

Hot Tub Thief

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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

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The Hot Tub Thief

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The little red car shuddered as it slowed to a halt at the stop sign in the middle of a smear of town somewhere in the Colorado mountains. A belch of bluish-gray smoke erupted from the rear of the rusted tailpipe, then the car started to spasm. Annoyed, a young voice screamed out as the driver pounded on the steering wheel a couple of times. The car shook violently, but no one except the driver was there to see it.

The engine whined as the driver, a woman from the sounds of the screams, tried it again. It shook on broken shocks a few times, the starter motor straining against the effort. After a few attempts, the engine sputtered to life. Shuddering again with every movement, the car eased past the stop sign and turned down a country road. Ice-cold winds chased after it, kicking up snow and ice before throwing it into the gravel road the car was following. The engine strained as it fought against the slickness; the road showed very little signs of traffic since the snow plow last brushed over it. Judging from the snow over the track marks, it had been at least a week since anyone had last taken that road.

Inside, the driver gripped the steering wheel tightly, peering past the fogged window. Each breath left tiny puffs of steam in the air, filling the car as she locked her eyes on the road, guiding the resisting car to keep on the slick road. A faint breeze of almost warm air streamed out of the car vents, the engine somehow not even warming up what would be a basic function of the car. Her jacket, a wool monstrosity with ragged holes, strained against the two or three layers of sweaters and clothes underneath. Her chest

barely made even a slightly bump in it, but those bitter memories were no where near her thoughts.

The car climbed into the mountains, barely following the gravel road. Only the regular ridges underneath the snow managed to keep it from sliding back down the larger hills. She kept going, following the road. At a “Y” intersection, she paused for a moment, frowning in memory.

“Okay... which way was it?” There was a desperate quality to her voice, and a little rough. Her fingers tightened on the steering wheel until she felt her knuckles groan underneath the strips of fabric she called gloves. After a few moments, she whimpered and pulled her fingers away, clutching herself as she stared at the intersection.

“Come on... think Kath, which way?” Tears sparkled on her eyelashes, but the answer didn’t magically spring forth. Instead, she sniffed and wiped her eyes clear. A few streaks of mascara darkened her skin as she forced herself to grip the wheel again. Her car shuddered violently, but moved forward, following the right hand side of the junction.

Nothing looked familiar, but she kept following the road as it wound its way deeper into the mountains. Ice-covered trees loomed on both sides, filling the mountains with the unfriendly sounds of ice and breaking bark. And her car, that thing refused to be quiet, even when she bought it seven years ago. Pushing aside those terrible memories, she brightened as the car almost coasted over one hill and she saw her destination.

It was a good-sized cabin nestled against the side of a very large cliff. From appearances, it was maybe a two or three bedroom one, built by one of construction companies that make all the cabins look alike. Cookie-cutter cabins, for the rich and stupid. The wood still had the orange-brown color of wood meant to hide the imperfections. Scoffing slightly to herself, she eased the car closer, looking for any signs of habitation. The road leading up to was barely touched by the plow, much less any other vehicle. The plowed part stopped suddenly in a three foot tall pile of snow, blocking her car from pulling up to the garage.

Still staring at the house windows, she slowed down and stopped, her bumper resting heavily against the pile of snow. The engine shuddered violently and died just a moment before she twisted it

off. Praying that it would start up again, Kath took a deep breath and opened the door. Ice-cold wind crashed into her, ripping the breath from her lungs. Whimpering and closing her eyes against the tears, she hurriedly pulled on a scarf and stepped out of the car. A pair of food wrappers, generic from the grocery store, whipped up in the wind and threw themselves high into the air.

She ignored them.

Fighting down the hope growing inside her, she closed the car door and scrambled over the snow bank. Ice crunched underneath her boots as she worked her way to the front door. Trying it for the hell of it, she wasn't surprised that it was locked.

She tried it again anyways.

It stayed locked.

A cold wind slammed into her again, throwing up ice and blurring her vision. She covered her eyes as she stepped off a tiny porch and worked her way around the cabin.

Around the corner, the wind died down and she had another chance to wipe her eyes clear. When she could focus again, she saw the small structure just a few steps away from the cabin, nestled between the orange wall and the eroding cliff of the mountain.

A slow smile crossed her face, "Oh... I remember you."

Ignoring the wind, she padded over to the door and slowly opened it. Inside, there was a cold stillness along with a dim light seeping through the snow and ice. Along one side of the structure was a hot tub, one large enough for ten or twelve people in it. A thick mat covered the top, streaked with a few streamers of ice and snow, but otherwise untouched.

Next to it was a cabinet that reached from ground to ceiling and had a sturdy lock on it. On the far side, she noticed a few tool boxes, including one with a large screwdriver hanging out. Taking another step inside, she closed the enclosure door and took a deep breath.

"Oh... please be hot..." The desperate sound in her voice was back, but a low hum erupted from the hot tub and she felt it seeping away. Gasping, she sprung to the edge and lifted it, feeling the hot air rushing out, hotter than she felt in a long time. A long sigh of pleasure escaped her as the scent of bromine and chemicals swirled around her, reminding her of things long since lost. Kath paused, staring at the clear waters for a long moment.

She was here a year before, on a day not much different from now. She was over a year younger and a lot softer and less experienced in the world. Some things were different, but she still didn't have a home then. Sniffing, she tried not to think about that and looked back at the door to the hot tub enclosure. It stared back, rattling with cold wind pounding on the other side.

Kath shivered under her layers of clothing, trying not to think about going back outside. Her shivering grew even more violently as she considered breaking into the cabin, to hide away until the air grew warm again. And maybe escape before the real owners came back. Last time, she only spent the night.

As she remembered before, she was less experience last year.

Still shivering, she reached down to swirl her fingers into the hot water. The temperature said it was just over a hundred, but it felt like heaven against her fingers. Kath sniffed, shivering even more. For a brief moment, she considered breaking into the cabin and looking for food, but the thought of getting warm, even for a brief moment was almost too much. With a grunt, she threw back the top and marveled at the streamers of steam rising up into the air. Stepping back, she made sure the enclosure was shut. It had no lock, but it at least it could latch tightly against the wind.

The hot tub behind her hummed back to life again, water swirling around as the heater kicked in. She glanced at it and smiled.

"Yeah... I remember you."

Trembling, her fingers reached up as she started to unbutton her jacket. It parted easily, falling to the ground in a puddle of wool and bad memories. Her sweater came next, then the sweatshirt underneath. Soon, she was standing in a halter-top and her jeans. Shivering against the cold air, she hesitated for a moment before unbuttoning her pants. Pushing them down, she felt the cold air even more against her skin. Stripping off the last of the fabric, she almost jumped into the hot tub, moaning in pleasure as she sunk into the heated liquid.

It felt... so wonderful against her skin, warming her up as she lowered herself until it lapped against her chin. Stretching out into the water, she let herself float as the bitter cold slowly faded away. Closing her eyes, she just rested.

It could have been hours or minutes, she didn't care. But, her body woke up again and she found a sense of peace filling her. Her eyes glanced down at her body, at the slender body stretched out through the water. Her dark pubic hair curled and swirled in the water, dancing in the currents of the tub. Her body was not beautiful, she was told that enough in the last couple of years. At least she managed to survive without whoring herself out; there was a small sense of pride in that at least. Her hands reached up to caress her skin, fingers slipping along the curves her hips and sliding up. They stopped at her breasts, barely large enough to fill a bra. Fingers stroked against her nipples, stiff from the cool air. It feel good, so she kept them there, gently stroking as she stretched out even further into the water, holding herself up with the back of her skull against the textured edge.

Her thought drifted for a moment. The soft smile felt good, but she felt the need to move at least. Sitting up, she looked down at the controls. The tub glowed slightly, 102.2 F, so she pushed at the waterproof buttons. The display changed and the heat turned off, so she pressed the button again and the heater started up. Still playing, she pushed the up button and it changed to 103, then 104. Pushing it again, the number continued to rise. When it hit 112 degrees, she paused for a moment. For a moment, she tried to remember if the hot tubs at home... her old home stopped, but she wasn't sure. Her fingers continued to press the button until it hit 200. The heater continued to heat up and for a moment, she almost felt like the water was growing hotter. Nervous, she pushed the down button until the display read 105 and she pulled away.

“Okay... don't play with that.”

The heater clicked and cooler water flowed out. Compared to the high heat, it was almost relaxing to feel something hot that wouldn't boil her alive. Kath just sat there, feeling the sweat dripping off her skin. Her body trembled for a moment, then relaxed as she stared out at the water. The thought of getting out of the tub was almost too much, but she needed to check out the cabin. As she contemplated crawling out, she found herself looking at the cabinet.

Last year, there wasn't a lock on it, but there was some cold beers at the bottom. The thought of something good to drink besides

water from Burger King or rest stops appealed to her. Taking a deep breath, she stepped out of the hot tub and stood up into the cold air. Her skin tingled but there was a sense of freedom of being naked in the middle of the mountains. Bare feet splashed on a rubber mat as she padded over to the toolbox and pulled out the screwdriver. She jammed the end into the padlock and bore down with her weight, closing her eyes with effort.

The metal strained, then the lock shattered. One curved piece flew up into the air, but managed to miss her. Opening her eyes, she worked the remains of the lock from the bolt and pulled it open. Inside, there were chemicals and testing kits for the tub. Almost three shelves worth. Below, she found a few safe boxes, the kind you find at Walmart. And at the bottom was a fridge. Laughing to herself, she pulled it open to find it filled with long, somewhat narrow bottles. Rich colors filled the labels, but the letters were in Japanese. Grabbing one, she gasped at the feel of the cold glass in her palm. Twisting off the top, she breathed in the delicate scent of sake and sighed again, this time in pleasure.

Crawling back into the tub, she held the ice-cold bottle in one hand. Sipping from it, she felt the wonderful texture slipping down her throat. Kath decided the cabin could wait a little longer. The warmth inside her felt even better with the hot water against her skin. Her fingers stroked along her skin, briefly teasing her hips before returning to her breasts. Pressing her hand against her left nipple, she kept it there as she took another swallow of the rice wine.

Thinking of the other half dozen bottles in the fridge, she smiled to herself, sinking back into the water. The hot water flooded around her, swirling around her naked body with the caresses of a gentle lover.

“Things are finally looking up.”

Closing her eyes, she leaned back against the edge and held herself up with her neck. One hand clung to the bottle against the edge of the hot tub while the other drifted down, to caress at the slit between her legs. The dull, wafting pleasures filled her body as she relaxed and didn't think about anything at all.

Kath dozed in the water until the bottle of sake was long gone and there was a warm glow deep in her stomach. Sweat dripped

down her skin, but she couldn't find the energy to get up or even move. In a sigh, almost a purr, she spoke to herself in the drifting dreams.

"Things are looking good."

Then, everything shattered as the door to the enclosure crashed up. Kath shrieked as she sat up, spinning around to see a man standing in the door frame. He was big, not fat but not a weight-lifter either. The dark, angry look in his eyes spoke volumes, even through the pair of wire-rimmed glasses on his nose.

"So, you are the slut who stole from me." Malice burned in his voice as he stepped forward, his foot crushing her clothes as he glared at her. Kath gasped and dropped the bottle into the tub. It rolled around as she covered her breasts, shaking from suddenness of his entry. Then, cold wind slammed into her, almost icing the water sluicing off her body. She tried to speak, but the words froze in her throat. He spoke instead, the darkness dripping off every word.

"I'm going to kill you, bitch."

His boots crunched against the ground as he stepped forward, one large hand reaching out for her. Kath screamed out and flung herself out of the tub. His hand managed to grab her arm, but her slick skin easily slipped out and she threw herself to the door. She tried to grab her clothes, but missed. For a moment, she stood there, at the door frame. Outside was cold and ice, but the safety of her car. If it would just start. Inside, he slammed against the hot tub and turned around, a growl of an angry beast vibrating in his chest.

Fear exploded in her when he growled again, snarling terribly at her. Spying her keys near the top, she grabbed them and ran for her life. Steam exploded off her body when she hit the ice and snow, but the terror pushed away any pain. Her bare feet plunged into the snow and she ran as fast as she could. He was following her, but she quickly reached her car. Throwing open the door, she flung herself in and slammed it shut behind her. Whimpering, she fumbled with the key for a moment, then jammed it into the hole. Then the adrenaline started to wear off and she felt the cold cutting into her skin, sending her body into a shivering shock as she twisting at the key.

The starter motor whined for a moment, the car started to shudder to life. Her eyes caught his movement, the dark man walking toward her with death in his eyes. She worked at the gas and the engine sputtered to life. Shaking violently with fear, Kath threw it into reverse and felt the car moving away from the terrible man.

Shuddering, the car finally died with a belch of black smoke.

Kath twisted the key over and over, trying to bring it to life again.

“No. No. No!”

Her screams never left the car as she tried to find a new way to escape. Her stalker continued to walk up to her until his form shadowed her door. She looked at his chest, saw a black sweater stretched out across a very fit man. Then his fist punched through the window, crashing into her with inescapable force of glass and flesh. Darkness ripped her away from the world as she felt her skin being sliced from the force of the blow.

Kath prayed she would not wake up.

There was no God as she felt herself waking up. Something hard was pressed against her back as she strained to regain her senses. The smell of bromine was strong in the air again and she realized she was back near the hot tub, but there was no water around her. Instead, it was cold air and the textured base of the tub. Something pressed against her face and she tried to brush it away.

Her hand refused to move. Instead, she felt a pressing tightness of something connecting her wrist to her other elbow. A zipping sound filled the air as a thin strip caught her other wrist and pulled it tightly against her elbow, tying her arms together against her skin. Shrieking, she opened her eyes and looked down. Her arms were bound together with strips of plastic like the ones used to tie cables together. Her right palm was pressed against her left elbow just as her left wrist was tied to her right. Her breasts were framed in the middle as she looked down at the terrible man. He glared at her and reached down for a long white stripped. Kath tried to struggle as he lifted her arms up from her chest, fed the plastic strip around the middle, and fed it through the hole. With a jerk, he pulled it threw with another zipping sound. It tightened on her arm, cutting into the skin tightly before he let it go.

“You are going to stay her, bitch, until I’m done with you.”

Kath shrieked and kicked out with her feet. She was still naked and her body felt ice-cold as her heel impacted with his stomach. She threw everything she could into it, but he barely noticed. Growling, he grabbed her leg. Kath twisted it, trying to sit up even as she hoped it was still slick, but he refused to let go of her ankle. Stepping forward, she saw his fist come down and slam into her stomach. Pain exploded as she felt the air in her lungs drove out with the force of the blow. Her scream stopped in mid-sound, but he didn’t. Her hip screamed in agony as he forced her down, bending her knee and pinning her ankle tightly against her stomach, right against the bundle of her bound arms. With startling speed, he pulled another zip strip and wrapped it around her ankle and her arms. She found the ability to scream again, trying to fight against his manipulations, but she didn’t have the strength as he pulled it tight, painfully tight. Her leg twisted in agony as he pulled hard, tying her ankle close to her wrist.

With her free leg, she kicked out again, unable to move or escape. She missed and he grinned at her, a worse expression than his snarl. Her eyes caught the sight of more plastic ties hanging from his belt and his bare hands. One pressed tightly against her arms, pinning her down. His other motioned for her free leg.

“Are you going to resist?” His voice was a deep rumble, but the malice still dripped from every word. She shook her head violently and tried to kick at him again. He grabbed at it, missing. She kicked him again, connecting solidly with his stomach, barely missing his groin. Kath, her mind filled with panic, lashed out again, but he grabbed it. Feeling his fingers around her ankle, she threw everything into preventing him from twisting it. Her muscles screamed in agony as he forced her ankle to her chest. The pain grew even worse as she felt the joints start to pull apart. It was almost too much and she screamed out in pain, calling out to anyone who could possibly save her.

Her stalker fished out another plastic tie and bound her even tighter. Kath shook violently as she realized she was terribly vulnerable, her legs and arms helplessly bound against her chest. Cold air teased against her pubic region, and she tried to close her legs, but the plastic ties binding her just cut deeper into her skin. A

few drops of bright blood swelled up from one wrist, where she threw as much strength as possible into freeing herself.

He watched for a moment, stepping back. His expression never softened as the fear boiled up inside her.

“Stop it, you’ll just hurt yourself.”

Kath finally found words to speak again, “Please... please let me go, I won’t do it again.”

He grunted, “You got at least one thing right, you won’t be doing this... ever again.”

Sobbing, she closed her eyes tightly against the tears, “Please... I’ll do anything.”

His boots squelched the rubber mat as he stepped forward. She felt a hand press against her sex, cruel and rough, digging into the tender folds. Even through closed eyes, she could feel him leaning against her, pressing his chest against her arms and legs until agony sparkled through her veins. His voice was a low growl as he almost whimpered into her ear.

“What makes you think you could stop me?”

Kath whimpered, her body shuddering in revulsion of the cruel fingers digging into her, “Please? Just please?”

“You cost me a lot of money, bitch. The last time you were here, you left the top off the tub. The heat bills alone cost me a couple of grand, not to mention the repairs.”

Shaking her head, Kath tried to deny it.

“No... I didn’t do-”

A hand grabbed her chin, squeezing painfully as he drew her to face him. Kath tried to keep her eyes closed, but they opened to see the death and anger in the dark brown that stared back at her.

“I know it was you, I remember the car.”

She whimpered, but he jammed his finger hard into her opening, stretching it painfully as his thumb dug into her clitoris. More pain exploded as he snarled at her, putting more weight against her helpless body. Kath could feel the pain growing in her lungs as his weight crushed her.

“I saw that car at the store. I know it was you, little bitch.”

He squeezed her before speaking again, “And now you are going to pay.”

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she tried to fight against the pain. His fingers dug deeper, forcing their way into her body as the pressure increased against her sensitive bump. She opened her mouth to scream, but only a strained gasping came out, of pain and agony. Everything hurt and every pain was magnified by her helplessness.

Kath gasped again and choked out words, trying to stall any of the pain.

“Anything! I’ll do anything!”

The pressure relented slightly, “What? Like blowing me?”

She nodded, “Please... I’ll do it.”

His fingers twisted against her even harder and she shrieked. His snarl filled the space between them, “Not with those teeth. How about a fuck? A little fuck and you go?”

Kath’s heart almost stopped at the thoughts of being raped by this man. She nodded, “I’ll... I’ll do that.”

Scoffing, he shook his head, yanking out his fingers from her sex. His hand squeezed against her chin, grinding against the bone for a moment before he stood up. Anger filled his voice as he motioned to the open door. A cold wind filled the enclosure, reminding her of the helpless position she was in.

“Go for it. Run away, bitch, and never come back.”

Kath whimpered, struggling at her bounds. He watched her for a moment, then started to unbuckle his pants. Keeping his sweater on, he pushed it down and revealed one of the largest cocks Kath had ever seen. It was thick and lock, with a mushroom-like head that was almost twice the width of his member, which was only half-hard.

To her terror, he pressed it down against her sex, against the helpless opening of her body. She felt the heat of it against her folds as he pushed it against her. His snarl came back as he leaned over her.

“You can’t stop me.”

To make his point, he grabbed her shoulders tightly, and pushed forward. Kath screamed as she felt his cock plunge into her, tearing her open even past the violated opening. The thick head forced its way deep into her dry opening, only the drying water of the hot tub gave her any lubricant. She continued to scream out as he brutally

buried his entire length into her, filling her up with a terrible heat and hardness.

“Oh, the slut is a little tight.”

Kath twisted, “No! Please stop!”

She sobbed loudly, “It hurts! Please... stop, it hurts so-”

He growled angrily, “I don’t care!”

With a brutal strength, he yanked it completely out of her and slammed it hard back in. She felt her opening almost tear as he rammed his cock into her body and yanked it out. His fingers squeezed tightly on her shoulders as she tried to escape his cock, but he continued to ram it in, hard and harder. Deep inside, she felt his cock head slam painfully up against her cervix with every thrust. She tried to squeeze down, but he continued to violate her with hard, brutal thrusts. Her skin slipped against the hard plastic of the hot tub, but his fingers digging into her shoulders kept her from slipping away. Instead, they yanked her back onto his cock, forcing her violation even more.

Pain, humiliation, and terror all mixed in with precum as he came hard inside her, splashing his seed right against the gates of her womb. Kath sobbed loudly, shivering from the feelings that burned inside her, along with the searing humiliation of being raped. He pulled out of her, his cock dripping with cum. Dark eyes locked with hers, even through the blurring of tears.

“You can’t stop me, can you?”

He reached up to her and grabbed one nipple, hard from the cold wind blowing against her. Twisting it, he bore his weight down until the burning explosion felt like he was going to tear it off.

“Answer me!”

Fighting at the pain, she choked on the words, “No!”

That single word was enough to stop his twisting and he pulled away. She looked down at the pink nipple, already swelling with the bruising. Her eyes quickly looked up at him, seeing the dark anger searing her flesh. For a brief moment, she thought she saw a shred of compassion in his eyes, but they darkened quickly. He violently shook his head.

“You stole from me, thief, and I’m going to make sure you never do it again.”

“I’m... I’m sorry. I’ll never do it again. And... and I’ll pay you back.”

He grunted, “Yeah, right. I’d rather take it out of you right here and now.”

Snapping forward, he grabbed her knees tightly, grinding down on the bone. His cock surged with heat as he pressed it against the wrinkled opening of her ass. Kath screamed out loudly, her body spasming with panic.

“No! Please don’t! I-I never-”

“Like I care.” The words were brutal, but nothing compared to the pain that ripped into her as he rammed forward. His thick mushroom cock head plunged into her anal opening, tearing it apart as he rammed his entire length into her body in one long, powerful thrust. Kath’s scream tore at her lungs as she felt more pain in her life than she ever had before. The feeling of being torn apart magnified as she continued to scream, a long wail of terror and pain.

Her rapist didn’t seem to notice as he pulled his cock out and rammed it back in. She saw a bit of blood on his length, but the terrible pain that exploded into her guts was too much to handle. When he continued to plunge in and out, hands holding her knees to keep her from escaping, she could only scream out.

Every inch that plunged into her continued to tear at her insides, leaving blood and cum spread out on his cock when he yanked it out. He refused to give up, punching his hardness into her body. She felt his balls slam against her skin, his entire hardness filling her with the heat of hot poker.

It was forever, being unable to do anything other than suffer his wrath. Kath could only sob and let broken screams escape until he came again inside her. This time, she could feel every spurt, every bubble of hot cum as it flooded her torn insides. He let loose with a long, shuddering sigh, driving his hardness even harder inside her as the last of his orgasm filled her.

His face was very close, staring at her with malice and anger. But there was a little softness to it, of energy and anger spent. She could feel it still inside her, dripping out as he yanked his shaft out. A few splatters of cum and blood landed on the rubber floor below.

“You... will never steal from me again.”

Kath could only sob.

He stared at her for a long time, breathing heavily as he pressed down on her. Her tears poured down her cheeks. Then, he reached down, into the water, and pulled out the bottle of sake she dropped in before.

“This was a three hundred dollar bottle of sake. I had this imported a week ago. And you just drank it away in a couple of hours.”

Kath shook her head, her tears coming in a rain now, “Please... don’t hurt me. I’ll pay you back.”

He scoffed, “You are in no position to afford a real car, much less a bottle of wine.”

“I-I promise, I’ll pay you back.”

He stepped back, his cock bobbing with every movement. Glaring at her, he reached down and pull up his pants with one hand; the other held on the empty bottle of sake. Kath shook in cold and fear as she watched him buckle his pants on again. When he looked back up at her, there was an unreadable expression on his face. She sobbed out pleading words, try to appeal to his mercy.

“Please... please let me go.”

She watched as the knuckles on his hand tightened on the dripping bottle. “You think a little fuck and I’ll forgive you? I don’t think so.”

She shrieked as he pressed down on her throat with one hand. She could feel the rough fingers squeezing painfully. Then, she felt the bottom of the bottle press up against her ass. Eyes widened in fear as she tried to shake her head. Only a whisper came out, filled with all of the pleading she could put into it.

“No...”

It didn’t stop him as he forced the bottle into her ass, tearing it even more open as she felt the smooth glass being forced inside. A long wail of pain and agony filled the enclosure as he forced it in, tearing her apart from the inside. The brutal agony went on and on, even though it took a minute before only the stem was sticking out. Kath could feel it deep inside, tearing her apart, stuffing her full. Tried to squeeze it out only left her feeling shaken and broken, unable to find the energy or strength to move. And it still remained inside her, an unquestionable hardness that refused to relent.

He shoved her forward suddenly, his hand releasing her throat. Her body slipped against the hot tub surface and her shriek was halted as she plunged into the water. Panicking, she twisted and tried to move, but the hardness of the bottle ripped at her senses, filling her with burning agony that was quickly matched by the need to breath. She managed to pull herself to the surface, flapping her hands quickly. Gravity drew her bound body down, trying to pull her under the water.

Gasping, she looked up at him. He looked back with a cruel expression on his face.

“If you survive the night, we’ll talk.”

He tapped on the control panel of the hot tub. She watched as he pressed one of the buttons until the heater started up again, this time forcing hot currents of water around her. Then, the water grew even hotter as he continued to hold down the button. Whimpering, Kath shook her head, straining to hold herself afloat with only her hands. Already, her wrists were getting tired. And with every movement to survive, the pain of the immense glass bottle in her guts poured new agony through her veins, tearing at her with every breath.

Kath could only whimper pitifully as he reached over, grabbed the top of the hot tub and pulled it up. She saw the immense mat leaning over her and looked at him with one long look of pleading.

There was no mercy in his eyes as he shut the lid and left her alone in the darkness.

In her prison.

And... maybe... just maybe, her tomb.

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About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

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