She sank down as the blades pierced flesh, but she didn't drop through. Instead, it was a stately procession as she sank down on the weapons.

Her throat grew hoarse as she thrashed her head back and forth, trying to stop. She cried out wordlessly as her body sank down and she was impaled.

The tips on her shoulders pushed through first, ripping flesh with a welling of blood. It poured down across her body as the other tips cut through her skin. First her left hip, then her right.

Finally, he saw the sword tenting her belly. It pushed up and stretched the skin before the flesh peeled back in a gout of blood and she sank down a foot on the blades.

Her throat gave out and only a gurgling wail came out. She sobbed and her entire body shook from the effort. With every spasm of agony, a rain of blood splattered down on the ground.

Mark stared in awe. She was beautiful. She was everything he hoped to see. She was his. The need to fuck her rose up. He abandoned his stately pace and fumbled with the swords. Yanking out the ones in her ankles and then her belly, he rushed around to pull out the wrist ones.

Katie choked on her sobs, the tears adding to the growing pool of blood. She was dying and he had to have her one last time.

He grabbed the chain and pulled her up. The swords slipped from her body and blood poured out of her on the ground. It wasn't a splattering or a dripping, but a bucket pouring out on the ground.

As soon as the last tip pulled out, he pushed the frame aside and let it crash to the ground. The impact shook the earth. Standing over her, he unbuckled her with a frenzy, working the brackets easily as he pulled her free.

She tried to move but couldn't. She was a limp rag in the frame and blood continued to ooze out of her body.

Mark swept her up into a tight hug. "Oh god, you're beautiful."

He knelt down on the bloody ground and grabbed her thigh. He pulled her into his cock and sank his length into her slick pussy. The searing blood lubricated him and poured out around his balls as he thrust into her.

Her arms wouldn't work, so he draped them over his shoulders. He hook her legs over his waist and thrust into her. It was hot, intensely hot and he could feel every shuddering breath ripping through her body.

"Oh, Katie, I love you."

"I-I," she gasped, "I hate you."

“I love you.” He thrust deep into her cunt, filling her to the brim. It was hot and liquid, the tight pressure wrapped around his length. He thrust deep into her, lifting her body even as he clutched to her.

“Hate you.”

He grabbed her head and kissed her on the lips, silencing the words of hate that slipped from her slack lips. He slammed into her. There was no resistance, no fighting back. It was just liquid heat and her teenage body ground against his.

Mark gasped as he pounded into her. He was saying “love” but he couldn’t get his tongue around it anymore. It was just a noise, a word. he whispered it over and over as he drove into her body, feeling every pulse of her heart and every splash of blood from his frantic thrusts.

He came, but kept on thrusting. He felt his cock surging and adding to the liquid inside her, but he refused to stop. It was an intense orgasm, like being raked over the coals with a pleasure that wouldn’t stop. He moaned and continued to dive into her, thrusting past the agony of his sensitive cock.

“Hate...” Her voice was growing softer. Katie’s eyes rolled up into her head, but then came down to focus on him. “I... hate you.”

He continued to drive into her, still cumming. It hurt but it was ecstasy. Her body ground against him and he was bathed in her blood and her warmth. She was his entire world and he never wanted to pull out.

He didn’t know when he began to cry, but there were tears on his face. He kissed her slack lips as he thrust, pounding into her body. He couldn’t feel her resistance. Her breath was shallow and fading.

Mark came again and in a few minutes, again. He wasn’t sure if she was alive, but he never wanted to stop pounding into her body. He needed to make sure last thought was of his cock inside her, raping her one last time before darkness consumed her.

Sweat poured down his face as he stamped the last of the dirt on Katie’s grave. The shovel was heavy in his hand but he felt light as the clouds. His heart pounded with the excitement and he stepped back to look at the four graves of the women he just killed.

He left no markers or indication they were there. In a few years, there would be no sign of Amelia, Nicole, Bobbi, or Katie. It would be his own little secret, a performance that could never be repeated.

He heard the crunch of someone walking up behind him. He tensed and gripped the handle tightly.

“It’s time,” said Sing.

He turned to look at her.

“Don’t say anything,” she said and turned away. Without another word, she walked away.

Mark gave one last look at the four graves and smiled. They were beautiful. Hefting his shovel, he followed after Sing.

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

About the Publisher

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