

**Service
Patches 2.0:
Home
Edition**

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Curious Cabbit Press

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

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

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Version 1.0.0

Service Patches 2.0: Home Edition

1

James yawned as he paged down on another long-winded website on subliminal psychology. To his left, a computer flashed along its ghosting process, copying down the proscribed installation from the server into the freshly formatted drive. As he watched, he saw the name for one of his own files, highly customized and illegal, scroll up. A blink later and the file disappeared. He chuckled to himself and returned his gaze to his main computer, flipping down another page in hopes of finding something he could use.

“Um... excuse me?”

Moving reflexively, he minimized the window before looking up over his monitor. He felt his heart skip a beat as he gazed into the speaker’s eyes. She wore a dark blue business suit which accented her narrow waist and split open to reveal a blouse that strained against her breasts. His eyes drifted down for only a heartbeat before he focused on her ID badge, carefully pinned above her left breast. His eyes flickered up quickly, only delaying for the shadows of her cleavage before focusing on her bright eyes. Even with the mere second, he saw the corner of her lip quirk up in a half-hidden smile. One hand to push a dark brown curl of hair from her face. James stammered as he cleared his throat.

“Yes, um, I’m James.”

Her smile widened and she held out her hand.

“I haven’t met you, I’m Samantha Taylor. I just moved into the office from Arizona. So, I guess, I’m mostly the new girl.”

He stood up, feeling a flicker of heat rising in his groin as he admired her. She had beautiful blue eyes and shoulder-length brown hair. Her smile felt infectious, but he couldn’t help admiring

the way her bra cupped her breasts or the curve of her hips. He took her hand and shook it. She let her fingers trail on his before releasing his hand. Smiling, she flipped open a notebook. It was one of the many leather-bound books the company gave out, emblazoned with the company's logo on the front.

He had five under the desk and a case under the monitor.

She flipped through a few printed emails, then handed him one.

"I know its probably asking a lot, but is there any chance I could get this by the end of the week?"

At her warm smile, he took the offered paper and scanned over it. Spotting a support ticket number, he sat back down and typed it into the computer.

"You are getting one of the new laptops?"

She nodded, her blue eyes sparkling. He hummed as he flipped through the ticket. As he read it, his voice trailed off and he frowned.

"Oh, they just ordered it?"

"I got here on Monday."

"I'm sorry, its going to take a month for those. We are switching everyone over to laptops and the waiting list is a killer."

He caught her disappointed look and shrugged.

"I'm sorry."

Samantha gave him a small pout.

"Please? It's Christmas next week and I would," she worried her bottom lip, "I wouldn't mind take it home."

James shared a smile, "You know that company policy says you can't use it for personal use."

"Well, I won't tell if you don't."

He hesitated, looking up at her and her smile. The warmth in his groin played tricks on him and he felt his thoughts drifting toward a different idea, one that he tried not to enjoy too often at work.

They still look at him when the question of the missing women comes up.

He wondered if she had anything else in mind, then suppressed a groan as she nibbled on her bottom lip. Common sense faded and he decided to take a risk. Swallowing, he thought for a moment, then spoke carefully.

“If you don’t mind a slightly slower computer, I could probably find something by the end of the week.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I have one in the back. It has, um, screen problems and it has a little trouble with VPN, but otherwise, it is pretty good.”

Samantha’s smile almost brightened up the room.

“Really? I can take it home?”

“I have a spare docking station, but I should have it by the end of the day.”

For the briefest moments, he wondered if she would come around the table. Instead, she stepped away blushing and her heels tapping on the hard floor.

“Thank you.”

“No problem. As I said, it isn’t perfect. The screen flickers.”

Shaking her head, she answered softly, “No, that won’t be a problem.”

It took all of James’ effort to hold back the smile until she left. As soon as the server room door closed, he pulled out the laptop in question and plugged it in. Ten minutes later, the ghosting process flashed on two screens.

—

The next morning, he sat down on the freshly formatted screen. The rock-solid screen glowed back at him as he ran through the final steps of installation. Then, he pulled out the most precious item he owned: a simple DVD with a professional-looking label. Setting it in the laptop’s drive, he closed it and felt a stirring from his manhood. It twitched as he watched the installer flash through, then presented him with a legal statement carefully stolen from another program. He agreed, then looked at the options. As his mind ran across things such as “Network interpolation” and “Internal diagnostics” he pictured what each one really meant. Each one would trigger a set of ghostly images on the screen, geared toward a specific fetish or desire.

He thought about her, and the brief flash of her body on his memory. His eyes followed the mouse as he clicked on the “Internal diagnostics,” knowing that soon it would be installing thousands of encrypted pictures of women being gutted alive. Anime, photo-manipulations, and even a couple real-life images. His cock grew

harder, aching against his underwear, as he clicked on the interpolation button. The space required field jumped a hundred megabytes as the installer included images of being spitted from one end to the other. He groaned at the thought of seeing some thick pole jutting out from her mouth.

Sweat dripping from his brow, he gulped and scrolled down. He clicked on the "Customer feedback" module which added nearly a gigabyte of images of women having sex in every position. Pictures designed to sit right on the edge of her vision, flickering constantly and, hopefully, letting her subconscious pick up hidden desires.

Finally, he picked the final option, "Software recovery". It was the last module he added to his installer, only a few months before. The option only added a few kilobytes worth of images, but they were crafted not of random images on the Internet but precisely picked from his readings on psychology and what he realized after the last time.

The last time... he felt a hot burn growing inside him and had to shake his head to clear it. He took a lot of risks with the others.

If all went well, he wouldn't have to worry about been seen with her. Instead, she would come to him, driven by the subliminal images that flashed endless only his computer. All he had to do was leave the light on.

James took a deep breath, feeling right on the edge of an orgasm and clicked the "Start" button. As the program began to install, he nearly ran to the bathroom to relieve the painful ache of his cock.

—

Two weeks later, they called for him. He felt a flutter in his gut as he collected his notebook and headed into the conference room. Even knowing it was coming, he felt nervous as he stepped through that door, looking at the two officers and a representative from Human Resources.

An hour later, he listened the apology from the HR staff member as they walked back to the server room.

"I'm sorry, James, but you know after," he paused before continuing, "those disappearances, you were..."

James just nodded.

“I don’t know where Ms. Taylor disappeared to, I only talked to her long enough to give her a laptop. But we’ll see if she shows up on the VPN logs.”

Paging through the query, he ran the search and found only a few entries before the holidays, then a spat of them from much different locations. Without asking, he ran lookups and found an interesting pattern. The first came from her ISP, according to the police, but a string of connections came from hotel rooms going through three states.

Behind him, the officers grew excited at the information and quickly wrote down everything James fed them. He obliged, hiding the hope that she was disappearing to come back to him, just like he originally tried in his subliminal programming. Then, the final connection came only a few days before from a hotel in California.

The question of James’ involvement in the last set of disappearances never came up again.

—

A week later, James stood at his front door, looking out at the snow covered fields that stretched as far as he could see. Moonlight flooded across the white surface, setting the entire world glowing. He smiled to himself, his breath fogging in the air. He wondered, once again, if he did the wrong thing, but the seductive hunger of having a woman in his kitchen drew him. He jammed his hands into his pocket and stared out, not really thinking about anything for a long moment.

Then his thoughts drew him back to reality. Every day for the last few days, he helped the police and FBI track Samantha’s movements. And, every day, she mysteriously logged off and fled her hotel before they could catch her. James kept his amusement to himself as the VPN tracking tool also functioned to change her programming.

Finally, James triggered the “come home” code via an encoded website. The next day, Samantha disappeared. The day after that, the police and FBI ran around, screaming at everyone as they tried to track down the missing woman.

Now, he waited his subliminal programming to bring her around. He could almost imagine her sneaking around the cops, driving

along the back roads, or even changing her hair color to avoid detection.

Well, at least he hoped that is what she would do.

He let out a bitter smile and focused back on the snowy field. No cars drove down the empty road, but then again, they never did. He shook his head, feeling foolish that he expected her to just drive up while he watched. He reached into the house and flipped the front light on. Bright blue, it could be seen for a mile in most directions.

Feeling warm despite the cold, he returned inside. Leaving the light on, he removed his jacket and set it on a hook. A feeling of hunger rose inside him, the type of hunger that couldn't be slacked by mere food. Despite that, he still wandered into the kitchen.

Pulling out a large steak from the refrigerator, he grabbed a pan and began to cook dinner. The anxiety of his plans rose: the fear it would be the FBI who knocked at his door instead of the woman he's been programming for weeks through her computer. Or the fear that he would be caught with a woman impaled on a spit and stretched out across his counter. He sighed and flipped his dinner. The familiar smells of well-tenderized beef cooking helped ease his stress.

He didn't hear the knocking at first.

James only heard it in that moment of silence when he picked up the steak, holding it in the tines of a sharp fork. The pounding at the door matched the sudden pounding of his heart and he nearly dropped the meat on the ground. Gulping, he pulled the pan off the stove and quickly hurried to the door.

Opening it, he froze as he looked at Samantha shivering at his threshold.

She looked like hell. Her brown hair jumped out of her hat and she had dark circles under her eyes. She wasn't smiling as she clutched herself, pushing her breasts up against a thread-worn jacket two sizes too large for her.

His heart slammed against his chest, not only at the sight of her in his door, but the sudden realization he would see her naked on his counter in a matter of days. Fingers dug into the side of the door frame while he looked into her eyes. His eyes drifted over her shoulder to her car. It continued to run in his driveway, belching out smoke and steam as it shook violently.

“S-Samantha?”

Tears welled up in her red-rimmed eyes.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Um, James, right?”

He nodded, his eyes never leaving the car. Samantha sniffed loudly.

“I-I don’t know why I’m here, but I-I’ve just been driving and driving and, suddenly... it was like I was being drawn here. L-Like I would be safe. Like you would be here.”

The pleading tone in her voice finally drew his eyes back to her. He admired her blue eyes and the tears that dripped down her cheeks. He could see emotions burning in her gaze and stepped back to let her inside.

To his surprise, she looked back to the car, then took a step away from him.

“Samantha?”

“Do you, um, James, I... my daughters are still in the car. There is, um, three of them.”

James froze, his heart leaping in his throat as he stared at her. She took his silence as rejection and a sob ripped from her throat.

“I know, I’m sorry, I was stupid. I-I need to go.”

He didn’t move as she hurried down the stairs, her boots crunching on the snow. For the briefest of moments, he couldn’t move, then he raced through the gaping door, calling out her name.

“Samantha!”

She stopped near the driver’s door, looking up at him. In the passenger side, he saw a face looking through the fogged glass from the front seat and the shape of two others in the back, shifting as they pulled on coats. He swallowed before gesturing for her.

“Come on inside.”

She sniffed, her fingers already red from the cold.

“R-Really? I, we, all of us can come inside?”

“Of course. The more the merrier, right? I’ll make dinner. I already have some steaks on the stove and I could probably make potatoes with that. Maybe some carrots.”

At that flash of hunger on her face, he smiled as warmly as he could and stepped down the stairs. His shoes crunched in the snow as Samantha opened the door, talking to the girls inside. The one in the passenger side opened up, shivering as she clutched herself. Her

eyes had the same look as her mothers, an unknowing hunger and a piercing gaze that fixed on him. She was younger, maybe 19 or 20, he couldn't tell. She had a soft face and slender figure. His eyes drifted down to the t-shirt stretched across her chest; inappropriate for the weather, but somehow fitting. He gestured to the door and she grabbed a pack from the front seat before racing inside. He turned to watch her, surprised that she hesitated at the door to look at him before stepping through.

The other door opened and a slightly older girl, maybe a few years older than the first, stepped out. The same height as her mother, he found his eyes drawn to her much larger breasts. She wore a jacket a size too small. He gestured for the house, but she leaned into him. He could smell her perfume against her skin and the soft touch of her lips against his cheek before she ran in.

Samantha came around, "That was Emma. This is Chloe."

Chloe wore a trench coat, but he saw sneakers underneath. The same haunted look burned in her eyes as she hefted two suitcases from the back of the car. Samantha grabbed a third and closed it with a slam. James grabbed one from Chloe, but the younger girl yanked it away from him as she stomped up the stairs. Shrugging, he held out his hand and Samantha paused before handing him the suitcase. He noticed she kept her laptop bag on her shoulder as they entered the house.

James gave the nearly broken car a second look.

"Not the car I would expect you to drive."

Samantha let out a tiny squeaking noise and froze. Turning around, he could see embarrassment and fear in her eyes.

"It's, um, not mine."

He thought back through the programs and images.

"You stole it?"

Samantha nearly crawled into the wall as she gave him a little nod. He favored her with the warmest smile he could.

"How many times?"

Samantha opened her mouth to say something, then tears ran down her cheeks. She let out a sob and he dropped the suitcase as she wrapped her arms around him, crying out in a long, thin wail. The technician didn't have anything to say, so he just held her. Over

her shoulder, he spotted the three girls watching from the windows and door.

As the tears died, he held her face in his hands. She gasped, looking up at him and her lips working.

“Are you planning on keeping the car?”

As her shake, he sighed.

“I’ll get rid of it then, after I feed you.”

“Y-You’ll do that for me?”

He didn’t have the heart that he was destroying evidence, so he just nodded.

“There is an old rock quarry a few miles down the road. Deep water. No one goes there anymore in winter. They’ll never find it.”

“T-Thank you!”

She swept him up, kissing him on the lips. He jumped at the touch, but then warmed up as he kissed her back. He felt her grinding against him, her body through the jacket and her lips parting for his. He held her tight as he kissed.

James saw the jealous looks from her daughters as he hustled their mother in. But, at the sight of his kitchen, they warmed up as they poked and prodded, exploring it. He pulled out the grill and properly made them some dinner before setting them up on the couch and beds. As Samantha headed into the shower, he headed out to get rid of their car.

—

The long walk home from the quarry gave James a chance to think. He didn’t really feel the icy cold seeping into his boots or even the frigid air around him. Instead, he thought about the four women in his house. Four women who all stole his breath away and looked at him with the same hungry look. He spotted Heather, the youngest one, stroking his knives as they ate in the kitchen and all four them hung around the massive grill in the back.

He could only hope he succeeded.

Coming up the deck stairs, he unlocked the front door. A heavy snow already obliterated the tracks of the car and the world felt still around him. No lights or sirens, no worrying if his trap worked. Everything felt... right. He reached in and turned off the porch light, plunging the world into moonlit darkness. With a satisfied smile, he closed the door.

Inside, he shed his coat and headed up stairs. The unfamiliar smells of women teased his senses and he resisted the urge to peek into the spare bedroom. No doubt, his imagination had Samantha sleeping in the nude on her blankets, but he hoped he would find out in the morning, when the ragged look faded from their eyes.

He didn't give his bed a second look before jumping in the shower. However, when he came out wearing nothing but a towel, he heard the faintest click of his bedroom door shutting. James started for the door, then froze as movement caught his attention. Turning slowly, he saw Heather's head peeking out from his blankets, the swells and bumps almost as distracting as her innocent, but sexy smile.

"I didn't want the floor."

He turned to her, getting a tighter grip on the towel around his waist.

"I would have found something."

She drew down the top of the blanket and he let out a long sigh of lust at her gloriously naked body. The moonlight streamed in through the window, setting shadows across her flawless skin. Tiny nipples on large dusky circle stretched dark fingers across her rounded breasts. His eyes roamed down her body, to focus briefly on the junction of her tightly clasped legs before going up.

"You don't have to do this," he said even though he desperately wanted it.

Heather looked up at him through her eyelashes.

"Please be gentle."

James stopped thinking and found himself crawling on the bed. His towel slipped off and he watched her eyes fixing on his shadowed hardness. He felt almost proud of it as she reached out for him, spreading her legs and exposing the darkened folds of her sex. The scent of her body rose up and he let out a soft moan of his own as he positioned himself between her legs.

Right as he sank down, the tip of his shaft teasing against her inner thigh, she gasped.

"Will this hurt?"

He froze, staring up at her. Her breasts heaved as he looked into her eyes. The sudden urge just to bury himself faded with his thoughts.

“Y-You’re a virgin?”

Heather nodded sheepishly, clutching her arms around her chest.

“Is that a problem?”

“No, I just, well I wouldn’t expect you here.”

“Sam, um, mom and the others, said it was to repay you for what you did, but there is more...”

James reached down to push her arms off her breasts. Bowing his head, he brought one hard nipple to his lips and sucked on it. She gasped, arching her back against him and he enjoyed every second of her smooth skin against his. She let out a soft trilling as he worked his way to her other nipple. He loved how her body writhed against him.

When he stopped, he looked up with a grin.

“More?”

Heather gasped, “I’ve been dreaming of you.”

James froze, still kneeling between her legs. Heather’s eyes sparkled in the moonlight as she reached up to stroke his face.

“Your face, your body. As we were driving, all I could think was being next to you. And I never saw you before, but you are... you are exactly what I dreamed of. Seeing you, I, I wanted you inside me as much as everything else you are going to do.”

James leaned against her palm, drinking in her smell. His hand slid down her body, feeling her tremble, and let his fingers caress down the line of her sex. She shuddered, her eyes rolling up, and he worked one finger into her. Wet and hot and so wonderful. He pumped it in and out.

“What am I going to do to you?”

She gasped, twisting on his bed.

“You are going to fuck me.”

“I like that.”

Heather arched her back and he added a second finger to her pussy, sliding it open and watching how his digits glistened in the moonlight from her excitement. She whimpered, spreading her legs more. He pumped into her, imagining his cock that would replace it in a matter of moments. Heather whimpered, then reached out for his face again. Cupping it, she looked into his eyes deeply before she spoke.

“And then you are going to cut me open.”

James' jaw dropped as he stared at her. She looked up at him with such wide, innocent eyes. He couldn't look away from her slightly parted lips but he could feel her hips rocking up and down. He swallowed hard and resumed his finger fucking. Heather whimpered.

“James?”

“Y-Yes?”

“Take me?”

It was an almost pitiful request, but the hunger burned so brightly in him. James withdrew his finger and knelt once again between her legs. Her hips rose up to meet him and he held his cock as he ran the slick, swollen tip along her folds. She shivered and he felt her holding her breath.

His entire world focused on the junction of their sexes as he pushed into her pussy. It felt like a heated glove wrapped around his cock, sucking him in as she let out a long, gasping sigh of pleasure. He worked his hips, easing his length into her until he felt a pressure building.

James looked up with a silent question and she nodded, her eyes sparkling with unshed tears. Drawing back, he shivered at the feel of cool air and hot sex. Then, he punched forward. Sliding deep into her, he felt her shudder as he tore her virginity and buried his entire length into her cunt. Heather let out a wail, her body spasming around him as she clutched tightly to James.

It didn't take them long to find a rhythm, touching and kissing, his hips impaling her again and again until he came deep inside her body. She continued for a few more minutes and he found enough strength to bring her to an orgasm before slumping next to her. Heather purred as she wrapped around him, her slick body grinding against him as they fell asleep in each other's arms.

—

Morning came with a rush. He started to stretch out, but stopped as he felt Heather's smooth body nestled against his own. He smiled, breathing in the smell of her hair. A light kiss on the back of her neck brought her to wakefulness and he moaned as she pushed her ass against his aching shaft. He felt her buttocks against his hips, his morning hardness nestled in the crook. She smiled over her shoulder.

“Excited to see me?”

James couldn't answer as she wrapped her hand around his shaft, pumping it while she rolled over. Her eyes flickered down, then she look away.

“I got blood on your sheets.”

Surprised, James looked down and regarded the crimson droplets that stained his sheets. He shrugged, his hips moving against the hand that stilled.

“I've had worse on this bed.”

Heather's eyes peeked at him through her lashes.

“Another virgin?”

“No, a beautiful woman who,” he swallowed with the memory, his cock surging hotly in her hand, “ended her life on this bed.”

He felt her focusing on him, her wrists moving to pump his cock and her breath growing ragged.

“How?”

James told her of how he seduced the last woman in his bed and how he gutted her. The feel of his knife in her belly and the sensations of her orgasm even with the blood soaking everything. In the middle, Heather stopped pumping and rolled him on his back, impaling her no-longer virgin cunt down his shaft as James gasped out his story.

The feel of her teenage pussy around his aching member distracted his story, but somehow he managed as she rode him with long, deep strokes. Soon, Heather's movements became faster and harder, ragged as the sound of slapping skin echoed in the room.

She came hard, a shuddering wail of pleasure that filled his senses. The wet spasming of her pussy sent him over the edge, soaking her insides with his cum. He could only clutch her as the waves of afterglow burned away.

Heather sighed happily, “I'm so happy we came here.”

James smiled, admiring her. He started to say something, but he caught a hint of movement from the door. Glancing over, he saw Samantha leaning against the door frame, her eyes glued on him and her daughter and her shoulder shaking.

He grinned and her eye widened before she pulled away from the door. Letting his gaze return to the teenage daughter, he reached up to stroke her breasts.

“Are you really willing to end it here... in my house?”

Heather moaned, rocking her hips with his cock still buried inside her. She took one of his hands and held it against her belly.

“I want to feel you cut me open. I’ve been dreaming of it for days and only you... only you can bring that. I know it.”

James smiled broadly. She brought him to another orgasm and he brought her two before she finally crawled out of the bed and staggered to the bathroom. James staggered out of the bedroom. His contented smile grew even wider as he turned around the corner to see Samantha leaning against the wall, frantically fingering herself as she stared out at the ceiling. His shaft, limp from his orgasm, burst to full length in a single heartbeat.

He watched until she finished, admiring how her body arched against the wall and her white shirt strained against her breasts. She wore a dark skirt, no doubt stolen, but with her hands between her legs, the fabric bunched up around her waist giving him a lovely view of her hairy pussy and the juices that dribbled down her thighs.

Leaning against the opposite wall, he felt his manhood growing hotter as she finished up with a long, hissing gasp. Her eyes fluttered open and he chuckled as she focused on them.

A moment passed.

Then, she let out a shriek and jammed down her skirt, trying to stand up at the same time. The waist of her skirt dipped down, revealing her naked thigh as she brushed her hair.

“J-James! I’m sorry, I-I didn’t mean-”

James pushed himself off the wall.

“Mean what? To see me and Heather going at it, or for me to catch you in the hallway.”

Her eyes sparkled as she glanced away quickly.

“Um, everything?”

He stopped in front of her, reaching out to grab her hands. The slick texture of her fingers brought the smell of her juices to his senses and he lifted them to his lips, tasting her.

“And how much did you hear, Sam?”

Samantha tried to step away, but he held her wrists. She looked up at her and he spread her arms away from her. Her breasts thrust

forward as he pinned her against the wall, his eyes sparkling as he looked into hers.

“Sam?”

“E-Everything?”

Down the hall, he heard Heather coming out of the shower, but his attention remained focused on her mother. With a smile, he stepped closer until their bodies touched. She whimpered, working her bottom lip, as inhaled again. One button threatened to strain loose, so he released her left wrist and popped it open. The fabric parted to reveal the naked breasts underneath.

“Did you hear about what she wanted?”

Samantha pressed her freed wrist against the wall, breathing heavily as she looked down at his hand.

“Y-Yes.”

He popped another button.

“Did you hear that she wanted me to gut her?”

She shuddered as a third button open. She wore nothing under her shirt, her naked breasts hanging wonderfully below the fabric. He parted her clothes, cupping one breast. Samantha gave a long, shuddering moan and looked up, her eyes closing.

“Yes, god, yes.”

He lowered his mouth to hers and they kissed. Her lips parted and her tongue explored his mouth as James grabbed her shirt and tore it open. The sound of fabric ripping drove him to tear at her skirt, yanking it off and letting it flutter to the ground. Samantha gasped in his lips as he pinned her hard against the wall, lifting one leg to hook it on his hips.

James sank into her body. Her pussy dripped with her excitement and he buried himself easily into her pussy. His hand pinned her wrist against the wall again and he drove into her. His balls slapped against her inner thighs.

They rutted, hard and fast. Their bodies pounding against each other and shaking the walls. He released her wrists to grab her buttocks, drilling into her until they both came in a flood of excitement.

The strength left his legs and they slumped to the ground. Samantha let out a long sigh as they bumped against the ground.

“You think I’m a slut, don’t you?”

James shook his head, "No, I don't. I already know why you are here."

She looked up, pushing a strand of her hair from her face.

"Do you know what I want?"

James nuzzled against her, his cock teasing against her splayed womanhood. He kissed her twice before answering.

"Yes, I do."

She blinked, "What do I want?"

His mouth caressed her lips, then he ran his fingers along her stomach, tracing a line from her sex to the line between her breasts.

"You want me."

"I-I do," she whispered.

"You want me to impale you."

Sam whimpered. James smiled warmly.

"You want me to impale you on a spit, don't you?"

She shuddered violently, "Oh, god, yes."

He kissed her again. She melted into his arms and he felt the pressure growing inside him.

"Now?"

Her body spasmed violently in answer. He raised an eyebrow and she held him tightly. To his surprise, she started to cry, clutching him with all her strength. He didn't move until the tears stopped, then he helped Samantha back on her feet.

He spotted two of her daughters, Emma and Chloe, staring at them at the top of the stairs. Looking over his shoulder, he spotted Heather leaning on the corner, a hand wrapped around her breast and the bottom of his shirt soaked from her shower.

Returning his gaze to their mother, he smiled.

"Come on, I'll make breakfast."

She gasped and clutched him.

"Y-You mean...?"

James raised an eyebrow, "Yeah, steak and eggs."

"Oh," he could hear the disappointment in her voice, an irrational hunger that burned as she looked at him. He smiled at her.

"Besides, it would take hours to cook you."

He almost came seeing her eyes light up.

"So we'll have you for dinner."

Emma and Chloe raced down the stairs with James and Samantha following at more sedate pace. In the kitchen, he made them all a rich breakfast of food and orange juice. As they finished, Emma spoke up coyly.

“A-Are you really going to do it?”

Four sets of eyes focused on James. He looked up as he set the last set of dishes in the sink. His eyes turned to look at Samantha.

“Do you want it?”

She shivered, looking excitement and almost innocent with her torn open shirt and bare thighs. He smiled and nodded.

“Then, yes. We can do it now, if you want.”

“Really?”

He nodded. All four of them got excited and he watched them squirming in their seats. A grin on his lips, he motioned to the closet.

“Chloe? Why don’t you get a spit out for your mother. Emma, grab some of the rope in the bottom drawer.”

James directed them as he laid Samantha out on the center table, stretching her out and hooking her hands on the edges. Samantha gulped, looking excited and scared at the same time.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make it quick.”

“T-Thank you, James. I-I’ve dream-”

He reached down to kiss her, “Dreamed of this for weeks, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Then let me bring it true.”

Chloe brought in a long metal spike. He helped her set it down next to her mouth and spread Samantha’s legs apart. He smiled at the look of her swollen sex. With one finger, he reached down to part her lips, seeing how his cum glistened on her lips. He aimed the spit up with her sex.

“Ready?”

Samantha gasped and nodded. He motioned for Emma and Chloe to push forward. The slick metal caught on her labia, pushing the delicate folds into her pussy. James breathed heavily and held her, guiding it with slick fingers as it penetrated her sex. Samantha jumped, pulling back.

“It’s cold!”

“It will warm up,” he murmured, “Just give it a few moments.”

He held his breath as he twisted the spit into her pussy, enjoying the sight of her labia clinging to the metal’s surface with every movement. He inched it forward, one hand resting on her pubic bone and the other wrapped around the metal. The point scraped against her insides and she jumped, gasping loudly.

“Oh, god!”

James could feel it a bit lower than he expected, so it withdrew it slightly and angled it so it would slide to her innermost point, the point right near her cervix. He tugged on it, feeling the pressure building as Samantha’s stomach jumped.

“Ready?”

She whispered, “I-I dreamed of this... for so long.”

“Ready to have your dreams come true?”

Samantha nodded and James impaled her. The spit slid in three inches with a wet slurp and everyone in the room jumped at the wail that burst from Samantha’s throat. James felt his cock growing hot and hard as he twisted it once around, then held it as still as possible. With his other hand, he could feel her body tensing and twitching. His eyes watched her own, the fog of pain but also pleasure growing across her vision.

“Does it hurt, mama?”

Samantha’s gaze focused on Heather, then she smiled.

“Yes,” she swallowed, “but it’s a good hurt.”

A hesitant hand reached out, Chloe’s, and pressed against James’ fingers. James shifted away so her daughter could feel the hardness through the skin. Speaking in a low voice, he spoke as he began to work the spit further in.

“You can feel it going through her.”

More hands reached out, pressing against Samantha’s breasts, stomach and chest. He smiled, trailing his fingertips right where he felt the tip. Emma’s one hand reached between Samantha’s legs, trailing along both sides of the stretched lips. Samantha moaned before leaning back.

“Oh, that feels good.”

James chuckled and worked the tip around Samantha’s inner organs. He paid attention to every minute action she made, from the twitch as he cut her inside to the long sigh as he found a place he

could drive the spit a foot through her insides. Samantha shuddered and buried her face in Heather's chest. James felt her moving along the spit. Sweat pooled in her curves as she found some place of pleasure, rocking back and forth even as James worked it deeper into her pussy.

Precum dripped down his length as he worked the tip deeper. He tugged it out and fucked her for a moment, finding the right place to pierce into her stomach. Samantha jerked when he found the spot, but he could feel her body spasming from more than just pain. Glancing down, he saw Emma lifting her fingers, dripping with her mother's excitement.

"You okay?" he asked carefully, but Samantha lifted her head.

"Finish me, please?"

He nodded, took a deep grip on the shaft and pressed one hand against her stomach. He could feel the metal point in the soft flesh. With a grunt, he leaned forward as he drove it deep into her. Samantha let out a choking gasp as the metal slid into her; Emma's fingers were caught and slipped into her own mother's pussy. Sam's eyes widened, staring out as she opened her mouth even more, her jaw straining as a long gasp escaped her throat.

"Is she? Spitted?"

James nodded, getting a new grip. Samantha's body spasmed under all their hands, her hips rocking hard against the spit, fucking it even as the sharp tip slipped from her throat. Heather held her head, guiding it down and the entire room let out a very long moan of pleasure as it pushed past her lips.

Red lips wrapped around the shaft, stained with blood and lipstick. Using both hands, he shoved the spit deeper into her, until he centered writhing body on the metal. He stepped back as the three daughters began explore their mother. Emma pulled out her fingers, then when no one but he was looking, licked them clean. Other fingers pushed and prodded, feeling the hard metal from pussy to throat. Samantha moaned, her face red with excitement. To him, it looked like her helplessness only increased her pleasure. Her own hands wrapped around the spit, not to pull it out, but to feel the vibrations from inside her body.

"God, she's beautiful," whispered Emma.

James nodded in agreement and used some rope to bind Samantha's wrists and ankles to the spit, tying her down to the warming metal. His fingers circled around her pussy, tugging out her labia so it fluttered against the shimmering steel. Samantha's hips bucked against the spit, rotating around the metal that dominated her. James pinched her clitoris, then rubbed it as a gasp escaped the muffled throat of his dinner. She came quickly, then a second time. Around him, the other girls stared in fascination, their hands buried between their legs and the scene of woman flooding the kitchen.

Moving in silence, he picked up two knives and set them down next to Samantha. He felt his body burning hot as he took the knife, working from the very peak of her sex, the tip of the blade teasing her clit, and sliced into the skin. Samantha jerked violently, screaming even as she bucked her hips up to the knife. He started to slice deep into her as pearls of pleasure formed on her labia, mixing with the blood as he gutted her.

The wet, slick noises of her body being pulled open didn't stop the pleasure from anyone in the room. James finished cutting her open and began to remove her organs, dropping them into a bucket as he caressed her body. Emma and Chloe watched with awe while Heather stroked her mother, kissing her as the light began to face.

James finished and set aside the knife. He looked at the splayed opening of the beautiful woman before him and felt a moment of silence for her. Reaching down, his finger teased her clitoris, working it between two fingers before he felt the last orgasm tearing through her body.

One final spasm and Samantha passed away.

Heather looked up.

"I-Is she?"

He nodded.

"Come on, I need to put her on the grill."

—

They ate Samantha that night. What they couldn't eat, they placed in the walk-in refrigerator, where it would keep for a long time. James cleaned up the kitchen, then entered the living room where all three girls sat in silence.

He looked for a spot to sit and Emma and Chloe pushed apart, leaving him a spot between them. Taking it in silence, he took a long breath of his own. Emma grabbed his arm, then Chloe grabbed the other.

“What are you thinking?”

Heather looked up with red-rimmed eyes.

“Is she... did she...”

Chloe spoke up, “Is that what it will be like for all of us?”

James thought for a minute and nodded.

“Yes.”

Chloe let out a whimper and he looked over, expecting to see fear, but it was lust that burned in her eyes as she clutched him tightly. He watched as her hand snaked across his lap, pushing aside a shirt he put on for diner and wrapped her fingers around his length. He chuckled, his manhood growing hard as she teased his balls.

Emma looked at him, then down. A frown crossed her face and her hand joined Chloe's. He felt one hand stroking his balls while another teased his head, tracing the ridge of his glans. He shuddered at the feeling. They stripped him, working their hands on his hips and chest. He opened his eyes to see Heather in the opposite chair, his button-down shirt hiked up to her hips and her fingers dancing over her pussy. He motioned to her, but she shook her head. Two hands plunged between her legs and he felt the two others pumping his cock with intertwined fingers.

He started to say something, but Emma got on her knees, bowing her head down to his lap. He felt her feeding his shaft into her lips and let out a long moan of pleasure. Chloe snarled and pushed her own head down there. James felt them fighting over him, but it was hard to tell which mouth slathered along his own sex. All that matter was the heat buried in brown hair and young woman. Hands pushed him back against the couch as they fought over him. He felt his length sliding into one mouth, then the other and quickly the pleasure boiled in his balls. Just as he reached his crest, they stopped. Chloe moved first, pulling down her pants, but Emma yanked her clothes off faster. A second later, he reached out to hold Emma steady as she straddled his body and sank down with a sigh of pleasure.

The hot, slick pressure of her pussy consumed his thoughts. Chloe finished stripping off her clothes and got on her knees. He stared at her large breasts and reached out for her. She smiled in triumphant, sinking into his arms and in front of her sister. Their lips caressed and their hands stroked each other as he felt the hot slick pleasure of Emma riding his shaft.

He groaned, bruising Chloe's breasts as he came into her sister. Panting, he looked up into two smiles. But, his smile faded as she swapped positions, breasts to breasts and he felt Chloe's pussy around his shaft.

It would be a long night.

—

James woke up buried in a mound of woman. He opened his eyes to find himself staring into the breasts of Emma. He smiled at the memory and reached out with his lips, wrapping his mouth around her firm nipples and large mounds. He chuckled happily, then realized he couldn't move. Peering down, mouth still latched on Emma, he enjoyed the sight of Chloe sprawled out on his legs, pinning him with her curvaceous body.

A hand stroked his hair and he looked up to see Heather smiling down at him. He turned and realized he was in her lap, his head nestled between her smooth thighs. He released Emma's nipple for the briefest of seconds to turn and kiss Heather's inner thighs.

"Good morning, James."

He beamed up, "Good morning."

Heather stroked his face.

"Have fun?"

He cataloged the pleasures of his body. The ache and afterglow that still burned hotly in his gut. With a nod, he grinned up.

"Yes."

"Good. May I ask a favor?"

"Anything."

She brushed the hair from her face, "Could I be next? For tonight? Dinner?"

James started to nod, but Emma shifted violently. He turned to see breasts heaving into his face, cutting off his breath and sight as Emma said something. He giggled, his hands reaching out for a

suddenly squirming pile of nakedness. Breasts ground against his face and he lapped at Chloe's as the other girl crawled over him.

"No, it's my turn!"

Emma and Chloe started to wrestle on him, giggling as they both claimed to be next. James struggled in the flash of skin and pussy, tasting both of their bodies as he pried himself out of the pile. James laughed and staggered to his feet. Naked, Emma and Chloe wrestled on the floor, each one claiming even louder to be the next. James watched it until he felt the call of nature and padded out of the room.

Finished, he walked past Emma and Chloe sprawled out on the couch, panting. He stopped to look at them, the sweat-slicked bodies and the grins on their faces. They were beautiful, in that moment.

"Who won?"

At the same time, Emma and Chloe spoke up: "I did."

James leaned against the side.

"And what did you win?"

"I'm next," came the stereo reply.

James looked around, then grinned.

"So, I guess one of you is it. But, which one?"

When he saw the look they gave each other and couldn't decide himself.

"How do you want it then? Do you think I could actually cook both of you at once? Have both of you on a spit?"

They looked at each other. As one, they backed from each other to prepare to attack. James grinned like a fool.

"Actually, I could. We'd have to fire up-

He couldn't speak as the two girls slammed into him, kissing and grabbing, holding him tightly. He tried to keep up but, they pinned him to the wall. Hands stripped away the clothes he put on in the bathroom and a mouth wrapped around his cock. He moaned, but when he opened his mouth to say something, Chloe's lips silenced him. He tried to smile and reached out, one hand grabbing the back of Emma's head to pull her against his shaft and the other to slide around Chloe's waist.

Hot lips bobbed up and down his shaft, swallowing to the very bottom until he felt his head teasing the back of Emma's throat and her lips against his base. He shuddered at the feeling, enjoying every

second even as his hand held her tight against his groin. Chloe's fingers weaved into his and they pushed and pulled, guiding Emma's blow job until he came hard and fast into her mouth. She lapped every droplet from his shaft, much to his happy sensations.

Then, Chloe surprised him by breaking away and kneeling next to Emma. The two sisters faced each other. His cock surged back to full hardness as they kissed, a flash of cum and tongue between their lips. He moaned, clutching the wall. Both girls looked up, then attacked his shaft again. He tried to push them away, but the soft flesh of two breasts wrapping around his manhood silenced him. Looking down, he saw both sisters working him, one perfect breast in each hand.

James couldn't speak, couldn't move, couldn't do anything. Instead, he just watched them working together, fighting yet pleasing each other and him until he splattered against their faces and breasts.

Emma looked up, a droplet of cum on the side of her lips.

"I'm ready for my prize, Mr. James."

"I choose spit number two," purred Chloe.

Feeling sated, James let himself be guided into the kitchen. Hands released him as the girls crawled on the counter, talking about how they would be positioned. It was surreal, two beautiful women talking about being gutted and cooked. He grabbed his apron and pulled it on. Quickly stepping outside, he started the charcoal grill before running back.

Heather waited for him, nervous and disappointed. He looked at her questioningly and she gave him a smile back.

"Next time?"

He chuckled, "I will give you my absolute attention, tomorrow."

"Our turn!" giggled Emma.

Both Heather and James rolled their eyes and he got ready to prepare the girls. He found himself distracted for a moment as Heather bent over, exposing her lovely pussy to his hungry gaze and yanked out a second apron. Belting it around her body, her breasts swelled out of each side and James thought she never looked more beautiful.

Peering outside, he saw the snow steaming on the metal of his grill. His eyes slid back to Emma and Chloe. They watched him from

the counter, shifting in place as they giggled nervously. Their bodies were tense and slick, but he could smell their excitement flooding the kitchen. They laid head to feet, breasts against thighs. Reaching over, he walked around the counter, trailing his fingers along their soft skin and delving between their legs. Slick and juicy, they had a flavor of their own. They tasted each other on his fingers, sucking on them as he circled around once again.

“You two are so beautiful,” gasped Heather and joined him. Her fingers teased and circled their bodies until Emma and Chloe arched with anticipation.

They giggled nervously as the laid, head to foot. On their backs, their beautiful breasts stood up in the air. Heather watched with fascination as James ran his fingers along their body, enjoying the feel of their skin and how their bodies trembled at his touch.

“How would you like this?”

Chloe asked, “To be spitted?”

“Stuff my pussy, James, stuff it so thick it hurts” said Emma with a sparkling grin.

Chloe shot her sister a glare, then looked up at James.

“Ass. Tear me open.”

Emma gave her sister an indescribable look, then stretched out on the counter. Her feet peeked over the edge of the counter and she hooked her fingers on the other end. James felt lust boiling inside him and he hefted the first spit in his hands.

“Pussy first, then, Emma spoke first.”

Chloe grumbled and pouted. James chuckled and stood next to Emma, setting the spit down on the table next to her. The sharp point sparkled in the light as he spread her nether lips. She jumped as he pulled the spit into her. She chuckled before settling back down.

“I can see why mom said cold. But, it’s warming up really fast.”

“Because you are a slut, sis.” grinned Chloe.

The thick metal nestled deep into her body and he pulled it deeper into her pussy, enjoying the sensation of her slick juices against the metal. He let his fingers slip around it, stretching her tightly but able to bring the spit right up to the nub inside her pussy. Emma whimpered as she used her own hips to guide him, nestling the sharp point against her innermost gate.

“Ready?”

Emma whimpered, but nodded. Her youngest sister held her hands as James took a firm grip on the spit. He held his breath, then tapped it in preparation, a little jab. Chloe lifted herself on her knee. He got another grip and with his strength, bore it down on her. Through her skin, he could feel the wet tearing sound deep in her body. He could also feel her jerking violently, catching a sound in her throat as she bore down hard on the spit. It tore even deeper into her, piercing her completely as her fingers cracked from the effort of holding herself to the table.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped, her back arching.

James drove it in a few inches, then pulled it out, fucking with the unresisting metal. Emma wailed, her hips rising to meet each stroke. He could feel the point in her womb, scraping her insides, but the girl just begged for more.

“Deeper, please!”

The wet sucking noise of her pussy turned him on hotter than he thought possible. He could feel the friction of her body, the tight opening he worked the spit into and the heat that poured off her skin. But, James had committed himself to this and so did Emma. Together, he plunged it deeper, his fingers gripping her wonderful stomach. She orgasmed loudly, arching her back but somehow keeping her hips hard against the counter. He grinned, enjoying the feel of her body as she spasmed again and again.

James stopped after only a few feet. Emma laid on the ground, writhing with one hand on her breast and the other on her pussy, feeling how the metal impaled her. Her eyes looked up, fogged with pleasure.

“What?”

“Chloe’s turn.”

“I-I’m not done.”

“And she isn’t started.”

He looked up at Chloe, cheeks bright red with her blush.

“Want me to start you?”

Chloe’s eyes widened, “Really?”

Stroking Emma, “Hold still.”

Emma gasped, smiling through tiny tears. Heather held her as James walked around to Chloe. The other girl rolled on her belly,

her lovely ass trembling. James worked a bit of olive oil between her buttocks, working one, then two fingers into the clenching tight hole of her ass. Chloe moaned, rocking her hips. James loosened up her hole for a few minutes, watching Emma as the other girl tested the spit inside her, slowly and hesitantly moving but getting more excited with every passing second.

James brought the second spit and spread her wrinkled opening with two fingers. His slick fingers guided the point into the opening and he followed it, stretching her open until she hissed out.

“It burns.”

Emma moaned, “It’s going to burn a lot more, you pussy.”

Chloe opened her eyes, her glare fading to a pleading look as she regarded James.

“More?”

He nodded, then fucked her ass with his fingers and the spit. He could feel the tight ring relaxing under the pressure. He moved harder, shaking her body as he pounding his fingers into her rear-most opening. Her buttocks clenched around him, but he managed to force the spit into her, the metal clutching to her anal ring and driving it deep.

“Fuck!” she screamed as it cut its way into her, burying into her organs with a hard, intense stroke. Tears splashed down on the counter. She gripped it tighter, staring into the surface as she let out a gasping plea.

“M-More?”

James swallowed as he pressed a hand against her back. He couldn’t feel the spit, but he could feel her trembling from the edge of pleasure that grew inside her. He slipped his hand underneath her, pressing his hand hard against her belly. Pressing hard, he ground down until he could feel the spit laying inside her, hot and hard. He grinned, his fingers probing as he jammed the spit even harder into the clenching buttocks.

Chloe let out a scream of pleasure, grinding her face into the counter.

“Harder!”

He obeyed her, jamming the spit deep into her, then drawing it out to force it even harder. Her body shook from the effort, but she managed to spread her legs further apart to take in the shaft. His

knuckles were white with the effort of fucking it deep inside her. Then, he felt it reaching far enough and released it. The end of the spit shook, jerking in time with Chloe's heartbeat.

Switching back to Emma, he kissed her lips before wrapping both hands around the spit. Hot from her excitement, his grip slipped a few times before he found a tight purchase. Heather held her sister as he worked it deeper, two fingers pressing into her stomach, then her chest as the spit slid into her. Emma gasped, jobbing and jerking as her pleasures took their toll. He smelled her excitement and the clear puddle under her buttocks told him even more than the winches that shook her body.

When he threaded the end of the spit through her stomach, Emma let out a thankful sigh.

"F-Fuck," she said with a hoarse whisper, "I think I came too much."

Chloe moaned, lifting her lips from the counter.

"No such thing."

Heather caressed her sister's lips, parting them as James bore his back into the spit. The hot, friction of Emma's body resisted every movement, but he jerked it deep into her. Every inch sent a spasm through the woman's body and he moaned. One long stroke drove the point from Emma's mouth and his fingers drove into her pussy. The heat sent him over the edge and James clutched her body tightly as he came, splattering the counter with own orgasm.

"Oh... fuck."

Emma moaned around the spit, the sharp metal shimmering with crimson.

"M... or... e."

He obeyed, taking a deep breath and ramming it hard into her body. She let out a muted scream of pleasure, her body arching as much as it could with eight feet of steel impaling it. Then, she slumped to the counter, a river of clear juices dribbling from her pussy and a line of drool down the side of her mouth.

"My god," whispered Chloe, watching with rapt fascination. Emma shuddered, her hands sluggishly exploring the spit that escaped both sets of lips. James looked up.

"Ready to finish?"

"Fuck me? Hard?"

James grinned, feeling his cock growing harder with every second. Padding around, he caressed her body, then wrapped his fingers around the spit. Twisting it, he enjoyed the moan that ripped from her body and how she plastered her mouth against the counter. Reaching back down, he found the point in her belly and began to guide it deeper. It only took a few minutes to pierce the spit through her belly. He could hear the metal working up her throat, from the gurgling gasps and the way she held herself still.

“J-James?”

“Don’t worry, Chloe, I’ll fuck you.”

He released his hand from her belly and wrapped her hair in his hand. The dark strands bound tightly in his fingers. Grinning, he held the spit as tightly as he could. Chloe opened her mouth, gasping with the effort.

James grunted loudly as he drove it into her. Two feet of metal plunging into her buttocks and bursting from her opened mouth. She let out a scream as his fist punched her ass. Before she could inhale, he yanked it back out. Her anal ring stretched out from the effort, the point almost disappearing back into her throat. She inhaled sharply. James grunted again, driving it deep and hard. The fingers around the spit slammed against her, tearing open her ass, but she just screamed for more.

He drove her, punching in and out with all his strength. Her insides jerked and shifted with every movement, her screams of pleasure filling the kitchen. He slipped more than once, the spit slick with blood and girl juices. He could feel his shoulder burning from the effort and gave her one hard, final thrust. With all his strength, he drove it deep into her body, his fist finally ripping her open as he buried himself wrist-deep into her spasming rectum.

A scream shrilling burst into the room.

“Fuck, yes!”

Stepping back, he panted from his effort. Heather came around, a few streaks of blood and oil on her apron. She looked at him, unsure of what to do. James took a long deep breath before he pulled out his knives.

“This is the hard part.”

His hands were steady as he pressed the tip of the knife right below Chloe’s ribs.

“Ready, love?”

She jerked, unable to see the knife, but her body shifted around the spit that impaled her end to end. Blood oozed from the cut as he worked his way through her belly, peeling it open as Chloe whimpered around the metal spit. He dug his hands into her body, pulling out her organs and excising those he didn't need. He worked in silence, using skill to keep her alive as long as possible even as he pulled out long ropes of intestines and the heavy mass of other organs. Crimson hands dripped freely as he worked down, stroking her from the inside. He found her vagina and womb. He admired the elegance of the female form before cutting it out with a knife. Glancing up, he could see tears dripping down Chloe's face as he finished. His finger ran along the spit that impaled her, the silver glistening from where it impaled her.

“So, beautiful,” he whispered.

Walking around to the other side, he ran his hand along Emma's trembling form. Whispering softly, he felt Heather joining him, whispering to her sister as his knife came down.

The point dimpled the flesh before it sank in. Emma jerked from the impact, but he just held the knife tightly. Sliding down, he split open her belly from sex to sternum, peeling it back to expose her insides. Heather clutched her sister's body as he gutted her as quickly and gently as he could. Wet and hot, the room smelled of blood and sexuality. Curious, he ran a crimson finger along her sex, around the spit that stretched her wide, and felt her body straining to orgasm, her insides twitching as came again.

It felt like forever and a day when he pulled out the last bit. Setting the knife down on the block, he looked at their twitching bodies, the tears that ran down their cheeks, but also how their hips still rocked around the spit and their bodies shifted. Heather cooed soft words to both of her sisters.

James washed his hands before he finished up. Pulling out two brackets, he pulled the two sisters together, pressing them breast to belly and belly to breast. With his cuts, their bodies meshed neatly together. Using the bracket, he bound the two spits together.

“Heather, help me?”

The youngest daughter jumped then took one end of the two spits. James grabbed the other and they lifted her sisters from the

table. Stepping carefully around the mess, they walked the writhing bodies to the grill outside, setting it down on the grill brackets.

It took hours for the two sisters to cook. James and Heather both watched them cook. They basted in juices that James made up. In the moments of silence, watching two bodies rotating around two spits, James held Heather tightly. The sight of their bodies turned him on, but he felt drained from the night of constant sex.

—

He woke up in the morning alone in the bed. He breathed in the fading smell of Heather and got up silently. Padding out on bare feet, he walked downstairs to find the girl standing in the opening of the fridge, steam rolling out on the floor as she looked into the remains of her mother and sisters. All three missed pieces, but there was no mistaking the curve of breast or the sightless eyes.

He came up to her and wrapped his arms around her. She looked up at him, then started to cry.

“I-I’m not ready, James.”

“We don’t have to do it tonight.”

Heather sniffed, “Thank you.”

James made a soft sound, “I have all the time in the world. Besides, my fridge seems a bit full of lovely right now.”

“Thank you, James.”

He just held her for a long time. Then, Heather turned in his grip, her body shivering as she peered at him with dark eyelashes.

“Make love to me? Right here?”

He did, lowering her to the floor and entering her with all the sweetness he could. His mouth found her pussy, splitting apart her labia to lap at her clitoris. Heather whimpered, writhing on the floor but her eyes never left her family. James closed his eyes and licked harder, working two fingers into the hot, wet snatch until an orgasm shuddered through her body.

Without asking, he knelt between her legs and ignored the pain of the floor. He gripped her buttocks and Heather spread her legs further. He smiled and entered her, both of them moaning as he buried into her. Hot and tight, he found himself looking up to the three bodies in his fridge even as he pumped his cock into the tight pussy.

—

Two months passed before they finally finished the last bits of Samantha, Emma and Chloe. Heather never left him the entire time. He enjoyed every day like it was her last. Every morning he woke up to sex and passion. Every evening, he came home to a beautiful girl wearing nothing but an apron and serving him her family. Her body glistened from the efforts and he taught her how to cook meat, human and animal, to perfection. And, every night, he lost himself in her soft brown hair, smooth body, and soft pleasures until they passed out.

—
One final evening, he came home not to the smell of meat. Instead, he could only smell excitement. Curious, he locked the door and walked into the kitchen to find Heather on the counter.

Naked.

Gloriously naked.

Her body shimmered with oil and she had a spit resting in the “V” of her legs and nestled between her breasts. James smiled as Heather lifted her self.

“I’m ready.”

He surprised her by setting aside the spit. He could see the shadow of emotions in her eyes, but he just feed his cock into her pussy one last time, pumping hard and fast, his cock harder than he ever felt it before. He came with a scream, but kept on pumping in and out until the slick sounds filled his kitchen. Heather clutched him, her body slick from the oil and her legs moving. She jerked and writhed until he brought her to an orgasm. Then, shuddering, he slipped out and on the floor. Leaving his clothes behind, he pulled on his apron and picked up his knife.

“Ready?”

Heather sighed, whimpering. Sweat mixed with oil and James fell in love again. She rested back on the table and he prepared to spit her one last time. He fingered her before lining up the spit. She gasped, arching her back and closing her eyes tightly, no doubt imagining the same thing she imagined for two months.

Trembling hands reached down to her pubic bone, pressing deeply into the skin as he brought the spit into her.

“I can feel it,” she gasped.

“Guide me.”

He held the spit with both hands, moving and twisting as carefully as he could. Heather whimpered with the feeling, her fingers caressing herself as he felt her squeezing down on her inner muscles.

“Relax,” he whispered.

She nodded, tears sparkling in her eyes, then forced herself to relax.

“Um, up...”

He brought the tip up, following her directions. He could feel her guiding him to her cervix, a curiosity that she brought up more than once. He felt the tip resting in the tightly closed opening.

“T-Thrust?”

“Ready? On 3? 1... 2-”

He didn't wait for three, but drove it deep into her in that moment of surprise. She let out a long wail as it pierced her. Her fingers clenched down tightly and her body grinding to hold him in place. But, James watched an orgasm ripping through her body: the red face, the curling of her toes, even the tiny squeaking noise she made. Months of making love told him everything he needed to know.

Shuddering with pleasure, he used one finger to tease her clitoris, prolonging her pleasures. Even as he did, he bore his weight down on the spit. They both felt it sliding deeper into her body, hot friction slowing it down into a single bolt of ecstasy that coursed through her veins. It was like fucking her, from the heat he felt through the spit and the shudders that wracked her body. Her mouth opened hungrily, licking her lips before she could find words to speak.

“Oh, god, please don't stop.”

“I won't, Heather,” he gasped. He grabbed the spit with both hands and drove it into her. Her hands fluttered against her skin, then fingers plunged down to guide the spit the pierce the places inside her. She shuddered with every movement, but never once asked him to stop, or even to slow down. He gasped, his hands bearing down as hard as he could. Every twitch of her pussy, every gasp of her throat. He could feel every tiny movement through the slick spit in in his fingers.

He loved the feel of metal deep inside her, the tensing of her stomach as it slid deeper, then the gasping cry as it came up her throat.

“James!”

James stopped, one hand shaking as he held the spit tightly and his knuckles pressing against her sex.

“Heather? I-I can’t stop.”

Tears ran down her cheek. He released the spit and padded around to look her in the eyes. She smiled up at him.

“No,” she gasped, “I just wanted to tell you-”

She swallowed before speaking, “-that these two months were everything I dreamed they would be. All those weeks of playing on Sam’s computer, sneaking through the streets, and hoping for this, and you... you were everything.”

He reached down, kissing her oiled-flavored lips.

“You are everything I could ever hope. And, James, I-I love you.”

James answered by reaching down her body. Fingers wrapped around the warm metal spit and he pulled. Her body shuddered as it slid through her flesh and he watched as her mouth opened one last time, the sparkling metal sliding from her mouth. She smiled around it, closing so it tugged on her lips with every movement. There was pleasure in her eyes and he felt his heart wrenching.

He leaned down to kiss her throat, then her cheek. His mouth worked for a moment. Then, he picked up his knife as he whispered back.

“I love you to, Heather.”

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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