

# Free-Range

t'Sade



# Free-Ranged

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright t'Sade  
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)  
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

# Free Ranged

# 1

Marilyn took a moment as she stepped out of the taxi to steady herself. The black heels were barely wide enough to hold her up, but after years of long business meetings and desperate dating, they were the only thing she could still step on and it wouldn't leave her. Pushing back the errant thought, she turned around and leaned into the passenger window and gave the driver a smile. His eyes automatically flashed down, to the shadow of her cleavage, but she kept the smile off her lips.

“How much do I owe you?”

The driver hesitated for a moment, then gestured toward the meter.

“Uh, twenty-three fifteen... madam.”

She fished out thirty bucks and passed it over.

“Keep the change.”

The driver finally tore his eyes away from her breasts, yanked the money out of her hand and waited for her to stand up. She did and he was gone, a cloud of smoke the only thing keeping her company. Marilyn shook her head and straightened her back. The tight black jacket of her suit clung to the small of her back, accenting her hips and the lines of her legs. Checking herself, she closed another pair of buttons in the jacket, which only accented her small breasts nestled underneath a white silk blouse. Faint hints of a lace bra could barely be seen through the fabric, but she swore that was her imagination.

Taking another deep breath, she breathed in the smells of woods and meadows. Thick and musty, she could almost feel the scent of leaves and moss swirling around her. Her gaze moved around her

environment, but she found no sight of trees, bushes, or even grass. Instead, only a street of concrete, three-story buildings, and a dark alley. Peering further down the street, she finally found the hint of brilliant green trees. The city was surrounded by forests, but from her position, it was just a green haze.

Shaking her head, she stepped further on the curve and waited. It only took a few moments before another taxi pulled up and a suited man hopped out. Tossing money at the driver, he beamed a smile to Marilyn as he came closer.

“That went well, didn’t it?”

Marilyn grinned back, “Yeah. I think we have a good chance of closing this deal.”

He turned around, following the city landmarks with idle curiosity.

“Hey, our hotel is only a few blocks away.”

Marilyn glanced in the direction he was pointing, but didn’t see it. Unwilling to hear him repeat himself, she nodded.

“I see.”

Darren chuckled to himself and turned back to face her, changing his topic back to the original one.

“Only took three months, but a two million dollar contract is something that will make everyone happy, including the boss.”

Marilyn wagged a finger at him, “Just don’t screw up and don’t drink. We can’t afford this, Darren.”

Darren blinked his eyes in a semi-innocent manner, which only made her smile more.

“I would never do such a thing.”

As he spoke, he peered around, a faint frown slowly crossing his face.

“So, where is this restaurant?”

She pointed across the street, at a sign hanging over a nondescript building. Creatively enough, it was called “Pigs and Things.” Darren pulled a face as he stared at it.

“We really are in the boon docks, aren’t we?”

Marilyn shrugged and tugged at her jacket down, smoothing it against the fabric of her skirt.

“No, just South Carolina.” She pronounced it “coralina,” showing off her faint accent from the east coast. Darren grinned and patted her on the arm, which she pulled back.

“Don’t worry, hon. I’ll protect you from the horrors of the cannibal hillbillies.”

She stepped away from him, looking away from Darren and toward the unassuming restaurant. She could feel him starting to move toward her, but a limo pulled up and he quickly made himself proper. From the limo came two gentlemen, one in his fifties and the other in his forties. All four of them shared handshakes and polite conversation before heading into the “Pigs and Things.”

To her surprise, the restaurant had three doors to get into it. The first entryway was spacious, guarded by a sour-looking man lording over an appointment book. Spotting her company, the waiter bowed very slightly and gestured for them to enter the only other door. Marilyn found herself staring at the walls, covered in paneling. The smell of cooking meat, a strange cloying smell for some reason, filled the room as they entered into the next. Even more surprising, this was also not the restaurant. Instead, it was a waiting room of some sort, with two remarkably large men standing uneasily near a set of double doors. Darren even kept his mouth shut as he peered around. Marilyn found herself staring also, at the white marble statues of women in various poses. Streamers of water dripped off fountains, pooling in lily infested ponds.

At a curt gesture from the waiter, one of the bulky men fingered a numeric keypad. After a long series of musical notes, one for each button pushed, the keypad lit up with green neon. Two clicking noises snapped through the second entry way and the door opened. Finally, they reached what looked like a restaurant. Small, medium, and large tables were scattered throughout the entire place, each one lit by a set of elegant candles. Expensive-looking chairs surrounded each table, an island surrounded by rocks of humanity. Only half of the restaurant was filled with customers, each one talking quietly to themselves. All of them were wearing suits and ties. Marilyn frowned as she noticed that there were no other women in the restaurant, only business men and high-powered lawyers. She was guessing at the lawyers part, but she felt it was a safe assumption. They always flocked after money.

They were quickly served as soon as they sat down. Marilyn opened up the leather-bound menu and peered inside. Like most expensive restaurants, there were no prices but she had the feeling that a single meal cost a great deal. However, unlike any place she had ever been, each one was named like a woman: "Janice," "Mary Ann," and even "Jill."

Darren asked the question that she was thinking herself.

"Why are these named like this?"

Their host, a rather powerful man in the company they were courting, chuckled. "These are rather... special types of pigs. Each one is grown specially for this restaurant, which entails a certain markup in price."

"Markup? How much of a markup?" Marilyn resisted the urge to hit Darren for asking questions.

"Each meal costs anywhere between two to three hundred a plate."

"Wow."

She was impressed herself. And very thankful that the entire trip was on expense. Pushing the thoughts of money aside, she peered down at the menu again, this time giving more focus to each entry. Finding one that appealed to her, with a wine garlic sauce, she finally made a choice. Her eyes continued to read through the various side dishes until they got down to the bottom.

All but two of them were "farm raised" while the two were marked as "free ranged." The one she selected was one of the "free ranged" meals. As if reading her mind, her host spoke softly, a rumbling voice of a man who saw a lot and had more power than her.

"I recommend the free ranged, they have a certain delicacy that cannot be compared to the farm raised."

Unable to figure out a response, she smiled at him and nodded.

"Okay," she gulped at the strange smile on his face, "I will."

A waiter, a very fit male in his twenties, came up to them and took her order. He was wearing a rather neat outfit that showed off his muscular arms. Marilyn found herself staring into his eyes, a deep green color that was startling even in the dim light of the restaurant. He smiled at her as she ordered and she had to swallow hard to finish her order. Marking down the orders, he padded



toward the back. Marilyn followed him with her eyes, watching the movements of his ass with a growing smile. He stopped by the door to the kitchen, which was also protected by an electronic keypad. Pressing a long series of buttons, it clicked open and, giving her a faint smile, he slipped inside.

Distractions gone, Marilyn focused her attention on her hosts and her co-worker. The conversation quickly returned to the deal in progress and tiny details. Darren took over, for the most part, extolling the virtues of their company while repeating all of the benefits for theirs. Without a doubt, they were open to the deal and both of them could feel the kill coming closer.

Food finally came and it was delicious. Tasting like no pork or pig she ever tasted, it was still wonderfully made. Every flavor was somehow alive, tingling in her mouth with every bite. The conversation trailed off as they enjoyed their meal and she soon found herself polishing up the last of the meal. The aftertaste was also elegant and went excellently with the wine that followed.

As the food was finished, they started up their conversation again. It was smoother, less picking and more of polishing details. It also continued well into the night, with bottle of wine following bottle. By the time, they were winding down, the four of them were the only people in the restaurant, excluding two waiters but including the gorgeous one who served them. Marilyn, loosened up by some drink, found herself smiling at him more, when no one else was watching.

The best part was that he smiled back.

The dinner meeting ended well after midnight. The waiters never pushed, but Darren had a flight in the morning. So, with all of the grace he had, he managed to finish the meeting with a smile. The old man shook his head firmly outside, the buzz of night insects filling the air around them in a chorus that refused to sleep.

“I like what I hear, Darren. Tomorrow morning, have your lawyers talk to mine. Let’s get a contract signed.”

Darren, as the professional salesman, was not even stunned, but he did shake the man’s hand again. Marilyn thanked both of their hosts as their limousine pulled up. After a few more minutes of speaking, their hosts disappeared into the distance. Darren and her were left alone. Behind them, the last light from “Pigs and Things”

flickered off, but Marilyn saw a few lights further down the alley next to it. Pushing it aside, she saw Darren heading down the street.

“Where are you heading?”

“The hotel, its only a few blocks away.”

Sighing, she followed, her heels clicking on the concrete sideway. Darren started to wrap an arm around around her waist, but she frowned and stepped away. He moved as if it was his intent and kept walking even with her. Marilyn let him congratulate himself, and occasionally her, as they traveled the six blocks to their hotel.

They parted ways on the third floor, him to his room and her to hers. She shut the door and bolted it shut as she released her breath in a long gasp.

“Oh! I hate those meetings.”

The musty smelling room ignored her as she peeled off her jacket and kicked off her shoes. She started to reach for the controller, but the thought of mindless television just didn't appeal to her. Instead, she flicked through her suitcase, peering at the suits and jackets. Her fingers found an exercise outfit, a simple pair of blue shorts and a white tank top. Marilyn paused for a moment, then reached for the remote again.

Pushing the button, she turned on the television and listened to the hiss as it brought on a news stations. Idly, she flicked through the channels once and didn't find a single thing that interested her. With careless movements, she unbuttoned her blouse and removed her bra. Gasping at the feeling of her breasts finally hanging free, even if they hung down more than stood up.

Damn age.

But, for a woman in her thirties, she still looked pretty damn good wearing nothing but a black skirt. The fact she exercised almost every other day didn't hurt. Not having children was also a bonus for her. The thoughts of actually keeping herself looking good brought her eyes back to her outfit. Grumbling for a few moments, she stabbed the button on the remote and the television clicked off disappointedly.

Stripping down to her underwear, she pull on her shorts and pulled her bra back on. Yanking the tank top over her head, she tucked it in and went to find the workout room the hotel proclaimed to have. It was on the first floor.

It was very tiny.

It was dark.

And the door was locked.

Marilyn grumbled to herself as she stared at the blackness beyond the glass door. The sign claimed that it closed at eleven, which was at least a few hours before.

“They never have anyone in here, why do they have to lock it?”

But, no one bothered to answer her. For a long moment, she stared at her reflection as she tried to find the energy to do something. The effort to get dressed again and come down would be a waste if she didn't do anything, so she padded to the front desk.

“Would it be safe to jog outside for an hour?”

The young man, face filled with pimples, looked up from his book and nodded.

“Yes, madam, we have one of the lowest crime rates in the state. However, I recommend that you either go to the health club across town, it is twenty-four hour, or stick to the bright streets with a block or two of here. There are enough people here, that no one will try anything.”

She smiled back, “Thank you.”

And then she went for a jog. After a few blocks, her head finally began to clear of the wine and exhaustion. After a few more, she finally got into the groove of moving and started to enjoy herself. The effort to move her feet grew easier and she found herself moving faster, always keeping to the bright streets with a constant stream of cars. The city was filled with large swathes of forests, which she kept very clear of, and the heady scent of summer buoyed her movements. Dampness filled the air, hinting of rain in a few hours, but she kept jogging until her spirits had returned.

Slowly, the effort to run started to grow harder again. She slowed down and stopped, leaning against one of the buildings as she strained to catch her breath. Her breasts heaved, sweat soaking her bra and top. A warm breeze battered against her, cooling her slightly, and she moaned as she stretched.

“Oh... that was what I needed.”

It only took a few moments for her to be ready to move again and she started by walking down the street. Even at three in the morning, there were cars pouring through the streets. None of them

slowed, but they gave her a sense of safety as she moved down the sidewalk.

Then, she recognized where she was. The dark sign of the “Pigs and Things” was just a block away, slightly off the populated roads. She stopped at the street leading down to the restaurant, and peered down into the darkness. Unlike the street she was following, this road was dark and empty. Marilyn stopped, trying to figure out why she wanted to even explore down that unsafe route. Her eyes, dark brown, followed the bright line of headlights, then back into the darkness of the empty road.

“Why... am I even...?”

The question hung in the damp air of South Carolina. Then, with a disregard for her safety, Marilyn started to walk down the dark path, the least traveled one. It was only a few blocks to the restaurant and it was still dark. Almost holding her breath, she padded closer, staring at the front of the building for any clue, any hint.

Even wondering why she was staring at an empty building, she realized she was hoping to see the waiter. He was cute and he had... something that struck a chord with her. Finding her reason, she smiled to herself and padded forward.

Truck lights filled the street and she stepped back into a nearby alley. It passed, a short transport truck, and stopped just beyond the restaurant. Backing lights lit up and the dim street was filled with a beeping noise as the truck backed into the alley next to the building. Marilyn peeked from the alley, staring at the building as the truck driver jumped out and disappeared further into the depths between the buildings.

Curiosity grew inside her and she stepped carefully out of the alley. Moving gingerly closer, she stared at the white truck. Somehow a delivery at three in the morning seemed slightly out of place, even for her limited knowledge of the food industry. Sounds of rattling exploded from the alley and men speaking. She froze and waited for them to finish. They didn't say anything she understood and she soon heard them propping open the door. As the voices faded, she peered around the corner.

The side door to the restaurant was open, the electronic keypad beeping in annoyance. A garbage can kept it open and it was obvious

that the keypad took it personally. The voices had completely faded, but she kept still, staring at the door and fighting the urge to explore even further.

She waited so long that the voices grew louder. Stepping back, she started to turn and head back toward the freedom of the lit street, but she was finally close enough to hear the words.

“How many left?”

“Just the two girls.”

“Fine, you get the blond, I’ll get the Asian.”

Blond? Asian? Marilyn’s foot froze in the air, hovering as she puzzled over the words. The two men, one of them was the waiter, grunted as they lifted something heavy out of the truck. It shook violently on its suspension for a moment, then the voices started to fade as they went back into the building.

“Just let it go.”

Her whisper sounded painfully loud on the almost abandoned street and she leaned forward to step. However, her foot refused to touch the ground. Curiosity was burning inside her, searing through her veins as she slowly turned around. Giving in, she padded between the building and the truck. Glancing into restaurant, she saw a white hallway, lined with three doors on each side. The keypad was beeping at her and the garbage can, but she stepped around it.

The furthest door down the hallway, on the right, was open and she heard strains of voices drifting from it. Her eyes glanced down the almost surgically clean hallway, noticing that none of the doors had locks, or even keypads on them. Taking a hesitant step, she moved into the hallway. A sweet smell brushed against her senses and she breathed in deeply. It was the same scent from the front room, and the same smells that came from dinner. A faint rumbling in her stomach reminded her of the delicious meal and she took another step inside.

The first door was a storage room, unlit as she expected. The second door had no window, so she passed it. The voices were still distant, somewhere further into the building itself. The smells were stronger as she sneaked further down the hall. The third door caught her attention, a heavy glass window centered on the upper half of the door. She started to only glance through it, but the sight

of something wrapped in gauze caught her attention. Gasping, she peered into the window fully, trying to make out the shapes of something hanging from steel poles. Each pole hung from a heavy hook in the ceiling, and something thick was wrapped in the heavy white gauze. To her view, it looked like there was a dozen cocoons in the room, each one hanging from its own hook.

Then the voices spiked and she heard the men coming closer. Panicking, she tried the handle in front of her and it opened easily. Holding her breath, she slipped inside and closed the door as quietly as possible. Inside, the air was cold, but not quite a freezer. Her nipples hardened with the temperature, which only magnified the flutters in her stomach. The threat of being caught heated up the flutters as she knelt down behind the door, hiding away from the glass plate above.

Her breath was painfully loud and she tightened her chest to keep her heaving body from making a noise. Pressing her palms against the door, she froze as the voices grew louder, as the two men passed her door. They were talking, but the door was thicker, insulated probably against the cold, and she couldn't hear the words they were saying. The voices passed, but she remained in her position, shivering slightly as the cold started to seep through her naked legs and arms.

Outside, she barely could hear the truck back slamming shut and she realized that she didn't even glance inside it. There was a little more talking, then the sound of the heavy door being closed. Even through the insulated steel door, she heard the waiter arming the security system before moving back down the hall. His boots, heavy boots from the sound of it, tromped past her door and back down the hall. Marilyn remained in her position, shivering from the cold air, but refusing to move in case he returned.

He didn't for a couple dozen of long breaths and she finally stood up, relaxing the growing pain in her knees. Carefully looking out the window, she saw neither the waiter or anyone else in the hallway. Her fingers caressed the handle, testing it. It twisted open, but she didn't open it. Instead, she let it go and let it click back into place as she turned into the cold room she was hiding in.

The closest "cocoon" was only a few arm lengths away. She padded over to it, her sneakers squeaking slightly on the floor.

Fingers caressed the gauze, feeling the grids in the fabric. It was the same stuff hospitals used, but it still surprised her. The fabric was rough against her fingers, but flexible. Pushing it, she found it gave easily, but there were more layers underneath.

Pressing her palm against one side, she pushed down on it until she found a spongy resistance. Sliding her hand up along it, she felt the curve of something deep inside the gauze. Her other hand came up, trembling, as she pressed it against the gauze, exploring the shape of the object inside. Her fingers found what felt like a hip. From there, she started pressing along the leg, then up to the sides of the body underneath the fabric. Her hands were shaking almost violently as she pulled her hands toward the front, where she felt two soft, familiar mounds pressing against her palms.

Human breasts.

Shock and surprise stunned her, but Marilyn didn't pull her hands away. Instead, she continued to explore in a daze, tracing the curves of the breasts and moving up to the neck and shoulders. Her fingers pressed tighter against the unmoving flesh underneath, tracing up. The head was tilted up, the neck in a position that would be very uncomfortable for a living being. Her trembling fingers reached further up, to the mouth. She found the lips, but there was a hard shaft of some sort inside the mouth.

Marilyn didn't realize she was biting her lips until she closed her own mouth tightly. Her fingers explored around the tightly stretched lips and parted jaw, tracing out a huge smooth shaft that impaled it. The shaft was the same that hung from the ceiling, but there was much more gauze between the lips and the top. She pressed her fingers tightly against the throat of the woman, feeling the shaft as it disappeared deep into the soft body.

The fluttering in her stomach redoubled and she felt a strange heat beginning to fill her. It was searing as it filled her from the insides. Soon, she was dripping with sweat, despite the cold, as she reached up to explore along the fabric wrapped arms. The woman's hands were shackled or cuffed above her, to a short length of metal attached to the shaft inside her mouth and throat. She made no effort to explore how the short bar was attached as her fingers caught the end of one of the strips. Her curiosity burned deep inside her, filling her with an intense heat that seared her insides. Working

quickly, she worked at the strips of fabric until they began to unwrap. Ribbons of gauze dropped to the ground as she released the woman's body, exposing the exposed throat.

Gingerly moving, despite the unmoving corpse underneath, she worked at the gauze, spreading it apart until the woman's breasts were exposed. She stroked the nipple, feeling the cold hardened nipple, but it didn't respond. With the position of the woman, arms stretched high above, her breasts were just firm mounds, barely jutting out from the trim and toned chest.

For a moment, she just caressed it, somehow enjoying the feel of the cold skin, despite the macabre nature of the entire scene. After a few moments, she began to work the gauze even further down. The corpse's stomach was also taut, a dancer from the looks of it. The belly button had a tiny hole, where a naval piercing was removed. Marilyn kept working at the gauze, barely exposing one hip, then the other. Her fingers pushed down against the body's stomach, gliding her fingers down the smooth skin until they slipped toward the juncture of the corpse's legs. Her trembling fingers found the body's slick labia and she halted.

“Why...?”

Her voice echoed against the walls, but she continued to push her fingers down, brushing against the unresisting clitoris and bumping up against a metal shaft stretching the lower opening. The slickness came from oil and lubricate, not from a woman's excitement. For a moment, she felt around it, feeling how the slick folds of the labia were stretched tightly around the shaft.

Realization crashed into her as she looked up at the shaft impaling the woman's throat. Her fingers wrapped around the thick metal shaft between the woman's legs, almost feeling how it was spitting clear through her body.

It was finally too much and she yanked her fingers back. Whimpering, she backed away, staring wide-eyed at the exposed woman. Shock burned through her, but the heated flames deep inside her body continued to wrack her from the inside, twisting her organs at the thought of being spitted, impaled by an impersonal steel shaft.

For a brief moment, she felt terror and fear growing, but the heat changed and new emotions stormed inside her. Her thoughts drew



to wondering if that thick member could fit inside her, of what it would feel like to be impaled by something that hard, that long, that impersonal. She continued to back up slowly until her shoulders tapped against another of the wrapped bodies.

Turning slowly, her eyes now knew what to look for and they saw another woman, this one hanging upside down. The curves of the breasts were obvious, as were the hips. Panting now from the intensity of emotions that tore through her, she briefly stroked against the wrapped body, then looked up at the others. Tears were in her eyes as she stepped to the next one, stroking it, her fingers finding the juncture of the steel shaft between the legs. At the next body, she felt the jaw stretching around it. Every body she touched ignited more heat through her, filling her with a fluttering heat. It dripped down and she felt it setting root in her sex, a white-hot ember that sent out strange flutters of pleasure racing through her skin.

Everything was intense as she moved from body to body, working at the gauze to press her body against the still forms, feeling the cold softness. Between her legs, she could feel her own juices beginning to soak her inner thighs. The scent of her excitement, sexual excitement, was filling the coldness of the room as she continued to move, almost dancing from body to body in a dark fascination of death and pleasure.

When she found herself leaning against one of the bodies, her fingers furiously masturbating, she realized that she was already lost. Slick fingers slurped with every movement as she moaned, pressing her lips against one of the woman's breasts, sucking slightly as she whimpered with the intense flames of pleasure that exploded inside her. Wordless cries filled the cold room, shrilly echoing against the walls as she experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life.

Her legs collapsed and she fell to the ground, sliding along the spitting woman's body in a long, sensual movement that only sharpened that ecstasy that cut through her veins. Cold concrete slapped against her almost naked body, but she only curled up against it, fingers slapping hard between her legs as the last iota of pleasure was drawn from her shaking form. With the final pleasures

fading, she whimpered softly and curled up, feeling her juices dripping to the ground.

Then a man's voice cut through all the pleasure, all the afterglow raging through her body.

“And that, was probably that sexiest thing I will ever see.”

Marilyn shrieked as she sat straight up, her shirt catching on her knee and almost lurching her to the side. The ground slapped hard against her shoulder and she saw stars. Whimpering, she flailed her body around until the stars faded and she found herself staring up at the waiter, the handsome man who served her so many hours before.

He was wearing a blood-stained apron, a thick canvas one with pockets. A few knife handles were sticking out of pockets as he looked down at her. He changed his shirt into a short-sleeved tee-shirt that showed off powerful muscles. She blinked at the sudden tears and looked up into his eyes, then found herself lost in the green depths that looked back at her with so many emotions that she couldn't understand.

Slowly, he knelt in front of her, holding the canvas apron out of the way as he did. She saw that he was wearing jeans now, a stark contrast to the neat uniform from before. He was wearing boots, heavy boots that left a few red smears along the ground. She forced her eyes to look back into the depths of green. He favored her with a very faint, almost sad, smile.

“I was not expecting to find anyone in here, much less you.”

Marilyn tried to speak a few times. It came out in a whimper the first few times before she realized her fingers were still buried in the heated juncture of her legs. Slipping them out, she winced at the slurping noise that brought a faint smile to his lips. His lips. She stared at them for a moment, forgetting her dripping fingers.

Then, he reached over to gently take her hands. At the touch of his fingers, her skin jumped and felt aflame once again. There was no ability to resist him as he drew her up to standing, gently tugging her shorts back up to her hips with only a few caresses against her hips. Marilyn sagged against and moaned at his touch, her skin tingling from the mere moments he was against her.

His fingers briefly caressed her throat before he lifted her chin to force her to look into his green eyes. She saw the sadness burning

behind the lust and burning excitement. She tried to speak, but her lungs refused to move, to even budge as he caught her in the headlights of his presence. He, on the other hand, was not as enraptured with her appearance, despite the growing warmth between them.

“You should not be here.”

Marilyn’s throat finally relaxed enough for her to whisper, not speak, but whisper back.

“I know,” she gulped, her skin tingling from where he touched her, “but I was curious.”

There was still sadness in his gaze as he responded, “Curiosity killed the cat, kitten.”

Despite his low voice, she could only speak in a whisper, “What will happen to me?”

His face turned away, toward the door leading out. It was cracked open, with a few whitish spears of hallway light coming in. Faint clouds of mist, from the cold air to the warm, spun up in miniature dancing between the distance. She found herself staring at his chin and his throat, the lines and the muscles. Many of them were very tight, tension from his thoughts. Instead of answering, however, he stepped away and moved to the door; sounds from his boots echoed against the cold, impersonal walls.

Halting at the door, he looked back at her.

“Come on.”

She followed to the door. He watched her for a moment, the sadness still in his eyes, and he headed down the hall, toward the end he came from before. Marilyn briefly looked at the door to freedom and heard him stop, watching her. Tiny hopes of freedom poked at her, but the deep, heated fluttering that dominated her sex and soul was too much to resist. Slowly, she turned toward the back of the hall, away from a promised freedom.

She followed him.

The end of the hall ended in a kitchen. There were two female corpses already there, each one mounted on a steel shaft and hanging from two of a dozen ceiling hooks. Each one was deathly beautiful, caught like a fly, stretched into a position that only showed their elegance. One, the Asian, was shaved and cleaned, a gaping hole in her stomach where the organs used to be. Even the

eyes were gone, just empty sockets looking out into the next world. There was a faint smile on her lips, right above where her arteries were expertly cut. Marilyn's eyes trailed up slightly, to the smooth, hairless head, then down to the slit of her sex. It was smooth as the top, in fact the entire body was bare. The sex was stretched open, an open invitation for any male to enter, but the shaft prevented any human male from enjoying it.

The other woman was a blond, who still possessed her hair and inner organs. Buxom, her breasts sagged even in the position of being spitted on the immense metal spike. A thatch of darker brown hair covered her sex, except where the shaft stretched is obscenely open.

Marilyn stared at the two bodies and felt the man next to her tensing. She didn't run or panic. Instead, the heat exploded inside her and she felt a tiny tremor of an orgasm ripple up through her stomach, soaking her insides with pleasure that filled every curve, every sensitive spot. A tiny moan slipped from her lips as she stepped forward.

The waiter stepped past her to the far side of the kitchen, where a third woman was being prepared. The shaft was held by two brackets, holding her horizontal. A huge sink below was already filled with organs, but he slipped his hands into the gaping opening and worked at those parts that still hung from the inside. Marilyn watched, shocked and open-mouthed. Her fingers trembled as she held the edge of a nearby table, watching as he slipped his fingers around the metal shaft that impaled the third woman, no she was just meat now, from throat to groin.

Even to the corpse, he was gentle and sensual. His fingers stroked along her curves, gently brushing against the nipples even though the meat was dead. To Marilyn's surprise, she started to imagine he was touching her, and she felt a pang of jealousy at the impaled corpse being prepared.

"What... what are you doing?"

Marilyn surprised herself by speaking, but he answered, never taking his eyes away from the beauty in front of him. His hands worked at one of the bones, a rib, working it loose. She saw a brief flash of metal before he tossed it into the sink with the surprisingly pale organs.

“Cleaning her up for dinner. We’ll age her for a while, then serve her for meals.”

“Do... did you kill her?”

“No, the delivery service handles that.”

“Why?”

He shrugged and she watched the muscles ripple in his arms.

“Easier that way. Too many questions if we had to find meat from around here.”

Marilyn couldn’t think of a response, so she gave a quiet, wordless response. Her eyes moved around the kitchen, then she followed it as she peered down at the various tables. One of them was a flat table, with a hook like the one on the ceiling mounted at one end. Her eyes traveled the table, trying to imagine a woman stretched out on it.

Then she imagined herself on it and felt the fluttering grow stronger inside her. Tearing her eyes away, she wandered over to another corner, looking at a stack of short rods. At each end was something that appeared to be a handcuff, but with smoother insides. The center of the rod was a hole. It was just large enough to fit one of the spits through it and she felt the heat growing inside her. Marilyn gasped as she reached down and picked one up, playing with the cuffs as she started to explore again.

He barely watched her as he worked at the meat in front of him. Knives came out and he trimmed out parts, scraping others clean. The strange smell of fresh meat filled the kitchen as he worked. It was the same as dinner, but Marilyn was no longer shocked. Instead, she felt her stomach flutter and tiny tremors of pleasure arced their way up her spine.

Unable to watch, she padded over to the Asian. Idle fingers stroked along the smooth, only cool flesh. The body was supple and pleasurable, reminding her of the orgasm she enjoyed not long ago. Blushing, she slipped her hand inside, exploring the insides with the same sex-fueled curiosity from before. The shaft completely went through her, from throat to sex. To her surprise, she could see the outside of what appeared to be the womb and vagina still impaled on the shaft.

“You don’t remove this?”

He grunted, "No, there is a great demand for those bits, so we keep them inside."

Trembling, she reached out with her hand and wrapped her fingers around the impaled vagina. Inside, she could feel the immense hardness of the shaft stuffing it, filling it to the limits. It felt like it was only a sheath of skin around an immensely hard cock. Letting loose with a shuddering breath, she lifted her hand to hold the Asian's womb in her hand, feeling the same steel hardness filing it. The cervix, the final gate, was almost torn open by the shaft, but kept everything from moving up or down.

Whimpering, she stroked it up and down, enjoying the feel of skin against hardness. Every stroke stoked the fires of her own sex, sending growing pleasure as if she was the one wrapped around the impersonal spit. A tiny orgasm shuddered through her body and she almost fell. Grabbing on the shaft, she finally did orgasm enough and her legs threatened to collapse.

Panting, she turned away from the corpse and looked back at him. He was watching her, a soft smile on his lips that begged for her to run over and kiss him. Tightening her jaw, she took another step away and look at him and the meat behind him. Her other hand hefted the short spreader bar with the cuffs as she found the courage to speak.

"What is going to happen to me?"

The sadness again in his eyes.

"Well, I'll probably have to keep you here for the night. Then give you to my boss in the morning."

Marilyn gulped, "Then what?"

"I would guess you'll be sold into slavery. Probably the meat farms, knowing the boss, or to one of the white slave traders. Eventually, you'll end up at the farm or end back here, on one of the spits."

The thought of being raped or sold into slavery turned her stomach and she fought the growing bile, but the idea of being impaled on one of the immense spits sent a tiny explosion of pleasure that almost buckled her knees. She glanced at it, then away.

"Could you let me go?"

There was a storm of emotions in his eyes as he looked her over, from the sweat-soaked shirt to the tight shorts. She felt the heat of his gaze even across the room, but the sadness still filled his eyes.

“I... can’t. I have no way of knowing if you are a test. To see if I deserve to stay employed and not on the menu.”

Marilyn smiled, “And you love your job.”

“Oh, yes.”

There was almost a purr pleasure in that sigh and there was no question she understood every emotion that hung in his voice. His hands caressed the edge of the table. Marilyn felt her being drawn into those sad eyes and turned away, toward the blond. Padding over, she started to inspect the woman, as meat and as a woman. Soft skin, firm body. Marilyn slipped her fingers down, exploring the tight juncture of spit and labia and felt a welcoming pleasure, as if she was masturbating herself.

Marilyn smiled over her shoulder, but the view of his back dropped it. He was already back to his job, working with his careful hands on the woman in front of him. Jealously spiked inside her and she looked back at the blond. In her hand, the spreader bar felt heavy.

An idea filtered through her mind.

Caressing the blond, she stroked along the hip, enjoying the macabre pleasures of the cool flesh. Her body resisted her thoughts for a moment, but she managed to hold up the spreader bar and fit one of her wrists into the cuff. Quietly moving, she clicked it shut and tested it. It refused to release her wrist. Her body was on fire as she moved toward her plan. Trembling, she pressed her other wrist against the cuff and slowly worked the bar with her mouth. It clicked into place and she was soon captured on the spreader bar. Soft pants of pleasure rolled through her body as she twisted her wrists, tightening each cuff until it was firmly against her skin.

Glancing back at the man, she was fearful that he could catch her. His hands worked quickly, lost in their work as he worked his finger around the spit, fingering the meat’s throat with short stroking movements. Biting her lip, Marilyn stepped away from both of the hanging woman and looked up at a hook that hung from the ceiling.

It was too high for her to reach.

Silently swearing to herself, of not thinking about her plan, she looked around with growing panic. The heat from throwing herself into bondage was beginning to fade and she was already committed to her idea. Then, she caught sight of another hook, one that was much lower. It was close to an immense grinder, but she might be able to reach it. Watching his back, she made her way across the kitchen to the lower hook. Her hopes dropped as she looked up at it, where it looked too far up even for a lower hook. Biting her lip, she reached up with her bound wrists and aimed the hole for the spit toward the hook.

It was short by half a foot.

Marilyn strained to hook the spreader bar on the hook, but it just hovered out of reach. Glancing at the waiter, she was relieved that he was still focusing on his job. She tried again, jumping slightly, trying to impale it. The bar almost reached the tip of the hook. She bit her lip again, almost drawing blood and made another jump.

This time, she managed to get it and it scraped into position. For a brief moment, she was off her feet, hanging on the very tip. With a tiny shake, it slipped on the hook and the sharp point speared the hole of the spreader bar. Gravity took over and her toes slipped back to the ground while her shoulders strained with the sudden stretching. A soft gasp of pain caught her and she closed her eyes, trying to find a position with her wrists being held high above her head and only her toes touching the ground.

It took a moment for her pounding heart to stop. Her legs felt hot and slick and she realized that she was dripping with excitement. Moaning softly, she rubbed her thighs together as she fought the sudden, and now impossible, urge to finger herself to another screaming orgasm.

Instead, Marilyn was forced to hang there, caught on a hook and unable to escape. The realization of her helplessness slammed into her over and over again as she stared at his back. Soon, she could feel her shorts being soaked by her juices before they dribbled down her inner thighs with the intensity of her sexual hunger. Tiny moans slipped from her throat as she alternated between holding her breath and panting as softly as she could.

It took forever for him to finish, working with his back to her as she hung helplessly just inside his reach. Her shoulders were



screaming, but the fires between her legs distracted her as she begged for him to turn, to face her.

Finally, he set down his knife and spoke as he turned around.

“Okay, just two more and then we can figure out what to do...”

When he didn't see her immediately, Marilyn saw the fear and anger slam into those sad eyes. His fingers squeezed on the hilt of a knife in his apron as he continued to turn around, peering around even as he was walking toward the door. She fought the urge to call out to him, in case he didn't see her, but that wasn't needed. He made it almost three steps when his eyes locked on hers. The hand around the hilt dropped limply as he stared at her with a different type of shock.

A croaking sound came out of his mouth and she smiled at him, trying to throw all of her sexuality into her smile. He slowly stepped toward her and she felt her breath catching in her straining lungs, her nipples trying to tear through her shirt.

“What... what are you doing?”

He was surprised and she was even more surprised when she answered in a soft, but unstrained, whisper.

“I don't want to be a slave.”

He stepped close to her, his hand reaching out to hold her hip.

“There are other choices.”

The very touch of him sent a moan of pleasure from her and she rubbed her thighs together tighter. Tingling heat exploded from the touch and it felt as if her nipples would snap off in their excitement. Panting, she could only stare down at the eyes, filled with lust but no more sadness, as he gazed back at her. With agonizing effort, she shook her head slowly.

“No, I... want you... and that...”

Marilyn gestured to one of the spits in the corner. It was cleaned and polished, no longer needed since the girl previously on it was given up as dinner. Speaking the words was almost as much pleasure as him touching her. When he rested his other hand on her other hip, she shuddered with an orgasm, helpless as he held her tightly.

“Are you sure?”

Nodding before she even spoke, she whispered so only he could hear it. The pounding of her heart was too loud in her ears to hear anything but his words.

“Please...? Please spit me. Now.”

He hesitated, holding her tightly, so she repeated herself. He still didn't move, but before she could respond, he leaned forward and kissed her.

It was everything she hoped and more. White hot flames and arcs of electricity between them, connecting her lips to her nipples to her clitoris in a feedback of pleasure that sucked her breath away. His lips were soft, parted, and gentle. Not forcing, not jamming his tongue into her mouth. Instead, it just took her breath away and left her gasping in her bonds. His lips left her, leaving behind the afterglow of electricity. Moaning, she smiled and licked her lips.

“...wow.”

He panted himself and nodded, a big grin plastered to his face. Then, his eyes caught sight of her dangling form and a shallow sadness filled his eyes.

“Are... you sure? There is no going back.”

Marilyn bit her lips for a moment.

“There was no going back when I went through that door.”

He bowed his head for a second. “True.”

Silence started to fill the gap between them, but Marilyn added a quick response.

“And I don't want to be a slave.”

“Did you want this when you came in?”

“The door? No. The freezer... probably. Seeing you? Yes.”

The words came out in a rush, but both of them were smiling when she finished. He kissed her again, sending her on an ocean of stormy emotions and lingering pleasures. When he pulled back, they were both panting from the intensity of it.

It grew uncomfortable between them, passion without a direction. She stared at him, trying to find the words while his lust-filled eyes looked back. Then he looked down as he pulled a knife from his apron. It was a short blade, sparkling with sharpness. Her breath caught in her throat as he lifted it to her breasts, teasing the nipple with the sharp point. Watching the tip catch her nipple, feeling the point against her sensitive part, sent waves of fluttering heat

through her body, soaking through her skin as she felt her thighs rub tighter together. The pressure, the tiny point of pain, increased as he leaned just barely closer and she was helpless to do anything.

Then, he drew it down and traced the line of her breasts, the curve that joined with the cleavage under her shirt. The point caught on a thread of her tank top. Pressure increased and it dipped into the valley of her breasts, moving toward her delicate and unprotected flesh. She felt more than heard the fabric beginning to give. Moaning, she watched as he cut up, slicing through cotton until it spread apart, her breasts pushing out through the tear and into his hungry view. Her lace cups held her breasts up for his view and he smiled. Taking his free hand up, he caressed them, stroking her smooth mounds through the lace and Marilyn moaned with the sensations. Rubbing her legs together, she could feel her juices still dripping down her legs, soaking her insides with her excitement. The thought of being soaked for him just increased the fluttering heat deep inside her body.

Drawing a tiny circle against her breast, the knife tip hovered for a moment above her heart before slipping down to catch on the fabric of her bra. The blade nestled in the shadow of her breasts before he brought it down, slicing through the fabric. Her breasts almost exploded from the bra, spreading it open as she felt the relief of no longer being confined. Her sigh doubled his smile as his free hand reached up to caress the painfully hard nipple that now circled the air. Marilyn moaned as he lowered his head to lap it into his mouth, pressing his lips against her softness and using the tongue against her tip. It was like the kiss, powerful and all-consuming.

And there was nothing she could do but writhing in her helpless bonds.

As he sucked on her nipple, he dropped his knife. It was a loud clatter in the room, but Marilyn barely paid attention to it. Instead, she was lost in waves of heated pleasure between the tender lips at her nipple and the now free hands stroking down, pulling apart the remains of her shirt until they caught on her shoulder. This his fingers stroked down, along the sensitive parts of her flanks and to her hips. She moaned and gasped as he pushed down on her shorts and underwear, dropping them enough until his fingers could slip into the juncture of her legs. Marilyn shrieked out in pleasure as the

feeling of his finger plunging up into her soaked lips matched the memories of her doing the same to the woman in the freezer. Her legs yanked apart, despite the pressure that built on her shoulders carrying her weight. Thighs locked by the shorts, she could only gyrate in the air as he pushed one, then two, then two fingers from both hands into her tunnel. It was intense, slick and sliding pleasure that stuffed her and stretched her. She moaned and gasped, rocking back and forth as her breath came in rapid and powerful bursts. Tiny “ohs” filled the air as he rocked her back and forth, using his hands to ram up into her. Along with her cries of pleasure came the distant sounds and smells of her excitement.

He was relentless, forcing more fingers until she could almost imagine the spit being rammed into her. Then, he slowly stopped and pulled out dripping fingers for her to see. Marilyn licked her lips and watched as he pressed the digits against her nipples, using her own lubrication to stroke and twist and tease the heaving mounds.

And there was nothing she could do to resist.

Even if she wanted to.

Soon Marilyn was twisting and moaning as he stroked along her entire body, moving his fingers across her lips, into her body, then along until she felt like she was half coated in her own juices. The thought of being marinated brought a smile, then an orgasm, to her lips. He grinned and kissed her passionately, his fingers possessing her very core with his intensity.

When he broke, he was panting almost as much as she was.

“It looks like someone is a little wet.”

Whimpering and gasping, it took her a few tries to respond. When she did, it was a breathless whisper. “Good enough to fuck?”

“Oh, yeah.”

Stepping back, he worked furiously at the ties of his apron. It started to slip, but he caught it and hung it across one of the tables, the knife hilts sticking out like a porcupine’s quills. His pants and shirt followed quickly after and soon he was standing in front of her, naked and excited. His cock was thick and average length. Marilyn thought it was perfect and her body was already screaming to be filled with his heat and hardness. The waiter, she still didn’t know his name, started to move forward then stopped.

“Wait one moment.”

Marilyn could do nothing as he padded over to the far end of the kitchen. She moaned and rubbed her legs together, working the shorts to the floor as she watched his naked ass moving with every step. It was tight and powerful and she could almost feel her legs wrapping around it. When he returned, he was carrying a glass and something else in his hand.

“Swallow this.”

“What is it?”

“Something to help with the pain.”

Fear sparked through her, pushing back the pleasure.

“Pain?”

“Yes. I was planning on spitting you alive.”

Marilyn tried to answer, but it only came out as a long whimpering moan of pleasure. Her entire body exploded with pleasure and she could swear she could hear her juices splashing on the floor. He only smiled and stepped forward, his wonderful cock bouncing in the air as he pressed the pills to her lips. Hungrily, she sucked them down and swallowed as much as the water as possible. Even the act of giving her water only reinforced that she was helpless to anything he wanted. And he wanted her.

Finally, he stepped even closer, the tip of his slick shaft pressing against her belly. Marilyn moaned at the feeling and tried to part her legs, but the weight on her shoulders was too much. He smiled and knelt down in front of her, his mouth pressing against her belly. She gasped as he lowered it and started to lap at her dripping hole, raising her to an endless height of pleasure that left her trembling and begging for breath.

It didn't take long.

He stood up. As he did, he hooked her legs in his arms and spread them until she felt his cock, his heated and incredibly hard cock, slip right into her aching depths with one long stroke. There was nothing that stopped him, not her lips, her tightness. The prolonged and repeated pleasures only lubricated the way as he rammed every centimeter of himself into her and she screamed out in pleasure. Held tightly in his grip, she felt him start to ram into her with long and powerful thrusts. Her body shook with every movement, rocking back and forth on the spreader bar and his arms. He was

deep, ramming up against every point of pleasure and invoking more ecstasy than she thought ever possible. His heat just magnified her own orgasm and soon she was lost in the waves, no longer seeing or even hearing.

It was over too soon, but she could feel him groaning as he rammed into her, adding his own liquid to her inner depths. Even the surging heat just filled her up and she moaned, relaxing her weight into his arms. He pulled her close, his fingers grabbing her buttocks to hold himself deep inside her as he brought her into another kiss. The electricity arced between them, the sensual pleasures of being spitted by a man and helpless to stop even the small shaft from taking her.

Marilyn moaned into the kiss, relaxing even more. With supreme effort, she wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him tightly as she held his throbbing hardness into her aching sex. There was an intensity to him as he pounded a few more times, but she could feel the effort. Then, to her surprise, he lifted her up and she felt the hook above her head release her bar. Gasping, she looked up as it dropped like a stone against his back. When he only smiled, she used it to hold him tightly as he stepped back.

The feeling of being wrapped around a powerful man as he walked was intense and she pushed down on his shaft, moving with his movements as he brought her to table she saw before, the smooth flat one with the hook at one end.

At the first touch of the cold metal against her ass, she jumped, but he pushed her down firmly on it. Whimpering, she clung to him, but he stepped back with a smile, slipping his cock from her slurping sex. It bobbed in the air between them, dripping cum on the floor. She whimpered again, looking at him, but he was still smiling.

“Turn around.”

Frowning, she hesitated so he reached over to caress her hips. Pulling her off the table, he turned her around until her hips were pressed against the cold edge of the table. She continued to hesitate as he pushed her down. Her aching nipples protested being pressed up against the stainless steel, but his powerful hand guided her down until her stomach and breasts were pressed tightly against the

metal. She felt his hands stroke against her buttocks and she spread her legs, begging wordlessly for him to take her again.

He didn't, but his hand continued down her right leg. Just as she was frowning with confusion, she felt a cold metal band wrap around her ankle and something click into position. A few more clicks and the metal cuff was firm around her ankle. Marilyn gasped at the feeling, then moaned as he guided her left leg further apart. Then she felt the second cuff clicking into place, securing her. Lifting herself slightly off the table, she tested the cuffs and found that her legs refused to pull together. A faint breeze, or him blowing, caressed her body from lower back to her sex, teasing and sending tiny trembles coursing through her veins.

"Oh!"

A chuckle behind her and she looked to find him looking at her, lust in his green eyes.

"To make it easier, I don't want you to hurt yourself."

The surprise of being bound in a new position passing quickly, she gave him a smirk in response.

"That's your job?"

"Maybe."

She glanced at the other woman, "Are you going to gut me?"

He nodded after a mere moment, "Yes, but you will probably be dying as I do it."

"Will... will the spit kill me?"

"Not if I do it right."

The thought of death didn't scare her and she whispered almost to herself, "Good."

She watched him over her shoulder as he went around the kitchen, collecting various metal items. When he picked up one of the polished spits, she moaned and pressed her body against the stainless steel table, presenting her hungry body for his hungrier gaze. He turned soon after and set it down next to her, showing how the entire length would more than fit her. Soon, she would be hanging from the ceiling, just like the others. Her smile warmed her up as he stroked along her buttocks. He abandoned her to work on something metallic behind her. Marilyn fought the urge to look back, deciding that knowing would scare her more.

“I’m just getting the guiding head ready. It lets me change from a point to a round, to make it easier to work its way into you. Otherwise, it could pierce something you need.”

She didn’t move, pressing her body against the warming table. Her breath fogged the surface and she realized she needed to ask more questions.

“Will I be able to breath?”

“Yes, when I put a breathing tube in. You’ll be conscious for the entire process, until I start to gut you.”

She only responded with a moan and stretched her bound arms as far as she could toward the hook. It didn’t reach, but it felt good to be stretched out on the table. He worked for another few moments, then grunted as the spit lifted out of her view. Taking a deep breath, she tried to prepare herself for something she didn’t know.

It didn’t come violently, or even ram into her. Instead, she felt cold metal press against her labia, a smoothness that could only be steel. It was thick, thicker than anything she ever felt inside her before. Gasping, she jumped at the sensations, but held herself down against the table with all her will. She could hear him panting behind her and could imagine his cock aching hard just as she was silently begging to be spitted.

“Are you ready?”

Marilyn whimpered as she nodded. She pressed her palms against the table, arching her back slightly. It took an incredible amount of effort as she felt him leaning forward, the thick member starting to force its way into her sex-slicked hole. It soon grew quickly thicker, one inch, then two, then three as she felt her opening stretching around it. The thought of being filled to the limits had her moaning and pushing back. Her body felt strangely detached but very aware of every sensation as he worked and twisted the spit end into her depths. It was delicious, a pleasure and a pain that pushed deeper. Marilyn could feel her insides straining and giving up, some of it tearing, but the pain was... not important anymore. Instead, it just magnified the feeling of indescribable ecstasy that exploded in her body.

She could only shudder with an orgasm as he worked the spit deeper and soon it reached the limits of her vagina and bumped up



against the mound of her cervix. She gasped as he jabbed it forward again and again, fucking her with an immense metal shaft. She looked down to see her hands shaking, trembling against the steel as she tried to push herself deeper on the spit. Her body refused to give up the innermost gate.

The waiter, her butcher, grunted and did something. She felt a chain or something clicking deep inside the shaft, vibrating tightly against her inner ways. For a moment, she wondered if there was any space between the metal and her inner walls when she felt him pull out, but something growing deep inside, growing into a spike-like point.

“You will feel some pain.”

And then he pushed forward. It speared her innermost gate and thrust deep into the softness. Marilyn could feel pain exploding, but the drugs that coursed through her veins pushed back the terror and only left it floating. He pushed it forward with slow, torturous pressure. She felt every centimeter as he forced it open, a birthing she would never experience again. Her sense of pleasure focused deep inside her as her cervix was forced open and he pushed further in. Finally, it popped deep inside her as she felt pinned, her insides caught like a fish on a hook. He pushed a little further and she felt her vagina clinging to the walls as he did. Then the rattling vibrated down the shaft and something shifted inside her.

“Do you need a moment?”

Marilyn whimpered and nodded, her body shaking around the part of the shaft already impaling her. She could feel it stuffing her, filling her sex beyond even her mortal limits. But, the feeling of the cold, impersonal metal invading her womanhood, her womb, was almost too much. Tears started to form on her cheeks, but she opened her eyes to look at the Asian girl. The shaft that connected her groin to throat reminded her that she wanted it more than anything else.

“More.”

He obeys, gently twisted and pushing it deeper inside. He managed to change the tip to a smoothness, so she could feel it working deep inside her. The knot of her cervix clung to the metal, refusing to give, but the pressure built up and she felt it hesitantly shifting down with every twist. The powerful metal worked deeper,

filling her up. She lifted her body and looked down past the breasts, trying to see if she could see it, but there was no sign of it through her skin, only the sensation of being unable to bend her lower spine without the pressure building up in places there should be no sensations.

He reached the back of her womb and switched heads. The smooth round tip turned into a spike and he pushed it through the back of her depths. It cut through flesh, but he was careful and quickly changed it back to the smooth end. Marilyn could feel it it started to tear the flesh, the inner walls, but the feeling of something hard pushing up into her intestines was intense. She moaned from the sensations, panting almost violently as she pressed herself tightly down on the table.

He stopped, but she shook her head just as violently.

“No! Please... don't stop!”

He started to move it forward, twisting and pushing. On occasion, he would pull it back slowly and she would whimper. The feeling of being spiked, spitted, was too much for her and she refused to let it leave her.

He started to speak softly, grunting as he worked the spit deeper.

“The shaft is oiled, which is why it is moving smoothly. But, I need you to help me guide it. I want it to press against your stomach, I think it will feel like you are full.”

Marilyn only nodded, her mind and world focused on the spit. Deep inside, at the places that were growing with new sensations, she felt the same resisting pressure of her cervix slowly slipping down the shaft. After being violated by so much metal, it was losing the fight and she was turning into one long hole, a shaft to be filled by an even harder shaft.

She pushed herself slightly up with trembling hands, surprised at the effort it was to move. As he worked the spit further, she arched her back to guide the spit further into her body. It rolled past things inside her, giving her insight to a body she never thought she would see. Whimpering, she gasped as she felt it find some more resistance deep inside. But, with a twist from her butcher, it moved further up, toward her stomach.

When it finally pressed up against her stomach, she was moaning from the sensations. He paused for a moment, his fingers dipping

down to stroke along the juncture of the spit and her labia. Dripping juices came from his fingers as he pulled them back. Coming around, he set down a green tube in front of her.

The breathing tube.

Marilyn looked up with lust-filled eyes of her own and he smiled back. Her eyes dropped to his cock, which was dripping with his own juices, but his hands gently cupped her chin and forced him to look back.

“This will be uncomfortable, but it will let you live.”

It was uncomfortable, but the drugs in her system let him feed the tube into her nose and down into her lungs. He tested it by sealing her lips close with his and sending powerful tingles and waves of pleasure through her veins. His other hand closed her nose until she was forced to breath through the tube; she did and he finally released her with a gasp of his own breath. When he looked down, he was as flushed as she was.

“Are you ready?”

Marilyn could only moan in response and try to rock on the immense shaft invading her body. It felt incredible, being spitted and she felt an orgasm growing inside her depths. Her inner walls were spasming around the metal shaft, half trying to pull out the intruder and half trying to fuck it. When his hand vibrated the length, she moans and stretched out, reaching for the hook with the last of her physical freedom.

Deep inside, the spit head was changed to a point and she felt it pierce up into her stomach. A faint sensation of burning filled her as he switched it back to the smooth head, then she felt it move further. Her body no longer resisted the intruder, the cervix acting more as a guide than a resistance. Everything felt connected to the pole, her labia, her womb, her stomach. As the thick member pushed up in her throat, she resisted the urge to throw up. It was tight, actually too tight. She felt tiny cracks inside as he worked it into her throat. A moan was choked off as the too-thick member pushed up past them, silencing her forever. She tried to moan again, but no sound, no vibration came. Instead, it was only the steel shaft pushing up. It rounded at the back of her throat and she was forced to look up, to let it pass. It cracked her jaw but she couldn't close it.

Instead, it forced it even more open and she watched as it pushed out of her mouth and toward her bound hands.

Unable to whimper, she tested the shaft, but found her body unable to move. Instead, she was caught with her rapid heartbeats and the strangled straining of her lungs. She was breathing, but the tightness in her chest came from both the tube and the immense metal rapist in her throat.

He continued to twist and pull it and she felt every movement, every twitch as it pushed into her sex and out of her throat. As the tip reached the spreader bar, she managed to work the tip through the hole. It would seal her fate, but she was just meat now. Meat wrapped around an immense metal spit.

Her orgasm tore into her, searing through her veins as she tried to move with it. Her hips refused to move, the shaft pinning her pelvic bone with the bounds of her flesh and her sex. Her chest heaved with her orgasm as she balled her hands into tight fists. The helplessness of her position, the inability to move, with an intense flare of ecstasy that left her trying to scream out and being unable to.

That only made the orgasm that much more powerful.

As Marilyn was tortured by her own body trying to orgasm, he released her ankle and cuffed it into a spreader bar at the bottom. Her other ankle joined it and soon she was stretched out along the spit, her body balancing on her hips. Wrapping his arms around her, he lifted her bodily up in the air and moved her down the table. She strained to watch as her body was placed in the center, completely supported by the cold steel surface. She realized she was trying to gulp to clear her throat, but it refused to move. It dominated her throat just as it dominated her cervix and she was helpless to the shaft. A faint panic started to build, but his voice stopped her.

“I’m sorry, you are so damn sexy. I can’t resist.”

She felt him crawling on the table and saw him stop above her, where her eyes were forced to look up. His cock was immense, an angry red that showed his excitement. A single drop splashed down, splattering against her neck as he stepped down her body. Marilyn tried to follow, but her body refused to move.

Doubt and fear continued to grow until she felt his inner thighs straddle her buttocks. With a clarity that surprised her, she realized

what he was going to do. His cock quickly pressed up against her virgin opening, her ass. The only place no man or toy had ever taken her.

And there was nothing she could do.

He pushed against it, grunting with the effort as she felt her sphincter resisted with all of its strength. It felt like he was pressing his cock into the steel shaft, but her body was losing the battle. Pain, burning pain exploded, but the drugs pushed back the terror and left her feeling it without caring if it ended. His immense cock felt even harder as he forced his way deeper, plunging into her screaming opening until she felt every centimeter of his cock buried into the heated butter of her depths. Marilyn tried to scream out, in pleasure and in pain, but no sound came out. Only rapid breath as he started to pull it out.

“Oh... its tight.”

It was more of a vice, with the pressure of the unmoving steel shaft on one side, there was only one place his burning cock could go. Into her. And he did, fucking her harder and faster. The pain faded slowly, but the pleasure built up quickly. Soon, every iota of her body was straining to rock into him, to give him more pleasure, but the shaft prevented everything. Marilyn's eyes teared as she realized she was only meat, unable to give him more pleasure.

And he fucked her.

He fucked her for almost an hour, sending burning hot surges of cum deep inside her bowels before ramming into her again and again. The sphincter gave up against the intruder, much like her cervix did to the spit. As it did, she felt the pleasure finally overcome the pain and she started to orgasm herself. It was intense, a localized pleasure that drew every mote of her being into a single place being invaded by a thick pounding rod of flesh.

Helpless and bound, Marilyn bobbed in a sea of an orgasm long after he pulled out of her. Her eyes were tightly closed, tears leaking out from the searing pleasure. She barley felt as he lifted her up and carried her across the room. Instead, she was rolling in the seas and crests of pleasure, helplessly pinned by the staff that filled her. Her body spasmed against it, like the ocean against the cliff and it only brought her more flutter heat that filled every vein. Her thoughts

were already falling apart, eroded by an unnamed fantasy that was being fulfilled.

It was the sound of a knife being sharpened that finally broke the orgasm. Her eyes snapped open as he looked down at her, showing her the short knife. Reaching down, he pressed it against her upper arm and pressed down. It didn't feel like it cut, nor did it look like it when it picked it up. But, as she watched, a long thin line turned red and a few drops of blood appeared.

"This is it. One last thing and you will be nothing but beautiful meat."

Marilyn tried to smile, but the spit refused to let her. Instead, she looked up at him with tear-filled eyes and hoped he understood. The green eyes stared at her for a moment and she saw him hesitate. But, then lust filled the eyes again and she felt a joy like she never felt before.

She wanted this as much as he did.

He stepped away, out of her sight, but she could feel him. He stroked the back of the knife against her skin, teasing her nipples one last time. The feeling of fingers caressing her, rolling the nub of her pleasures against his skin left her tingling all over. Everything was alive with the anticipation of the knife. His fingers continued to stroke along her body, riding along her flanks, teasing the shaft that buried deep inside her hole. Everywhere he touched was left aflame, sparkling with the intensity of one fatal orgasm building.

His fingers probed her ass, leaving the burning sensations growing even in her depths. As he touched her, her insides were building even faster with a heated flutter that filled her. Her insides were spasming against the steel shaft and she was suspended on it, with nothing else holding her up.

She was spitted.

Then it came.

It was only a pressure against her stomach, one smooth stroke from right above her clitoris to the base of her rib cage. For a moment, she felt that he was only teasing, since the tingling just spread, but nothing else. Then, she felt him push his fingers into her belly and pull it apart. Wet splashes filled the room and she felt a strange sense of lightness just as the explosions of light filled her eyes. If she could scream, she would have, but she was a helpless

meat having the orgasm of her life. White sears of energy crossed her vision as everything turned into a burning flame. She felt him pushing his hands deeper, pulling her apart, possessing her, using her.

And there was nothing she could do.

Even if she wanted to.

Then, in a final gesture of compassion, she felt his fingers wrap around her vagina, from the outside, and tighten. She felt her inner walls crushing up against the steel shaft as he began to stroke her up and down on the steel shaft. The single flare of orgasm consumed her as she felt it burning up her spine and leaving only whiteness behind. Her eyes ceased to see anything other than the white pleasure as roaring filled her ears.

After that, there were no thoughts, only the sweet orgasm of death.

—

It was some time before the old man came back to “Pigs and Things.” He was alone this time, but they still treated him with the same respect as before. The waiters brought him to a table with two seats, both set with plates. He sat down and stared at the menu for a long time before opening it. His eyes stopped on the first item, “Marilyn.” Reading through it, he stopped again at the indicator: “Free Ranged (Consensual).”

He didn’t bother reading the rest of the menu, just staring at the strange indicator. When his waiter came, a rather handsome man who provided excellent service before, he questioned about it.

“What is the ‘consensual’ indicator?”

“That is a free ranged one that wanted to be here, sir.”

“I never saw that before.”

“It is new for everyone here, myself included. And very rare, I’ve heard.”

The old man thought to himself.

“Expensive?”

“Ten times the normal price, sir.”

The old man was shocked, “Ten times.”

“Yes, we don’t expect to ever get another in stock.”

The old man went back to thinking about his meal. The waiter waited for a few moments, then spoke up softly.

“I believe that you will find a personal interest in it also.”

Confused, the old man looked up, “Pardon?”

“Of Marilyn. I will suggest that you may have had some influence in our... acquisition.”

“Marilyn... Marilyn. I knew a Marilyn once, a sales girl from Chicago.”

“I know, sir.”

Realization dawned on his face and the old man stared down at the menu. Memories came of Marilyn and a slow smile crossed his face.

“What the hell, it was a great deal. Give me the best cut you have.”

The waiter smiled, “Excellent choice, sir. She is the best I... I mean, we have ever had.”

The old man looked up with knowing eyes, “I’ll trust you then.”



# About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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