

Paying Debts

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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1

Sara yawned and finally thumbed off the television. Kicking the blanket off, she tossed it on the leather recliner and stretched. Her night shirt, a huge t-shirt from an ex-boyfriend, hung off her breasts like a curtain. She glanced around sheepishly before she cupped her hands underneath them, bringing the large mounds up until they were almost perky. Then, sighed as she let them roll off her fingers and slump back down to her chest.

Compared to the thin, beautiful girls in school, she felt like a cow. But, that didn't stop the boys at school from staring at her just as much as the other. No accounting for tastes, she guessed.

Her fingers squeezed her nipples, circling around the large areola. Then, she tugged her shirt back down until it caressed her wide hips. She yawned again and grabbed the blanket from the recliner. Spinning on her heels, she dragged the blanket up the stairs to her bedroom.

The house felt empty with her parents gone for the weekend. Nice and quiet. She considered calling Helen and the others, but Anna mentioned some big party they were crashing and Sara didn't feel like getting plastered with the others. No doubt, Stevie would be already making out on the couch, but Sara didn't think the who, what, or where made any difference.

Her blanket scuffed along the carpeted stairs as she padded up. Down the hall, she pushed open her door and tossed the blanket on her bed. It matched the flowers and pink of her room and, for the second time that night, she wondered if she should change to something more... mature.

Two weeks a senior and she already saw herself as a new woman.

She still couldn't figure out the answer. Shrugging, she stripped off her shirt and took a long shower instead. The hot water felt good. She spent the time thinking about school and of all the cute guys in school. She thought of one specific guy, who gave her a few hesitant smiles, while she toweled off and padded back into her bedroom.

Then stopped in complete surprise.

Nothing could have prepared her for the man standing in the middle of the room. Black shirt and tight jeans straining over bulging muscles. He looked Latino, like those gang bangers she saw on TV. But, having him standing in her bedroom, surrounded by pink, brought a bolt of fear coursing through her veins.

Moving slowly, like standing in front of a beast, she drew her towel in front of her, trying to cover her nipples and the patch of hair between her legs. She blushed hotly, unable to find words in her throat. He seemed unaffected by the naked teenager standing in the room.

She gulped and started to shake.

“W-Who are you?”

“Julio. Are you Sara?”

He spoke with a rich Spanish accent, but she still couldn't open her mouth. Dumbly, she nodded as she stared at him in growing fear. Her knuckles cracked as she clutched her towel even tighter. Somehow, the rough fabric against her moist skin felt more real than the man in her room.

“Y-Yes.”

He grunted without a hint of emotions. His hand pulled from the pocket of his jeans. She saw a flash of a gun and started to scream, but he simply pointed at her and fired quickly. She didn't have time to flinch, just felt a sharp pain exploding in her chest.

The towel slipped from her fingers and the pain increased. She shook even more violently as she looked down, staring at the dart that pinned her towel to her chest.

“W-What...?”

Her voice felt disconnected from her body as she slumped to the ground.

—

Hailey groaned as she rolled over. Her eyes fluttered, then closed tightly at the bright light. She sniffed, then frowned at the strange scents that flooded through her senses. The fading hangover spiked in the back of her thoughts, but she pushed it aside like most mornings.

She ran her hands on her bed, feeling the strange fabric underneath her skin. It felt rough, like canvas. Curious, her fingers explored the edge of the bed, feeling aluminum tubing and tight hinges. Her eyes fluttered again, then cracked open.

Blinded by the light, it took her moments to let her eyes focus. It wasn't her bedroom, Helen's, or any other normal place she woke up after a night of drinking heavily. Instead, just white walls and whiter ceilings.

Everything snapped into clarity as she sat bolt up. The canvas cot shuddered as she started to hyperventilate, looking around with a whimper in her throat. To her left, she could see a white painted door, complete with a sliding view window and a slot on the bottom. It looked like a hospital or asylum room and it terrified her even more.

“H-Hello?”

Her voice broke and echoed on the room. She felt the cool air on her skin and went to pull up the blanket but her fingers bruised on the cot instead. Glancing down, she realized she had no blanket, no sheet, nothing else. Nothing shielded her large breasts and slight pouch above her belly. She blushed hotly and looked up, expecting to find a camera watching her. It took a second to find it, in the corner, a white dome barely visible in the white walls.

Turning away, she tugged on her brunette hair and straightened out her curls as she tried to come up with a plan.

No ideas came up besides a renewed hangover.

Ten minutes later, she still didn't have any idea when she heard a bolt being thrown back. She jumped, then slid off the cot, cowering behind it as the door cracked open. When no one spoke out, she peaked over the edge.

Her mouth gaped open as she stared at the person standing in the door.

“Mrs-Mrs. Drappel!?”

Her English teacher leaned against the door frame, wearing the same blouse and skirt she wore during Friday's classes. Mrs. Drappel smiled haggardly and rubbed her cheek.

"Good afternoon, Hailey."

Mrs. Drappel sounded exhausted and slightly drunk. Hailey stood up hesitantly, covering her naked breasts with her hands.

"What are you doing here? I'm confused, why are you here? Why am I here?"

Her teacher sighed, "It's hard to explain. Can you come with me?"

"W-Why?"

"Just come on, I need you to talk to someone."

"Who?"

Mrs. Drappel's voice changed to the one she used when dealing with unruly students.

"Get up, come with me."

Shaking, Hailey stood up to obey.

—

Helen screamed out in blind fury as she kicked out violently. Her foot caught the gut of man in front of her. He bent over in half from the pain, but the man behind her jammed his knee into the small of her back. Her naked body lurched forward, then buckled to the ground. It almost looked like she knelt in front of the man crumpled before her. Her large breasts smashed on the hard floor, but she didn't even feel the pain as she tried to scramble back to her feet.

Rough hands jammed her down, then she felt plastic wrapped around her wrists. She twisted violently again, but the strong man managed to hold her still long enough to pull the zip string tight and bind her wrists tightly.

"I'll fucking kill you!"

Her voice rang out shrilly against the white, featureless hallway but the two men didn't even hesitate as they yanked her back to her feet. She kicked out again, but the first man learned his lesson and stepped aside. Her foot snapped out in front of her. As she drew it back, he stepped forward and punched her hard in the stomach.

Helen buckled over again. The man behind her, the palest muscle man she ever saw, shoved her forward. She keeled over again, crushing her breasts on the ground. She felt hands grabbing her

hair and then pain as they dragged her down the hall. She struggled to breath and get back to her feet, but her bare feet skittered helplessly on the smooth surface.

She barely registered being dragged into an office before the two men threw her into a chair. Her shoulders protested from having her wrists bound behind her and she tried to jump back to her feet. One hand slapped against her breast, shoving her back down into the seat.

“Helen, don’t struggle.”

Helen ignored her English teacher attempts to pacify her and kicked out again. The hand on her breast grabbed her nipple and twisted hard. It took a heartbeat to register the pain and she let out a scream.

A different woman spoke up with a Spanish accent.

“Sit down!”

Helen stopped in mid-scream, her body shaking from the sheer presence from the voice. The fingers released her nipple and she winced as blood rushed back to the tip. Blinking through the tears, she peered in front of her at the woman behind the desk.

She looked like a kindly grandmother with steel blue eyes. Barely five feet tall, she sat perched on a tall chair behind a glass table. Helen’s teacher walked around the desk, arms wrapped around her waist, and stood behind the older woman.

“Helen, pay attention.”

Helen snapped forward, “Who the hell are you? What do you want? Where the fuck am I? Why am I naked!? Let me go, damn you!”

The older woman waited until Helen slumped back, panting heavily. Then, she nodded.

“My name is Ernesta Munoz.”

She said it like her name meant something to Helen. The younger woman didn’t care in the slightest bit.

“So, who the hell are you?”

“Well, Helen, I’m in the business of investments.”

“So?”

“I had an investment in Ms. Julie Drappel here,” she gestured to Helen’s teacher with a pocky stick, some sort of biscuit covered in pink frosting, in her hand. Helen’s eyes followed the motion and

focused on Mrs. Drappel's face. Julie looked away sharply, but Ernesta cleared her throat. Like a beaten girl, Helen's teacher looked back at her student through her eyelashes. Guilt burned across her face and Helen felt a sick feeling growing in her gut.

"What is this about?" she said in a calmer voice.

Ernesta nodded in approval.

"Good question. Julie worked up quite a debt with me."

"What does that..." realization dawned on Helen's face, "I'll be damned if I'm going to let you pimp me out."

Tapping the stick in her fingers, Ernesta laughed merrily. It stopped just as suddenly as it started, then the older woman shook her head.

"No, no, I'm not going to force you to have sex. I have enough whores and boy toys for that side of the business. No, little Julie--"

Helen looked up to see her teacher pointedly staring at the ground, a blush on her cheeks. Her eyes trailed back to grandmother who didn't stop speaking.

"--decided to borrow a large chunk of money on a 'sure thing'. Right, Julie?"

Mrs. Drappel grunted and tried to look away, but Ernesta cleared her throat again. Slowly, Julie lifted her gaze to look at the older woman. Ernesta shook her head and Julie turned her gaze to look at Helen. Once the older woman looked at her student, the grandmother spoke again.

"Unfortunately, with the stock market crashing a few weeks ago, her sure thing ended became a bright red mark in my accounting books."

"Um, so?"

"Well, as I said, an investment. And I don't like my investments going south."

Helen's hands balled into fists.

"How much?"

"Eight million."

"Eight million!? She fucking lost eight million dollars!?"

"Yes, that is what I said, with less screaming."

Helen couldn't speak for a long moment. Instead, she stared at her teacher with contempt and surprise. Julie blushed hotly, but

every time she tried to look away, Ernesta made a disapproving sound.

Finally, Helen spoke sharply.

“What does this have to do with me?”

Her eyes focused on Ernesta. The older woman pulled out a sheaf of paper.

“You are worth a million dollars to me and therefore a million toward Mrs. Drappel’s debt.”

Helen’s mouth felt suddenly dry.

“D-Doing what?”

The older woman’s eyes narrowed.

“Are you sure you want to know?”

“Yes,” said Helen, not really wanting to know.

Ernesta looked into her eyes for a long moment, then spoke.

“I have some investors who would be willing to pay me a million for a night with you.”

Helen tried to crawl into her chair.

“I won’t fuck them.”

“No, no, of course not. I couldn’t make more than ten grand on even the most perverted of men with a body like yours.”

Helen glowered but the Spanish woman kept speaking.

“No, I’m thinking of something a bit more drastic.”

As Ernesta spoke, the two men stepped closer to Helen. Helen felt a prickling on her spine. She started to turn to look at them, but Ernesta cleared her throat. Helen looked back automatically, blushing even at the unvoiced command.

“No, they’ll pay me a million to kill you.”

—

Anna sobbed from the edge of her cot.

“I don’t want to die!”

Her long brown hair whipped back and forth as she shook her head violently. She held her palms against her own large breasts, self-conscious even among her other naked friends. Helen leaned against the wall, her face in a snarl and lost in thought. Sara sat down on the cot, which creaked under their combined weight, and wrapped an arm around Anna’s shaking shoulders.

“Now, no, I’m sure it isn’t that bad.”

“Not that bad!?” screamed Anna, “They are going to gut us!”

Hailey, sitting on the floor, looked up with tears in her own eyes.

“You mean, cut off her breasts and jam a knife in our stomachs. How can you call that ‘not bad’, bitch?”

Anna’s head snapped back, “That isn’t helping!”

Hailey shrugged and lifted up the bottle of whiskey she finished an hour before. Her tongue flickered out to taste the last few drops.

“What? Not like we can do anything about it.”

“Easy to say, you’re drunk.”

Hailey hiccuped.

Anna sniffed, “Where did you get that, by the way? I could really use a drink.”

“Stevie.”

Helen looked up, “Where is the slut?”

Hailey pointed out the open door.

“Last time I saw, blowing one of the big guys. Going for another-”

From the door, Stevie staggered in with a shit-eating grin and three bottles.

“Sorry, girls, I couldn’t get out of here so I got something to drink instead. Something to get the taste out of my mouth, you know.”

Grunting, Helen pushed herself away from the wall and snatched the first bottle.

“If you could get out of here?”

Stevie smiled sweetly, but said nothing. Anna sniffed, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“W-What about us?”

Stevie shrugged and handed the bottle over to Sara.

“Not enough cocks here to save us all.”

Anna stared at her, her mouth open, then she burst into tears. Sara took the bottle and twisted it open. She glared at Stevie.

“Bitch.”

“Got to watch my ass,” grinned Stevie, turning around to show off her buttocks. As the skinniest girl of the group, Stevie still had a full figure and long brown hair. She smiled sweetly and made a point of wiping the corner of her mouth.

Hailey gasped as she drained half her bottle.

“You are such a slut, Stevie.”

Stevie grinned and sat down on the floor.

“I’m not going to give up. Like hell I’m going to be snuffed by a bunch of perverts.”

Helen chuckled, “So fuck anything alive and hope it gets you out?”

Stevie nodded sharply.

“Never give up, never surrender.”

Shaking her head, Helen swallowed from her bottle.

“I hate that movie.”

—

Time passed too quickly. Despite Stevie’s best attempts, she still remained in the white walls when the two men came for her. She sniffed, feeling despair hanging over her. Looking up, she stared pleadingly at the two men she fucked and sucked for the last twenty-four hours. The two other shifts, two men each, also enjoyed her cunt, mouth, and ass, but nothing saved her.

“It’s time, Stevie.”

Away from the others, she felt her bravo faltering and her voice trembling.

“Please?”

“It’s time,” said Julio, the dark skinned Spanish, “please don’t struggle.”

Stevie sighed as she stood up.

“I won’t.”

“Good,” smiled the other man, “because we pulled a few strings to make you first.”

“First?”

“Yes, why first?”

“You’ll see.”

Stevie shivered as they held out their hands. Trembling, she took them and followed as they guided her down the white featureless hallways. They stopped at a door, then walked down a new hallway. Stevie, tears burning in her eyes, stared with wide eyes at the new place.

Unlike the other hallways, this one had something far different and yet more terrifying. Along one side, she could see holes in the wall. In sets of four, they were very distinct. One hold above, two holes, then a large one. It only took her a moment to realize their purpose.

“I-I’m going there?”

The first man grunted, “One of for your head and two for your breasts.”

They didn’t explain the fourth hole, but she pressed a hand against her belly with her own thoughts. She shivered as they took her the entire length of the hall, then around to the back.

On the far side, the room didn’t have the same brilliant white. The other side looked functional, terrifying useful instead of shining with fresh paint and clean floors. Plywood walls lined the wall from the other side, with each set of holes gaping. Stevie stared at the holes, at the stains that stretched down from each opening. She didn’t need to get any closer to know what made those stains; the faint smell of cleaners and blood burned at the back of her throat.

Her vision blurred as she tore her eyes away from the holes. A steel pole caught her attention. She looked at it more curiously, then desperately wished she didn’t.

Embedded in the concrete, the polished metal stood about three feet from the ground. It looked like the poles to prevent shopping cars from hitting the aisles at the grocery store, but no store ever had a dildo mounted to the top of each one. Her eyes widened as she stared at the bright pink toy, then looked at the next. It had a much larger one, with bumps lining every inch. Her mouth gaped open in surprise and looked at the next. This one scared her, it looked more like a drill bit completely with sharp metal edges and point.

A sob choked in her throat. Turning around, she plastered herself against Julio’s chest. He held her tightly, surprisingly gentle for a man who fucked every hole in her body. She sobbed pitifully, clutching to him.

“No, please don’t do this.”

Julio said nothing, just held her tightly. The cries tore through her until she heard Ernesta clear her throat. Sniffing, Stevie looked up around Julio’s shoulders to see the older Spanish woman nibbling on her pocky, chocolate this time, and looking disapproving.

“Julio, it is time.”

Stevie looked up at Julio. She could feel tears rolling down her cheeks as the man holding her pressed his hands against her shoulders. He pushed gently and she stepped back. He walked her

backwards until she felt the steel pole between the valley of her buttocks. She jumped at the cold metal, gasping in shock.

Julio whispered sheepishly, "This is the smallest one. It won't hurt and it will feel good in you."

"S-Smallest one?"

He turned her around to face the hole. She stood in front of the pole, with a smooth pink dildo jutting out of the top. Stevie whimpered, then took a tiny step forward as Julio bumped her with his hips. The dildo ground against her belly.

"W-What?"

"Lift your leg," he said.

His hand ran down her inner thigh, spreading them apart. Stevie whimpered as she felt him picking her up, poising her over the dildo. Her inner muscles clenched in anticipation. Then, she felt it against her opening.

Already lubricated, it slid into her as easily as cock, filling her almost instantly. As soon as her lower foot touched the ground, Julio released her leg, drawing it down until she stood impaled on the fake cock, body pressed against the plywood wall. She shuddered at the feeling, impersonal as a fly pinned to a board.

"I-I-"

She didn't have time to say anything as workers came up, pulling her hands to the plywood. Power drills rang out loudly as they screwed down brackets over her wrists and elbows. Julio's hands guided her face through the upper most hole as other hands grabbed her breasts to feed them through the respective openings. She felt exposed, horribly naked, as they drove in more straps to hold her in place.

It only took a minute, but when the hands pulled away, Stevie couldn't move. Her fingers clawed at the wood, in the groves of countless other women, but her body refused to move. Only the pressure of her cunt and the openings around her head, breasts, and belly gave her any degree of movement.

She sobbed and watched Sara being pulled into the room. Sara's blond hair snapped back and forth as the younger girl stared in shock. Seeing Stevie, she wrenched herself free from her captors and ran up.

"Stevie! What are you doing?"

“I-I don’t know, I swear. It is...”

Her voice trailed off as she felt a stranger’s hand on her buttocks. She wanted to turn around, but she couldn’t. Then, a hand smacked her ass. Blinking at the tears, she focused back on Sara.

“I... I...”

Sara’s eyes shimmered, but Stevie couldn’t find the words. Finally, she just choked back a sob and closed eyes tightly.

“I guess you’ll find out.”

It hurt to tell Sara that, but she couldn’t explain it. Instead, she listened to them taking Sara around to the back side, then that one horrified scream.

“Oh god!”

—

Helen lashed out as they dragged her by her brown hair. Her feet skittered on the ground as the four men brought her around the end of the hallway. She barely saw Hailey, Anna, Sara, and Stevie poised in the hall, nor did she see half a dozen other sobbing girls. The rage that burned inside her blinded her. Ernesta looked amused as they yanked her to her feet.

“Almost the last one, Helen, why don’t you relax?”

Helen snapped back with all the anger she felt.

“Why don’t you just fucking die!?”

Her voice rang out shrilly. The older woman just shrugged and popped the stick from her mouth.

“Probably not the smartest thing to say, my dear Helen. Go on, put her on.”

Helen kicked and screamed as they dragged her to one of the few last openings. As they drew her closer, she couldn’t help but look at her fate.

Four holes, just like the others. No doubt she knew her breasts would be on display like a common whore’s, but nothing prepared her for the steel pole sticking out of the ground. It didn’t have a delicate little dildo, which she guessed laid buried in Stevie’s pussy. It wasn’t a large glass one that impaled Anna or even the bumpy one inside Hailey. They made hers of metal and the entire length, almost twelve inches, shimmered with metal studs. Her mouth opened in surprise, then she screamed out as loudly as she could.

“No!”

Ernesta shrugged, walking in step with Helen's handlers.

"I told you to relax, Helen. More than once in the last few days."

"Like fucking hell I'm going on that!"

Hands grabbed her. She screamed out, her back arching. More hands grabbed her breasts and arms, squeezing down painfully. She jerked violently, but they easily picked her off the ground. Sweat and fear dripped down her body as she felt herself being brought over the terrible spike. Ernesta's workers pried her legs apart. She felt the icy cold metal brushing against her nether lips and renewed her struggles. Helen managed to free one hand and nearly broke her knuckles on one man's face. He screamed out in pain, falling back, but two more grabbed her wrist and twisted it behind her back.

Screaming out, her breasts heaved with her struggles. Then, she felt her captors jamming her down on the steel cock. It tore into her lips, ripping hair from her pussy and forcing itself deeply. The spikes, only triangles of metal, felt like pokers as they lodged themselves inside the delicate folds of her labia. Helen suddenly couldn't breathe as everyone froze in place. Her muscles unwillingly squeezed around the spikes and a sob tore from her throat as she felt the pain exploding.

"Oh god," she choked out.

The Spanish woman shrugged, "Too late for your god. Shove her down."

The last came out as a hard command. Masculine hands bore down on Helen's teenage body. Palms that pressed on her thighs, fingers digging into her breasts. She felt the steel dildo driving up into her, tearing her open. Pain coursed through her veins as she felt the metal spikes tearing into her young pussy.

For a moment, she felt a resistance as a few spikes caught on her folds, but the men just shoved down hard and she felt them tearing as the steel spike drove right up against her cervix. Pain blossomed through her body, but they weren't done. Another grunt from her captors and they shoved her down until her feet slapped against the floor. The tip of the cock, smooth but incredibly hard, jammed at the far back of her vagina. She felt her cervix crushing from the weight and her innermost depths beginning to tear.

Rapid hands flew across her body. Zip ties twisted around her ankles, binding her to the bottom of her spike even as her body

tried to adjust to the incredible intruder that dominated every iota of her senses. More hands slapped her against the plywood wall, screwing down straps and shoving her head through the holes.

On the other hand, a man reached through and grabbed her breasts. Digging his fingers into the soft meat, he twisted her hard and yanked her through the hole. Helen let out a scream and tried to pull away, but the position only increased the pressure inside her pussy.

She couldn't feel anything besides the pain in her pussy and the growing fear of her exposed body through the holes. She saw the stained wood and she knew her fate, but being strapped down brought it to a knife's edge of a focus.

Helen tried to find a comfortable position, but with the dildo embedded in her pussy and her body strapped to the wall, she simply couldn't move. Instead, the pain continued to blossom until she could think of nothing else.

Ernesta came around to the front of the room, standing in the middle of the pure whiteness. Her eyes looked over the girls embedded in the wall, their bellies and breasts exposed, the whimpers echoing in the room. Her heels tapped on the ground as she walked up to Helen.

Helen flinched as the old woman reached up to stroke around the edge of the opening, tracing a line with the tip of her fingernail.

“Why do you struggle?”

The teenager whimpered and tried to twist out. She felt like a hunk of meat and it terrified her. Ernesta shook her head, then held up something that looked like an iPod remote. Helen froze, staring at it even as her body tensed. The feeling of her inner muscles clenching around the spikes of the dildo brought tears to her eyes.

“Don't struggle.”

Then, Ernesta tapped lightly on the up button. Helen screamed out as she felt the dildo starting to turn, just a slow movement but it dragged the points along her delicate and sensitive inner walls, scraping her insides. In the next opening, she could hear Anna wailing as her own dildo started to do something. Ernesta chuckled, then pressed the down button. The torture stopped but Helen couldn't stop shaking.

“There are five settings.”

Sweat dripped down from Helen face as she tried to come up with words. Ernesta looked at her expectantly, then turned away. She suddenly looked over her shoulder and smiled, turning the slow rotation back on.

Helen could only scream out in rage and pain.

—

Julie panted as she stared at her five students in the hall. Their large breast and bellies squeezed through the holes, their faces a mask of agony and fear. Helen clenched her face up to struggle with her tortures while Hailey stared out into nothing as drool dripped from the corner of her mouth.

“They are beautiful, aren’t they?” murmured Ernesta.

Julie blushed and nodded, utterly thankful of her position. She smoothed her skirt down.

“Yes.”

“Come, I want you to see this.”

Julie followed Ernesta around to the back. Her mouth gaped at the line of naked buttocks lined up on the walls. It looked inhuman from this side as men adjusted and tweaked straps and poles. Some of the girls—there were a dozen total—bucked against the dildos in their cunts, rocking up and down while others were frozen solid, obviously trying to avoid the devices that pumped, dripped, and drove into them. Julie felt a clenching in her stomach as she caught sight of Helen’s shaking cheeks, a thin trickle of blood running down her inner thighs.

She pressed a hand against her belly, feeling the sympathetic pain. Ernesta snapped the end of her pocky stick and smiled broadly.

“There is something beautiful about innocence on display. I do this twice a year and I love it every time. Absolutely beautiful.”

“I-I guess.”

“Come, there is more.”

Casually, Ernesta lead her down the line, pointing out her girls. Stevie seemed the most comfortable, sliding up and down the pink toy. Her inner thighs glistened with juices. Julie felt a blush growing as she stared at the naked sexuality.

The older woman led her down the line. Julie noticed a single position not filled, one with a terrifying drill at the tip of the steel

pole. It turned slowly in time with the vibrations, pumping, and twisting of the other toys. She shuddered at the sight of it, even more thankful she didn't have a place on the wall.

"Beautiful?"

"Y-Yes, Ernesta."

"Good, can you think of anything else I need?"

"Um, no."

The older woman smiled at her, a suddenly hard and evil smile.

"Are you sure?"

Julie's eyes glanced over at the empty position. Her body tensed and she felt something rising up in her throat. Ernesta made a point of following her gaze, then strolled over to it. Julie whimpered softly in her throat, but couldn't help following her. Reaching out, Ernesta stroked her fingers along the length of the slowly turning drill. When she brought her finger up, Julie could see a line of blood seeping from the cut.

"B-But, you said I didn't have to..." whispered the teacher.

Ernesta looked at her and smiled broadly.

"You don't."

It came out icy. Julie felt someone behind her and looked to see six men standing behind them, their arms crossed over their muscular chests. Her body trembled and she found it hard to breath.

"I-I paid my debt," she whimpered.

"No, you paid five million. I'm willing to pay myself three more to see justice."

"I don't understand, justice?"

Ernesta stepped right up to Julie, looking up at her with hard eyes.

"I gave you a choice, Julie. Five women in pay your debt. You could have picked any five in the world."

"I-I-"

"Quiet," snapped an order, "you picked five girls from your class."

Julie opened her mouth, then closed it. Tears ran down her cheeks. Ernesta continued to speak in a hard voice.

"You picked five innocent girls, some of them only fifteen years old, for your repayment."

“B-But you took them!” wailed Julie. Hands reached out and she flinched away from them. She started to pull away from Ernesta, but men’s hands grabbed her, tearing open her shirt and yanking down her skirt. She sobbed but couldn’t find the strength to fight back. Ernesta watched impassively.

“I have a daughter in school. If I found my teacher did this, I would be... so angry at you.”

“But, you took them!”

“Business is business, but this is justice.”

Julie felt the last of her clothes being torn off. She stood naked before a drill bit and the last remaining hole. She felt the attention of the others burning her skin. Her eyes locked on the drill, watching it twist slowly. Her eyes glanced over to the ground, where the blood from Ernesta cut splashed on the stained concrete.

“Go on.”

Her pussy clenched with her thoughts.

“I-I can’t.”

“If you don’t, then it will hurt more than you can ever imagine.”

Julie wanted to run, to flee, but the hands on her body pushed her toward her position. She sobbed, looking at the ground. Her feet slapped loudly. Someone kicked her shoes away as she stood before the drill. Her body shook violently but she couldn’t even reach out.

“Pick her up,” came the command. Julie wailed loudly as hands grabbed her, picking her off the ground. They were not gentle as they pried her legs apart and held her over the drill bit. She felt the whisper of air teasing her nether lips as she stared into the hole leading to the white room.

Tears poured down her cheeks as they lowered her down. The first touch felt like a caress, but then the drill bit dug into her flesh. She screamed out as the sharp blades of the device tore into her skin. She felt her labia being sliced open, but her captors didn’t give her a second chance.

The drill tore into her, burying deep into her pussy. It tore her open, shredding her insides and exploding her entire world into white-hot agony. Her throat burned as her scream echoed against the walls. The hands shoved her down, tying her legs to the pole, but Julie couldn’t move even if she wanted to. Her body slumped down on the pole, driving the drill higher.

Ernesta whispered in Julie's ear.

"You'll die first, as it should."

Julie opened her mouth to say something, but powerful hands shoved her face through the hole. Straps pushed her all the way forward and down into the drill. She could feel it tearing into her organs, slicing her from the inside.

The moments it took for Ernesta to walk around. When she came in front of Julie, she carried a long, sharp blade in her hand. The smile on her face had no joy for the teacher. Julie struggled to say something or do something, but all she could feel was the terrible device tearing her insides and blood pouring down around the steel shaft. The Spanish woman stepped up and grabbed her left breast.

"Here is to justice," she said simply.

Then, the blade jammed down into the soft meat. Julie didn't think she could feel any more pain, and she didn't for a long heartbeat. Then she felt the icy weapon slicing through skin and fat to scrape against her rib cage. She tried to let out a scream as Ernesta twisted the blade, tearing open the hole and dragging it down. Julie felt it cutting through her breast like butter, then the pain only intensified as Ernesta sliced through her nipple.

Yanking the weapon from the breast in a shower of blood, Ernesta twisted the blade in her hand and pierced Julie's left breast again, this time near the top where the rim of the hole pressed into flesh. With a slow movement, she cut around the circle. Through the edges of her vision and through the clarity of her agony, Julie felt her left breast being sliced away. It dangled, connected by tissue and fat, but Ernesta continued slicing until it only hung on by a few shreds of skin.

The blade flashed inches away from Julie's throat, splattering her with her own gore, then slashed down into her right breast. Julie tried to let out a scream but her throat refused to make any more noise. It just came out as a gurgle. Ernesta brought the blade down, cutting Julie's other breast right down the middle. Then, another cut bisected it from the other direction, until the four remains of her tits hung bloodily down from her chest.

Panting, Ernesta looked up with a flush on her cheek and a fierce smile.

"This is justice."

Julie couldn't think, she couldn't breath, she couldn't do anything but stare at the older woman as she brought up the delicate looking remote. Still smiling, she tapped the up button.

Deep inside Julie's insides, the drill accelerated. It cut through the remains of her womb like butter, then tore through her intestines. She felt her stomach clenching from the force, but it keep driving higher. Down the entire length of the hall, she heard moans and whimpers as all the toys grew more frenzied. Julie sobbed, her voice broken and her body mutilated. Her stomach muscles jerked violently, then she felt the drill tearing her out from the inside.

The Spanish woman stepped back half a step to stared at her belly.

"Does it hurt that much?" she said with a dark tone.

"Oh, god, yes!"

"Let me help," said Ernesta. Her blade flashed out, and for a moment, the twisting, agonizing pain in Julie's stomach stopped between two heartbeats. Then, she felt her abdomen muscles parting with a wet tearing sensation that didn't drown out the whine of the drill. A moment later, she felt the edges of the drill catching the sliced edges of her belly, pulling them into her stomach as the blades shredded through flesh and organs. Julie's scream redoubled until her throat began to tear from the agony.

With a single horrifying sensation, she felt her inner muscles ripping from her gut, stripping from the bone and tendons, and her entire stomach imploding from the speed of the drill.

She begged hoarsely for oblivion, but it came too slowly. Ernesta reached up with one bloody hand to cup Julie's chin. Eyes hazed with agony and death, the teacher could only stare down. Ernesta said nothing, just withdrew her hand and stepped away. The ground below Julie felt slick and hot with blood and her own gore looked painfully brilliant on the white walls and floors of the other side.

Julie felt regret, then nothing else as the drill tore her heart from her chest, liquifying it between beats.

—

Anna struggled not to think of her fate as she bucked against the sex toy buried in her teenage pussy. It felt huge when they jammed her on it, five large balls that plunged in and out of her body. But

now, she couldn't imagine her world without them fucking her every movement. When Ernesta murdered Julie, the toy began to pound into her with hard, rough strokes. They lubricated it before she forced it into her body, one of the few girls who got on herself.

It almost felt good.

Her eyes hazed over with pleasure and her efforts to not think about anything else. But, a hand on her breast broke the fugue and she looked down. Her killer stood before her, a petite woman with very small breast and a flush on her cheek. Fingertips explored her body: teasing the nipples, touching her face, even pressing her palm into her gut to feel the device that drove in and out. When the woman, probably in her thirties, lifted her hand, Anna could see sweat dripping from the very tips.

"Are you scared?" whispered the small woman.

Anna nodded best she could. Her hands clenched on the plywood, utterly helpless to everything including the straight-edge razor the woman held in her left hand.

"P-Please, don't do this."

Tears ran down Anna's cheek. She bucked against her toy without thinking, but her entire world focused on the woman and her weapon. The woman smiled sweetly, but her eyes burned with curiosity.

"You got so much."

A hand cupped Anna's large breast, hefting the weight.

"These are so pretty."

Anna's pussy clenched at the feeling, the five balls still driving rapidly into her body, violating her hole even as the woman before her prepared to violate her even more. The woman brought Anna's nipple to her mouth and sucked on it. Anna felt a surge of excitement and a tiny orgasm herself.

Then, the woman released the breast. Fumbling with one hand, she opened up her own shirt to expose her own breasts. Tiny, delicate. They looked like they didn't need the demi-cup bra that cupped them. They didn't even need a training bra. Unlike Anna's own breasts, the woman's nipples were barely dark points on her skin.

Gasping, Anna stared down at the woman. The woman ran a finger along her nearly non-existent nipple, then back up to Anna's perky pink tips.

"I always wanted something like yours," she said in a faraway voice.

Anna wanted to talk about surgery, breast implants, anything. But, then she closed her mouth. It was obviously that the petite woman already thought of it. This wasn't for larger breasts, but something else.

She felt the woman's hands cupping her breast again. Lifted from the wall, fingers on her nipples. Then, the razor pressing underneath the bottom, right at the ridge where her under-wire supported her. Anna's eyes fluttered open. The woman's eyes didn't see her, just the large mounds in her hands.

The pressure increased and Anna screamed out as she felt skin parting under the sharp blade. Her killer took her time, slicing deep into fat and circling around the opening in the wall. Anna felt every inch of the blade as it cut through her skin. Her breast felt lighter with every moment as blood poured down her belly. Her insides twisting around the toy and her nails drove into the plywood, but there was nothing she could do.

Tears in her eyes, she looked down as the woman had to reach up on her toes to cut over her body. Pale white skin parted to blood and yellow fat. Anna sobbed as she felt her beautiful breast being cut from her body, peeled like a fruit. The woman cut down the other side, then tugged hard. It came off with a wet slurping noise and a tearing sensation that Anna felt in her very bones.

Splattering blood, the woman squeezed Anna's severed breast in her hands, dropping the razor so she could get both hands around it. Blood dripped from between her fingers as the woman pressed it against her own naked chest. Different tears ran from the woman's face and Anna couldn't help feeling a small amount of pity for her.

It didn't take long for the woman's chest to be stained with blood. Her blouse, a brilliant white, turned crimson. Anna couldn't even close her eyes. The woman let the mangled remains of Anna's breast slip through her fingers to hit the ground with a wet plopping sound. Then, she bent over to pick up the razor.

“One more,” she whispered, holding up Anna’s other mound with sticky fingers.

—
“You’re the fighter, right?”

Helen opened her eyes with a glare, struggling with the sharp points that scraped her insides. Compared to Julie’s screaming, now silence, Helen didn’t feel anything but the closeness and the pressure invaded her thoughts more than anything else. Trickle of blood oozed out of her pussy and she felt her cervix suffering with every twist.

A hand slapped her.

“I said, you are the fighter, right?”

The large man spoke with a faint southern accent. Helen glared at him and thought he looked like the guy from the Wendy’s commercials. She nodded, then shuddered from the spinning.

“Well, then, I like when ya fight.”

The man nodded to Ernesta. The Spanish woman pulled out the remote and slowed down the device buried in Helen’s pussy. Helen didn’t feel any relief as it slowed down to a slow rotation; it still tore through her, just slower. It already felt like it shredded her pussy and tore her cervix, the pressure just wouldn’t go away.

The man stepped forward, grabbing both breasts with his hands and mauling them. Helen had the largest tits of her group, but they barely overfilled the man’s large hands. He moaned with pleasure, squeezing and twisting.

“Oh, I love the big ones. Like a cow, right?”

Helen said nothing.

He squeezed down and twisted hard.

“I said, like a cow, right?”

Helen fought against the pain. He twisted harder and harder until bruises formed, but Helen refused to speak. He relaxed his grip after a second and watched as Helen’s breasts untwisted in his fingers.

“Good, you are the fighter.”

Releasing her mounds, he rubbed his crotch, then picked up a dusty leather bag from the floor.

“Tell you what, Helen, right?”

When Helen didn’t respond, he looked over to Ernesta who nodded. The man chuckled and pulled out two spikes. Two feet long,

each one sprouted with angled barbs from the tip. The man held both of them in one hand. With his other, he grabbed Helen's right breast and worked the nipple between his fingers.

"Tell you what, you keep on fighting and make this good for me, and I'll treat you right."

He sounded nice, but Helen snapped back.

"Fuck off."

He looked so happy at her response. Twisting her breast even more, he rubbed her nipple until tiny sparks of pain blossomed. Then, he handed one of the spikes to Ernesta who delicately held it between two fingers. The man aimed the tip of his spike on her hard nipple. A dozen spikes spread out from the tip, angled back. Helen already knew what would happen next, but she couldn't do anything but glare at the man and struggle with the rotating dildo that ruined her insides.

"Scream for me," chuckled the man, then jammed it into breast. The skin resisted, puckering around the sharp tip of his spike. Helen's fingers scratched against the wood as she tried to pull back. She felt the hard tip of her body holding back the spike for long moments.

Then, she felt her body tearing open, the spike working deep into her body. The hole widened so fast as skin ripped around the spikes. She wanted to scream, to sob like a baby, but rage surged up inside her. She ground her teeth together until she felt them cracking, locking her jaw in refusal to give the bastard what he wanted.

And that only drove him further.

Muscles surged as he twisted the spike and breast together. Helen felt every inch of his spikes as they stretched open the cut, then the first pierced her flesh. Aimed backward, she only felt the tips, but each one turned into an inferno of pain as it worked deep into the soft mound of her tit. Blood dripped from around the spike as he jammed it further, slowly and painfully. More spikes entered her body but he kept shoving it forward until she felt the tip caressing her ribs.

The man stopped after a second, gasping. His hand, shaking, released the spike to grab her breast with both hands. Helen shuddered at the feeling as he explored the spikes in her body. She almost screamed as he squeezed down, bearing with all his strength

and impaling her. She felt the spikes bursting out from the inside, dotting her skin with tiny little spikes.

“Ah, now you look like a cactus.”

He chuckled.

Sweat dripped down Helen’s face and she tasted blood in her mouth. She struggled against her emotions so much. She wanted to beg, scream, or do something, but she just couldn’t. Even when he picked up the other spike and grabbed her other, pristine breast.

“How about now?”

He violated her breast with a hard jab. Helen’s jaw cracked from her effort not to scream. She could feel the spikes tearing into her body, swelling her breasts up with unyielding metal. He twisted it deep into her body, then grabbed it to impale her fully on the spikes. She looked down to see dozens of points oozing blood on her body. They stood up when he released her, perky for the first time in her life. From her ruined nipples, she could see the thick shafts sticking out with hooks at the end.

The man sounded impressed.

“You didn’t scream.”

He unzipped his pants and shoved it down. Helen, shaking, lifted her eyes to look at his member; it looked average, but she never saw anything so thick and swollen in her life. Stepping out of his pants, he pulled a short length of chain from his bag. Helen’s eyes widened as he clipped them to the end of both spikes.

“Time to see those udders, cow,” he moaned.

Grabbing the chain, he pulled.

Helen couldn’t imagine more pain until she felt her breasts being yanked from her body. Wet ripping sounds vibrated through her body as he pulled back with all his strength. Spikes tore through flesh, splattering crimson everywhere. Helen almost screamed loudly, it built in her throat and threatened to escape. She sobbed as silently as she could, tears pouring down her face. Her jaw clenched so hard, it popped and she felt her teeth cracking. Hidden from his sight, she felt her fingernails cracking on the walls but she refused to give him the joy of her scream.

Her breasts tore off in a shower of blood, splattering him, her, and the white walls. Ernesta managed to step away, avoiding the blood entirely, but Helen’s fate laid with the man in front of her. He

moaned, holding the dangling spikes with her ruined mammaries. He came just from the sight of it. One hand splatted against gore of her chest as his cock splattered the walls with his semen.

“Oh god, oh god.”

Helpless, Helen only waited as he used her to hold himself up, his fingers digging into the mangled mess of her breast. When he finished, he looked up with a smile.

“Helen, that was fantastic. Worth every penny.”

Blood seeped from Helen’s mouth, but she refused to open her jaw. Everything hurt, from head to toe. Her ruined pussy and chest were nothing compared to the impotent rage she felt. The man stared into her eyes, his gaze flashing to take in her entire face.

“I-I said, I’d take care of you right, if you didn’t scream.”

Helen waited.

The man dropped the spikes with her tits and pulled out two more spikes. Helen’s stomach tightened as she stared at them. Cock still dripped juices, he clipped the chain to the end of them and held a spike in each hand.

“I’ll make this fast,” he panted.

Helen didn’t care at this point. He stepped forward and slammed both spikes into her gut. It was brutal and powerful as the metal pierced her stomach, one in the upper right and the left right above her pelvis. Helen didn’t even have time to realize the depths the spikes violated her when her killer grabbed the chain with both hands and yanked back with all his strength.

Spikes grabbed her insides, scraping against the steel dildo that tore her. She felt her stomach bulging from the pressure. For a moment, she wondered if she could resist him, but then her stomach muscles tore loudly. She finally let out a single shrill scream of her life as he jerked violently and her stomach exploded across him. Blood splattered twenty feet away as her muscles and guts spread out across the white floor.

Helen’s scream rose up, a single sound of agony and fury that silenced the rest of the room instantly. She wanted to tear out the world with the last of her strength and lash out at everyone.

But, she couldn’t.

Utterly helpless, she felt icy air deep inside her body as wet organs slipped out of her gaping wound. Her breasts were buried

the rest of her body and she felt cold air seeping around the steel shaft that mixed in her insides.

The man scrambled to his feet from where he slipped. Turning around, he rushed up to her, planting his face as he furiously masturbated into the gaping hole of her belly. Helen's scream died down as the world grew dark. The last thing she felt was the hot splatters of his cum and the cold air filling her gut.

—
Stevie shuddered at Helen's scream. The room grew silent, but she couldn't help jumping as she saw blood splattering the far side of the room. Her body spasmed around the dildo, never reaching the orgasm she desperately wanted. Her French class called it the little death, and she wished she could come so hard she would die.

But, that wouldn't happen today. Instead, she had a disgusting little man who spent the last twenty minutes explaining how he would torture her. Her body jerked with every whispered word, every giggle. He would grope her breasts, then tell her how he would use hot wires to pull them off.

Tears burned on her cheeks as she listened. She could do nothing else. But, when he finally pulled out his knife, a short hunting knife, she felt new tears.

"P-Please don't do this."

"Yes, scream all you want," giggled the man. Stevie shook her head, begging for him to stop.

He licked the blade, then held it over her gut. Stevie closed her eyes, preparing for the long pain he promised her.

The first jab felt like a punch to the gut. Her eyes snapped open and she looked down to see his fist against her belly. She felt the blade, impersonal and cold, piercing her organs. Stevie felt more terrified than anything else in her life. She hit the point of no return and the screams of Julie and Helen echoed in her head, filling her with dread.

But, her killer had different ideas. Gasping, he yanked out the blade and jammed it into her gut again. Steve's muscles tightened, increasing the pain, but he jabbed her again and again. Puncture wounds appeared on her belly as he did nothing that he promised. He just kept on stabbing her, filling her belly with holes and cutting her organs from the inside.

She didn't have Helen's strength, though, and Stevie began to scream out in pain as she felt the blade entering and leaving her. Blood welled from her insides, but the blade kept flashing. And she kept feeling it punching into her gut, again and again and again.

Ten minutes later, she couldn't feel anything but pain. The man continued to jab and stab her until the wounds finally connected. She felt and saw her organs swelling out of the cuts, leaking colors she didn't know possible. He kept on stabbing her, rapid and frantic.

Her belly finally tore open, spilling her guts across the floor. He stabbed a few more times, gasping for breath, then stopped to look at the curtain of innards that pooled around his face.

The man looked up at her, eyes shimmering with emotion. Stevie whimpered, her voice broken. She watched as his gaze focused on her breasts, heaving through the holes in the wall. Then, he held his blade up high and she shook her head, lips working in silent pleading.

He stabbed her in the left breast and she felt the blade punching through fat and skin like butter. It scraped her ribs, but he didn't even hesitate. Yanking it out, he jammed it into her again, then again. A rapid-fire stabbing that slammed into her body with all his strength. Stevie screamed out through her ruined throat, but he didn't stop. She felt when he missed, when the blade caught on the wall, but he managed to punch it deep into her breasts more times than not.

Each stab caught her deeper in her body. She felt the tip of his weapon breaking on her ribs, but then it was a sharp tearing that repeatedly impaled her. His hand and her body grew slick with blood.

Then, she suddenly couldn't breath. Bubbles formed around the cuts on her ruined breasts.

And he wouldn't stop.

Wet pounding noises, like him punching her, but the blade keep piercing her skin, shredding her beautiful breasts. More bubbles formed from her punctured lungs and Stevie opened her mouth to desperately bring in air.

But, she couldn't breath.

Suffocating, the pain only intensified as black spots ran across her vision. She felt agony as her heart beat in time with his

stabbing, rapid and powerful. She tried to escape, tried to surrender, tried to do anything, but he wouldn't stop.

It felt like her heart would burst her chest as he jammed into her, stabbing into chest and stomach without a pattern or a concern.

Then, his knife slipped and the blade jammed into her throat, right at the base of the hole for her face. She felt it cutting through her jugular and snapping on her spine. He froze with that final stroke. Stevie felt a single burst of white-hot pain, then everything went still.

The world stopped moving.

Her heart stopped moving.

She stopped moving.

As her senses faded with her death, she heard the man screaming out in rage and loss. She died too soon for him but when she tried to pray for thanks, the words slipped from her thoughts like blood from her belly.

—

Hailey watched as her murderer held up a sharp scalpel.

“Hello, Hailey.”

She whimpered as he showed her his blade, then another. He smiled sweetly, then ran his hands along her belly.

“My name doesn't matter, but call me Doctor.”

“I-I-”

“Doctor.”

Hailey shuddered, “Doctor.”

“Good, you know why I'm here, right?”

Hailey nodded as fresh tears came from her eyes. Her hands pressed against the wall and her shoulders strained to push herself away. She had a rubber dildo in her pussy, pumping in and out. At full speed, it felt like it bruised her insides, but now it just drove in and out with wet, slick noises. The doctor explored her body: nipples, mouth, and belly.

“I'm going to kill you.”

“I-I know.”

“It will hurt,” he said seriously.

“Please just end it.”

He shook his head.

“I won’t. I want to do this, I paid to do this. But, I want you to scream, beg, and do whatever you want.”

“W-Why?”

The doctor knelt down on the ground in front of her. His face looked at her belly. She tightened it at the intense look on his face.

“Because I can’t do this, not in my job. But, I want to. I need to.”

“W-What are you going to do?”

“You’ll see,” he said.

The scalpel rose up and Hailey stared at it with fear. She felt urine puddling at her feet, but it couldn’t stop him. She sobbed, begging for him to stop, but the doctor didn’t listen. Instead, he took the scalpel and ran it along the rim of the hole. For a moment, she thought he just teased her, but a sharp pain blossomed from the cut as he worked efficiently. A light, shallow cut that circled around the opening of her belly. Her muscles tightened, but he spoke softly.

“Just relax, it hurts less.”

She didn’t believe him, nor could she relax as he finished a circuit of her stomach. Everything on her skin started to hurt as he ran the blade around again, just a little deeper.

Sighing happily, he carefully set down the blade on a pad of green cloth. Hailey shuddered as he ran fingernails underneath the cut, then found some purchase. Her breath caught as she realized what he wanted, then she screamed out as shrilly as she could, struggling to escape. The doctor didn’t worry about her efforts as he pulled some of her skin, then pulled down.

Flesh peeled off of her belly in a wet slurping noises. She felt every square inch being tore from her belly, the horrible sensation of color air and agony that flared up. Her voice grew louder, more frantic as he pulled the skin from her stomach. It took five minutes—five minutes of absolute terror as he systematically skinned her. When he finished, he held her stomach in his hand, like a wet blanket dripping blood. Hailey sobbed, unable to form even a single coherent thought, but the doctor wasn’t anywhere near finished.

Folding it carefully like a psychopath, he set it aside and picked up his blade. Pressing one hand against her heaving stomach, he proceeded to cut around the circle again, just a bit deeper and into the stomach muscles. Hailey screamed louder, but her voice came out softer and more gasping as he cut away the muscles that gave

her volume. She felt the tightening muscles exploding in pain, then a dull feeling of emptiness when she couldn't move anything anymore. Pain filled her senses, but the doctor cut away her muscles, slicing them into strips that left her shaking but helpless. He only left enough to keep her organs inside and Hailey realized she was in for a long, painful world of agony.

The doctor started at the top, slicing through the clear, translucent stuff that kept her body together. She felt his hands sliding into her body, wrapping around organs, then cutting them away. Every slice, every cut she felt with her entire body. He ignored everything but her insides, pulling them out to look at them, then setting them aside. Hailey prayed for death, but the doctor wouldn't let her die quite yet.

He removed her stomach and intestines. She shuddered as he cut her rectum from the inside and even removed the womb. He cut around the base of her vagina and pulled it off the dildo. It continued to pump into air, but he ignored it as nothing but a tool. Hailey barely remained conscious as the doctor took her apart like some toy, using her for his own curiosity and primal need.

—
“You must be Sara.”

Sara looked up through tear-filled vision to a man barely older than herself. He had an easy smile and dark hair. His smile contrasted to the screams of terror and sobbing that filled the room. She sniffed before nodding.

“Y-Yes.”

He looked over at the rest of the room, then back to her.

“I'm going to guess you know what happens next.”

Many things spun through Sara's mind, from pleading to begging. Every single one she heard from the other girls and every single one failed. She wouldn't leave the white room alive and the realization felt like a bitter pill caught in her throat.

“Yes.”

He smiled and stroked her face.

“You are the pretty one though.”

She blushed faintly, then shuddered as someone screamed out and blood splattered on the walls. She closed her eyes tightly, but he teased her to open them.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to be that bad. I’m a nice guy.”

“T-Then why are you doing this?”

He cocked his head to the side.

“Because I can, because I want to. For me, you can give me something I can’t get anywhere else.”

“What?”

“I want to feel you.”

She looked down at her breasts, exposed and presented like the others. A few down, Hailey screamed out shrilly.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“No, but I’m going to,” he said with a smile, “but, I’ll make it fast.”

Sara sobbed and settled back down on the dildo vibrating deep in her pussy. He set down a small day pack and pulled out a folding knife. It had initials on it, MT, and the blade glittered when he unfolded it.

“Do you want me to tell you what I’m going to do?”

Sara’s stomach tensed up. She started to shake her head, then nodded. The man smiled and ran his hands along her breasts.

“You are pretty, but I want to stick my hands inside. I’m going to cut here,” he ran his fingernail along the bottom of her breast, right where the under-wire left a red mark,” and feel around for a little bit.”

She shuddered as the casual way he spoke. He lowered his hand to her belly button, “I’m going to do the same here. It will hurt, no doubt, but I promise, I’ll make it only a few minutes.”

“T-Then?”

“Then, I’m going to squeeze your heart until you die.”

A sob tore from her throat. She opened her mouth to say something, but it only came out as a squeeze. The man smiled, seeing her pain, but it didn’t stop him from playing with her breasts, pushing them up to expose the bottom edge.

“Now, take a deep breath.”

Sara gasped for air, holding it deep, then jerked as she felt the knife slicing through the bottom of her breast. She let out a long scream of pain, but looking into the man’s eyes, it trailed off.

He didn’t stop looking into her own gaze as he ran his fingers along the cut, then pushed inside. It felt like the first time she had

sex, unfamiliar and painful. But, he was gentle as he pushed deeper, probing through fat and tissue. She glanced down to see the bumps of his fingers pressing out from the inside. Slowly, she drew her eyes back up, it hurt less to stare into his eyes.

“I’m Mark, by the way.”

Sara sobbed, but couldn’t pull her eyes away from him. She felt him working deeper, parting her insides as his wrist forced its way into the bleeding cut.

His fingers reached her nipples. He teased them from the inside. It felt like hot lead being poured into her and she let out a long, pitiful sob. Mark whispered soothingly even as he ruined her breast.

It only took a minute, but felt like an hour before he pulled out his red-tinged hand from her breast. It deflated with his hand and she felt blood coating her stomach.

“One more,” he said, holding up her other tit. She looked down to watch him, but Mark cleared his throat.

“Look up, baby, look up.”

Obeying, she looked up to stare at the ceiling. It felt like a prick as he sliced her. She felt his fingers prying apart the cut and blood pouring out. She shuddered at the feeling of his hand working deep into her mound, stretching it out from the inside as he explored her body like a teenager fingering her for the first time. She shuddered from the sensations, terrified and scared. From the corner of her eye, she could see breasts being torn open and some man stabbing Hailey repeatedly in the chest. Compared to Mark’s fingers tearing her open from the inside, she didn’t suffer at all.

“Just give me,” Mark panted, “a few more seconds.”

She felt the skin peeling away from the insides of her skin. She looked down to see the outline of Mark’s hand clearly along the flesh and shuddered from the sight. Looking away sharply, she held her breath.

“No, let it out and let me feel you,” he whispered. She forced the air out of it as her chest turned into pure pain. A few seconds later, Mark pulled his hand out and let the soft mound flop back to the wall.

“Thank you.”

A tear ran down her cheek. Mark brushed it away, leaving a smear of blood on her cheek.

“One more, then I’ll let you die.”

“T-Thank you, Mark.”

She kept staring at the ceiling, tears running down her cheeks, as he cut around her belly button. She felt the muscles of her stomach peeling apart, then him pulling her open. She shuddered at the feeling, but it was nothing compared to the hand that slid into her belly. Cool compared to the heated depths, it brought sensations she never knew possible as he worked his fingers and palms into her.

Her tears came faster as she felt pain and new sensations driving through her senses. He worked his way deep into her, first to the wrist, then almost up to the elbow as he touched her stomach, liver, and intestines. Twisting down, she felt his journey as he found her vagina, vibrating intensely from the dildo inside her. Then, he wrapped his fingers around it, squeezing and pumping it up and down on the smooth shaft. It felt utterly foreign and just as terrifying, a mixture of pain and pleasure that left her breathless.

It didn’t get better. She couldn’t catch her breath as he explored her insides. The pain continued to build inside her. Drool ran from her mouth, but she couldn’t stop it. Mark watched her intently, his eyes never leaving her face even as his hand and arm filled her belly.

A wave of agony seared through her and she gasped out.

“M-Mark...?”

“Okay, baby, I’ll finish.”

She felt his hand pushing through her organs, moving up around slick bulges and bumps. Sara felt as he reached her diaphragm, then found some opening to force his hand up into her chest. She sobbed from the pain, but also the anticipation. Her stomach twisted violently as he tore into her muscles.

Her world grew dim except for the hand reaching up for her heart. She could almost imagine his fingers reaching for it and it beat faster with every passing second. She couldn’t feel when he touched it, but she felt the pressure as his fingers wrapped around it. His eyes brightened as panic fueled it even faster.

“There you go, just a few more seconds, just a few-”

He grunted as he squeezed down with his strength. She felt her heart almost exploding, beating frantically like a bird in a cage. Her world grew into a single intense sensation of fear, pain, and

adrenaline. She felt dizzy after a few seconds, then a rush of so many feelings that filled her head.

He kept on whispering to her, but she couldn't hear with the rushing in her head.

Then... silence.

Completely and utter silence as her heart gave way.

She couldn't hear the screams of agony, the wails of terror. She couldn't hear the moans of pleasure or even feel the vibrations in her pussy.

She heard nothing at all.

—

Anna woke up as they pulled her off the pole. Her eyes fluttered as she felt strong hands setting her down on a pile of naked women. Her chest burned, her breasts removed by the woman. Her belly felt on fire, stabbed a few times at the very end, but she still felt her breath escaping her lips.

"H... elp... me..."

Julio gasped, "She's alive?"

Another man spoke in rapid Spanish. Anna's eyes fluttered even more, then she opened them to stare up at the ceiling. There were men surrounding her and she felt so cold. Then Ernesta's face swam into focus above her.

"She lived?"

Julio nodded, "What do we do?"

Ernesta looked around, then nodded at something. Anna tried to stand up, but her legs refused to move. It felt like moving through syrup. She felt her fingers clutching to Helen's face, then down to the ragged holes in her chest. Turning her head, she found herself staring into Hailey's unseeing eyes and a sob ripped from her throat.

Movement caught her attention and she looked up.

Ernesta looked serious as she held up a machete.

"Sorry, dear, but no survivors. Bad for business."

The blade came flashing down, a dull thunk that tore through Anna's senses. Then everything spun around as her head bounced off the pile of naked women, rolling on the concrete floor to come to a stop. She felt the world growing dim but she couldn't move as she focused on the pile of women. Two men were dragging Julie from the pile toward an incinerator. Sara's body hung from her pole,

strapped to the wall. She looked for Stevie. Her vision darkened so much before he saw her friend's curly hair peeking out from between someone else's legs.

As the world grew dark, Anna focused on her own body. Staring at it with all the strength and she fled the world of consciousness.

t'Sade

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

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