

Service Patches

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

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“What took you so long!?”

Jim stopped in mid-step at the fury of her voice. It slammed into his gut with the force of a punch and he felt his muscles on his back tightening in response. Gulping, he stepped into her cubical and set down his toolkit as casually as he could. Turning around, he leaned against the cubical wall and took in the sight of the frustrated temp worker sitting in her chair.

From his vantage point, he sneaked a glance down the expanse of her breasts, held together by her cream-colored blouse and the white lace bra underneath. A different type of tension grew in his gut, and slightly below, before he forced his eyes to look up into her eyes.

“I’m sorry, I came as fast as I could.”

Rebecca dragged a strand of her shoulder length hair behind a ear and looked up with a flush of frustration. “I put in that ticket four hours ago! I needed it this morning.”

“I was working on another priority ticket.”

“My ticket was priority!”

Her shrill voice echoed against the ceiling tiles and Jim looked around at the other cubicals. None of her coworkers even looked up but Jim saw the man across the alley tighten his fingers on his pen, then purposefully turn up his headphones. Keeping his smile to himself, he turned back to Rebecca

“I know, but one of the lawyers upstairs was having trouble with her computer. I also had to install a service patch on her computer, which you know takes a while.”

Rebecca grumbled, "I think your service patch broke something, look at my monitor!"

Gesturing angrily at it, Rebecca pushed her chair back and presented the wide-screen LCD monitor. Jim pushed off the wall and leaned over, then froze as he felt an icy cold hand grip his guts.

The black monitor looked like every other monitor in the building, but the center of the screen flickered rapidly. Pixels brightened and darkened at a rapid rate. It was only a few shades off, but it came fast enough to blur the Power Point presentation on the screen.

It wasn't the flashing pixels that poured fear into Jim's stomach, but the pattern of the dots as they darkened and brightened. His eyes automatically drifted to the right places, his mind filling in the rest of an image made out by the flicker. His eyes focused on the sight of a barely perceptible woman being gutted from clit to sternum before it faded into one having her breasts cut off by a guillotine. Each image only appeared on the screen for a fraction of a second before being replaced by another.

Silently, he counted each image as it flashed on the screen. Six showed up in the span of a second and he felt the fear squeezing his gut even more as the tension in his shoulders knotted painfully.

"I-I, um, need to sit down."

Rebecca released a dramatic sigh and stood up. Jim absently grabbed the chair and sank down in it. Fingers flashed across the keyboard and he entered secret commands to control the images. None of them worked. Instead of the leisurely one image every time minute, it was burning through the entire set of images in less than forty seconds. He considered shutting down the hidden display program, but stopped at the last minute.

Instead, he reached into his pack and pulled out an official-looking CD with an image burned into the top. Jamming it into the computer, he reinstalled his highly illegal patch in hopes that it would slow down the rapid fire images.

"What is it? A virus?"

Rebecca spoke sharply next to him and he turned and almost planted his face in her cleavage. Every part of his body wanted to reach up and grab her blouse, tearing it open before cutting into her, but he resisted. Instead, he shook his head.

“I don’t think so, but not one I’ve ever seen,” he lied.

The computer rebooted twice and he sat back, watching the screen intently. A single image faded into view, only a single shade off from the rest of the images and unnoticeable by anyone but the original programmer. Rebecca let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, thank god.”

A moment later, the timer on the program accelerated rapidly and flashed the screen. As one, they spoke.

“Damn.”

Jim watched mutely as images of women having their breasts torn off with barbed wire faded into a gruesome array of gutting scenes. Each one brought a jump in his guts as he fought his own desire. He thought furiously for a moment, fingers caressing the keys.

“I think something is wrong with your computer, I’m going to take it back.”

“No!”

He jumped at her cry. Looking up, she shook her head violently.

“I can’t. I have this presentation for the conference on Monday and I only have today to finish it. It has to be sent out for printing by eight tonight.”

“There is something wrong with your computer,” and his program but Jim didn’t say that.

“I know, but can’t you swap out the monitor or something?”

Jim opened his mouth to deny it, then stood up.

“Let me try something.”

Knowing it wouldn’t work, he walked across the alley of cubicals and spoke quietly to the man trying to ignore Rebecca. After a few minutes of IT fiat, he had the replacement monitor in place and three of them watched the flickering appearing on the second one. It wasn’t nearly as bad, Jim decided, and let out an inaudible sigh of relief.

Rebecca swore to herself and Jim let his eyes glance over to the others. The other worker just shrugged, gave Jim a glare, and sat back down at his desk. Rebecca fretted, talking about how they would fire her as she padded back and forth. Jim let out another sigh since neither seemed to notice the images on the screen. Silently, he swap the other monitor across the alley. Coming back, he leaned

against the side as Rebecca frantically started up her presentation software.

“Copy your files, I need to take this back. I think you have a virus on your computer.”

Rebecca swiveled in her chair and looked up pleadingly, “Can’t I just keep this, it isn’t as bad.”

“You really shouldn’t. It could be infecting the network and I don’t want to get in trouble.”

“Is there a replacement?”

She toyed with the hem of her skirt as she looked up at him with her bright eyes. He shook his head sadly.

“I don’t know, I can try but most of the spares went to the conference last week.”

“But, I have to get this done tonight,” she whined. Jim sighed, looking back at the screen. His penis twitched with the thoughts of doing the same thing to Rebecca that he saw on the screen and he gulped hard at the thought. Looking away from the monitor, he stopped, then turned back as she dialed up the brightness and the flickering images became more obvious.

“What are you doing?”

“I need it brighter, as bright as the projector at the conference. This has to be absolutely perfect for the stockholder presentation Monday morning. If I screw up, my ass is grass.”

The idea of his program showing up on the projector left him feeling more than a little cold. He swallowed to hide his emotions.

“Weren’t you working on this last month.”

“Yes,” she responded grumpily.

A light bulb flickered on in Jim’s head.

“Is this why I had to uninstall Jewel Box from your computer last week?”

She didn’t look at him, but he watched a flush rising up on her cheeks.

“I-I don’t know what you are talking about.”

Something in the tone of her voice pulled his attention. Pushing away from the wall, he peered back at her computer and watched her fingers toying with the mouse. Reaching over, he started to use the keyboard to navigate through the Start Menu when he noticed the clock on bottom of the screen flipping through the minutes.

“What’s wrong with your clock?”

“Oh that, its been doing that ever since I inst-”

She clamped her mouth shut tightly. Jim made a grunting noise in the back of his throat and finished flipping through the Start Menu. Buried deep in one of the menus, he found another copy of the game.

“I don’t recall installing this.”

“I, um...”

“I also seem remember downgrading your access so you couldn’t install this.”

He turned to look at her, feeling some of the tension relaxing as he saw her blush hotly and turn away.

“You installed something?” he said quietly.

Rebecca turned back, pleading with her eyes.

“Please,” she whispered as unshed tears formed in her eyes, “can you just fix this? A-And not tell anyone. If they find out, I’ll be gutted-um-killed for sure.”

The slip of the word from her lips brought his manhood to full mast for just a second and he fought back a groan of desire. She licked her lips, the closeness of their body bringing a heat to both of their skins.

“Please?” she begged.

His mind worked for a moment and he switched gears, the fear sinking as he realized it wasn’t his program that misbehaved. A plan formed in his head and he nodded curtly.

“I think you have a virus from whatever you used,” he said almost as quietly, “so I’m going to disconnect you from the network. When you finish, I’ll check it for viruses and then we can send it out.”

Her eyes widened, then she let out a shuddering sigh.

“Oh, thank you.”

Jim looked around, then leaned forward. He let a bit of cruelty rising in his voice.

“And if I see you playing games on this computer, I’ll make sure you don’t have a job on Monday.”

“Oh, thank you!”

He pulled back and gathered her things. After disconnecting her from the network, he turned down the brightness.

“Keep this down, it makes the flicker less obvious until I can fix it. I’ll get a new computer as soon as one gets back from the conference.”

Rebecca said nothing as she focused on her computer. He left the cubical, then peered back in after a second to watch her brighten her monitor again. Feeling the tension in his back, he walked away and nearly ran into Marie, one of the administrative assistances, coming down the hall. To his surprise, she stopped next to him and he admired the narrow waist and large breasts for just a microsecond.

“Good morning, Marie.”

“Oh, Jim. I saw you heading in this direction. Were you working on Rebecca’s ticket? The priority one?”

He nodded.

“Did you fix it?”

For a moment, he couldn’t decide what to say, but then he shrugged.

“I got her a temporary fix, but I’m going to stay late and make sure she gets everything out in time.”

Marie giggled, “She needs all the help she can get. She’s been screwing around for a month and if she doesn’t get it out, she’ll be,” she looked around and whispered softly, “fired.”

“Can’t have that, can we?” he said with false amusement.

She grinned and shrugged, “There is no ‘I’ in team.”

After a little bit of small talk, she turned around and walked away. He froze, watching her lovely ass swaying back and forth and wondered what her breasts would feel like against his lips. His cock surged and he stepped forward.

“Marie!”

Stopping near the elevator, Marie turned and pressed one breast against the side of the door. He groaned at the sight of the chasm that formed.

“Yes?”

Swallowing, he strode forward.

“I need to install a service patch on your computer, got a moment?”

Grinning, she stepped back to let him slither into the elevator. It was close, closer than it needed to be, but he felt high as his arm

pressed against her breasts and he felt her shuddering just faintly. She thumbed the button for the fourth floor. The doors closed silently and Jim felt the tension growing in his shoulder. It was a good discomfort—it distracted him from his thoughts of her naked body. On his cutting board.

Nine at night and Jim fought with the urge to bring up the source code to his virus to look for bugs. Instead, he flipped through some of the outstanding support tickets and tried to figure out one he could do while he waited for Rebecca to finish. His stomach gurgled unhappily; lunch didn't sit well with the idea of his program going berserk on one of the computers he installed it. He half expected the police to walk in at any second and kept glancing at the nearest door.

Discretely as he could, he found many reasons to walk by Marie's desk that day. She seemed to enjoy it, a knowing look on her lips as he checked both the computer and her body out as subtly as he could. She continued to steal his breath away with her twenty-something body. Her lips drew him as much as the tight stomach under her blouse and the large breasts that barely fit into her lace bra. At the end of the day, to his surprise, she said goodbye to him and he noticed one button open on the top. It gave him a lovely view of her soft, creamy breasts and he forced himself not to dive into them. She left him with an aching hardness and a sway of her hips.

More than once he forgot to check the computer monitor for the tell-tale flickering on Rebecca's computer.

Now, he waited. His thoughts turned from the tickets and the images. He never intended to install it on Marie's computer, but the thought of his hands on her breasts, or his knife against her skin brought his manhood to full hardness and he groaned. Every minute that passed, he kept imagining her against his skin until he felt the tension growing to the breaking point. Looking around sheepishly, he slipped into the bathroom to masturbate furiously.

When he came out, flushed but very relaxed, he wandered around the office. Walking down the hallway toward Rebecca's desk, he stopped in shock as she hurried toward the side door.

"Rebecca!"

Jumping, the woman spun around, then stepped back.

"You're here?"

"Yes, I said I'd wait for you."

She looked scared, "I-I thought you already left."

He walked closer, but she backed out, clutching her bag.

"What about the presentation?"

"I," she swallowed, "I just sent it out."

"I told you not to get on the network."

"I-I know, but I thought you left and I didn't have time. I need this job and I got it done. Look, everything is okay, I scanned it three times for viruses already. I-I have to go."

Spinning on her heels, she fled the building, leaving Jim to stand there in shock. He watched her pull out of the nearly empty parking lot and drive off. Turning around, he headed to her cubical and gathered up her computer to bring it into the server room where they took apart the computers.

Worry filled his thoughts as he logged into her account and brought up her sent mail folder. Paging through it, he grabbed the presentation and ran a hex scanner on it looking for any signs of his own virus in the file. It was a long shot, but having debreasting images presented on a high-powered projector in front of the entire company would result in a lot more than just her being fired.

An hour later, he pressed the format button and leaned back with a sigh of relief. His terrible secret was safe on the computer and the evidence disappeared under the security formatter. Wiping his brow, he watched the computer destroy its data and ran yet another scan on the backup files on the server.

Thank bureaucracy for rather detailed policies on computers with viruses.

Twenty minutes later, there was no sign of any wrongdoing, except for the one quarantine file from the virus she installed to get the game back on her computer. It was a death sentence for her job and maybe the blackmail material he needed to encourage her to move into something more serious, and fatal, than subliminal images on the screen. He chuckled and consider masturbating again, but set it aside. Documenting his actions for formatting the computer, with overwhelming proof of the right virus just in case, he shut down his computer. At the last moment, he turned it back on long enough to send out an email about the late hour and

promised to be in by noon. After covering his tracks, he finished up and left the building with a feeling of accomplishment and the buzz of anticipation of his plans coming to fruition.

He grabbed dinner at his favorite all-night diner and ended up leaving a lousy tip for the surprisingly slow service. Somehow, an order for eggs and pancakes ended up taking two hours and it was well past midnight when he pulled out of the parking lot. The exhausting drive home tore on his senses, but he managed to keep steady on the road and avoid the state troopers looking for drunks.

Just as he passed a small farm town, he saw an accident on the side of the road. The flashing lights blinded him for a moment and he almost drove by, but then he saw someone waving him down.

Realizing it was Rebecca, he slammed on his brakes and came to a halt. Suddenly awake, he gasped for air, then pushed the door open with a shaking hand. Trembling, he got out of the car as she ran up, staggering drunkenness.

“Oh, tha... thank god. I need some... Jim?”

Her eyes were red and she had a bruise on her forehead, but she was obviously drunk. Swaying back and forth for a moment, she repeated herself.

“Jim? Is that you?”

He stirred, “Yeah, Rebecca, what happened?”

“I,” she held up her hand to speak, then froze. Then a sob ripped out of her throat.

“I fucked up.”

“About what? You got the presentation out, didn’t you?”

Sudden tears ran down her cheeks and she shook her head.

“No, no, no. I sent out the wrong file. I am so dead.”

He walked closer and she wrapped her arms around his neck, sobbing as she leaned against him. Not knowing what to do, he wrapped his arms around her narrow waist and tried not to think of her breasts pressed against his chest. They were closer than he ever imagined and his frantic plan from earlier faded away with the confusion.

“I-I think you need to sleep this off.”

She looked up, tears in her eyes, and sobbed.

“I can’t get home, I broke my car.”

Jim looked at the wreckage and nodded.

“You smashed it up pretty good. And you are drunk-”

“I am not!”

“And if the police come, you are looking at a suspended license easily.”

Rebecca swore, still leaning against him, “God damn it, why is everything going to hell now! I need this job, I need it!”

Jim’s stomach tightened at his thoughts and he looked at her.

“Look, um, why don’t I take you to my place and let you sleep it off. A good shower and maybe tomorrow we can figure this all out.”

Her eyes widened, “Really?”

“Sure,” he said, his stomach and shoulders knotting with the crime he was committing, “Just let me put a note on the car so they don’t think you are kidnapped.”

She surprised him by leaning up to kiss him. It was a sloppy kiss, but still a kiss. Gulping, he just held her as she leaned against him. Then, she let him guide her to his car and he set her down.

“Let me leave a note and we’ll get out.”

“Thank you, Jim, you are... are a saint.”

“Yeah,” he muttered as he closed the door, “A saint.”

Going back to her car, he peered inside but didn’t touch anything. He spotted her purse with a company CD in it. Clicking his tongue, he used his shirt to open the door and grab it. Closing the door, he had the brief moment of actually writing the note, but he just turned away from her mangled car and got into his own.

“You leave note?”

Jim looked away from the dashboard as he drove home the long way. Looking over, he saw the miserable temp staring back at him, huddled in her car.

“Yeah, left my number, address, and insurance information.”

“Thank you,” she murmured before going back to sleep.

“You’re welcome, Rebecca,” he said quietly, the tenseness knotting up as his hardness ached more than he ever thought possible.

Jim’s home stood at the edge of an abandoned farm. The farmland had been on sale for close to ten years, and he bought the house for a steal but couldn’t afford the neighboring land. Instead, he just enjoyed the isolation of a home well away from prying eyes and ears. Helping the drowsy woman in his house, he brought her to

his bedroom and set her up in the shower. Leaving her alone, he wandering aimlessly around his house until he heard the water shutting off.

Taking a deep breath, he walked up the creaking steps. His hand shook as he opened his bedroom door, but then his breath stopped as he looked into his bedroom.

Rebecca stood there, completely unlike any fantasy he ever had. She wore nothing but a towel around her breasts as she sat on the bed. There was a bit more clarity to her eyes as she looked at him and smiled brightly.

“Thank you, Jim, you’re a saint.”

“You’re welcome. I’m just going to grab a shirt to sleep in and you can have the room for the night.”

Rebecca said nothing as she stood up. With a little flip of her fingers, the towel slid off her body and he was stunned by her nakedness. His mouth opened to say something, but she padded up to him and pressed her large, full breasts against his chest.

“I mean it, Jim, thank you.”

When he didn’t move, she reached down and caught his wrists. Pulling them up gingerly, she pressed them against the soft, smooth skin of her body and he moaned with anticipation and pleasure. His thumbs curled to the tips, teasing the hard nipples as he felt his breath coming hard and fast. She moaned against him, her fingers working at his shirt and pants.

Jim couldn’t pull his hands away from her body, trailing fingers along the soft mounds as his imagination thought of something far more than feeling her up. He could imagine cutting off her breasts and he felt his cock surging so hot he thought it would explore. Trembling, he stroked one hand down to press against her stomach, feeling her muscles tighten underneath as she tore open his pants.

A hot hand delved into his pants, stroking his hardness and they shared a moan of anticipation, the one she wanted greatly differed from hers, but in that moment, he wanted nothing more than to have her on his bed.

Moments later, he poised himself to enter her. Rebecca’s body spread out on his blankets, hands wrapped around the headboard as she arched her back. He leaned forward, grabbing one large breast in his hand to suck on her nipple as he drove his cock deep into the

liquid heat of her pussy. She felt tight and exciting, her body spasming from his entrance alone.

“Oh god,” he whispered, his fantasies coming true before his senses. She whispered the same as he began to pump into her, driving hard and fast as his thoughts ran through every fantasy he had and realize they were on a knife’s edge of coming true.

He came hard in her, splattering her insides as he felt her pussy clenching around his shaft. Instead of growing soft, he felt his body growing hotter and continued to drive into her, pumping furiously. He refused to release her breasts, fingers digging in deep as he rode her to a second, then a third orgasm.

When he finally came the last time, all the energy left him and he slumped down into her body, burying his face between her breasts.

Morning came with the shrill ringing of his cellphone. Jim looked up, blinking away the tears, then realizing he spent the entire night with his face buried in Rebecca’s breasts. A soft gasp of surprise escaped his lips and he backed out of the bed, his cock hard instantly at the sight of her naked body. She was almost shaved, with only a tiny strip of hair between her legs and he wanted to dive back into her body.

The phone rang again, then again. Frowning, he grabbed it, then froze.

It was a company number.

Hurrying out of the bedroom, he answered it.

“Jim Klaust.”

“James, this is Robin Williams.”

He froze half-way down the stairs at the use of his legal name. She spoke in curt, efficient tones, but there was no questioning the curvy lawyer from work. Also one of the women that had his special patch on her computer.

“How can I help you?”

“When was the last time you saw Rebbeca Parker?”

He swallowed and padded to his computer desk, flipping it on.

“Last night, about nine or so, why?”

“The key card system says you were the only one in the office after her last night. Why?”

“Well, I was waiting for her to give me a file to check for viruses before she sent it out.”

“So you saw the file? Do you know what it was?”

“Yeah, she said it was the presentation for the conference, why?”

Robin ignored his question, “Did you scan the file?”

There was a hard sound to her voice and he shook his head, then rolled his eyes when he realized she couldn’t see him.

“No, she thought I already left and sent it out herself.”

“Why did you wait so long to leave?”

“She had a virus on her computer. I wanted to make sure it didn’t infect the network, then I formatted it according to IT policy.”

“You shouldn’t have done that.”

He swallowed, mind remembering the thick binder of policies his department used.

“Isn’t that the rules? I remember you telling me-”

She interrupted him curtly, “Yes, but I wish you didn’t work so efficiently. Did you save backup files?”

“Of course, including a copy of the virus on a virtual machine. May I ask why?”

“No. Please come in as soon as you can, Mr. Klaust. Talk to no one else. And lock out Ms. Parker’s access as soon as you can.”

“I can do that from here.”

“Do so, I’ll see you in my office in an hour.”

“Two, I live some distance out of town.”

“Fine, two hours.”

She hung up on him and he set down the phone to connect to the network. A few minutes later, and Rebecca’s computer access was disconnected. At the same time, he flipped through his emails. When he didn’t find anything interesting, he used the administrative program to go through Robin’s.

“Who was that?”

Jim looked up to see Rebecca standing on the stairs, clutching the railing for dear life. She wore nothing but his button-down shirt and looked amazing.

“Something is wrong at work.”

“I-Is it what I sent out?”

He didn’t say anything, but she let out a sob and sat down heavily on the stairs.

“Oh god, how bad is it? What did I do? I know it was the wrong one, but I was hoping it... would... you know... be that bad.”

Jim flipped through a few emails and asked a question as casually as he could.

“What did you send out? It wasn’t the presentation?”

“No, I accidentally sent out the confidential material I used to make the presentation. I-I was in a hurry and grabbed the wrong folder.”

His eyes scanned through a tremendous set of emails from vice presidents, the CEO and most of the lawyers.

“Looks like full contracts for most of our customers-”

“I needed some filler to hint that we had good business for the next five years!” she wailed, but he continued.

“How did you even get that?”

“I-I, um, used a program...”

“Dear god, you stole it? Let’s see, some marketing plans, future forecasts, and...”

“What? How bad?” she shook and he heard her knuckles popping as she clutched the railing. Sobs filled his living room and he had to focus on the words to avoid a new plan forming in the back of his head. He had something far more than just blackmail now, if he could only pull it off.

“You sent it to the conference organizer, who also has ties with our competitors. It looks like they decided on a side to take and managed to ‘leak’ it out to the reporters.”

A whimper didn’t interrupt him. He flipped the window to the web browser.

“Our stock has dropped ten points in the twenty minutes.”

Gulping, he logged out quickly. Shutting down his machine, he stood up.

“I have to get dressed and get into work. This is serious.”

She looked up at him on the stairs.

“W-What do I do?”

“I wouldn’t do anything actually,” he spoke curtly, then knelt down to press one hand against her stomach. It was a tiny thrill, but he could almost count the hours until he might be able to do something with it.

“Look, they are talking about legal action and going to the police. Someone’s head is going to roll and if you aren’t careful, its going to be yours.”

“I-I...” she sobbed loudly and he held her as she cried.

“Look, Rebecca, let me see if I can do something. But, don’t call anyone, don’t do anything. Your phone is going to be tapped in a few minutes if it hasn’t already been. Anyone you know is going to have a tap on them and if you do something stupid, you are going to take the heat for all of this.”

It was entirely a lie, at far as he knew, but it kept her frightened. She sobbed and wiped the tears from her eyes.

“Thank you.”

He grinned, “Let me see what I can do.”

She kissed him, almost like a desperate bribe, and he rushed upstairs to get ready for work.

—

Ten hours later, Jim was exhausted. He pulled into his driveway and took a long deep breath. Tension knotted the muscles of his back and he crawled out of his car and shut the door. Entering the house, he stopped in the doorway and saw Rebecca sitting at the top of the stairs, half-hidden by a cabinet as she peered fearfully down the stairs.

She spoke in a scared, girl-like voice.

“I-I didn’t call anyone.”

“Good thing, they have a warrant out for you now.”

“Oh god.”

She sobbed and stumbled down the stairs. He braced himself as she grabbed him tightly, wrapping her arms around him as she held him tightly.

“I didn’t mean to. I just made a mistake! I swear!”

He spoke sadly, some of his words practiced on the long drive home, “I know, I know. But we took a beating today and people lost millions. And it came down to your email that started it all. The lawyers managed to get things tied off so we aren’t going bankrupt or anything, but they are looking for blood and you are it.”

“W-What do I do?”

He inhaled, ready to make things worse than they actually were.

"I'm not sure. At this point, I think you are looking at prison if you are lucky. They are talking about pressing full charges: neglect, willful endangerment, that type of thing. I don't understand much of it, but Robin is on a manhunt for you."

Her arms tightened around him painfully, "Oh, god, I can't go to prison."

"I don't see any other way around it. You did absolutely the wrong thing and I couldn't shuffle things around enough. As soon as you leave this place..."

He left his voice trailed off. She looked at him, tears streaming down her face, then sobbed loudly. He wrapped his arms around her and held her as she cried pitifully. He felt his heart lurch, but he also felt his libido growing with her body so tight against his.

They stood in the entryway for well over an hour before he pried himself free.

"I'm sorry, but I need to get some food. Did you eat?"

She shook her head.

"Come on, a little food might help us figure out something."

He led her into his kitchen, the pride and joy of his life. Easily the largest room, it had a very stern feel to it from the industrial cabinets and walk-in refrigerator. He purchased all of them from multiple restaurants going out of business over the years, but it made sense with his love of cooking. The only other place he ate was the all-night diner—it was a tradition that he never stopped since he started working.

Counters lined two walls of the kitchen with one of them leading to the fridge while the other led to the back deck where he had a gas-powered pig roaster mounted to the wooden desk. At the far end of the room, he had a shallow tub installed on the floor with an industrial grinder in the drain. It was a focus of his fantasies, but never used the way he always desired.

"Y-Your kitchen is very big."

Jim smiled, "Thank you. I like to cook meat all the time and its cheaper to buy the entire cow than just a piece."

"I saw your fridge."

He opened it up and pulled out a slab of beef. Unwrapping it, he threw it on a cast iron pan and fired up the stove.

"I like computers and meat. Sirloin okay?"

She nodded, rubbing her arms. He pulled out seasonings and started to cook. She watched for a long time until the smells of cooking meat filled the kitchen.

“Um, Jim?”

“Yeah?”

“Could I, I don’t know, disappear?”

He thought for a moment, working his knife to slice open his dinner.

“I guess, but they’ll find you eventually.”

“I can’t go to prison, if they sue me, I’ll lose everything and my mother is...” She swallowed back the tears, “My mom is in a nursing home and I can’t-”

She sobbed and he turned around. She leaned against the center of the table, her breasts spilling out on the cool metal and straining the fabric of his shirt. He gulped at the intense hardness of his cock and turned away.

“I guess you could try and disappear, but if they catch you... well, I don’t know, it won’t be pretty.”

She said nothing and he focused back on cooking. When he finished, he served them on the center table. She ate in silence for a long time before she spoke.

“W-What if they don’t find me?”

Jim looked up and shrugged sadly.

“I’m no expert. I don’t know how to hide from the police or anyone else, actually. And, even if you move to Mexico or something, sooner or later, you’ll make a mistake and be arrested.”

It felt strange talking about her future that way when all he wanted to do was throw her on the table and have his way. It gnawed on his gut, but he swallowed his suddenly tight throat and kept speaking.

“I wish I could tell you, but realize as soon as you leave this house, I don’t know if I could ever let you back.”

She looked up with fear and he looked apologetic.

“This isn’t a sanctuary. I can’t afford to be an accomplice any more than you can afford to be arrested. As soon as you leave, that’s it.”

Rebecca stared at him in shock. Then she picked up her plate and sulked into the living room. He sighed, unsure of how to move

forward. The meat tasted like ash in his mouth and he finished it unhappily.

To his surprise, she brought her plate back. Setting it down, she drew him up the stairs and into the bedroom. Frantic fingers tore open his shirt and they fell into the bed, rutting desperately for long hours until they were gasping for breath.

—
She woke him up at midnight as she crawled on his body. He spread his legs and reached up to grab her breasts as she sank down on his shaft. She was wet, wetter than he could ever imagine. His started to releasing his hands, but she clamped her fingers around his, mauling her breasts.

“W-What if,” she gasped between thrusts, “I never left.”

“Sooner or later, someone will see you.”

“No, what if I disappeared here, in your house?”

“How?”

It was distracting to talk while she slid up and down his cock, pumping deep, but he never wanted it to end. Rebecca whimpered, riding him hard before she spoke.

“What if... you made me disappear?”

Part of him desperately wanted to believe she was asking for him to kill her. Part of him pushed it aside, but his cock grew so hard that she gasped loudly.

“You are so hard!”

“I-I... what do you want?”

Rebecca whimpered, “I was dreaming, like last night. All I could feel was being on your kitchen counter. I keep seeing you with a knife cutting into me, gutting me. A-And I’m screaming, but it doesn’t hurt. Everything was flashing, like images on some screen.”

Her words were desperate and haunted, but the sweetest ambrosia that Jim had ever heard. His fingers ground down on her breasts and she let out a whimper of pain and pleasure. With a jerk, he flipped her over, still holding her and started to pound into her harder and faster than he thought possible. Every stroke of his cock buried completely in her sex, pounding against her cervix as she grunted from his effort.

“I don’t want to go to prison and I-I want you do to it. Please?”

She was begging him. Begging! Every fantasy that came down to a single point and he drove into her hard repeatedly as he came inside her, flooding her pussy until it leaked out of her body. Her insides spasmed around him and they came together.

Slumping next to her, he couldn't speak. He opened his mouth, but the words didn't come out. Rebecca leaned up against him, one heavy breast on his chest.

"Please, Jim, please?"

Jim let out a long shuddering breath, his heart leaping with joy.

"I-If I do this," he was amazed that he struggled for words, "I want your breasts. I want to cut them off."

She cupped her one breast, teasing with her fingers. He could feel her tensing next to him, as frightened as he was excited.

"You can have them."

He spoke quickly before he lose the courage.

"B-Before I kill you."

She drew back from him, gasping, and he winched internally as he watched the emotions burning in her eyes. She held her breasts tightly, nipple peaking out from between her fingers. It was a terrible moment on his life and the breath froze in his lungs as he watched her struggling with her thoughts.

A single tear ran down her cheek.

"You," she swallowed, "can have them."

He didn't know what to say, but his body knew how to move. They made love one more time, then retired to the shower where he practically worshiped her body while cleaning her inside and out. Two enemas later and they were walking down the stairs, feeling every second drawing out to eternity.

Twenty minutes later, she was kneeling in the shallow tub in his kitchen. They were both naked as he tied her wrists to a ring mounted on the edge of the counter. His body felt so hot and excited as he looked into her fearful eyes but there was a burning desire to see her actions through to the end.

Jim's fingers shook as he pulled a gag from a drawer.

"You'll scream."

She resisted, then let him fit the rounded ball into her mouth and tie it down. He listened to her labored breathing as he knelt behind her, setting a knife on the tub next to them. She jumped at his

touch, but he just stroked her from behind, his cock grinding against the small of her back. Fingertips teased her nipples, held out from her position and then down along her stomach and even further to tease the sex-slicked folds of her body. She shuddered with pleasure and he continued to run his hands over every inch of her body. He loved the feel of her silky-smooth breasts and the hard nipples. She was terrified but just as excited as him, kneeling down in a tub ready to be gutted alive.

It felt like forever before he felt it was time. With shaking hands, he lifted up the sharpest knife he owned. It was a ceramic one from Japan, guaranteed to never dull and cost him a small fortune. Holding the deceptively light weapon, he trailed the tip along her body and felt her jump. He delicately moved along her skin, poking her just lightly from clit to throat and down again.

Jim never felt as alive as he did right then.

Using the blunt edge of the knife, he teased her clitoris before drawing up. The long, slow movement of it trailing up her body mimicked the cut he wanted to make. Hot tears splashed down on his hands, but she held herself still. He leaned forward, kissing her neck and cheeks as he moved. She turned her head to kiss him through the ball gag. He kissed her, as passionately as he could as he brought the knife in a low circle around her right breast.

Rebecca's eyes closed tightly and he felt the moment rising up. Turning the knife around, he broke the kiss and pressed his cheek against hers, looking down at the ultra-sharp blade poised at the side of her breast. Taking a deep breath, he almost came as he pushed it forward. The ceramic blade dug into flesh like butter, slicing through one of the most perfect breasts he knew. He worked quickly, sliding it around as his hand held the heavy member in his palm. Blood welled out as it peeled away from skin and he saw yellow fat and skin parting so easily. As the knife sliced through her breast, he orgasmed and splattered her back with his cum.

She shuddered, then let out a muffled scream as the sensations reached her brain. Her body spasmed violently and he held her tightly, one hand pulling her breast away as the other sliced through the last of flesh and fat, cutting it away from her body. When the last strip of skin peeled apart, he came again from the

intensity of holding her breast in his hand. He held it up, shaking violently as his knees buckled.

Rebecca jerked against him, but he held her tighter, whispering soothingly into her ear. It was soft and tender, a contrast to the intense heat he felt boiling in his body. Setting down the soft mound, he reached up and grabbed her other breast. She jerked, but he held her tightly, riding her as he slid the knife into her skin and felt it plunge deep. Every inch of his body felt like flame as he sliced it away, peeling it off as she screamed out. Like him, she couldn't look away as he pulled it clear of her body and held it up in his hand. Blood dripped down his wrist as he moaned, coming again and again against her back. She shuddered, eyes wide and a scream dying in her throat.

Setting it down, he kissed her as tenderly as he could. Her eyes spun for a moment before she looked up at him, tears splashing down her face. He smiled at her look, reading her expression. His hand spread to cup the side of her face with his palm.

“Want me to finish?”

A frantic nod between the tears.

Taking a deep breath, he knelt forward and held her tightly as he brought the knife down her stomach. She shuddered, her body tensing, but he circled her belly button once before pressing the tip of the knife right above the pubic bone.

“Thank you, sweetness, for everything.”

She turned to kiss him, to fight through her pain, but he was already burying the knife into her gut. It plunged easily and his knuckles were pressed against her stomach before he realized what he did.

He orgasmed so hard it hurt as he stared down at the knife. She froze, eyes wide but no longer seeing. He shook and had to use both hands, wrapped around her body, to hold the handle of the knife as he drew up, cutting through flesh and organs. The singular sight of the wound bulging open, then the wet spilling of her organs into the tub sent him over the edge. He couldn't stop as he gutted her, sliding her open clear to the bottom of her ribs. Her intensities spilled out, hot and steaming, and he dropped the knife to jam his hands into the gaping cut.

Rebecca let out another scream, rising up against the pain and he pushed forward, digging deeply as he felt her body burning up against him. Following her movement, his painfully aching shaft impaled her ass, burying deep into her rectum and setting him off again. She sobbed, unable to resist and he continued to pull her organs out like a kid playing with toys. Wet shuddering noises filled the kitchen as he worked, coming so hard that he almost passed out.

Then, just as he wrapped his fingers around the rectum stretched around his cock, he felt her shudder violently. It was different than an orgasm, but something more poignant that he could ever imagine. His eyes looked up to hers and he realized she could no longer feel anything more.

Rebecca died in his arms.

She died as he gutted her.

As his fantasy became a reality, Jim orgasmed so hard that black spots formed across his vision. He passed out in bliss, but not before he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

—

Rebecca's disappearance became the news of the company for many days as rumors flew. The police came and went, then came again when someone, probably Robin in her manhunt, filed a missing person report. When she didn't return, though, the news faded under the labor to restore the image of the company. Jim remained busy, both supporting the investigations under Robin's micromanagement and the rest of sales as they furiously set up press releases and presentations.

He couldn't forget Rebecca thought. Part of her remained with him, in the bottom of the walk-in freezer where he spent hours staring at it just to remember the intensity of his actions. It brought a blush to his cheeks every time he remembered it and he quickly forced himself to keep away from those thoughts at work.

Jim had another distraction at work: Marie. His relationship with her continued to grow over time and both of them would frequently wander by the other's desk. He felt confused and frustrated. On one hand, he wanted her more than he could ever imagine. On the other, he also wanted to feel her breasts in his hands and his knife in her stomach. Not to mention her pussy around his cock.

Both of them worked late to support the company's recovery efforts. He considered asking her many times to enjoy a quick dinner at his favorite restaurant, but he always stumbled on the words. She would just smile and wander off, leaving him tongue-tied in the hall.

Finally, he built up the courage to ask her out. He wanted to get closer to her. Part of him hungered to know if the subliminal programming on her computer had any results on her brain. There is only so much the sexual tension could give him.

He sat in the server room, practicing and wondering how he could be so nervous. He half wondered if he was risking everything, but Marie's responses drew him closer with every passing day.

The door clicked open and he looked up in surprise. Then took a double-check as Lois Lewis walked into the room. Lois sat upstairs with the other business analysts and he occasionally drifted by her computer with curiosity. She had very short hair and blue eyes, but her body initially drew him. Her breasts were huge and he was no doubt a breast man. They weren't tiny perky nubs of the younger women, but full-featured mounds he could drown himself in. He smiled at the thought, then wiped the expression from his face.

"Hello."

Lois looked around the room, then smiled. Jim had a sudden sense of a predator as she sat on the chair. Carefully, she folded a piece of paper away from her and regarded him.

"Want to have lunch with me?"

Jim stared at her for a moment.

"Um, I was planning... I'm with someone."

"Marie?" She smiled broadly, "I know, but I want to talk to you."

"If its work related, wouldn't it be--"

"About that service patch of yours. I think it isn't working on me."

A squeaking noise escaped his lips. He felt his jaw dropping, but he couldn't stop himself as she smiled triumphantly. It took him a moment to remember he installed the patch on her computer first, the first computer besides his own he installed it on. It was an idle thought, one borne of desire for her just as much as curiosity to see if he could pull it off.

"Lunch?"

He shook his head, “What? No, I... um...”

“I already have a reservation. As I said, I want to talk.”

He thought about turning her down, but something in her eyes froze the words in his throat. He said nothing and she smiled.

“See you in a few hours, James.”

Moving in shock, the next few hours passed in a blur. He felt disconnected from the ground and avoided everyone, especially Marie and Lois. He managed to go through a record number of trouble tickets by the time lunch came around. He considered staying in the server room or fleeing the office. Instead, he waited outside of the building as she pulled up in her Lexus. Surprised, he just got into the car and she pulled out.

They drove in silence. He opened his mouth to speak, but she shook her head.

“Not here.”

Silenced, he just watched her out of the corner of her eye. She wore a black dress, appropriately modest for the work environment but it did nothing to hide the mounds he lusted after since the first day he started working. He fretted as she drove serenely, eventually leading to a higher-class restaurant than he normally enjoyed. Actually, it wasn't the one restaurant he enjoyed.

Getting out, he followed her almost submissively and just watched as she got a table in the corner. It was dark and isolated, the perfect place to speak discretely. And yet, he felt horribly exposed as she motioned for him to sit across from her.

Still feeling nervous, he browsed the menu. It didn't take him long to order—he got a simple vegetarian rice dish and nothing else. Lois stared at him as he ordered, then cocked her head as she gave her own order—a large steak. When the waiter disappeared, she picked up the glass of red wine and sipped at it.

“I wouldn't see you as a vegetarian,” she said carefully.

Jim blushed and looked away.

“I'm not.”

“Didn't want meat?”

He spoke automatically, “No, its just that I'm picky about... it... my meat, that is.”

His words came out stumbling as she smiled broadly.

“Consider yourself a carnivore then?”

He nodded, "Yes."

"Don't think this restaurant could do it right?"

The direction of the conversation left him feeling nervous, but he shook his head.

"No one ever does it right. Either too dry or too bloody. It takes a lot to master cooking it, and a minimum wage chef doesn't have that skill. Besides, I wouldn't-"

He clamped his mouth tightly shut. Lois smiled, her eyes hooded as she peered at him.

"What is your favorite cut?"

He opened his mouth, but no sounds came out. Lois looked around, then unbuttoned her jacket. Pulling it open, he found himself staring at the most perfect set of breasts, heavy and swollen and barely contained in a bright red bra. It was brazen and took him completely by surprise; he could only stare at them until she closed her jacket.

"I suspect you were looking at them, weren't you?"

"Um, yeah."

"I meant your favorite meat," she said with a smile.

Jim blushed even hotter, clutching his glass. The stem shook for a moment and he accidentally spilled a few droplets on the brilliantly white tablecloth. He swore and blotted it up with a napkin feeling more foolish than he thought possible. Lois just watched with amusement, saying nothing.

Lois didn't seem to be inclined to talk, just watching him with amusement. When food came, neither said anything and he dove into his lunch. He could feel her eyes burning on him but didn't want to look up.

She broke the silence as they neared the end of the meal.

"How serious are you?"

Jim looked up, "What?"

"With those pictures?"

"I don't-"

"I know those pictures, James, I have quite a few of them on my computer at home."

That single sentence floored him. He stared at her in shock, a forkful of rice near his mouth. She reached over and pushed it

down. Her movement gave him a view of her deep cleavage encased in red.

"I'm not going to report you. Well, maybe, depends on what you do. I just want to know how serious you are?"

"H-How did you find out?"

"I never saw you install that patch on anyone else's computer but mine and Rebecca's. And we both have a certain," she arched her back and let her jacket part open again, "traits that you seem to find appealing. I didn't think about it much until I overheard you talking to Rebecca, before she... mysteriously disappeared, about that flicker. And it being more obvious with the brightness turned up. So, when I saw a flash of something on my computer yesterday, I decided to try something."

Jim gulped as she purred, "So, I turned it all the way up and saw it right away. You even picked some of my favorite pictures, but I never thought anyone like you would be interested in that."

She sipped at her glass. Jim felt sweat dripping down his neck as he stared.

"W-What are you going to do?"

Lois smiled, "It depends."

"On?"

"How serious you are. Do you want to have me for dinner?"

Every inch of his skin burned hotly as he nodded.

"Yes."

She let out a long breath, a sigh of released pleasure.

"Do you want to cut off my breasts?"

It was a whisper, seductive and hungry.

"Oh, god, yes."

"Gut me?"

He let out a guttural moan. Lois smiled broadly.

"For fifteen years, I thought about the same thing. Your images just brought it back all in a rush. I spent the entire night just thinking about it. Ended up with a broken vibrator too."

His eyes widened, but Lois grinned.

"Don't worry, I have a few spares. But," she rolled her eyes, "this morning and the day before, all I could think is that I may have found someone willing to do it. For real, not just pretending to wave a knife before a premature orgasm."

Her eyes narrowed on him, “Do I have the right person?”

“Um,” sweat prickled his brow, “I think so.”

“Good, because I’m very interested on this.”

“R-Really?”

“But, I have a price.”

Jim pulled back, “What?”

“That girl of yours, Marie.”

“What about her?”

“I want to know what it tastes like. I’ve been dreaming of years of being under the knife, but I also want to know what it is like.”

“I-I...”

“You were thinking about doing the same to her, weren’t you?”

Jim nodded sheepishly, honest to the core in his surprise.

“Then do it. Gut her and slice her. Do her first. As much as the idea of being on your table turns me on, I also want to have a little taste, if you know what I mean.”

He gasped, “R-Really?”

His hand dropped down to his crotch and he felt it burning against his palm. She smiled and nodded.

“You have no clue how much I’ve wanted this. And looking at your images, well, I still want it just as badly. You give me what I want and I’ll give you everything you desire.”

She finished her meal and paid for it. He couldn’t move, just staring at her in shock. As the waiter left, she stood up and leaned over him. With a grin, she reached down to the hand on his crotch and pulled it off. With him staring at her, she pressed it right into the cleavage of her breasts. The soft skin of her mounds and the heat of her body brought an orgasm that soaked his underwear.

“I mean it, James. You do this and you’ll have me. For a night, at least.”

She pressed his hand around her breast until he cupped the hard nipple. It felt hard as a rock. With her other hand, she took his hand and slide it up between her thighs. His fingers found a soaking wet opening with no underwear to shield her. She let out a low moan as he fingered her, staring up with emotions burning in his thought. He couldn’t come up with a single coherent idea, just mindlessly drove his fingers into her dripping sex until she shuddered to an orgasm.

Pulling his hand out, she wiped it on a napkin before straightening her outfit. Elegant nails buttoned up her jacket, hiding the red lace bra and she gestured to the door.

“Come on, you have a hard day ahead of you.”

Jim looked up at her joke. Mutely, he stood up and followed her out of the restaurant. His lunch felt like an iron brick in his gut, but he just worked his way through the day. Marie’s perpetual visits brought a hot flush of excitement to his cheeks and she seemed to pick up on the very edge of it. By the end of the day, he visited the bathroom twice and felt dirty from the number of times he masturbated.

It was the third time he left the bathroom when Marie caught him.

“Hey, Jim?”

Jumping, he turned and almost ran into Marie.

“Oh, hi Marie!”

Marie smiled, blushing, “Say, I wanted to know if you’d like to, I don’t know, go out to dinner?”

It was his day for being surprised. Jim just nodded, trying not to think about Lois’ words. Marie beamed happily and ran her hand down his arm.

“I know, I’m being forward, but-”

“No, no, I’d love to! I-I mean, I would love to go out.”

“Great! When?”

He tried to say something, but the words came out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

“Tonight?”

Marie’s eye lit up and he felt his heart skip a beat. He stammered as he clasped his hands tightly.

“I-I know this diner, The Great American, um, right down the street on 218. Its really good food and its, um, nice.”

Her smile lit up the hallway by the bathrooms. She stepped forward, her eyes glittering, and kisses him quickly right on the lips. He gaped for a second, feeling her tongue flitting against his lips, then she pulled away with a nervous giggle.

“I-I’ll see you later? Say at the diner at six?”

He just nodded and she raced off. Jim stared at her ass until she disappeared into the stairwell. When he turned around, he froze solid.

At the end of the hall, Lois watched with a knowing smile. She nodded to him, igniting a hot blush on his cheeks, then went her own way. He plastered his hand over his growing hardness and fled for the bathroom to relieve the aching pain.

—

Six-thirty came along and Jim sat nervously in his favorite table of the diner. In front of him, he tapped his fingers against his glass. Every few seconds, he stared at the door, waiting anxiously.

The waitress refilled his glass.

“Bringing a date here?”

Jim looked up at the blond, a woman he knew for the last five years. She wore the same outfit for the entire time, but only once did he get to see the breasts that strained the button-down outfit. He nodded.

“Um, yeah.”

She smiled, “Relax, hon, I’m sure if you bring her here, it will go fine.”

Jim chuckled, “Like visiting my parents?”

Shrugged, she just grinned.

“If it makes you feel better.”

He chuckled, then grew silent as Marie stepped into the diner. Unlike her normal outfit, she wore a stunning red dress that did very little to hide her curves from him. His mouth dropped in surprise as she straightened the dress and exposed a cleavage he could die in. Then, she spotted him and grinned.

The waitress grunted in approval.

“Oh yeah, someone’s getting laid,” she whispered and drifted away as Marie slipped into the seat.

“Did you have to wait long?”

“No, just a little bit,” he lied. It was closer to an hour from his nervousness, but just looking at her took his breath away and he looked away to avoid staring.

“Go on,” she said in a smoldering voice. His eyes drifted back to see her smiling, “I don’t mind.”

“T-Thank you.”

“You will,” she grinned.

He smiled back and it broke the ice. The waitress came back for her order. By the time she left, Jim managed to recover his wits and managed to resume a normal conversation. To his surprise, it actually relaxed and managed to pull his thoughts away from Lois’ offer.

As they ate, the conversation drifted toward sex. He felt his skin growing hot with anticipation as they toyed around the conversation. Then, Marie spoke softly.

“So, what do you like?”

“Well, cooking of course, and reading, but-”

“No, I mean in bed, silly.” Her eyes were dark and unreadable. Jim’s eyes drifted down. He watched as she teased the tip of her knife with her thumb, running the sharp edge right against her skin.

The world felt very still as she ran the finger down the edge of the knife, then flipped it in her fingers. When she pressed it right up against the cleavage of her breasts, he nearly came right there.

“I, um, I-” he stammered.

Marie looked down and blushed. Acting painfully casual, she set the knife down on the table.

“Relax, I’m doing to find out, just want a preview. Are you the boring type or do you like a little kink?”

He thought about Rebecca and the kitchen.

“I enjoy a bit of kink.”

Marie’s smile relieved him and she toyed with the knife again as she looked into his eyes.

“Kink is good. You seem to be really passionate about cooking.”

“I guess so. I tried out the grilling competitions for a few years, but never really got obsessed with it. After a few wins, a lot of losses, I just left it behind and picked up computers.”

Her fingers continued to tease the knife and he ached to know her thoughts. She licked her lips and grinned.

“That mean you like a little food in your kink?”

He blushed, looking away and saying nothing. He heard her breathing, deep and excited, and peeked back. She regarded him, a blush on her cheeks.

“Maybe some kink in your meat?”

Jim dropped one hand below the table to press against his aching cock. He nodded sheepishly.

“Ever thought about tying up a girl?”

Every single night.

“Yes.”

Marie leaned forward.

“Tonight?”

Swallowing, he spoke hoarsely, “I am now.”

She looked around, “Come on, I think I’m done with dinner.”

He nearly jumped to his feet. Looking over, he flagged the waitress. She looked at him, then at Marie, then let her eyes return.

“Go on, hon, you can pay next time.”

“T-Thanks!”

Marie looked surprised, but let him slid an arm around her waist, holding her tight. She felt hot and excite4d against his body as they left the diner.

“You come here a lot?”

“Every Friday for the last five years.”

“That would be a yes.”

“Only place I eat out.”

“Why?”

“I’m picky about my food.”

Marie leaned on him, her head against his shoulder.

“Good, I’m picky about the men I date.”

He floated as he delivered Marie to her car. Then floated some more to his own, pulling out as she followed him.

—

Right inside his front door, they kissed. Passionate and frantic, she stole his breath away. Marie’s hands tugged at his shirt as he slid his fingertips into her dress, cupping the soft breasts in his hands and thanking whatever god listened to him. She moaned, shrugging one shoulder off. She tore open his shirt and brought him to her, grinding her hard nipples against his palms as she moaned.

“Oh, fuck, I want this.”

He could only groan in response, his body on fire as she yanked the shirt off his shoulders. For a moment, he resisted releasing her mounds, but he worked one arm out of his shirt, then the other, clamping back down as he hefted them. Part of him could only

imagine drawing a knife through them, but the rest of his thoughts fixed on the desperate need to be with her.

They backed from the door and into his living room. He felt for the couch, then fell over the arm. She plummeted with him, squealing happily, then straddling his body. Her breasts, her wonderful breasts, smothered him for a moment and he sucked and licked until she shuddered with excitement.

She pulled away enough to kiss him, then gasped.

“So, weren’t you going to show off your house? I want to see this kitchen you were talking about.”

“Um-”

She grinned, “Come on, take the long way to the bedroom.”

Grinning like a fool, he stood up and took her around the room.

“This is my living room. And, um, the dining room.” He felt foolish as he walked into the kitchen.

“This is my-”

“Oh, my.”

She stood in the door, staring at the large room in shock. Eyes widened as they went from fridge door to cabinets, to the sink on the floor. Her eyes burned with lust as she saw something and drifted across the room, wearing nothing but a red lace thong that framed her ass wonderfully.

“So, um, another question?”

She reached out and caressed the handles of his knives.

“Interesting in a little kink?”

He asked warily, “What kind of kink?”

“Want to tie me up?”

He nodded. She said nothing so he opened up one of the cabinets and pulled out some bright white rope. Her eyes glittered with excitement as he padded across the kitchen, holding them out to her. With her consent, he started to wrap the rope around her waist, working his way up and caressing every part of her body.

Her breath felt hot against his skin as he brought the strand around her front, under her breasts, and around. She moaned as he drew it tight, pulling it taut until her breast stuck out. With a grin, he leaned over to lick it, then nipped the tip. Marie moaned, gasping as she leaned back on the cabinet. He applied the rope to the other breast, pulling it tight until the lovely mound stood up for his

attention. Tongue and fingers, he teased her until she gasped loudly. Her knees buckled and he helped her down to her knees.

Fingers delved between her legs and she melted as he found her clitoris, stroking the wet nub as he worked the rope around her hips.

“Oh, god,” she whispered.

He left her legs free, but tied her arms behind her back. When he ran out of rope, he just used his mouth and tongue to caress her. He played with her nipples in his lips, biting as she encouraged him.

Too soon, he felt the hunger growing inside him. Looking into her eyes, he gestured up.

“Bedroom?”

“Yes,” came the breathless response, “Oh, yes.”

They giggled as he helped her to her feet. When he made to release her, she stopped him.

“Just like this.”

Fighting the urge to fuck her on the kitchen floor, he helped Marie across the kitchen and up the stairs. At the sight of his bed, she moaned and let him push her to her knees, spreading her legs and baring the swollen folds of her sex to him. As he stripped naked, she purred.

“I’ve been dreaming of this.”

“So have I.”

Marie rolled over, her back arching.

“Would... would you mind me asking something?”

Jim stood up, naked in his bedroom.

“What?”

“I’ve been dreaming of something else. And, I can’t stop thinking of you when I do.”

“Go on?”

“H-Have you ever done,” she blushed, “knife play?”

His cock twitched. She took his silence as hesitation and spoke up quickly.

“I-I had to look it up, but every time I think I’m here, I think about you teasing me with a knife.”

“Yes.”

Marie’s eyes lit up.

“Seriously? I-I mean, thank you! For the last few weeks, all I can think about is being tied up and having someone run a knife along by body. Y-You wouldn’t think me strange, if you were willing...?”

Her voice trailed off. He shook his head.

“I would love to,” he said with complete honesty.

Marie arched her back and he felt lust exploding inside him. As she shifted into position, he returned to his kitchen. At the block, he caressed his knives before grabbing his favorite—a hickory-handled blade he found in a garage scale, a perfect cooking in a five cent box. When he came back, she moaned at the sight of his weapon.

When he drew closer, she rolled to her back, resting on the arms tied behind her and spreading her legs to lift her hips from the bedspread. He settled next to her, assaulted by the smells of her excitement and the burning anticipation in his gut. Holding his breath, he dragged the tip of the knife against her stomach. She moaned loudly.

“Oh, yes!”

He continued to circle around, fighting the urge to plunge into her firm stomach. His hand felt supernaturally steady as he drew it up, tracing along the line of the rope around her breast, then up to the very tip of her nipples. She just spasmed from the excitement. He felt his own lusts boiling inside him, his cock dripping wetly on the sheets as he traced to her other nipple. Then, down along her stomach to dip it right into her belly button. She gasped, hips rolling as he traced down to her clitoris and circled it.

When he drew it back up, she orgasmed. Jim had to pull back the knife to prevent her spasming from impaling herself on his blade, then inwardly realized he missed the perfect opportunity for an “accident”. Seething at himself, he continued to draw the knife up, circling around her breast as she shuddered.

“Cut me,” she whispered.

He stopped with the knife right at the tip of her nipple and looked at her in shock.

“What?”

“Cut me, just a little,” she said with burning eyes. He didn’t need a second request. Holding the knife tightly, he circled around her nipple. Once. Twice. On the third, she let out a guttural moan, then

he just let the tip of the knife snap out and leave a shallow cut at the base of her nipple.

“Oh god!”

She screamed as she orgasmed, her body spasming up and the knife cutting her again. She let out another scream, then a third as she rolled on his bed. He could smell her juices dripping down her thigh and let his hand slid between her legs, plunging fingers deep to ride out her orgasm.

“More,” she gasped with a broad smile.

He drew the knife down to her belly. He grinned as he circled her belly button, then let the very tip of the knife rest right in the ridge of her stomach. She moaned, then gasped as he pumped his fingers into her pussy. They came out dripping and hot, but he just used it as lubrication to drive in deeper, harder. Soon, the sounds of his hand squelching in her sex filled the room.

Marie’s eyes rolled into the back of her eyes, but his eyes were locked on the knife against her belly. His hand ached as he lifted and lowered it, keeping the tip right against her skin as she spasming from the growing orgasm. His other hand pumped hard into her, his knuckles slick with her juices and driving deep.

When her orgasm came, Jim was waiting. Her stomach shoved up as she arched her back at the same time he brought the knife down. The sharp blade punched into her belly, sliding in with the wet feeling of sexual penetration. The feelings through the hilt felt like losing his virginity and he took a moment to realize the full impact. Then, he began to come harder than he thought possible, splattering her hotly as he felt the knife bury completely into her stomach.

Marie giggled, “I felt you come-”

Her voice froze and he looked up to see her staring at the knife impaling her stomach, a trickle of blood dripping down her stomach.

“Oh... oh, my god.”

Jim’s hand released the hilt, but his other hand didn’t stop plunging into her pussy. She continued to rock her hips, her body growing intensely hot as the blood dripped down the side.

“D-Did I do that?” she whispered, half in lust and half in fear.

Jim nodded, unable to tear his eyes away from the knife. He kept coming, his semen mixing with the blood, but it just made his cock surge hotter.

She repeated herself, "Oh, my god."

Jim reached out for the knife, then pulled back his hand. His fingers trailed along her arm, unsure of what to do next. She shuddered.

"I-I..."

Marie seemed a loss of words. Jim reached out for the knife, wrapping his fingers around it. The tiny movement sent a bolt of sensations through her and she gasped.

"Wait!"

"Does it hurt?"

"Yes, b-but, let me come first. Please?"

"Seriously?"

"I-I don't know why, but I am so turned on. If we don't do much, I-I'm sure it will be okay? Please, just let me come?"

Jim carefully resumed his pumping into her pussy, listening to how the entire room echoed with the wet squelching noises. She moaned, holding very still, but it wasn't until he caressed the hilt again that she let out a soft moan.

"Again? J-Just move it a little."

He didn't need to ask again. Holding the knife as he nearly fisted her, he pulled the blade forward slowly, angling it as he did. He watched the flesh parting around the knife as he drew up. Marie let out a scream and orgasmed again, her body jerking up and the knife cutting deep into her stomach. He gutted her as she rolled in ecstasy, easily cutting her to sternum with a ragged line. He came again as her skin parted and he refused to stop as he turned the knife around and dragged it down, slicing a second line from sternum to pubic bone.

Marie screamed out, her body arching as she impaled herself again. His other hand punched into her pussy, fisting her as she came again and again. He burned with passion as he finished gutting her. It took forever and yet a second—when he finished, they were both gasping for breath and she had been sliced completely open.

When he finished, Jim was drained and excited. He looked up to see Marie staring down at her gaping stomach.

“I’m fucked, aren’t I?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Am I going to die?”

He looked at the exposed coils of organs and nodded.

“I’m scared.”

Jim started to set the knife aside, but she shook her head.

“No... finish?”

He raised an eyebrow.

“I-I don’t know why, but I want you to finish. Please? For me? In me?”

Jim nodded and pulled his hand out. It dripped clear as his other dripped crimson. Positioning himself, he entered into her body. Her pussy felt like a soaked glove around his shaft as he buried his length, then reached up to kiss her. He could feel her hot insides against his stomach, but it was nothing compared to the inferno that she kissed him with.

He reached out with his hand to grab her breast, working his thumb against her nipple before pulling it clear. Her eyes widened with shock.

“My breasts?”

He said nothing as he pressed the edge of the knife against the base, right above the rope that tied them off. She closed her eyes, shuddering and he drew his knife deep into her flesh. It took him two tries to cut off her breast and he came so hard that he nearly passed out. She sobbed but he could feel her orgasm as her organs spilled out of her belly. He hefted the soft mound in his hand, marveling at the smoothness and her beauty.

He felt her squeezing around his shaft and looked down to see the last of the light fading from her eyes. Her lips curled into a smile. Jim reached down to kiss her. She responded weakly, kissing back. Then, just as she grew slack, he plunged the knife into her other breast.

—

“Delicious,” purred Lois as she speared another hunk of grilled flesh and popped it into her mouth. Jim nodded at the compliment and finished wiping off the counter with a towel. Lois leaned over the cutting board in the middle, wearing a simple t-shirt and shorts that gave him wonderful views of her body. He couldn’t see the line

of a bra or underwear and her breasts hung down. All he wanted to do was reach out and pull them off, but he gave her a respectful space as she enjoyed her last meal.

His hands trembled as he felt the anticipation growing. His fingers polished out the counter and he bowed his head for a moment in Marie's memory. Then tossed the rag into the sink and turned around.

Marie finished her meal as she turned around, leaning back against the light-colored wooden cutting block.

"Busy week, huh?"

Jim nodded, trying not to think about the four times he got dragged into Robin's office, the report he made at the police station, or even the nerve-wracking visit by the police at his home. But, he already cleaned up by the time they came to visit and he managed to keep a straight face as he gave them the tour. They didn't find the hunks of Marie in the freezer, nestled with the cow and pig he ordered a short while ago. They also didn't find the ashes of his sheets and blankets in the grill. All they found was a quiet man living in the middle of an abandoned field.

It was also the time Jim found out about Marie's former boyfriend. Dumped just a few weeks before and with a record of brutality and one kidnapping case. To his relief, the police already made their assumption after seeing Jim. In some ways, he wondered why he wasn't an option, but after seeing a picture of Marie's former boyfriend, it wasn't a contest.

Now, he stood here, waiting-

"Jim?"

He blinked and looked up to see Lois pulling off her t-shirt. His mouth gaped open as her full, wonderful breasts. She gave him a nervous smile as she set the shirt on the table.

"Wow, this is... I have butterflies in my stomach."

Jim nodded. Stepping forward, he reached out and hefted her breasts. She shivered at his touch, then leaned back.

"Jim?"

"Yes?" he said, his fingers teasing her nipples as they grew harder.

"I'm not really into you. You know, sexually."

His eyes rose up, but his hands continued to circle around her breasts. The soft skin against his fingers kept him hard and her breathing grew ragged, despite her claims of not wanting him.

“Just want me to kill you?”

“Yes,” she swallowed, then giggled nervously, “Yes.”

His hands drifted down her flanks, invoking another moan, as he hooked his thumbs on the band of her shorts. Kneeling down, he pulled them down. Her shaved pussy came into his view and he let himself smile broadly as she stepped out of her shorts. Looking up, she gave another nervous giggle.

Jim pressed his hands between her legs and ran up her thighs as he stood up again. He felt her trembling from their closeness and his fingers teased into the valley of her legs, working one finger into the folds of her sex. He chuckled at the wet heat that soaked his tip and she blushed.

“Its what we are doing, not you, James.”

Jim leaned forward, cupping her breast with his other hand.

“But, you aren’t going to stop me, are you?”

He leaned forward, whispering into her ear. She shuddered at his closeness and felt her legs parting as he plunged his fingers into her soaked sex. His other hand squeezed her nipple hard and she let out a surprised squeak.

“How do you want it?”

Lois trembled, her mouth opening as she tried to find the words. He continued to maul her body, enjoying the trembling skin as his mind ran through the possibilities.

“I-I-”

Jim chuckled, “I want to cut off your breasts.”

It was a thrill to say it, but also just as much of a one when she purred. He glanced over his shoulder, then back to gaze into her wide eyes?

“With my meat cleaver?”

“Oh, god,” she whispered and she arched her body against him.

“And then I would like very much to gut you?”

“A-Are you going to hang me up?”

He grinned, “I am now.”

At his words, her knees buckled and he pressed her against the table. Her hands shoved his out of the way to finger herself, plunging in hotly as he held her against the cool table.

“I think, I’m going to hang you upside down by your ankles.”

She let out a gasp, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

“And then, after I have you hanging upside down, with your lovely breasts on my table, I think I’m going to gut you right then and there. Cut you open...”

It didn’t matter what he said after that as she furiously masturbated. Her fingers pumped and he mauled her breasts as she brought herself to a hard, screaming orgasm.

Pleasure fading from her eyes, Jim took his opportunity. Grabbing her by her short hair, he pulled her to her feet and turned her around. Her hands hefted her breasts onto the counter and he reached back to grab his heavy cleaver from the block. At the sight of it, she gasped and her knees buckled again. This time, she slumped against the counter for a moment with her soft mounds offered up to him.

No words were needed as he walked to her side, holding her hair and raising his cleaver into the air. She whimpered and clutched the table, looking up at the heavy blade, then down at her breasts. Her breath came hard and fast, almost gasping. He watched her knuckles grow white from clutching the side of the table and felt the tension growing with every passing breath.

Just as it reached a peak, her eyes flickered up with a silent question. He answered it by slamming his cleaver down on the table. In that brief moment, everything slowed down to almost a halt as he watched the heavy blade coming down. She tried to bring her eyes to follow it, but it was too fast for her movements. But as the cutter, Jim had a perfect view of the blade punching into the base of her breasts, easily parting flesh and fat before slamming into the wood below.

It was a powerful stroke that cut clear through her and both stared at the blade as it vibrated in the block. Then, her lovely mound peeled away from the blade and flopped to the boards, cleanly sliced away.

Lois reached up with a shaking hand. Her fingers caressed the back of the blade and Jim yanked it out. Tears in her eyes, she

reached out to grab her severed breast, folding it as if it was something she never saw before.

“I-Its beautiful.”

“Want the other?”

She looked up, tears shimmering in her eyes. Her mouth opened but no words came out. Finally, she nodded and leaned back to stare at her breast. Her nipple looked so hard and aching and he caressed it with the side of the blade. Then, he lifted it up.

“Ready?”

“Oh-”

He didn't wait for an answer. Instead, he slammed the cleaver down and held her tight as he orgasmed in his pants and debreasted her at the same time. She let out a scream of her own, falling back from the table as blood splattered on her stomach. Fingers plunged between her legs as she writhed on the floor, reaching for a desperate orgasm.

Before she could recover, he dropped the cleaver and pulled out the rope. Wrapping it tightly around her ankles—which set off another round of masturbation—he tied her tightly and pulled her to the floor-mounted sink. Flipping the rope over a cross-beam, he pulled on the rope.

Lois continued to plunge four fingers into her snatch as he drew her up and tied off the rope. Wet, juicy sounds filled the kitchen, distracting him from his task. Her body swung back and forth until he grabbed her, holding her tightly by the hip as he worked a short cutting knife in his right hand.

He paused, the knife poised above her stomach, to stare at her hand. Lois strained to reach herself, but she made it up with brutally slamming her hand in and out of her pussy, moving with just violence that he could almost feel the knife edge of pain and pleasure she experience. As he watched, his cock grew even harder and he used his free hand to release it from its confines. Bobbing in the air, his shaft glistened with his juices.

His eyes focused on Lois' face and he saw her staring at his cock as she continued to finger herself. He didn't ask, but he knelt down in front of her. Obediently, she opened her mouth as her eyes dared him to say anything. He felt his hardness sliding into that wet mouth of hers and just moaned.

Lois gulped him down and he looked up at her body again. Twisting the knife in his hand, he reached up and poised the tip against her stomach, holding it as steady as he could.

He had an idea and reached down with his other hand. Running his fingers through her hair, he pulled her head into him, driving his cock deep into her mouth and throat, gagging her. He felt her lips pressing against his balls and ground down to bury it further. Her eyes widened, but she made no effort to pull herself off.

“Hold this.”

One hand reached out to grab his buttocks, pinning herself on his suffocating cock. He grinned and shuddered at the intense heat and pressure of her throat. Releasing her head, he ran his fingers along her blood-streaked throat and chest to grab her hip.

Taking his knife, he traced the line of her stomach, then plunged it deep into her belly. Lois screamed into his cock and spasmed violently. He felt her teeth touching his shaft, but she managed not to bite down. He just sliced her open, feeling her ecstasy vibrating through her frame as hot blood dripped down on her face, splashing down to the sink below.

He brought the knife into a shallow cut that released her organs and they came out in a wet cascade that left him breathless and her writhing. He felt them splashing down on his stomach and piling up around her head, but just focused on the best gutting he could do. Once he opened her up, he set down his knife and went to pulling out the rest of them, cleaning her out from the inside while her screams grew more muted and less frantic.

He looked down once, at her crimson-streaked face, and saw a smile of a woman who found her fantasies. He felt hot and excited as he finished gutting her, missing the fading of her eyes, but lost himself in the pleasures of gutting a woman he fantasies about for years.

When he finally pulled his cock from her slack mouth, his cum and her blood mixed together, pooling on the crimson piles of her organs and her smile.

A month passed and Jim managed to avoid the attention of the detectives. They caught Marie's boyfriend, but he died in the shootout so they never realize they had the wrong man. They did

find out that he was a drug dealer, which helped focus the blame on him. For Lois, she covered her own tracks and just disappeared for an extended trip to Europe. At least, that is what the office rumors indicated and Jim let out another tiny sigh of relief. It was terrifying and exciting at the same time. Every time he saw a police car driving along, he felt the prickles of excitement but nothing happened.

He still warmed his bed at the thoughts of Lois, Marie, and Rebecca, but part of him planned for the next series of service patches. But, as all things happen, his memories faded from overuse and he felt a hunger growing inside him.

It was just a matter of time, he realized.

He came home one late evening to his empty house but hesitated at the door with a feeling of something different. His fingertips caressed the handle and he looked around his front yard. Something prickled the back of his head, but he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary.

Automatically, his thoughts went back to his murders. They were the warm parts of his life, but he removed the physical signs weeks before. Not even a smudge of blood in his beautiful kitchen. There was nothing, if they didn't find it already.

But, somehow, he felt scared as he regarded his door. To calm his nerves, he stood outside and checked his mail. With one ear listening, he paged through bills but finished before the feeling faded.

Taking a deep breath, he unlocked his front door and opened it. Looking into the dark hallway, he flipped on the light and blinked at the sudden brightness.

Then, froze as he realized he wasn't alone. A woman sat on the staircase, holding a gun aimed right at him. He blinked, then stared at her.

"A-Robin?"

Robin Williams, the cut-throat lawyer from work, stood up and kept her gun trained on him. She swayed slightly and he took in the sight of her outfit, the stern office suit she wore at work, the swollen breasts bound tightly underneath. She had a dazed look on her face and he spotted a bottle of bourbon on the steps next to her.

"It was you," she said with a slight slur, "I know it was you."

“W-What?”

“Rebecca I know it was you. The police said you weren’t after tapping your phone and the warrant-”

He felt a prickle of fear at her words, but relived that they didn’t find anything. She continued to speak as she stepped forward.

“-but I know it was you. Every damn night, all I can think is how to catch you. I pulled your computer, I had it scanned, but nothing except some service patches and ticket-tracking code. B-But, I know it was you.”

She stood only a few feet away from him. The tip of her gun bobbed up and down, but he couldn’t pull his eyes away from it.

“What are you doing?”

Her jet-black suit flexed as she stepped back, reaching for the bottle.

“I’m saving my company. I know it was you. I know you killed them: Rebecca, Marie, and even Lois.”

“Lois is in Europe, everyone knows-”

“Bullshit!” screamed the lawyer. The gun wavered, then she shot toward him. Jim let out a scream, but it punched into the door next to him instead of killing him. He gasped, feeling like someone kicked him in the chest, before looking back. Robin swayed violently for a moment, then held the gun with both hands.

“I know its you. For the last month, all I could think about is how you did it. I-I bet you cut them, didn’t you? I saw your kitchen.”

She was babbling, but there was a fire in her eyes and he still shook from the gunshot. She leaned back against the railing as she regarded him.

“You cut them, didn’t you? I bet you... you...” she drifted for a moment, then she glared at him with a blush in her cheeks.

“You probably raped them. Then cut them open, didn’t you?”

He stepped to the side but the gun tracked him. He let his mail slip from his fingers, fluttering to the ground as sweat dripped from his brow. Robin licked her lips.

“You gutted them, didn’t you?”

With a flash, he realized the service patch he installed on her computer managed to insinuate itself into her thoughts. He swallowed hard and fought back a smile, feeling the flickers of excitement burning. Then, he finally responded.

“Yes.”

It was the most painful thing he ever said, admitting in public what he did. But, as he watched, her knees almost buckled under her and her gun dipped down for a second.

“Murderer!”

Jim saw her pulling the trigger and jerked to the side as the gun went off again. She missed, but he felt the sound slamming into his gut. Gasping, he stumbled and raced forward in hope of stopping her.

He stopped as she pressed the searing hot gun against his chest. Her hand trembled and she swallowed from their closeness. He shook violently, but his eyes caught the fire in her eyes.

Whispering, she stared at him.

“Did you gut them? Cut them open?”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“Why? What did they do?”

“They wanted it.”

“Bullshit!”

“They asked-”

“Bullshit! What woman would ever ask to be cut open! What woman would ever want to have h-her breasts cut off! You are a monster!”

With every sentence, she rammed the gun against his chest but didn’t pull the trigger. A tear formed in her eye as she stared.

“You are a monster,” she finally said without screaming.

He nodded, agreeing with her. Then, he spoke softly.

“Have you ever thought about it?”

“Never!” she screamed, but he felt the hesitation in her actions. The gun wavered again and he held his breath.

“I would have, if you asked.”

It was the wrong thing to say and she jammed the gun back into his chest.

“I’m going to kill you, James.”

“Aren’t you worried about being a murderer yourself.”

“You’ll find some way of getting out of it.”

“How? I never tried. They blamed everyone else but me.”

“Like you would confess to the cops.”

He took a risk.

"I will."

"W-What?"

She blinked back the tears.

"If you want, I'll confess the police."

She froze, "Are you serious?"

He nodded, full well knowing he didn't want to.

"Yes. Call them and I'll confess."

Swaying, she turned away from him to reach down for her purse. The gun wavered even more and Jim realized he had a chance. As soon as the gun moved away and she bent over to grab her purse, he burst into action.

Grabbing her wrist, he pushed it away as the gun went off. With his other hand, he grabbed her head and smacked her against the railing. She slumped to the ground stunned and he took a chance to twist the gun from her fingers and toss it aside. A moment later, he rapped her head against the staircase again.

Before she recovered, he dragged her into the kitchen. With desperate speed, he yanked the rope from his counter and tied her up tightly. She managed to regain her wits and he had to struggle to bind her wrists behind her back, pulling them painfully tight as he finished.

"Let me go!" screamed the lawyer.

He ran his fingers through her shoulder-length blond hair and held her down to look into her face.

"Have you ever thought about me killing you?"

"Never!" she screamed, struggling violently.

"Really? I never mentioned cutting off their breasts."

He reached down with his other hand to tear open her shirt, mauling her breasts with his hands. They were just as he imagined, so wonderful against his skin with hard nipples burning into his palms.

"Do you want me to cut them off?" he whispered.

"I'll see you dead first."

"Who knows you are here?"

She spoke defiantly, "Everyone."

"Really?"

Holding her gaze, he saw the fear burning in her eyes. But, deep below, he also saw the growing passion that he saw so clearly in the

other's eyes. Taking a deep breath, he pulled out some rope and tied her wrists to the edge of the counter. Then, he took out a knife sliced away her clothes. She screamed, bucking against him, but freezing when the blade touched her skin.

It took him close to thirty minutes to peel away her clothes. She struggled every second, but he could only look at the beauty of her body as she writhed on his counter.

As soon as he finished, he used a length of rope to tie her ankles and pulled them up to her wrists. It bent her in half and exposed her most private of openings to his gaze.

“Rapist!”

He chuckled, “I’m not going to rape you, Robin.”

“T-Then what.”

He shrugged as he pulled out a knife.

“Do you want me to remove your breasts?”

“Never!”

He chuckled and ran a finger down her slit. The swollen folds parted under his finger and he felt her juices dribbling down. He followed them, circling around her wrinkled ass before looking up.

“Excited?”

She looked away, her lips pursed in a frown.

“No.”

Jim chuckled, “Well, I guess we only have a few minutes before the police come, right?”

“Yes.”

He reached down and pulled open a drawer. He pulled out a plastic utensil. It was a smooth-tipped and looked like a narrow dildo, except for four spikes that reached back toward the handle. He ran it in his fingers for a moment, then lowered it toward her.

“What’s that?”

“Its a hunting tool.”

She started to speak, but he pressed it against the tight opening of her ass. Then shoved it deep inside. The lawyer let out a shriek and a dribble of juices ran from her pussy. He chuckled and slid two fingers of his other hand into her snatch, pumping in and out and enjoying the silky slickness of her insides.

“It hurts.”

He nodded, “I’m going to gut you, Robin.”

“W-Why?” She didn’t scream, but there was fear and excitement in her voice.

“Because, you’ve been thinking about it for the last month, haven’t you?”

“N-No.”

“Yes you have. You’ve been thinking about me cutting off your breasts or gutting you alive. Don’t lie.”

He twisted the tool in her rectum and she shuddered at the sensations. Sobbing, she let out an inarticulate yell. He held her tightly and twisted the tool two more times, then yanked it out hard. Her tight ring bulged out, then it came out with the ragged end of her rectum.

She let out a scream as he grabbed it, holding the rope end of her intestines. Then, setting side the tool, he began to pull it out of her body, slowly and steadily as she sobbed.

Her body shook and he felt her pussy cleaning around his hand. He smiled, feeling his hardness growing in his pants.

“Dreamed of this?”

“No... no, I haven’t.”

“Really?”

He pulled out more. Her intestines drew out the ragged opening of her anal ring and blood splashed down on the counter, but he could only watch as her stomach heaved in and out; she knew he was gutting her from the inside.

He pulled his fingers from her pussy and ran the dripping fingers against her stomach. He tugged at her insides and felt them through her stomach muscles. A sob tore out of her as she writhed. He could feel her surrendering as more liquid poured out of her pussy, splashing down. It smelled of excitement and fear.

He continued to draw her out, watching carefully. He felt larger organs catching on her bleeding opening. Reaching down, he stretched her open and felt her spasming. Working them open, he started to pull out more organs. When something larger caught on the ring, he used his knife to cut it open, spreading her wide open as he gutted her.

Robin sobbed loudly, but her hips rose and lowered as he worked. He reached up to caress her body, teasing her breasts. She

unconsciously arched her back to his hands and he mauled them as he gutted her.

Too soon, he reached the point where he couldn't pull out any more. Taking his fingers, he worked them around the ropery end of the intestines and slid his fingers into her bleeding ass. Like fingering her pussy, he pumped in and out as he stretched her open, forcing his hand into her body.

She shuddered as his fist entered her, then let out a gurgling scream as he slid clear to his elbow. His hands worked around the liquid heat of her gut, finding organs and tracing them as he prepared to finish his deal.

"Damn you," she sobbed.

He pumped his hand into her ass, filing and pumping her as he felt her orgasming from the inside.

"Still going to kill me?"

She sobbed, tears rolling down her cheeks. She shook her head and he caressed her cheek with his other hand.

"Dreamed of this?"

Still sobbing, she nodded.

"Dreamed of being gutted."

"Fuck you."

"No thanks," he chuckled, but he did pump his arm in and out of her ass, fucking her with his hand. She bucked against him but he stopped right before she reached an orgasm. As it faded, he started again, pulling back at the last minute. He kept at it, bringing her to the edge of an orgasm and stopping. She whimpered with the need to orgasm.

When he realized she was fading, he finally gave her what she wanted. Pumping in and out of her ass with his entire arm, he brought her to one last orgasm before ripping her stomach from her gut. She spasmed, no longer seeing the world.

Withdrawing his bloody hand, he picked her up easily. With casual grace, he brought her to the back porch and flipped open the grill.

"W-What?" her voice was soft and dreamy, passing into the next world, "What are you doing?"

He didn't answer as he retied her to the spit in his grill. Firing up the grill, he set it to cook her alive and went back to clean.

From the kitchen, he could hear her muted screams and they left him feeling alive. He wondered if the police would be coming as he cleaned up the mess, then went back.

Outside, Robin managed to stay alive as the heat rolled up around her. He could see her bright red skin and the slurred way she murmured.

“Robin?”

She looked up, dazed.

“I want your breasts.”

She whispered something, then shook her head. Defiant to the end, but nothing she could do to stop him. He smiled passionately. He reached down with his knife and caressed the heated skin. Teasing the nipple, he brought the knife around and punched it into her flesh. She shuddered from the pain, but watched with wide, tearful eyes as he cut away her lovely breasts. Setting them aside, he watched her spin on the spit. Blood splashed down, sizzling on the heated metal.

She started to let out a scream, but bit her lip to prevent her weakness. He watched her body rotating around the spit, blood splashing down. Her eyes rolled back in her head, but he could see her hips rocking back and forth as the heat shimmers swirled around her.

“Robin?”

Her eyes sluggishly opened to look at him. As she turned on the spit, her gaze followed him.

“Did you know this would happen?”

She frowned, trying to understand. Sweat and blood sizzled on the grill before he asked again.

“That you wouldn’t leave? I can’t imagine you would have called the police if you were so sure.”

She worried her lip and a droplet of crimson formed before running down her cheek. He reached over and wiped it with his thumb, enjoying the stinging pain of her heated skin as much as her look.

“Did you come to die?”

She said nothing, but he could see the muscles in her face tensing as she closed her eyes. He reached over with the next rotation and ran a finger along her lips. Her hips bucked against the metal,

struggling with the growing pain but he spotted a few splashes of juices dripping down her thighs. With a grin, he ran his finger down her burning skin and slid one finger against her pussy. It slipped in and he felt her molten core searing his fingertip. Her body shuddered minutely and he let her rotation pull his finger out.

“Did you want this?”

He could see her struggling with her thoughts. Then, she nodded, but it was a war with her defiance and her desires. He felt a tiny gasp of relief, somehow knowing that the police wouldn't be coming to look for her or anyone else. He picked up a knife.

“Do you want me to end this?”

Robin rotated two times before he saw her answer.

A single shake of her head.

Nodding with understanding, he set down the knife and closed the grill cover.

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.

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About the Publisher

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