

**Service
Patches 3.1:
Mobile
Edition**

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

Service Patches 3.1: Mobile Edition

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Jim sat in the corner of the server room, idly tapping on his keyboard as he reviewed the list of patches to push out to the client machines. Each one had a long, tedious description of the problem that had to be verified before it was marked to replicate out to the machines on the floor. It was a painful process and there was no way to do it quickly, but it had to be done. The last guy managed to ignore it for six months before he was fired.

He focused his gaze on the corner of the screen where the remote desktop icon was flashing. They were watching him again, just like they watched everyone in the IT department. Ever since the string of disappearances over the last two years, starting with Rebecca Parker and ending with Samantha Taylor and her daughters, upper management had kept an eagle eye on all the employees. They were convinced it was someone inside the company and Jim was right on the top of the list. That was four acquisitions ago. The reasons for their watchfulness had long since been lost in obscurity and employee attrition, but they still watched. Habits last longer than the reasons behind them.

He moved to the next hot fix and ignored the flashing icon. He stopped using the company's computers for his "personal projects" a long time ago. Now, he just went through the motions of his job and tried not to think about gutting Rebecca in his tub or when he cooked Samantha in his kitchen. It always brought a smile to his lips but it also made him hard. After last week's memo about "inappropriate displays of affection," rumored to be a programmer fucking the cleaning lady in the storage room, he didn't want to be caught with a hard-on. Jim liked his job and didn't want to get fired

just because he was remembering the wonderful, soft woman who begged him to kill them.

Focusing on the screen, he flipped to the next screen and watched as the remote viewing icon stopped flashing. It would be back again, in a few seconds, so he kept on working.

Like clockwork, the icon started to flash for a minute, then went dark. He continued his steady work down the patch lists, researching each one as he ticked them.

“Hey, Jim. You doing anything important? I have a favor to ask.”

Jim looked up at his boss, Gary. “I’m just pushing out the patches for tomorrow. How can I help you?”

“You used to be a programmer, right? Back before they demoted you to desktop support full time?”

“Yeah,” Jim gave him a mock glare, “and thank you for bringing that up. Want to give me a paper-cut and pour some lemon juice on it?”

Gary held up a finger and gave him a quizzical look. “That’s a line from a movie, right?”

Jim rolled his eyes. “Yes. Now, what do you want?”

“You know those guys from the education division up on the third floor?”

“What about them?”

“They’re having a problem with their psychological assessment beta. And I remember that you used to read those psych books during your lunch hour. Think you could help? They are pretty desperate to get it out for that trade show in two weeks. It’s a C++ program”

“That’s a different cost center than IT. Remember we were told not-”

Gary held up his hand. “Yes, I know the rules. But, we are still all one company and they are really behind on their schedule. Come on, I’m sure I can make it worth your while.”

“A bonus?” Jim felt his hopes rise.

Gary shook his head. “Apparently, the Powers That Be dictate that the SAAM must be finished at all costs, but no one is going to get paid.”

When Jim said nothing, Gary stepped forward and slipped down in the chair across from him. “Look, Jim, I know the bosses are real

bastards. But, what would it take for you to do this? Just a few hours a day? Maybe your nights?"

"I-"

"How about a new computer? Not one of these piece of shits," he flicked his middle finger at Jim's machine, "but a good one. Say five thousand dollars worth? You can order it with no questions ask."

Jim felt a prickle of curiosity rising. He knew that SAAM was important, but to offered a five thousand bonus under the table said more about how desperate they were.

"Six? Please, Jim, this is important."

Jim nodded. "Sure, Gary. I can really do what I want?"

Gary let out a sigh of relief. He leaned back and smiled. "I'll lose the paperwork to have it locked down. It has to be shipped here, but I'll let you even take it home with the tape still on the boxes."

"You mind if I occasionally go home early?"

"As long as you are using your new computer."

Jim held out his hand.

Gary shook it firmly before he stood up. "Remember, don't talk about this."

"Deal," grinned Jim.

"I'll get you the PO. Also the information for their source repository. Thanks, Jim, you're a life saver."

—

Jim sat in his office at home and worked his way through the source for SAAM. On the table next to him was his dinner, a pizza that was warm a few hours ago. He also had a beer, but it had gone flat as he struggled through just one more bug before he called it a night.

He said that almost thirty bugs ago.

He found it and was happy to see it was just a few "if" statements that were reversed. Writing up his unit tests—he was still convincing most of the others to actually test their code—he repaired it and set the tests running to verify that he didn't break anything. Leaning back, he groaned.

"I hate these people."

As much as he was strung out from trying to fix the assessment program, he was also enjoying his new high-end computer. It didn't have the monitor software and he installed two versions of the

operating system, one in an encrypted partition and the other for his day-to-day tasks.

He was tempted to switch to the private system. It had the source code for a mind-control application he wrote and tested on the women who disappeared. It worked by projecting millions of images of his desired goals: self-mutilation, obedience, the desire to be gutted alive. A thousand different ways to draw women to him and force them to want to end their lives for his pleasure. While working on SAAM, he got a few ideas to make the program subtler and a lot more effective. And he could talk about it with people smarter than him, though most of them didn't realize he wanted to brainwash some woman instead of just measuring their tendencies to study in school.

Of course, the first two iterations of his program wasn't bad. Between the two of them, he drove eight women into his arms. He convinced them to beg that he ended their lives in sex and violence. He dropped his hand to his crotch as his cock began to stir as he thought about Heather, Samantha's youngest daughter. She lasted the longest and kept him company throughout the winter before he finally spitted her in his kitchen.

He missed her. He missed all of them, actually. Even Robin who pulled a gun on him, but still couldn't say no when she died.

Realizing that he was too tired of fixing other people's bugs, he relented. Copying the files on a thumb drive, he rebooted and typed the password to use the other partition. As the operating system booted up, he got himself a fresh beer and set down to integrate parts of SAAM into his own brainwashing program, Service Patches.

—

“You look like shit.”

“And good morning to you, Gary. I had a long night.”

“I know, we have to talk.”

Jim looked up at the sharp tone. He felt a lurch in his gut as he wondered if they found out about his program. He set down his coffee cup and followed Gary into his office. “Something wrong?”

“The door?”

Jim closed the door and winced at the sensation of his guts twisting together. He turned around and sat down in the guest chair.

“Look, Jim, you know you’re doing a lot of good with the guys upstairs, right?”

Jim nodded.

“I was talking to Mary Stern this morning...” Mary was Gary’s boss’ boss and the General Manager of the entire division.

Holding his breath, Jim wondered what would happen.

“And you are making a lot of waves in upper management. David,” that was the project manager for SAAM, “is on a war path because he thinks Mary is going to put you in charge of the project. Of course, you can stay as a developer, but I think I’m about to lose one of the best guys I ever had working for me.”

Jim stared in shock.

“I’m just saying, if you watch your ass and maybe kiss Mary’s, you might be on the fast track to management.”

“I-I don’t know what to say.”

“Just don’t tell anyone I told you. But,” Gary stood up and held out his hand, “you are doing a great job, Jim.”

Jim shook his hand as his mind tried to comprehend doing something other than tediously pushing out patches. And writing mind-control programs in his spare time.

—

“And I just wanted to say,” Mary sighed as she addressed the fifty programmers packed into the main conference room, “that I’m truly honored by the long hours and pain that you did to get this program out the door. Two weeks ago, I didn’t think we would make it, but you all pulled this project out of the fire and carried it through.”

Jim joined in the applause. He was sitting near the back of the room, not wanting to draw the attention of David or Lester, both of which had made it their personal mission to glare at him every chance they could. Lester was the main architect for the project and his much heralded design was scrapped by Jim to get the project out the door.

“So, give yourself a clap on the back. And on Friday, lunch is on me.”

There were cheers from the exhausted programmers. Jim just smiled and leaned back on his chair. Some of the more junior coders patted him on the shoulder in silent congratulations; everyone

knew who made SAAM succeed. And Jim couldn't help but smiling to himself.

He was proud that he helped the project. More importantly though, he managed to turn SAAM into a front-end for his Service Patches. And then ported the entire thing over to his smart phone. With a few more days of work, he could have something far more powerful than he could imagine. A mobile program that would drive women into helpless submission. He just couldn't wait to get home and work on his new obsession.

"James, David, and Lester, please stay here. Everyone else, have a good day and thank you again."

Jim was happy to stay, one leg draped over the other, as he tried not to think about driving some woman to impaling herself on his cock. He focused on the code until his shaft softened.

As he waited for the coders to file out, he saw David glaring at him. Lester was just as worse, shooting daggers when he didn't think Jim was watching.

Mary waited until the room was empty. "All three of you have earned the most of my appreciation on this project. I know that we are at the end of a long sprint, but I want all three of you to go to PolyConSoCal along with Steve, Julie, and Grace. It will give a good showing and you can demonstrate SAAM."

PolyConSoCal was a convention where all the companies showed off their application suites to the larger school districts on the west coast.

Lester glanced at Jim who remained in the back. He didn't say anything, he wouldn't, but Jim knew that some vile emails would be flying soon.

David, on the other hand, didn't know when to shut up. "Why Jim? He's done with coding."

Mary leveled a steely look at him. She leaned slightly forward as she spoke in a hard, tight voice. "Because he's brighter than anyone in this room. And if a potential customer asked if we have a feature, I trust him to not to sell them vaporware that costs ten million dollars and got us a glorified brick."

"I just needed-"

"David, you fucked up." Mary was not usually so forward. "Just be thankful that James pulled your ass out of the fire. Now, don't you

have some paperwork to fill out?" She glanced Lester, but said nothing.

Sullenly, David and Lester stood up. Jim started to, but when he saw Mary shake her head, he sank back down. He stared at the table to avoid looking at the two others as they left the room.

"Get the door," ordered Mary.

When David closed it roughly, she sat down in a padded chair across from Jim.

"James, I don't need to tell you what you did."

Jim nodded.

"But, you have to understand that I can't give you any bonuses. You are already at the top of your salary band."

Another nod.

"Do you want David's job?"

He knew the question was going to be coming. He spent the long hours commuting as he wondered how he would answer. He surprised himself with just a simple nod. "Yes."

Mary smiled broadly. "Good. After the convention, we'll fill out the paperwork. And, just between you and me, if you have to impress a customer, then you do it. You've really pulled out a miracle."

"Thank you," he said humbly.

She got up and headed to the door. She paused at the end of the walnut conference room table. "You know, Jim, I never thought you were involved when those disappearances came up."

Jim's stomach clenched tightly. He could feel his balls squeezing against his body as sweat prickled his brown. "Thank you."

"I glad you didn't kill those girls though, I don't know where we would be today without you."

Any cheer Jim felt disappeared instantly.

—

A day later, Jim slid the plastic key into the hotel door. It let out a soft beep and he pushed the door open. Lugging his two black bags over his shoulder and carrying his new laptop in his hand, he staggered into the room and tossed everything on the bed.

The company paid for a full suite for him. He pushed the door shut as he looked at the opulent room with surprise. It had a huge

bed, a pictorial view of the beach, and the smell of industrial cleaners. It was far and above any hotel room he had ever enjoyed.

He spent a moment wandering around. He didn't think he would need the Jacuzzi tub large enough for three any more than the forty-inch wide-screen TV, but it was a nice touch. More so since he knew that both David and Lester got smaller rooms four floors down.

He checked the time on his cell phone. He still had a few hours to kill before Mary's flight came in and they were all going to dinner. He smiled and pulled out his laptop. Unfolding it on the desk, he switched over to the encrypted partition and hooked up his phone. A few moments later, he was working on the installer for his Service Patches/SAAM. It was the key part of Service Patches but the names of the individual programs were far different than their purpose. His favorite "internal diagnostics" loaded up the programming to drive women to see out being gutted alive. He also had a dozen other programs all designed to flash things on the screen right at the edge of the vision. With the high refresh rates of smart phone, no one would ever see the flicker than haunted his earlier iterations.

Jim pulled up his internal list. He wanted to hook up his "software recovery" module to the phone's GPS. It was the capstone of his last attempt, when Heather drove halfway across the country to come back to him. She was driven by the constant flash of images telling her where to drive, where to steal a car, where to hide. He didn't expect her to bring her three daughters.

Alone in the hotel room, he unzipped his pants and stroked his cock as he wound his way through the phone's API and hooked it up to Service Patches. It was easy, but when the hotel room phone rang out, he wasn't quite done.

"Hello?"

"Jim, this is Mary. Were you coming down to dinner?"

"Oh!" Jim looked out the window where the orange fingers of sunset were stretching across the ocean. "I lost track of the time."

"Working on SAAM?"

"Just knocking up a demo of something I think you'll like." He wasn't planning on ever using Service Patches with Mary, she was too powerful in the company and he already risked his freedom

when Heather disappeared right after seeing him. But, it came out before he could stop himself.

“Well, want to show it over dinner?”

“I’d... rather not.”

“All right,” he could almost see the smile, “I’ll catch it sometime when we have a private moment.”

—

Jim hated wearing a suit, but it was required while he was standing behind the table. They got one of the large booths at the end of the aisle which also meant that hundreds of people milled around and only looked at them with casual disinterest. Julie, a cheerful blonde from marketing, and David were at the booth with him. David made a point of being at the opposite end of the table and Jim was perfectly fine to ignore him.

Most of the time, he was just standing there and looking attentive. The occasional convention goer would slow down and he would give his best smile. Most of the time, they curiously looked at the demo playing on the screen or a few of the glossy advertisement. Occasionally, one would check to see if he was giving away any swag. They were, of course, and Jim handed it out like candy.

In the lulls of visitors, David hit on Julie who just as cheerfully ignored him. Jim, on the other hand, watched the people strolling by. While all of them were interesting, the ones that drew his attention were the women. He would picture them naked on the floor of his bedroom, or splayed out across his kitchen counter. He found it easier to smile as he fantasized about the women he wanted to demonstrate his patched SAAM.

“Oh, crap!”

Jim looked over to David’s side to see a woman in the middle of tripping toward the table. She had hair that would have curled right against her ear except that it was fluttering behind her. The top of her gray dress was a thin fabric and it clung to her breasts as she came down.

The other end of the table shot up, scattering papers in all directions. The computer monitor running the demo was braced between the two tables and Jim caught it before it hit the ground.

“You stupid bitch!” snapped David as he yanked the table cloth from below the woman. Around them, people stopped to stare at the commission.

Jim set down the monitor and strode over to the mess. He knelt down to the woman and offered his hand. “Are you okay?”

She looked up and he caught his breath. She had beautiful brown eyes that were shimmering with unshed tears. Her hand was delicate as she rested it in his palm. “I-I’m sorry, I just tripped on something-”

David snapped at her. He said, “You better be, you made-”

“David,” interrupted Mary from the far side of the tables, “a word?”

David blanched as Mary gestured with her finger.

The woman holding Jim’s hand shook. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to mess up the table.”

Jim smiled at her. He could see the rise and fall of her breasts, but he struggled not to stare at them. She was a slender woman but he could tell that she was fit underneath the baggy gray dress she wore. A leather belt cinched around her narrow waist. He forced himself to stare directly into her eyes and she shivered as she looked back.

“No problem,” Jim leaned forward to whisper, “he’s an asshole.”

She giggled and let Jim get her back to her feet. She brushed her hair behind her ear. “Sorry.”

“It’s just a table. But,” he pulled his hand back and wondered if she reluctantly released him, “I need to pick up the papers.”

“Oh, sorry.”

Jim beamed at her, then got back down to help Julie picking up the scattered papers. He found it easy to sort them, there were only four different types, and he soon had the table in order once again. When he looked up, he was surprised to see the woman still standing there, looking nervous and curious at the same time.

David came up, his body tight with tension and a false smile on his face. Behind him, Mary followed as she watched him warily. David came up to the woman. “Excuse me,” he sounded pleasant but Jim could tell that he was seething inside, “please accept my apologies.”

The woman blushed. “I-It’s okay. It was my fault.”

“No, I should not have said those things. If there is anything can do, please just ask?”

She looked past David back at Jim. Jim felt a longing in his gut as he saw her eyes. She was a woman he could see himself enjoying... as he tested out the effectiveness of his SAAM application. He didn't know how or why, but he knew that he had to use his program on her.

“Um, could he show me what you sell?”

David's face darkened. He glanced at Mary, then carefully stepped out of the way. “Of course. This is James and he is a developer.”

Mary spoke up. “Lead developer.”

“Sorry, the lead developer on the Self-Assessment Automated Management system, also known as SAAM.”

She stepped around him and walked up to Jim. “Hi, I'm Karen.”

“Well, Karen,” Jim held out his hand. “Glad to meet you.” He couldn't say how much he wanted to see her naked, splaying out on his butcher block. “Do you know anything about SAAM?”

“No.”

“Well, this program is the accumulation of almost a hundred years of psychological assessment techniques. The application itself allows you to have individuals go through a series of tests and it will give a statistical probability of specific behaviors, such as theft, staying with a company-”

“I'm a teacher,” she said.

“-and actually studying for tests instead of playing video games all day,” he finished smoothly.

She giggled again and stepped closer.

—

Mary pulled out a chair at dinner and sat down. “That was a good day, don't you think?”

The people gathered around nodded. Everyone was there except David.

“Have you ordered yet?”

Steve handed her a menu. “Just appetizers. I know you like spinach and artichoke dip. We also got the cheese sticks, chicken wings, and potato skins.”

“Good. And thank you, I love that stuff, though it is horrible for my waistline.”

No one said anything. Even though Mary was in her fifties, she was still a relatively attractive woman. She hadn't been thin for a long time, but neither was she fat.

“Where is David?” asked Lester.

“David has decided to have his dinners in his room for the rest of the convention. I would appreciate not making a big deal about this.”

With that conversation closed, Mary snapped her fingers to get the waiter's attention. They ate and talked, mostly about the people they saw and about the small sales they made.

When they were just digging into their desert, Jim saw Karen again. She came into the restaurant with three other friends. They were laughing and making jokes at each other as they were lead to a table at the far side of the restaurant.

Her first friends had a slightly exotic look to her skin, olive but pale. She didn't quite look American, maybe a European of some sort. She had a brilliant smile and long dark hair. She was wearing a button-down shirt and trousers

The second was a slender woman with small breasts and wide hips. She had an almost gangly appearance and curly dark brown hair. He thought the second friend had a beautiful neck and his cock surged at the thought of wrapping his hands around it.

The last friend was a blonde, a stark contrast to the three others with dark hair. She was thicker but just as beautiful, with a swell of her breasts straining against the white fabric of her dress. Her waist wasn't quite as narrow as the others, but there was a lot of curves hiding underneath that dress.

“Isn't that the girl that knocked over the table?”

Jim jumped as Mary's whispered question. He looked over guiltily then froze at her knowing smirk. “Um, yeah, her name is Karen Cole. A teacher for a small school district in Montana.”

“I didn't see her on the list of sales today.” It was a pointed statement to remind Jim that he was at the convention to sell a product. They needed the money badly and every sale was a necessity.

“When I told her it was a hundred grand, she choked.”

The others at the table were talking among themselves. Mary leaned closer and continued to whisper. “Didn’t stop her from chatting with you for twenty minutes. You might have a sale, if you just push a little harder.”

“She doesn’t-”

“James, I won’t say it, but I think,” her eyebrows moved with every word, “you should go over there and pump her to make a sale, any sale.”

Realization dawned across Jim. He gulped as he felt his body growing hot. He lowered his voice even more. “I thought that was against policy.”

“Well, I’m not saying you should fuck her because that is against our rules,” she smiled, “but a good salesman doesn’t let the pitch end just because the trade floor is closed. And in the end, a sale is a sale, no matter how you get it.”

He stared at her, unsure if she was really suggesting he seduce Karen.

Mary gave him a wink, then turned away to join in on a conversation between Lester and Julie. There was a smirk on her face, as if she was amused by her implied permission.

Jim felt sweat prickle his brow and his throat felt suddenly dry. Grabbing his glass of water, he drained it as his mind spun around the possibility of getting Karen in his room that night. He couldn’t do anything fun, but it might give him a chance to show off his modified version of SAAM and maybe start to program her. His cock surged hotly against his trousers, aching as precum drooled down its length.

When he set down his glass, he peeked across the room to admire Karen. Their eyes met and he felt a flash of humiliation that he was caught looking at her. But, then Karen turned away as a blush colored her cheeks. Jim smiled broadly as he realized that his chances had increased dramatically.

Karen turned slightly and he saw that she was peeking back at him through the curtain of her hair. He lifted his glass up to her and she turned away sharply.

The movement caught the attention of her European friend. The woman followed her gaze to Jim who lifted his glass again. The

friend leaned over and said something that brought a red color to Karen's cheeks. It was the look of humiliation.

The other two looked surprised and then spun around. They caught sight of Jim and two smiles stretched across the faces. Karen buried her face in her hands and Jim felt a surge of excitement at the idea of her being humiliated. His cock ached with excitement and desperation.

He set down his glass and focused on his dessert. He ate slowly, just to enjoy it but also to let the others move on and give him a chance.

Steve was the first to finish. He got up. "I better crash, we have a long day today."

That set off the others and soon the table was empty except for Mary and Jim. Jim finished off his cheesecake and peered up to catch Karen stealing another glance. She blushed as the others teased her.

"Looks," Mary broke into his thoughts, "you might actually get some interest." She stood up and patted him on the shoulder. "Just remember, if you have to pump her, then make it discrete." She leaned forward to speak quietly. "You really pulled our ass out of the fire, James. Now, shake my hand so they don't think you're fucking me."

Surprised at her frankness, Jim held out her hand and Mary shook it firmly.

She gave him a wink and a smile. She grabbed the check and headed for the front door.

Jim was alone at the table. He wasn't entirely sure how to approach her so he took his time gathering up his things to leave. He fished in his wallet for a tip and set down a few bills on the table. Across the restaurant, Karen's friends were obviously trying to encourage her to get up.

Cheeks bright red, Karen pushed herself out of her chair. She balked when their eyes met again.

Jim decided to take the lead. He hooked his suit jacket over his arm and walked toward her.

Karen's eyes grew wide and she started to sit down, but her blonde friend pushed her back up. Karen played with her hands and looked embarrassed at the other people, friends and strangers alike, watching her.

“Hello, Miss Cole.”

“Y-You can call me Karen.”

The European friend said something in a foreign language. Karen blushed hotter and snapped back. “I am not, Hannah!”

Hannah laughed and pulled her hair back. She said something else in a foreign language. Jim wasn’t sure, but it sounded Slavic. He guessed she was speaking Russian or Polish but his skills lead toward psychology and not linguistics. It didn’t matter though, he liked hearing her speak.

Karen frowned as she listened. Hannah repeated herself again, slower and more pronounced. Karen bit her lips as she returned her attention to James. “W-Would you like to go dancing with us?”

“I’d love to.”

—

Karen slumped against the door frame. “You know,” she slurred, “you are a pretty body.”

Jim smiled. He eased the purse off her shoulder and dug in it for her room key. He noticed she had a smart phone of her own and it was a similar model to his own. Flipping it over to read the model, he set it aside to pull the key out. He slid it in the lock and it clicked open.

Cracking open the door, he leaned in and whispered. “I’m just dropping her off.”

Silence responded to him and he pushed the door open further. The smells of the room, perfume and women, drifted past him. He carefully pulled Karen off the door and guided her inside.

“is my room?”

“Yes.”

“We not going to yours?” She was whispering, but it was a loud, slurred whisper.

In the room was a pair of double beds. In the far one, he saw Melody rolling over and pulling the sheet to cover her almost naked body. Her blonde hair spread out in a fan as she dug deeper into her covers.

Jim shook his head and guided her inside. “You’re drunk, Karen.”

“wanna fuck?”

“Not right now.”

"I'm not pretty?" Karen tugged on her dress and pulled it down to reveal her lovely breasts wrapped in the lace of her bra.

"You are beautiful, but if we do anything, I want you speaking, not the B-52s you were drinking."

Jim saw Melody starting to roll over and he reached over to pull Karen's dress up. His cock surged with the knowledge that he could do something, but he still had a reputation of the company to uphold. "Now, you need to go to sleep."

"wanna fuck?"

"No," he said though he desperately wanted to.

Melody clutched her sheet to her body and sat up. She yawned and Jim saw her nipples pushing against the thin fabric of the hotel sheet. "I can get her, Jim."

"Thank you."

Karen grabbed Jim around the neck and pulled him close. The sharp taste of alcohol clung to her breath as she planted a sloppy kiss on his lips. "I want to feel you inside."

Jim pried her fingers off. "Later. Go to sleep."

Karen's lower lip trembled, then she turned away and crossed her eyes. "Go away."

Jim stepped back and headed to the door. He tossed the key on the table by the door and eased it shut. "Good night."

He heard Melody's bed creaking as she got up. He wanted to look, but didn't. Instead, he let the door click shut and headed toward his room. He wanted her, more than she could imagine, but she ended up drinking so much that she was becoming wild and unpredictable. Not to mention, what Jim really wanted was something he couldn't do in the hotel room.

The walk to his hotel took a few minutes. Along the way, he tried to think of some way of getting Karen at his house. He wanted to fuck her, but he also wanted to make her beg for him to kill her. He wanted to hurt her in ways that would get him thrown in prison for life.

He had the program, but he needed to find some way of making sure the police never associated Karen with him. A one-night fling was one thing, but he needed to make sure she was far away before she sneaked back.

Jim got an idea as he was riding the elevator to his room. He needed something to draw away the attention from his interest in Karen. Something that would make sure he was not even remotely considered a suspect. And he already had the perfect patsy for his plans: David. As the elevator door opened, he hurried to his room.

He had a lot of programming to do.

—

“You look like shit,” observed Mary.

“Long night?”

“Oh?” She chuckled, “Any good sales?”

“Not a single one, but almost closed on the deal. Might need a bit more negotiations.” There was a dangerous thrill in speaking innuendos with his boss, but Mary seemed open to it. It was almost like talking with a friend, but he knew that he couldn’t go too far with her. She was his boss’ boss.

Next to them, David stiffened and made a grunting noise. He turned away and headed to the far side to where three men in black suits were looking over the paperwork.

Mary watched him, then poked Jim. “You know who that is? The guy with the gray hair?”

“No, who?”

“Robert Malcolm. He’s in charge of technology for the Los Angeles Unified School District. If we could get him in our room, he’d pay for SAAM’s development and our salaries for a year. David better not fuck this up.”

Jim spotted another group heading toward their table. He leaned over to Mary. “I need to get this.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she said as she watched David’s sales pitch discretely, obviously waiting for a place to jump in.

Jim spent a few minutes helping the second group, but they were mainly looking for swag. They took a few brochures but Jim knew they would be tossing them in the recycling bin as soon as they could. Disappointed, he looked back to David’s pitch which was winding down.

Robert ran his fingers over the glossies. “What other platforms do you have besides the browser? Any mobile version? We were just looking at Moscow Intellectual’s product and they have a pretty slick interface for phones.” Moscow Intellectual wrote a competing

product for SAAM. It had almost the same features but not as much data behind it.

David tightened up before he started to speak. "As of right now, the SAAM has not been ported over to mobile platforms. No doubt we will be producing--"

As he spoke, it was obvious that Robert was losing interest. Mary started forward to interrupt, but Jim moved faster. "Excuse me."

David glared at the interruption but Jim pulled out his phone. He set it down on the table in front of him. "I'm the lead developer for SAAM. We are currently working on a beta for a mobile version of the application, but we weren't making a big deal until we could get the main product out. But, I'm sure that if a large customer was interested, we could include them in the closed review of the mobile version. I'd love to get your opinion on what we could improve."

Mary and David stared at him in shock. David started to say something but Mary stomped on his foot with her heel. He staggered back.

Robert looked suspicious. "You have a demo?"

"Gladly." Jim stepped into David's place, picked up his phone, and used his finger to start up his patched version of SAAM. It was a modified version he just finished the night before. It only had one module installed on it, "monthly billing" which would blast a series of images of paying money and signing contracts as the user played with it. It also included pornographic images of finishes, facials and cumming on sexy women, to encourage a desire to find release. He tapped the application and handed the phone over.

Robert took the phone and peered down at it. Hesitantly, he tapped on the screen, then another. Jim said nothing as he watched. He knew not to look where Robert touched the screen, the images would show up underneath his fingertip, but he didn't want to interrupt.

He never saw his brainwashing application actually work. He knew it shouldn't be obvious, even in public, but his stomach still clenched with fear. It was an untested beta being used right in public. One bad piece of logic and he would be flashing porn on a screen with possibly the biggest sale of the product.

Robert continued to use the application.

Another group headed up to the table. Mary shoved David toward them and he limped away as he struggled to wipe the scowl from his face.

Robert found the administrative interface and smiled broadly. That one came with a series of subliminal images of women being chained and bound, forced to service men.

People came and went. As Jim and Mary waited patiently, Robert continued to use it for almost forty-five minutes before he reluctantly set the phone down.

“How much?”

With a broad grin on her face, Mary stepped forward. “I can help with that. I’m Mary Stern, the General Manager of the Education Division. Want to find a conference room and talk?”

“Yes,” Robert shook her offered hand. “I think I do.”

As she drew them away, Mary shot a thankful look to Jim.

Jim was just relieved that he didn’t make a mistake. He watched Mary leading Robert and the others away, then let out a long sigh.

“When the fuck did you do a mobile version?” David whispered as soon as there was a quiet moment.

Jim knew that the next part of his plan was about to start. He shrugged and tried to be casual. “Last couple of days. I had an idea and just banged up a quick demo. Want to see it?”

There was anger in David’s expression, but also curiosity. “Yeah, sure.”

“Got your phone?”

As David pulled out his phone, Jim grabbed his laptop from his bag. He opened it up, started the encrypted partition, and connected David’s phone. Thankfully, he kept his desktop identical to his normal desktop. He navigated to the application packer, the part that chose the modules to install with SAAM. Bringing it up, he spoke. “Now, this code is organized along modules. Besides the basic shell are these tests,” he pointed to most of the tests they had in the full application, “and these additional features. The only one working is this one-”

He pointed to “User profiles” and checked it with his mouse. He just finished the module around four in the morning. It was specially crafted for David and it was designed to create an obsession with Karen and her friends. If Jim programmed it right,

David was about to embark on a trip of stalking and violence that would, if everything worked, ended with Jim not even being considered a suspect.

Jim's cock was hard as he clicked the Install button. As it copied a gigabyte worth of files over to the phone, he forced himself to think about code until his shaft softened again. It ached, but it was a good pain.

David snatched the phone as soon as they finished. The cable popped out as he took it back. He started it up right away. Jim could see the screen reflecting off his eyes and just the briefest flicker of images underneath his fingernail.

Jim backed Karen into his room, kissing her. His hands stroked along her waist, following the ruffled edges of the wrap-around dress. Her hips rocked against his as he cleared the door to let it close behind them.

Her breath was hot against his face as she clutched him tightly, struggling to remain upright as she backed up. She moaned and ran her fingernails across his chest, tugging at his shirt. They ended up against the bed, but when it hit the back of her knees, she sat down too fast.

Their kiss was broken as she let out a soft gasp of surprise and slid hard to the ground.

Jim looked down at the beautiful woman sitting down in front of him, trapped between him and the bed. It would be the perfect opportunity to just pull out his cock and press it against her lovely lips.

She looked up at him with surprise, then peeked over to his shaft tenting his trousers. "I, um, I won't... you know, suck on that," she pulled a face, "because of the taste."

He was disappointed but he decided to add the module to change that. His cock pulsed at the thought of what he would do to her later. He held out his hands. "Too kinky?"

She was grateful as she took his hand and he pulled her up. "Yeah, I'm pretty boring according to Hannah. At least I'll do it with the lights on. That," she peeked up at him, "that isn't a problem, is it?"

“I’m just happy to be here with the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Karen brought him into a frantic kiss. Their lips pressed as she fumbled with his shirt. She couldn’t even get one button undone so Jim reached up and helped her. Their fingers teased and touched as he removed his shirt and tossed it aside.

“You’ll need a condom,” she said huskily.

“In the drawer by the bed.”

“Good,” she purred as she inhaled. Her breasts ground against his chest.

Jim ran his fingers along her soft curves. Her nipples were hard against his palms and he found the fold of fabric that would open her dress. Easing it open, he spread his hands along the soft, hot skin underneath. She wasn’t wearing a bra and he enjoyed the sensation of her wrinkled and perk nipple rubbing directly against his skin.

“Oh, James.”

Jim leaned into another kiss as he dropped his hands to her belt. As they embraced, he unbuckled it and dropped it to the floor. He pulled open her dress and ran his hands along her belly and flanks, exploring the body he enjoyed as a fantasy the night before. She felt beautiful.

He ran his fingers down the plane of her belly to tease her navel. After a moment, he continued further down until the curls of her moist pubic hair caressed his fingers. She didn’t bother with underwear, though he was sure he saw a flash before they went dancing that night.

Karen moaned at the touch. “Yes.”

He followed the curve of her pubic mound and found her slit. It was searing hot and liquid. He found her clitoris easily and rubbed it as he pushed her on the bed.

She almost fell again, but he caught her. Scooting back, she got fully on the bed. She was half-wearing her dress. Her breasts were heaving as she panted. Looking up, she gasped, “Now.”

Jim wanted to tease her more, but the desperate look in her eyes forestalled it. He slipped off the bed to shed his clothes and grab a condom. He slid it on and crawled back on the bed. His cock bobbed as he positioned himself between her legs.

She pulled him into her. He sank into her hot, tight body and it felt like heaven. Finding a comfortable spot, he pulled out his cock and jammed it deep. She let out a gasp. He drove in again, pumping deep. He spread his knees underneath her and she hooked her legs on his hips as he found a rhythm that buried his entire length into her body.

With a night of dancing, and a few beers inside him, it didn't take long for him to reach his orgasm. He held it in with all his might, hoping that she came first.

She did as her face turned red and she tensed around him. Her fingernails dug into his shoulder as she arched her back into him.

He found it hard to drive into her clenching pussy, but he did with deep, erratic strokes. He let out a groan as he came, the hard surges of his cock shaking him from head to toe. He held it there, his cock pulsating deep.

When she started to squirm, he held the condom in place as he withdrew. He tied it off and tossed it in the garbage. A quick visit to the bathroom and he came back, nestling up to her.

She turned so he could spoon her. She was shivering in her afterglow. "I'm glad we didn't do this yesterday. I can't believe I got so drunk."

He did, sliding his body into place and draping his hand over her shoulder. He kissed her neck and she moaned softly.

"That feels good."

"I would never take advantage of you," he murmured even as he tried to think of some way of convincing her to install SAAM on her phone. His cock grew hard again, pressing against the crack of her ass.

Karen squirmed to shift it again. "No kinky stuff."

"Sorry, I was thinking about you."

She turned to kiss him. "Think we'll be able to do this again?"

"Give me a few minutes."

"Good," she said and wiggled back. His cock was pressing against the small of her back and it left a wet smear against her skin. He cupped her breast and kissed her again.

They cuddled in silence for a few minutes. Then, Karen broke the silence.

"James?"

“Yes?” he answered with a kiss along her shoulder.

“The convention ends tomorrow and we start driving back at noon. I wish that there was a way it could be more than a one night stand.”

In a flash, he had an idea. His chest tightened and his cock pulsed hotly. He almost came against her back. He held her tightly as he kissed up along her neck to suck on her earlobe. “Why?”

“Because I want to spend more time with you.”

“You do?”

“Yes,” she held her hand over his, grinding his palm into her breast. “You’re a gentleman. You didn’t take advantage of me when I was drunk and even Mel doesn’t mind you. We share a house, you know.”

“Well...” He shifted his body down, sliding the tip of his cock along the line of her buttocks as he reached down with one hand.

She tensed up, but said nothing.

Rolling to the side, he grabbed another condom and put it on. Getting back into place, he lifted her leg and ran his cock up her slit before he found the wet hole again. He pushed inside her.

Karen moaned and leaned forward, draping her leg over his hip as he thrust into her from behind. It was slower, almost love-making. He had all the time in the world but soon she was writhing on his cock. It ached to fuck so soon, but the idea of using his program against her kept him so excited he could thrust through the discomfort.

She came twice before he let himself come. It filled the condom as he imagined fucking her ass with his hands wrapped around her neck. He pulled it out and tossed it away before shifting so his slimy cock pressed against the small of her back.

“You were saying something,” she whispered, her body tense.

“Well, we’re testing our mobile version right now.” He almost came again with the anticipation. “It would give you an excuse to talk to me. And, if you are having too many issues, I might have to come for a few days to check,” he nipped her shoulder, “you,” he kissed her skin and she shivered, “out.”

“But, it’s really expensive. Even if I sign the contract, we couldn’t afford it.”

"I have the installer on my laptop. No one has to know. I'm sure we can come up with a small trial. Something to appease my boss and encourage them to pay for a service call."

She stiffened. "You'd do that, for me?"

"Of course."

"James? I don't want you to think I'm doing this just to get a cheap copy."

"No, I want to do this."

She had no idea what he really wanted to do.

—

When the security guards closed the doors to the conference hall, Jim didn't think he was happier to be locked in any room. Days of smiling, chatting, and trying to get sales had worn a groove in his tongue and he ached to be back in the relative quiet of his isolated home.

He grabbed a plastic crate underneath the table and pulled out the packing material so they could ship the large-screen monitor safely. Next to him, Julie and Grace gathered up the brochures. Steve and Lester were working on the back wall, tugging off the posters and popping off the foam boards. They all worked in relative silence. None of them wanted to waste any energy that didn't involve heading home.

Mary came up. She was wearing her power suit, jet black with a blood-red blouse underneath. "How are we doing?"

Steve tapped the lid on one of the plastic bins. "Almost done. We'll get the dollie and have this out in the van in less than twenty minutes."

"I hope so. I saw a line of trucks and vans lining up. You might be near the back of the line."

Lester sighed and grabbed the heavy key chain that included everything from the keys for the padlocks to the van keys. "I'll get it."

"No," Mary said holding up her hand, "I want to say something. Um," she looked around, "where is David?"

Jim felt a surge of excitement in his gut. There was a mute silence as everyone looked at each other. Then Grace spoke hesitantly. "He didn't come down this morning."

“Really?” asked Mary in an annoyed tone. “What number is his room?”

Grace and Steve both answered, “814.”

Mary yanked out her phone. “Stay here for a second. I want David here.” She stepped aside and dialed.

Jim found himself watching Mary from the corner of his eye as he packed the monitor. She was standing very straight as she spoke into her phone. Then, she turned around and made a louder demand. After a brief pause, she pulled the phone away to press the screen a few times. As a flash of some screen came up, she read off some numbers.

“Jim?”

Jim jumped and turned to Grace. The blonde woman was gesturing to the monitor. “Could you?”

“Oh, sure!” Blushing with embarrassment, Jim gathered up the monitor and slid it into the padded box. He jammed the cords into the back and made sure it was solid before taping it shut.

By the time he added it to the pile of boxes to move out, Mary was walking by.

“When was the last time anyone saw David?” She was angry.

Jim kept his mouth quiet.

Julie, on the other hand, tapped her manicured finger against the table for a moment. “It was about an hour after you went off with the Los Angeles folks. He said he had to go to the bathroom... and I guess he never came back.”

“What happened?” asked Steve.

“David checked out this morning. No one has seen him yet.”

“Um...” Lester looked down at the key chain. He flipped through the keys for a moment.

“Lester?” asked Mary.

“The van key isn’t here.”

“What!?” Julie let out a shrill scream and yanked the keys from Lester’s hands. She flipped through each one, looking for the key with the fob. “Why the hell did he take the-”

“Julie,” said Mary, “calm down. Just look around and make sure we didn’t drop it. Steve, call General Services back home and get the license plate of the car. Grace?”

“Yes?”

“Call the local rental places and find us a van. Don’t buy it yet, but if we can’t find David, I want us on the road as soon as possible. Now, if you excuse me, I need to find David.”

Jim kept his head down and kept on packing.

—

He was in the back seat of the rental van, dozing off and leaning against the side window. It wasn’t graceful or even adult-like, but most of the others were already passed out themselves. Grace was driving, chatting with Julie in the passenger seat. He yawned and tried to find a comfortable position, but the van was not designed for a sleeping adult in the back seat.

He was just about to drift off to sleep when he heard it. The laser cannon noise from a sci-fi movie. He frowned and clenched his eyes closed, but the cannon blast came again.

“Jim?”

Jim opened his eyes and peered out.

Julie was peering over the seat. She asked, “Is that your phone?”

Realization dawned on him as the third cannon blast echoed in the room. It was his phone, and it was using the special ring from the hacked SAAM he gave Karen. The others were starting to shift and he scrambled for the phone. Tapping the mute button, he unlocked the screen and watched as an indicator started a download of a large video file.

“You are such a geek, Jim.” Julie turned back to chat with Grace, but Jim only glanced at the back of her neck a second before returning his attention on his screen. There was a countdown for the received file: twenty minutes. Twenty minutes until he could see the initial results of his brainwashing.

His cock strained against his trousers. Gulping, he rested his arm over it just in case one of the others looked back. He couldn’t wait, but he also couldn’t listen to the video with the others in the van.

He muted the phone and held his hands where the play button would appear. He didn’t know what was on the video but he desperately wanted to find out how Karen would respond to SAAM. The human mind didn’t always response reliably, but the code for the video was correct for his program.

Jim squirmed for a moment. He glanced up to see Julie looking back at him, a strange look on her face. Sweat prickled his brow and he locked the phone. It would have to wait.

It was only a few hours until he was home.

A few hours filled with anticipation.

—

Jim raced down the winding road to his home. The cars spun on the gravel as he came to a sliding halt a few feet from his garage. He didn't care that it wasn't neatly parked as normal, he felt like his balls were going to explode. He fumbled for the phone and unlocked it.

There were two videos now.

Gulping, he removed the mute on the phone and stabbed the screen to start first video. Peering at the small screen, he watched as Karen came into view. She was standing outside of the car on the side of a highway. It was in the middle of the day as she bounced on her feet. The sound of gravel crunching against her shoes rose up.

"I don't believe I'm about to do this," she giggled.

One of her friends was holding the phone. It bobbed up and down as she adjusted her position.

Hannah leaned into the view. "Go on, just a quick flash and we'll get out of here."

Karen had a bright red blush on her cheeks. She toyed with the bottom of her shirt. As she tugged down, her nipples peeked through the thin fabric, revealing that she had discarded her bra. Jim stared at them as she stretched the shirt down until it outlined her beautiful breasts, then let it go. The fabric wrinkled, but still clung to her almost naked frame.

"Okay," said Melody from behind the camera, "here comes a big truck. Come on, I don't want to get arrested."

Cheeks burning, Karen ran out in front of the car. They were parked on the side of the Interstate. She yanked up the bottom of her shirt and flashed her breasts to the road just as a truck came rushing by. A second later, another truck came slamming past but its brakes lights came on almost immediately. The wheels locked up as the truck screeched to a halt.

"Oh my god, Karen, get in the car!" screamed Hannah.

Breasts still exposed, Karen ran screaming back into the car and threw herself into the back seat. She tugged on her shirt but it only covered one breasts as the video jerked. It panned around and he could see Catherine, one of Karen's quieter friends and a doctor, frantically driving.

"Don't look, don't look at him," Karen moaned from the back seat as she struggled with her shirt.

They blew past the truck which wailed on its horn.

"I think," giggled Hannah, "I think that was a woman."

"Oh god, I'm so embarrassed. I feel like a pink elephant!"

The video cut off but Jim kept holding the phone as he gasped for air. He was hard, harder than ever before, and he could feel precum dribbling down his shaft and soaking into his underwear. The phrase "pink elephant" was one of the keywords to indicate SAAM was working.

He unzipped his pants and fished out his cock. It was hot and wet in his hand. With his dry hand, he started at the video again and dropped the phone on the seat to grab his cock with both hands.

As the video replayed itself, he stared at the little details. All four women were acting drunk, but he knew they weren't. Instead, he had seen the dilated eyes before in all the other women he brainwashed. It was SAAM working, just like it did in every other iteration.

He caught them. All four of them.

He pumped harder, jamming his cock up between his palms. He was frantic in his passion. The anticipation of knowing that four beautiful women were going to be showing up at his front door sent him over the edge and he bellowed out as he came.

His cum splattered on the dashboard and he let out a long, shuddering gasp as he slumped down in his chair. On the seat, the video continued to play.

"Oh god, I'm so embarrassed. I feel like a pink elephant!"

His slimy cock surged to full height at that last words. The video went dark and he looked down at the cum pooling in his palms and the afterglow burning bright inside him. He didn't know how long it would take, but it was just a matter of time.

He thought about David. He needed to do things if he wanted to avoid being caught. Reaching over, he grabbed some napkins from

the glove compartment and wiped his hands off. Retrieving his phone, he headed into the house.

Just as he was going through the front door, he flipped on the switch. It was too early, but he might as well leave out the light. It was visible for miles in all directions and the perfect shade of blue that was repeated in the pictures that now flashed underneath their fingers.

He headed straight upstairs to his computer and switched to his encrypted partition. He connected the phone to it and downloaded geographical and usage information that came with Karen's videos. He copied the second video to his computer, but resisted playing it until he could focus on the plan at hand: dominating four women and framing David for it.

Loading the data into a visualization program, he displayed the location of Karen's phone. It was displayed on a map of the country, carefully copied from the network months ago and disconnected to avoid any incriminating searches. He saw that the video was made only two hundred miles from the convention in California; given the time of recording, they were making good time to Montana from when they left in the afternoon. He plotted the information from the second video, a few hours later, and laid it down on the map.

It was obvious which route they were taking. He smiled to himself. He adjusted it, finding a longer one that would take them a few more days to get back home. With thousands of images being played under their finger, they would have the haunting desire to visit the sights, sleep late, and otherwise take their time. He added more flashing images but also encouragement for Karen to share the phone, to install SAAM on theirs. He even gave access to a pretend backdoor that would let her copy the program to the other phones.

He hovered over the keyboard for a moment, trying to figure out what he wanted. He knew that he wanted to see them humiliated, but he also wanted to see blood. It took him almost an hour to come up with a picture set to program the subliminal messages.

With a rapid beating heart, he sent the files to Karen's phone. It would be hours until he would have a chance to see the results. He stared at their adjusted map, wondering what was going on in their heads.

He brought up the control application for David's phone. He plotted the women's route and sent it along with hundreds of images of stalkers and villains. He wanted David to haunt the women, to chase them, but be obvious about it. David needed to be seen stalking them. Jim gathered up more images of the four women to make sure David picked the right ones. He also included pictures of their car. He sent it off and felt the thrill of anticipation.

Five lives ruined before they ever got close to his home.

His stomach rumbled. It was hours since he ate. He headed downstairs. His kitchen was large, larger than most people's living rooms. It also had grills, stoves, and an island large enough to spit two women at the same time. He did, some time ago with Samantha's daughters.

Smiling to himself, he grabbed a large hunk of meat from the walk-in and made himself some dinner. He whistled as he cooked, thinking about the feel of soft flesh underneath his hands and the way human blood clung to his blade.

He didn't get back to the second video until he was crawling into bed. Picking up his phone, he saw the second video waiting in the corner of the screen. His cock growing harder, he started up the video.

It was Melody sitting in the back seat. She was tugging her curly blonde hair with one hand as she held the phone close to her face. He could see her rounded cheeks and bright blue eyes. She released her hair. "I don't know what's wrong with her. Karen has been obsessed with this guy. He must have fucked her ten ways to Sunday to listen to her."

She sighed and her hand dropped out of sight. She squirmed in place for a moment.

"He told us his name. I know it, I just know it," she sounded frustrated, "but I can't remember. I don't know why, we danced with him for two days, drank until most of us passed out, and I can't remember his name."

She let out a shuddering gasp and her body started to rock back and forth. "Why can't I stop thinking about him?" She whimpered softly and brought up her hands. The tips were glistening in the light of cars driving past. "Who is he?"

Melody stared at her wet fingers. Then, slowly she brought them to her mouth. Just as she slid the fingers into her mouth, the video cut out.

—

He had restless dreams of guilt and blood. As soon as he woke up, he was on his computer. To his embarrassment, it was still on the encrypted drive. Annoyed, he almost turned it off. Instead, he brought up the monitor programs.

Five cell phones were now registered. Four of them were traveling along the route he planned and the fifth was only a few hours behind. He smiled and sent out a few commands to the women's phones. Remarkably, he wanted to use SAAM for its intended purpose, to get a psychological profile of the users. He needed to know their hot buttons, their likes, their dislikes. The only thing different was that the tests were not to measure their likelihood of quitting their job or studying for homework, but to find ways to snare them deeper into his clutches.

It was the hardest thing to turn off his computer. But, he had to go to work. He had to put on a show. He dressed as quickly as he could and headed out the door.

—

“Jim?” It was Mary.

He set down his box of supplies from his new desk. Actually, it was David's old desk, but after the series of morning announcements, it was now his desk. He straightened up. “Yes?”

“I know it's a long shot, but is there any chance you've heard from David?”

Jim knew exactly where David was, about ten hours drive away and chasing after four women that he shouldn't be chasing.

“No,” he lied.

“Has he connected with you on any of the social sites? Professional or personal? I shouldn't ask, but they...” She sighed and folded her hands across her chest.

“Is something wrong?”

“They found the van. It was abandoned in a parking lot, but the police said that he stole another vehicle. They aren't sure which one... there was a fire and they are still sorting out the mess.”

“My god,” gasped Jim with a look of shock on his face but fully knowing that pyromania was part of David’s subliminal programming. He made a point of thinking for a moment as he fought the joy building inside him. “If he uses the VPN, we could track it then.”

“I remember hearing that you did it when Samantha went missing. We are already monitoring that and his cell phone. He isn’t using his network access or even his credit cards. He is completely off the grid.”

That surprised Jim. He thought David was still using his original cell phone. He made a mental note to query the phone when he got back home. “Well, if there is anything I can do to help?”

Mary sighed, then gestured to his office. “Just keep doing what you’re doing. Tomorrow you have a kick-off for the mobile version of SAAM.”

“Of course.”

—

When he got home, there was another video waiting for him on one of the many remote servers he had access to. The server was a torrent downloading machine located somewhere in the Switzerland. He paid a small amount of money every month for it, but instead of downloading porn, he used it to discretely gather up videos from five smart phones winding their way across the ground.

He kicked off the download of the first and watched as the bytes started to come in. The estimate showed up a few seconds later, an hour and a half. He was hard and anxious, but it wouldn’t make the file transfer any faster. He forced himself to lock the screen and head downstairs for dinner.

Tonight was steak, thick and bloody. He imagined it was a hunk of Hannah’s thigh as he stroked the side before slicing his knife into it. His cock grew hard with his fantasy and he distracted himself by imaging how he would prepare all of the girls when they showed up... if they showed up.

Two hours later, he sank back into the chair wearing nothing but a bath robe. His skin was still wet from his shower. He was relaxed, except for his manhood which stood up full and erect. Trembling, he double-checked that the window was closed before hitting play.

The screen went dark, then it came back. The ID on the screen was Catherine's phone and it was focused directly on Hannah. The European girl was in the back seat of their car, one leg on each of the front seats and her ass at the edge of the seat. She was naked, beautiful and pale-skinned. Her pussy had a neat little heart above it, but otherwise was bare. Her pussy lips were dark red and swollen.

Karen nestled in next to her, one hand pressing against Hannah's breast as she fumbled with her shirt.

"I," Hannah whimpered, "can't believe I'm going to do this."

"Go on, do it for him," said Melody from the driver's seat. The "him" sounded significant and Jim knew that this video was for him, and only him.

Hannah reached back and grabbed the head rests of the back seat. As she moved, her back arched and her large breasts were pushed into view.

Karen finished peeling open her shirt, revealing her own smaller but just as lovely breasts. She shifted into position before she reached out and ran her fingernails along Hannah's breasts. It left five little red lines from one mound to the other. When a nail caught Hannah's nipples, she jerked and gripped the headrests tighter.

"Oh, god," moaned Hannah.

"He's going to cut you," whispered Karen as she scraped her nails back across Hannah's belly. The lines were bright red against her pale skin. "He has a knife, we all know it. And he's going to—" She dug her nails into Hannah's breast and pulled hard.

Hannah let out a scream as she arched her back. One of the headrests shook as she jerked at it.

When Karen finished scratching her, she reached out with both hands and dug her fingernails into Hannah's breasts. She twisted as she ground her hip into Hannah's legs. "H-He is going to rip these off."

Hannah moaned and Jim could hear Catherine breathing hard.

"He's going to cut them, slice them," Karen jerked as her knuckles grew white. A trickle of blood welled up from her fingers as she yanked back. Ten lines of red formed on Hannah's breasts, then welled up with blood.

"Is that what you want?" gasped Karen.

"Yes," screamed Hannah.

“Tell him?”

The video panned up the scratches along Hannah’s body and settled on the European woman’s face.

“Is he?”

“He’s listening,” breathed Catherine.

“I want you...” Hannah gulped. “I want you to hurt me. Cut me. Please, master?”

“What about your breasts?”

“Oh god, please. Cut them off. Tear into them. Yank them from me.”

Catherine’s camera shook as she asked, “And your cunt? Your nasty little pussy?”

“Cut it out. Gut me like a fucking hunk of meat. Fuck me and gut me. Please... please just hurt me.”

Karen reached out and between Hannah’s legs. Her fingers slid into Hannah’s wet pussy, but didn’t stay there. Digging her nails in deep, Karen scratched up Hannah’s belly, leaving five bloody lines up to the girl’s throat.

“Oh god,” Melody said sharply, “I think that cop just saw us!”

As a red and blue lights began to flash, the video cut off.

—

The next day was agonizing. None of the women had uploaded videos and he didn’t dare search for them online to see if they were arrested. But, his tracking program showed that they were still following the route he planned. David finally caught up with them that night, but no one uploaded videos.

Jim could do nothing but wait. He wondered if his programming had failed in some way, if they were about to catch him. He wanted to look for a video, to catch it as soon as it was uploaded, but he could also feel the specter of doubt creeping into his thoughts. He finally broke down and switched his computer to the non-encrypted partition. A few hours of work and dinner would distract him.

He didn’t check for videos until the next morning. When he saw two being uploaded, his heart skipped a beat. It would be hours before he could view them, right about the same time Mary had a staff meeting planned.

Reluctantly, Jim shut down his computer and headed into work.

—

It was Catherine's turn. She was on her hands and knees on a motel bed. Her breasts were just touching the covers as Melody knelt at the foot of the bed and ran his fingers up along Catherine's inner thighs.

Catherine jumped at the touch. "Please, I need him so badly."

There was a haunted quality to her voice. She rocked her hips and forth. Her pussy was covered in a sparse, wet hairs. They clung to her labia and came apart like Velcro as Karen spread her pussy open.

"How badly," gasped Hannah. She was holding the camera this time.

"I want him inside me." She rocked her hips, "I need him deep."

Karen ran two fingers up Catherine's pussy, sliding back and forth along the slick lips, before she eased two fingers into her.

Catherine gasped. "More."

Karen pumped her fingers in hard, slapping the flesh with her knuckles, but Catherine continued to beg.

"Harder! Damn it, I need him! Hurt me, damn it."

Karen added a third finger and wet noises filled the room. She grabbed Catherine's ass with her other hand, holding it tight as she punched her fist against Catherine's pussy, driving the fingers in deep.

"Please," begged the woman on her hands and knees, "harder!"

Karen panted. "I... can't much harder."

The door to the hotel room slammed shut. Hannah swung the camera over to where Melody was standing in the door, stark naked. Melody giggled with a flush covering her from cheeks to pussy. "I think someone saw me."

"What were you-" Karen asked, but then stopped as Melody dropped a toolbox next to Karen. "Oh," she finished with a grin. Pulling wet fingers out of Catherine's sex, she flipped open the tools. After frantically tossing through the contents, she held up a huge flat-headed screwdriver.

Seeing it, Catherine moaned and spread her legs. "Oh, god, yes."

Karen flipped the screwdriver so the thick, plastic head was poised at pink opening. She started to push it in, but Catherine shoved back.

"Don't fucking be gentle. He won't be."

Karen stood up, giving Jim a view of her ass and pussy. She knelt on the edge of the bed and fisted her hand around the metal shaft of the screwdriver. As Hannah found a new position, a close-up of Catherine's pussy and the screw driver, Karen reached out and grabbed Catherine's hair.

"Fine, bitch, here he is."

Without a second warning, she jammed the handle of the screwdriver into Catherine's pussy. It tore out some of the hairs and Catherine let out a scream, but Karen shoved her face-first into a pillow. "Quiet, bitch!"

Catherine's voice came out as a muffled moan.

Karen grabbed the screwdriver and began to pound it into her, driving it with hard, brutal strokes. The wet, fleshy impact sent a thrill through Jim as he watched Karen brutalizing Catherine. It looked painful, but Karen continued to drive into her. The plastic glistened with Catherine's juices, then it grew pink with a faint haze.

"I think you're cutting her," said Hannah in a soft, dreamy voice.

Karen grunted and yanked it out, holding up the pink-sheened screwdriver to the camera. Then, she flipped it over. "I'll show her cutting."

She positioned the metal inside the clenching opening of Catherine's sex. She hesitated, as if having second thoughts.

"Go on," whispered Melody. The camera panned to show the blonde on her knees on the floor, one hand between her sex and fingering herself as she reached into the toolbox for something to masturbate with.

The camera returned as Karen tightened her grip on Catherine's hair. "Here you go, bitch."

The screwdriver drove into Catherine's pussy clear to the fist at the base. Catherine jerked violently and she screamed shrilly. Even through the pillow, it came out as a high-pitched wail of pain. When Karen yanked it out, there was bright red blood on the tip. She drove it back in, stabbing Catherine's cunt like a knife a few times before she finally released the screwdriver. It came out with a spurt of blood.

Trembling, Karen pulled Catherine back from the pillow.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," chanted Catherine.

“Are you-” gasped Melody. When Hannah panned over, Melody was fucking a road flare into her pussy. Her wet juices coated the plastic tubing. She jammed it in deep.

Jim saw something and hit the pause button. In the window of the hotel room was David, watching with his own phone recording the event. His face was a dark mask of insanity and rage. Seeing it, Jim couldn't help a thrill that did nothing to stop the slick cock in his hand from throbbing. He tapped the play button again.

Hannah finished the sentence. “-okay?”

“It hurts,” whimpered Catherine, “but don't stop.”

Karen stared at the screwdriver for a long moment as a droplet of blood oozed down the shaft. Slowly, she brought the sharp edge of it back to Catherine's pussy.

At the first touch, Catherine jerked and let out a moan. “He wants to fuck me,” she whimpered.

“Yes,” Karen said as she braced herself, “he does.”

The screwdriver punched into Catherine's pussy. She screamed out and drove her face into the pillow to muffle her noise. When it came out, Catherine shuddered.

Karen fucked Catherine hard, using the screwdriver like a cock. Her fist was at the base of the metal shaft and it sounded like Karen was punching Catherine with the rapid-fire strokes. It wasn't long before Catherine's pussy juices were mixed with bright blood. It coated Karen's fist and dribbled down Catherine's thighs.

Jim wondered if Catherine would survive the impact, but then Melody screamed out. “Oh, my god, there's someone watching!”

The camera spun around, shaking and bobbing, as Hannah tried to see where the voyeur was. It took a few heart-pounding seconds before she aimed it at David. There was a brief look into the mind-controlled insanity on David's face, then the video ended.

Jim had to wipe his hands clean before he started the second video. He knew what it was already, but seeing the world from David's eyes as he recorded a naked Melody running out to the car, sent another thrill through Jim. He watched as she yanked open the back and pulled out the road safety toolbox. A few seconds later, she glanced at David and froze.

David swore, “Fuck,” and dove down beneath the dash. The camera went blank for a moment, but it was only a few seconds before he was up and heading to the motel room.

The rest of the video went like the others. Jim watched as Catherine was fucked by Karen’s fingers, then with the screwdriver. From the different angle, it was still intense and soon Jim was cumming in his palms as he pumped himself frantically.

—
Mary entered his office and shut the door. There was a serious look on her face as she leaned against the door. “Jim, you have a moment?”

Jim minimized the applications on his screen. “Of course.”

“I have something personal, but you don’t have to answer.”

Jim felt a prickle of fear, but it was only Mary in his office. “Um, sure?”

“Did you fuck that girl at the convention? I think her name was Karen? Now, you don’t have to answer, but I...” She pushed herself off the door and hurried over. She set down a piece of paper. “You don’t have to answer, but if you did, I’m sorry.”

She turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

Jim stared at it for a long moment before he picked up the paper. It was a printed page from a news site, complete with ads for razor blades and tools. He scanned it curiously, but when he saw David’s name, he stopped.

“Stalker Attacks Four Women” was the title of the piece. It described how David was hunting down four women traveling together. He apparently attacked them with a screwdriver and did “serious but not life-threatening injuries” to one of them and heavily scratched two others. They were released, but the paper went on to describe the manhunt for David.

As he read it, Jim sank down in his chair. His heart thumped as he re-read the article. His mind-control program was working and David was becoming the stalker that Jim wanted him to become. It was just a matter of days before the programming would escalate.

It was the point of no return for all of them.

He set down the page, unable to hear in the pounding in his chest. He needed to send more updates to the phones, but he couldn’t leave for work. It would be a long six hours.

—

The next day was only a single video. Jim started the download before cleaning his house. As he enjoyed the fantasies of killing the four women, he vacuumed and dusted and straightened. In the last few weeks, he'd had been letting his chores lapse and it was time to clean up. When he finished, he made a point of turning on the light outside. It was too early, but they would be coming for it.

As soon as he finished, he sank down in his office chair and started up the video. It was David's camera, not one of the girls. He was sad for a moment, then he heard David whispering under his breath.

"Blue cheese is grand. Blue cheese is—" It was one of the keywords Jim used to show programming. It was also the phrase that told him that David's subliminal programming was switching over from stalker to kidnapper.

The camera flashed down to a gun in David's hand. Then up to a small restaurant. The camera was focused on the four women of Jim's dreams sitting in the corner. They were laughing and chatting with each other. Hannah had a bandage on her cheek and Karen still wore a medical bracelet, though she looked uninjured. Jim was curious why the bracelet was on, but then David was in the store.

"Everyone down on the ground!"

There was screaming as people dropped to the ground. From behind the counter, the teenage cashier spoke up in a tiny voice. "We don't have money, mister."

"I don't want no fucking money. I want those bitches," he gestured toward Karen and her friends.

Karen looked up at the gun and screamed at the top of her lungs. She tried to crawl behind the table, but David brandished the gun at her.

"Get on your feet, bitch!"

Sobbing and with tears running down her cheeks, Karen staggered to her feet.

"And the rest of you. Come on, you fucking sluts, on your feet!"

He forced all of them to stand up, then herded them out of the door. The last thing he did before he left was take a shot at the security camera. It missed, but the bang sent a bolt through Jim as the camera went dead.

—
Jim sat in the front row of the main conference room. He was nervous but he managed to look calm.

His nervousness came from the three police officers in the front of the room, grim-faced as they sat in the chairs. Mary was next to them, sitting with an equally serious expression.

It didn't take long for the room to fill with all the employees in the building. The noise rose to a pitch, but then silence as Mary stood up and cleared her throat.

"All right. As some of you know, one of our former," she empathized the word, "employees was just caught... performing a crime. The detective here," she gestured down to a balding man next to her, "wants to talk to us to make sure he is brought to justice. While I know you all have jobs, this does look bad on our company. He met at least one of the women at PolyConSoCal where he was just demoted. So, please, do whatever you can to help the detectives."

She sat down. Her eyes flickered over to Jim who made a point of looking intently at the detective as he stood up.

"Thank you, Ms. Stern, my name is..."

—
The manhunt ignited the television and radio networks. David's face was plastered on every board and screen across the country. He was spotted racing down a street with Karen pounding on the back window. Another person caught him holding up a gas station to fill up, but leaving without robbing anyone.

All the time, Jim sent discrete controls to all five of the smart phones. He was worried they would catch him, but David surprised Jim by switching phones. One video that came in was from David's new phone; it was David destroying the previous one. Somehow, he copied the patched SAAM over to his new one and Jim still had control.

—
Jim groaned and rolled over to stare at the bright green numbers on the clock. It was just after three in the morning, but he couldn't sleep. He considered getting up and checking out his computer, but after last night's video of David forcing Karen to masturbate with a

screwdriver again left Jim feeling sated and he didn't quite need another fix.

It was a week since David snapped. After four days of catching him on cameras and videos, David and the others suddenly disappeared. The computer map showed their phones heading toward Jim, but they were along back roads and during off hours. They were winding back.

Jim didn't know when they would show up. He hoped it would be soon, if anything to calm his nerves, but also because he wanted to finally have Karen and the others in his hands, under his knife.

His cock twitched to life. He dreamed of cutting Hannah's throat while fucking her ass. He wanted to grab her body, feel her straining, as he ran the knife across her beautiful throat. His thoughts brought his erection to full mast and he groaned at the ache.

He decided to see if there were any new videos. Crawling out of bed, he grabbed a light bath robe and started down the stairs. As he came around, he saw a light bobbing in the distance. He froze, his heart suddenly pounding.

Was it the cops? Was is a detective? Or, could it be, his four lovely victims?

Trembling, he watched as it drew closer. It was a single car, a minivan. He didn't recognize it. He glanced at the porch to verify that the bright light was on—it was. His breath quickening, Jim hurried down the stairs and unlocked the front door. As the minivan pulled in front of the house, he stepped out.

David slammed the door open as he got out. His hands were balled into fists as he stormed around. "The blue mouse must deliver. The blue mouse must..." When Jim heard the key phrase, he relaxed. David was still under his control.

Around him, the insects buzzed as David pulled open the side door. Inside, four women, four beautiful women, were sitting quietly on the floor, staring at nothing. Karen was leaning against Hannah and staring at the back of the driver's side seat.

Melody looked up, moving like she was drugged, but when she focused on Jim, her face brightened. "Oh, my god, Jim!"

"You," gasped Catherine. She scrambled out of the car and flung herself at Jim. Jim opened his arms as she hugged him tightly. "Oh

god, thank you. You are finally here. I need you... I need you so badly."

"It's okay," Jim said as he squeezed her back, "you're home."

She began to cry into his shoulder as the other women gathered around Jim. Jim slid his other arm around Hannah and Karen nestled between the two to hug him around the waist. It was almost overwhelming and he didn't know what to do.

"What," David said in a tired, distracted voice, "do you want?"

Jim leaned away from the girls and turned Karen toward his front door. "Give me a chance to talk to David. Why don't you all go inside?"

"I-Inside?" whimpered Hannah.

Jim smiled. "Yeah, I bet you need a shower."

"Oh god," Karen gasped, "it's been days."

"Go on, I'll be inside soon."

Reluctantly, the four women stepped away. They headed into the house, not bothering with jackets or their luggage. Jim watched them, a warm filling him as he watched Catherine's ass as she closed the door behind her.

Jim turned back to David. "David."

"What do you want?" David still spoke in a distracted voice.

"I need you to do something."

"The blue mouse must deliver."

"Yes," Jim said, "but right now. I need the green cat to hiss." It was a phrase to change David's actions. As soon as the words came out, David straightened. The dazed look in his eyes faded into sharp clarity. David dug into his pocket and pulled out a handgun.

For a moment, Jim wondered if something had gone wrong, but David just checked the safety and switched it over to his other pocket.

David dug back into his pocket and pulled out a heavily scratched cell phone. He flipped it face down and handed it to Jim. "Where?"

"Mount Rushmore." It was far away and it would take time for David to get there.

"Fuck..." the eyes grew dazed for a moment, "okay."

Without another word, David turned and got back into the beat-up minivan. The engine roared to life and he pulled out, driving slowly as he headed back up to the road to the main street. If he

followed his program, he would do nothing to attract attention to himself until he was at least a couple hundred miles. And then, if all went well, it would end with a high-profile chase and maybe David being gunned down before he could reveal anything.

Jim felt a sense of power over the man driving away. David was an asshole but he probably didn't deserve the rest of his short life. Jim felt a frown ghosting his face. David may not deserved it, but he was at the wrong place when Jim found something he wanted.

With a smile, Jim turned around.

His shoes thudded as he walked up the stairs to his porch. As he opened the door, he caught a hint of one of the girl's perfumes. It was a delicate, teasing scent. He smiled and walked to the foot of the stairs. He could hear Hannah and Karen speaking and the hiss of a shower.

A clink from the kitchen caught his attention. Strolling, he headed into the kitchen to see Catherine leaning against the huge island in the kitchen, toying with a knife. She looked sad and longing at the same time.

"I dreamed about this kitchen," she started, "every night when I was sleeping. I wondered if it was fake or if I really was going to die here."

"And now?" whispered Jim.

"I wonder if you are going to kill me."

He stepped forward and took the knife from her hand. Her fingers were steady as she released it. He held it by the hilt and rested the sharp point on the ridge of her collarbone.

She shuddered at the touch. With a soft moan, she closed her eyes and clutched the island.

Jim was hard as he dragged the tip of the knife along her skin toward the strap of her dirty shirt. It left a little scratch as he traced along her pale skin. When he reached her strap, he worked the blade underneath the hem and pushed it through.

Catherine let out another moan, her breast heaving as he worked the blade underneath the fabric.

When he saw the tip on the far side, he twisted it so the sharp edge was aimed up and pulled. The fabric tented around the blade, then the sharp metal sliced through the cloth. The front of her shirt

flipped down, revealing her small, but perky breast to the air of the kitchen.

Jim pressed the blade back down. "I'm going to kill you, Cat."

She whimpered and inhaled sharply.

He pressed down on the knife until it dimpled her flesh. With a slow, deliberate movement, he drew the blade down. It left a shallow cut along her skin as he dragged it down toward her nipple.

She sobbed as he moved, bright droplets of blood welling out from the cut. She spread her legs as she leaned into the island, making herself vulnerable to his blade.

He reached the dark circle of her aureole. He pricked it down, the blade piercing the flesh, but he held it there for a moment, then drew the blade away. "But, tonight, no one is going to die."

"Oh," she said in a disappointed tone.

Melody entered the kitchen. "Um, I couldn't find anything."

Jim turned to look at her, then stopped with shock. Melody was wearing nothing but one of his t-shirts. Her breasts were still damp and the fabric stuck to the swells of her breasts. Her nipples stuck out from the fabric, the shadows alluring as the wet hair sticking to the back of her neck. Between her legs, her pussy lips were just visible between the water glistening on her inner thighs.

In that moment, Jim knew that she would be first.

He gulped and squirmed as his cock ground against his jeans. He hesitated for a moment, then adjusted himself. "That is lovely."

"You think so?" she asked, obviously unsure of herself. She turned around, baring her ass sticking out of the damp fabric, then back to him. "It isn't very elegant."

"It doesn't need to be."

"What if someone comes?"

"No one is going to come."

Melody shivered at that. She looked haunted for a moment before she wrapped her arms around her chest. "No one?"

"No one," said Jim, "you'll stay here for the rest of your life."

For a moment, she looked scared, then she let out a long sigh. She stepped forward, her bare feet sticking to the tile floor of the kitchen. "Will it be a long life?" Her hand hovered over her hip as she waited for an answer, her breath quickening.

Jim shook his head. "No."

Melody let out a soft little moan and slid her hand between her thighs. She spread her labia with two fingers as her middle digit rubbed against her clitoris. “H-How?”

Jim stepped forward and delved his hand between her legs, slipping his fingers around her. Melody was wet, almost soaking, as he pushed two fingers into her hot hole. She trembled at his touch, staring at him with bright eyes.

“How?” she repeated.

“I think,” he paused as he thought about the endless fantasies he had. He smiled. “I’m going to lie you down on this island.”

She moaned.

“And I’m going to shove into you as much stuffing as I can in your tight,” he jammed his finger deeper, “little”, another thrust of three fingers that brought a gasp, “pussy. And then I’m going to spit your sexy little ass and roast you alive.”

From the doorway, Hannah let out a gasp. “Will it hurt?”

Jim shoved a fourth finger into her pussy and jammed so hard that Melody lifted on her toes. “Yes.”

Melody swayed and slumped against his hand. Her weight bore down as he lowered her to the ground. Her knee hit the tiles with a thump as she stared up at him with bright, shimmering eyes.

He held his dripping fingers in front of her face. “Suck them, Mel.”

Melody closed her eyes and opened her mouth. He rested his fingers against her tongue, shivering at the sensation of the hot lips wrapping around his digits. She sucked on them, rolling her tongue around his fingertips to lap up every hint of her juices off.

Jim looked up to see Hannah and Karen in the door. Hannah had a towel wrapped around her breasts, her shaved pussy clearly visible. Karen wore Jim’s bath robe, but it was opened to reveal her glorious body.

Hannah caught Jim’s gaze and stumbled forward. She dropped to her knees, pulling open her towel. Her breasts, large and rounded, stood out from her chest as she reached out for Jim’s pants. “Please... me second?”

Jim let her pull him closer. She pulled open his pants and fished out his cock. It bobbed in the air for a moment, a droplet forming at the tip of his cock.

Hannah kissed the tip. When she pulled back, there was a little line of precum connecting his shaft to her lips. She smiled and kissed the head again. Her lips spread open along the crown of his shaft and she drew him deep into her mouth. She was hot and slick.

Jim's knees almost buckled from the sensation and he grabbed her head for balance. Driving forward, he slid his cock into her mouth until he felt the tip of his shaft pressing against the back of her throat. Her lips were at his base, squeezing tightly as he held it there and enjoyed the incredible sensations.

After a moment, he needed more. Sliding it out, he thrust back into her willing mouth. His balls slapped against her chin. He smiled and got a better grip, running his fingers through her thick, dark hair. He could feel her skull in his grip as he began to thrust harder and faster into her mouth, crushing her nose as he tried to drive deep into her throat.

Hannah moaned around him, the vibrations adding to his pleasure. Her tongue lapped at his cock, getting it wet. When he pulled out, it glistened with her saliva. He looked down to see her eyes fixed on him, wide and hungry, desperate.

Jim thrust harder, slamming his hips into her face, fucking her. Her entire body shook from the impact as he gagged her with his cock. It was growing painful with the urge to come.

Then, he happened to glance up to see Karen watching with rapt fascination. She had one thigh hooked on the door as she rocked back and forth.

Jim slowed down. He was right on the cusp of an orgasm, but he needed more. He pulled one hand up from Hannah's head. "Karen, over here."

Karen shook her head. "I said I don't do the kinky-"
"Now."

She whimpered but pushed herself off the door. On bare feet, she walked across the kitchen to where Jim pointed next to Hannah.

"Kneel."

Her lips parted with his command. She sank to her knees, eyes suddenly bright with tears. The robe parted around her breast, giving him access to the soft mounds.

He trailed his eyes up to her throat, then her face. With a smile, he reached out with his free hand and ran his fingers through her brown hair.

“You are both so beautiful.”

He pulled them back to his aching shaft. Two mouths opened obediently, each one on the side of his dripping shaft. It was intense as they both sucked and licked. Hannah moved up toward the tip again, but Jim pushed her down to the base while guiding Karen up to the end.

Karen resisted, but obeyed as she ran his lips along the end, then spread them obediently. He pushed inside her, enjoying the wet, liquid depths of her mouth. On the other side, Hannah worked her way down, sliding her body between his legs as she mouthed his right testicle.

Jim spread his legs further apart. He was very close to the edge. The feeling of Hannah’s mouth suckling on his balls, one then the other, coupled with the feeling of thrusting into Karen’s mouth was too much. He released Hannah to grab Karen with both hands.

Karen whimpered and tried to pull away. Jim forced her back down, shoving her head until his cock hit the back of her throat. He forced it deeper, into her her throat until her lips were ground against his base.

Below, Hannah continued to suck on his balls. Her fingers teased Jim’s inner thighs and buttocks, circling around as she switched to the other side.

Jim couldn’t take it anymore. Unwilling to pull away from Hannah, he pushed Karen’s head back, then yanked it back down. He used her body to fuck his cock, pushing and pulling as he rushed toward an orgasm.

He was in the back of her throat when the first blast of cum came. She coughed violently as he thrust hard into her mouth for the second. He pulled out for the third and fourth, letting it splatter across her face and nose; it mixed with the tears running down her cheeks. The last few hit her throat and breasts, sliding down her heaving chest.

He stepped back, gasping. He reached down to squeeze out the last few drops, but Hannah pushed away his hand and clamped her mouth down on his sensitive cock. He moaned as she deep-throated

him, gulping and lapping. With a long, sensual movement, she pulled back as she sucked, leaving him clean and glistening.

Hannah finished with a little kiss, then reached up to wipe the bit of cum from the corner of her mouth. "Yummy."

Karen sobbed as she knelt on the floor, cum running down her face.

Jim looked over to Melody and Catherine who were both masturbating against the center island. "Clean her up?"

Catherine started toward the sink, but Melody headed straight for Karen. She dropped to her knees and ran his fingers through the white liquid. Catherine stopped as Melody brought up a dripping finger and sucked on it. As Melody repeated her gesture, Catherine looked over to Jim.

Jim smiled. "With your mouth, Cat."

Unlike Karen, Catherine didn't hesitate. She knelt down next to Melody. She held Karen's shoulders with both hand and lowered her mouth to the dripping nipple. Her tongue darted out, tasting it, then she spread her mouth over the erect nipple. Karen moaned at the touch, then arched her back as Melody licked at her neck and Catherine on her chest.

It took almost five minutes to clean and Jim was hard again. His cock bobbed as he watched three women lick Karen's body clean. The brown-haired beauty was on her back, writhing on the tiles as mouths kissed and nipped at glistening flesh. Hannah had moved up between Karen's legs and had her lips clamped over her pussy.

Jim needed to come again. He reached down and wrapped his fingers around Catherine's hair. Pulling her to her feet, he turned her around and pushed her into the island. Her small breasts smacked the cutting board surface and he spread her legs apart. Her pussy was red with excitement and dripping with lust. He spared no time to drive into her depths. He sank to the hilt in a single thrust.

Catherine let out a gasping moan, then clutched the edges of the cutting board.

"I'm," gasped Jim, "going to kill you here."

Her pussy clenched around his cock. He thrust harder, forcing his way into the silky friction of her sex. When he withdrew, it was with a loud slurping noise.

"I think I'm going to choke you..."

“With your cock?” she whimpered.

His shaft surged at the thought. “Yes!” He drove deep, pounding her tiny ass and grinding her hips into the sharp edge of the cutting board. “I’m going to fuck your face until you choke, and then keep on fucking you until-”

He couldn’t hold it any more. With a groan, he came in her pussy, flooding it with a second load of cum.

She gasped, her pussy clenching around his cock. She rocked her hips as he finished filling her.

When he pulled out, Melody was waiting. She pulled Jim into her mouth, leaving cum smeared on her face as she worked on cleaning him.

A moment later, Hannah squeezed between them to lick at Catherine’s dripping snatch.

Jim smiled to himself. It was working better than he expected. With a moan, he looked down at his hard shaft sliding in and out of Melody’s lips. He was sore but excited. Reaching down, he brushed her blonde hair from her face.

“Okay, but after this, I have to make dinner.”

Jim was hot. He crawled out of his dreams of blood and violence and inhaled sharply. The first thing he realized is that there was someone else in his bed, a soft body smelling of perfume. Slowly, he opened his eyes and found himself staring at Hannah’s ass only a few inches away.

She had one leg hooked up over the edge of the bed, giving him a view of her pussy lips pressed together. The morning sunlight speared through the curtains to highlight the tiny hairs and imperfections of her body.

He didn’t care about the imperfections. All Jim could think is that he was the luckiest man in the world. He reached over and ran a fingertip delicately along the pressed lips of her pussy and up to the wrinkled opening of her ass.

Hannah moaned and leaned forward, spreading her legs as she shifted to the edge of the bed on her stomach. Her dark hair spread out in a fan across her back.

Jim shifted away from her, but then brushed against a second body. Peering over his shoulder, he saw Karen wrapped around

Catherine. Her arms and legs were tight around the slender woman but Jim felt his heart beating faster as he saw that Catherine had her own hand held lightly around Karen's throat, not squeezing but it looked like she was strangling her.

He peered up and looked for Melody. He didn't see her, but he did spot an empty spot at his feet where she was sleeping. Curious, he slipped out from the bed and pulled on his robe. Padding out of the bedroom, he looked through the rooms for Melody.

When he didn't find her, he headed down the stairs. In the kitchen was a plate on the center island, it looked like Melody had started to make herself breakfast, but the eggs on it were still steaming.

A prickle of concern rose up as he looked into the walk-in freezer. There was nothing abnormal except for the hunks of beef hanging in the back. Someone had pushed them along the railing on the ceiling, but otherwise they were untouched. He glanced into the equal-sized refrigerator, but then headed into the living room. He smiled at the couch, he killed so many women on it.

He stopped at the front door, it was cracked open. Slowly, he pushed it open until he saw Melody sitting on the front step of the porch, staring out at the brilliant dawn stretching across the sky. She was holding a cup of coffee in both hands and there were tears on her face.

Jim paused in the door opening. For a long moment, he wasn't sure what to do, but then he left the door open and went into the kitchen to get a cup himself. Holding it closely, he crossed the porch and sat down next to Melody.

As soon as he settled into place, she leaned over to rest her head on his shoulder. "I'm scared, Jim."

She was wearing the other robe in the house. It was tied tightly around her waist, but the top spread open to reveal the swell of her breasts. He breathed in the scent of her hair, floral and perfumed. When she rested her hand on his thigh, his cock jumped to attention.

"Am I really going to die?"

Jim nodded, his throat too tight to talk.

"Today?"

"This afternoon."

Her fingers tightened on his thigh. “I don’t have long, do I?”

“No,” he whispered.

She reached into his robe and fished out his cock. Still leaning against his shoulder, she stroked his length with her fingers, sliding up and down in sensual movements. She wasn’t in a hurry and neither was he; Jim spread his legs to give her more access and watched as his cock bobbed in her grip.

His cock swelled in her grip, turning a dark purple in color as pre-cum coated the head and her fingers. He stared with rapt attention and rocked his hips into her hand.

“Jim?”

“Yes?”

She was moving as she talked. “I need you inside me.” She lifted her body and straddled his hips. She aimed her pussy, already spreading open with excitement, over his cock and sank down on his shaft. She let out a soft moan as he was buried into her wet depths.

Melody gripped his shoulders for balance. Then, she lifted herself and dropped back down. He rested his hands on her hips to keep her aimed, but she do the movement as she bobbed up and down, riding his cock.

“I dreamed that you were hurting me. You started cutting me with a knife, but then you were doing terrible things.” Her strokes grew faster, “And, I’m scared that I wanted it. I wanted to feel you jamming that knife in me, I want to be impaled by you... by that metal spike I found in your kitchen.”

Jim almost came at her whispered, frantic words. He moved his hands up to her breasts, cupping the soft mounds before he caught her nipples between his fingers. He crushed them between her fingers.

Melody let out a hiss of pain and rode his cock faster. Her pussy was soaked and he could feel his balls growing wet by the rivulets of juices pouring down his cock.

He spread his fingers over her right mound, then suddenly dug his fingers into the softness. He strained to crush her tit in his hand.

“Yes!” she whimpered and slammed her body down on his cock. She clutched his shoulders as each impact of her hips drove him into the porch. The wood creaked from the thrusts. He could feel

her cervix at the end of her stroke as she strained to force him deeper into her sex.

He came inside her, but she kept riding his cock. He could only grip tighter to her breasts as he felt his cum flooding her insides and then pouring out with her frantic thrusts.

“Hurt me,” she whimpered, “please hurt me!”

He tried squeezing, but it wasn't enough. He spotted his coffee cup and got an idea. His entire body shaking from her desperate fucks, he reached over and upended it. As coffee poured out on the porch, he smashed it into the wooden deck. Pieces flew everywhere but he had a large sharp edge still attached to the handle.

“Oh god, yes,” Melody cried as she saw it.

Jim pulled her tight his body, struggling to keep her balanced on his cock as she kept pounding him. With his other hand, he brought up the ceramic shard and dragged it down her back.

Melody screamed out shrilly and her pussy grew instantly wetter. “Yes!”

He bit down on her shoulder as he dragged the shard along her back. Every time it pierced her skin, she froze as her orgasm hit her. Then she resumed her thrusting, pounding on his aching cock even faster as she gasped.

Jim continued to cut into her, leaving lines down her back until blood dripped off his thighs and on the porch. The smell of it teased his senses and he realized he was about to cum again. He cut her deeper and she shuddered violently in the throes of her own pleasure.

As he came the second time, he jammed the tip of the shard into her shoulder and twisted hard. It sent off a spasm of pain and a screaming orgasm that echoed across the fields surrounding his house. He held her tightly as he flooded her insides until she slumped back and slid off his cock. Cum poured out as she dropped to the bloody ground between his thighs.

“T-Thank you.”

Jim tossed the shard to the side. He made a mental note to clean up the mess later, but for now, he was just going to enjoy the time he had left with Melody.

—

It was coming around four o'clock and there was a tension in the air. Jim stood in the kitchen, getting his preparations complete. He had a large bowl of stuffing prepared on one counter. It was more than he needed, a lot more, but he accidentally dumped his entire bag of crumbs into it. The smell of rosemary and sage and wine filled the room and reminded him that he was hungry for something he couldn't just pull out of the refrigerator.

He peeked over his shoulder to where Hannah and Karen were tending to the charcoal briquettes in the roasting pit at the far edge of the kitchen. It was large enough to cook Melody and the heat wavered around them. A fan above it sucked up the smoke rising from the charcoal and apple-wood burning in the pit. In a few minutes, he would bank the flames.

The toilet near the kitchen flushed and he washed his hands to check on Melody. She was leaning against the door frame, holding her stomach. Her hair was wet against her skin and her cheeks red. He could smell her excitement, it blended with the other women as the warm air drifted through the house.

"You okay, Mel?"

"I'm hungry," she whimpered.

"Nonsense, you've been drinking all day."

"Gallons of oil isn't food," she said with a smile.

"It wasn't gallons, but are you cleaned out?"

She nodded and turned around. Her inner thighs glistened with the oil. She had shaved a few hours earlier and her bare pussy was a deep red from her excitement.

Jim stepped forward and ran his fingers down her spine, following the gouges he made in her back. They were covered in gauze now, courtesy of Catherine, but they were no longer bleeding as profusely as when they first finished rutting. He continued down, following the line of her tailbone, down to her ass. His finger easily slid into the oil-slicked opening and he pushed past the slick friction.

Melody moaned and clutched the door. "It's tight."

"Big enough for this?" he asked before jamming two fingers into her asshole.

She shuddered from the penetration and a flash of pain crossed her face. She reached down with one hand to stroke her pussy, teasing the lips apart and rubbing her clitoris frantically.

He fingered her ass until she came with a hard orgasm. It was easily the fifth one in the last hour, but he could see how she was growing more excited the closer they got to her death.

Jim helped her from the door and was guiding her to the kitchen when Catherine came up from the basement. She had a large bundle of cooking twine and a packet of curved needles.

“I found them, master.”

Jim smiled at her words. While Melody and Karen both called him Jim, Catherine and Hannah seemed to prefer calling him master.

Melody stared at it. “What is that for?”

“I’m going to stuff you, Mel.” She trembled at his words and he continued. “And I’m thinking about trussing you up before I spit you.”

“Will it hurt?”

“Yes.”

She moaned softly. “Will you fuck me?”

He held her tight. “Of course.” He kissed her neck, then her lips. “Come on, it’s time.”

Melody whimpered but let him draw her into the kitchen. The center island was cleared off, the butcher-block top glistening with a fresh coating of oil. There were large rings around the side of it, but Jim didn’t plan on using them for Melody.

When she saw it, she stopped. “Oh god, this is it.”

He waited until she stepped forward, her eyes glazed as she walked up to the island. Trembling, she turned around and leaned against it. She was naked from head to toe. Her breasts heaved and there were small bruises from where he mauled her. Her shaved pussy and thighs shimmered with her excitement and the olive oil used to clean out her system.

Jim thought she was beautiful.

“W-What do I do, Jim?”

He walked up to her. Sliding his hands around her hips, he cupped her slick buttocks and kissed her. She moaned and grabbed his head, kissing frantically back as he lifted her on the counter. He

set her down and broke the kiss. She held on him as he kissed her chin, then throat, then collar.

Stepping back, he stripped off his clothes and then returned. She spread her legs as he came up to her. His cock was the perfect high for her pussy as he rested it against her belly.

“Let’s start with the stuffing.” He gestured for the bowl. Karen finished stripping off her shirt before she walked over and brought it back.

Melody gasped as she saw the huge bowl set next to her. “That’s huge.”

“I made extra. Why don’t you have a bite?”

Squirring on the counter, Melody reached into the bowl and grabbed a hunk between her fingers. She ate it and a smile crossed her lips. “That’s good.”

“Go on, eat some more.”

She glanced to him. “Stuffing my belly?”

He kissed her on the lips, tasting the stuffing. “If I get all that in you, I’ll give you a surprise.”

She looked fearfully at the stuffing. But, even as she stared at it, her eyes grew determined and he knew that the controls were still driving her body. She wanted it, even if it would hurt or kill her.

“Go oh, eat.”

As Melody took another handful, he pushed his cock into her pussy. It was hot and wet. He would miss it. He thrust slowly and took his time, watching as she balanced on the edge of the table and ate with her hands.

Catherine and Hannah joined in, scooping up stuffing and holding it to her mouth. Melody moaned and braced herself to eat out of their hands. Her pussy clenched around his shaft as Jim continued to slid in and out. The wet slick noises added to the intensity as they forced-fed her.

Karen crawled up on the island and slid up behind Melody. She pulled the blonde’s arms behind her and held them tight. With a smile, she comforted Melody from behind as the two others continued to feed her.

Ten minutes later, Melody’s belly stuck out and she was moaning. “I can’t eat anymore.”

“Just another bite,” encouraged Catherine.

Melody took a bite, chewing longer than she needed to and forced it down her throat.

"Another," whispered Hannah, rocking her own sex against the edge of the island as she offered it to Melody.

"I-I can't," she whimpered.

"Come on just a bit more. Just force it down."

Melody gasped and lapped the stuffing from Hannah's hands. Hannah moaned at the touch and got another handful.

Melody moaned and squirmed. "No, no more."

Hannah leaned forward to kiss a fleck of stuffing from Melody's lips. "I bet if master fucks you faster, you could get another bite down. Come on, Mel," she whispered, "just a little more."

Melody glanced at Jim, fighting with her desires.

"Make it hurt," he said and grabbed her hips. He began to a faster stroke, pumping into her wet cunt with hard strokes.

Melody gasped and bit down on the stuffing, forcing it down. Pain flickered across her face, but she took the next and the third handful. She shuddered as she struggled to force the last bite and Jim was pushed over the edge. With a groan, he rammed deep into her and came.

"Okay," he gasped as he withdraw, "but we still have a lot more." He picked up the bowl which wasn't even a quarter empty.

Melody gulped. "M-My pussy?"

He nodded with a smile.

Karen shifted out from behind Melody, helping her down to the island so she was lying there. Karen slipped off the island and held Karen's wrists against the wood above her head. Hannah and Catherine took each of Melody's thighs and spread them apart, exposing her pussy and the cum oozing out of it.

Jim let out a content smile. "Seasoned."

He picked up a handful of hot, steaming stuffing and pressed it against Melody's sex. She jumped at the touch, but then she let out a long moan as he pushed it into her pussy. Her hips rocked to meet his hand and he flicked her clitoris before grabbing the second handful. He pushed it in and got more. Slowly, he pushed stuffing into her body. By the time he felt the pressure pushing back, his cock was hard and aching once again.

He stopped when he couldn't force in anymore. It threatened to push back out, so he kept his hand against her opening to hold it in.

"But, there is still half in the bowl," observed Hannah with a disappointed voice.

"H-Half?" whimpered Melody, "No, no, I want it all."

"Your pussy is full, Mel."

Tears burned in her eyes. Her swollen belly was matched by a second swell above her pubic mound. It was a small one, but just as alluring as her over-stuffed stomach.

"Force it in, please? There has to be room."

He grabbed another handful and tried to force it in. No matter how hard he pushed, it oozed out from his fingers. Melody twisted her face in pain, but they couldn't get any more.

"I'm sorry, Mel, I made too much."

"N-No," Melody gasped as she strained against the women holding her down. "Make room. Please, Jim, force it in."

He opened his mouth to respond, but she interrupted him. "My womb?"

"I can't get it in there, your cervix is too tight to just push it in."

Melody gasped and her body trembled. "T-Then..." she gulped, "open it."

Jim's cock surged hotly at her words. "Are you sure?"

"Make it hurt. I want it. Stuff me, Jim, fill me to my brim!"

Her plaintive cry filled the kitchen. He shuddered at the noise; he lusted after her more than he thought possible. He ran his fingers at the tightly packed entrance of her pussy.

Catherine spoke up. "I can do it. I'm a doctor and you have knives."

Melody said, "Oh god, yes. Please, Jim, please?"

Jim almost came again. He forced himself to nod. "Okay, get the knives. I'll pull this out." He dug his fingers into the stuffing and began to scoop it back out. Melody whimpered as he cleaned her out.

Catherine came back with a pair of short paring knives and a handful of dark towels. "Are these okay, master? She'll be bleeding quickly."

He was planning on burning the towels when they were all gone. He nodded.

Catherine's demeanor changed to a business-like efficiently. "Hold down her thighs, she's going to struggle."

"No, I won't."

Jim still held down her thigh as Catherine pulled up a chair. There was a strange contrast as the naked doctor positioned herself. She oiled up her hand with the olive oil, then worked her fingers into Melody's pussy. She wasn't slow, though, and soon she was pumping four fingers into the slick opening. Chunks of stuffing stuck to her hand as she pushed her hand against the opening.

Melody jerked at the touch and let out a wail.

"Hold her," ordered Catherine.

The three others bore down as Catherine forced her hand into Melody's pussy. It slid in with a wet, slurping noise, but Catherine withdrew it immediately. She forced it back in, sliding her entire hand into the opening until it loosened up.

Melody trembled as Catherine picked up the knife.

"Ready, Mel?"

Melody shook her head and her entire body tensed.

Jim pinned down her thigh as he watched Catherine wrap her fingers around the blade and push it into Melody's pussy. His cock was dripping wet as he watched Catherine maneuver it blindly. He didn't know when Catherine would cut and the anticipation brought him up to the edge of orgasm.

Melody started to cry, tears running down her face.

"It's okay," whispered Karen as she kissed Melody. "It's okay."

"I-I know, I want to bleed for Jim, I just want to-" It ended in a scream as her entire body spasmed. Her back arched off the table as the scream kept going, filling the kitchen with the high-pitched noise.

"Almost there," muttered Catherine as she struggled with Melody's shaking body. Jim reached out and pinned the joint between Melody's hip and her leg down to the ground. He had to put his weight on it, but his effort slowed Melody as the blonde kept screaming and screaming.

Finally, Catherine pulled out her bloody hand and dropped the knife to the table next to her thigh. A thick spurt of blood started to ooze out of it, but she just grabbed a handful of pussy-soaked stuffing and jammed it back in.

Jim smiled and watched as Catherine staunched the flow with more stuffing. Then, he took her place and started to jam in handfuls of the cooling stuffing into the blood-streaked opening.

Melody's scream died down into whimpering moans. "Is there more room?"

Jim shoved another handful in. He felt resistance, but then shoved it deep. It spurting into a deep place inside Melody and she shuddered. "Yes, Mel, much more room."

"Fill me, Jim, please? Make it hurt. Make me full."

He did. Working handful after handful of it until the room once again smells of sage, rosemary, and pussy. As he worked more handful into her, her belly swelled up from the pressure. He kept jamming in more, forcing it deep into her womb until finally he returned to the point he couldn't force any more into her. Her entire belly was packed tight and swollen. He bore his weight into it, but the last of the stuffing refused to stay in her pussy.

"Is it," Melody's voice was broken and she was still crying, "that all of it?"

"No, honey," whispered Hannah, "not quite all of it."

"Oh," Melody said with a sob, "I wanted my surprise."

Jim adjusted his cock, it was bobbing and aching to be buried into Melody, but he wanted to finish. "I need to close this off."

Catherine handed him the cooking twine and the needles. He set them down on the blood-streaked surface between Melody's legs and worked her pussy lips closed. Holding them tight, he took the needle and pierced the thick fold of her outer labia.

Melody jumped at the touch and then again as he brought the needle across and through the other labia. Jim wasn't a doctor, but after cooking for so many years, he could sew up slick flesh in a heartbeat. It was a ragged stitch, though, and chunks of stuffing oozed out from the tightly straining twine. He reached past the fold to find her clitoris. It was hard and throbbing underneath his fingertip and he stroked it until she spasmed with a small orgasm.

Pulling away, he walked around the island with a bowl. He tilted it up so Melody could see. The dazed eyes focused on it and she sighed.

"I was hoping to get it all in me."

"I can, if you want."

"I-I can't eat any more."

"Do you want it?"

"Oh god, yes."

"Does it hurt, Mel?"

Melody nodded, "But I want to hurt for you. It feels so good."

Jim gestured for Catherine and Hannah. They released her legs, which slumped off the edge of the island, and came around. "Grab her right breast and squeeze it up."

Four hands grabbed Melody's breast, pushing it up until it stood on the end. Her nipple was sticking straight up, an angry pink color.

Melody looked in confusion. "But, it won't fit."

Jim picked up a long knife.

She stared at it for a moment, then realization dawned across her face. "Yes," she said in a broken voice. "Yes, please."

Jim held the knife over her nipple, aimed straight down. He rested the tip against the delicate flesh. "Tell me, Mel."

"Pierce me, Jim, carve out my tit and stuff me full."

He gasped with the intensity of pleasure coursing through him. With a smooth movement, he drove the knife down into the soft mound of her breast. The knife, kept sharp at all times, sank into her tit as blood welled up from the wound.

Melody let out a scream, but Karen muffled her with a kiss. Melody's body shook violently as Jim forced the knife blade deep, then twisted it around the fatty tissue to make an opening.

He set down the knife and scooped up a large helping of stuffing. Using both hands, he forced it into the bloody hole of her breast and pushed it into her. She screamed out at the pain, but he forced it in until her breasts swelled from the inside. It took him a few minutes to jam half of the remaining stuffing in. Then, holding his hand to keep it in, he gestured for the cooking twine.

A few stitches and the stuffing was sealed into her right breast. A few minutes later, the last of the stuffing was shoved into her left and it was sewn up.

Melody moaned in pain, her body rocking back and forth. She was trying to reach her pussy, either to explore it or to masturbate. Her eyes were rolled up, no longer seeing, as she panted loudly.

Jim angled the bowl up to her. "See, Mel, you got all of it inside you."

“I-I did?” Her voice was broken and distant.

“Yes,” he looked down at her stuffed body, “and you are beautiful.”

He set down the bowl. “Now, ready for your surprise?”

She grabbed the edge of the island. “Oh, god, yes.”

He circled back ground to her ass and pussy. Reaching out, he ran his fingers along the straining cooking twine holding her stuffed. Using one finger, he burrowed through the tied folds of her labia to find her clitoris. She pushed into his finger as he found it and he stroked with little circles.

Using his free hand, he positioned his cock to her slick asshole. It clenched as he pressed his cock head to it, but the oil-coated opening couldn't resist as he shoved his shaft into her. It was tight, tighter than anything he had every encountered before. The stuffing in her pussy and womb bore down on her rectum, turning it into a slick, heated vise.

He strained to push it all the way in. The opening to her body was slick, but the pressure made it difficult. But, he dug his fingers into her thighs and bore down, inching it slowly in until he was buried to the balls in her ass.

“Thank you,” Melody said in a strained voice filled with lust.

He pumped into her ass with long strokes, struggling with every inch. It was so tight but it never loosened up even as he pounded her. Instead, it seemed to grow tighter as he drove into her.

Melody made tiny whimpering noises, struggling to get around her distended belly. Karen, Hannah, and Catherine stroked and touched her. He could hear them whispering soft words to her as he start to cum.

With a groan, he buried his entire length as hard as he could and flooded her bowels. Her stomach lurched as he held it there. With a shaking hand, he ran his fingers along her stitched pussy lips to stroke her clitoris again. When he finished cumming, he slipped out; the opening sealed shut and not a drop escaped her glistening ring.

Lowering himself, Jim brought his lips to her clitoris and flicked it with her tongue. It tasted of stuffing and pussy. Melody moaned and rocked her hips toward his face. He took it as an encouragement and licked her until her entire body tightened in an orgasm.

Panting, Jim staggered to his feet. He came around to admire Melody. She was drenched in sweat and moaning, but her body writhing on the table kept his passions burning.

“Are you ready, Mel?” he asked.

“You are going to kill me?”

“I’m going to spit you, then roast you alive.”

“I-I love you, Jim.”

He reached down and stroked her trembling cheek. “I love you too, Melody.”

It was time. He picked up the spit. It was in two parts and about two inches thick. The first ended in a rounded bulb and had breathing holes in the side. The second was also rounded, but the tip was a sphere that could be pulled out to form a cup-like opening.

“Position her so her head is off the island,” he ordered. The three women did so, spreading Melody across the island with her head dangling off the edge. He picked up the first bit of the spit and carried it to her head. “Open up, Mel.”

“I love you,” she whispered one last time, her last words, before she opened her mouth. She looked frightened and flushed as he lined up the end with her mouth. It looked like a dildo as he pushed it into her mouth.

Karen gasped and reached out to touch Melody’s throat. It flexed as Jim pushed it past her gag reflex. The muscles in Melody’s mouth and throat spasmed around the spit and her breath came out as a hollow sound down the tube.

Jim twisted and guided it deeper, forcing it into her esophagus and further down. He saw her muscles tightening as he worked it into her stomach. Melody’s lips closed around the shaft, not quite stretching, and there was a lustful look of submission on her face.

“Master,” asked Catherine, “what is this?”

“It’s a two-part spit. This has a rare earth magnet in the end of it. I push it down as far as I can,” he grunted as he forced it further into Melody’s belly. It encountered resistance and he angled it slightly until he could slid it deeper.

Melody was breathing hard, but no sound came out of her throat.

“The other has a corresponding bracket for a magnet. Once I get them close enough, I remove the sphere and replace it with the magnet. It will roll down. Once the magnets come close enough,

they are powerful enough to punch through her organs to connect the two spits.”

All four women shuddered as they imagined it.

Jim twisted the spit but it was as far as it would go. He could feel it dragging through the stuffing filling her belly and into the softness of her overstuffed womb and pussy.

Releasing it, he kissed Melody’s throat. “You are beautiful, Mel.”

He picked up the other side. Coming around, he made sure the release chain was through the middle of the spit before he pressed the rounded end against Melody’s asshole.

Compared to him fucking it, the pressure was intense. Melody’s breathing grew harder, more ragged, as her breasts rolled from her fear and pain. He ground down, rotating it until her sphincter finally tore from the pressure and the spit drove into her rectum.

“My god,” Hannah gasped as she fingered Catherine next to her, “that was intense.”

Jim smiled and drove the spit deeper, forcing it as far as he could go. When he felt it go no further, he pulled the chain. The sphere popped in, leaving a circular cutting blade at the top. He carefully dragged the plug out and set it down. He pulled out the rare earth magnet to connect the two. It was heavy and he grunted as he lined it up with the opening of the spit. Then, a gasp, he pushed it inside and heard it rolling down.

It took a moment for the metal-on-metal sound to fill the kitchen, then there was a brutal chunk noise as both spits sunk into Melody half a foot. Her entire body spasmed and a loud, frantic exhalation ripped out from the breathing tube.

“It is done,” he said pointlessly.

For a long moment, three women and Jim stared at Melody’s body as she jerked violently. She was alive, panting frantically and no doubt in a lot of pain, but her over-stuffed body was slick with sweat and sex. She was the perfect metal.

Cock hard as the steel that impaled Melody, Jim walked over to her. He used some grease to coat her hair, to make it last as long as possible, then tied it down to the pole. He slid a cross-piece on the spit between her legs, then tied her to it so she wouldn’t shift as she was rotated. Another cross-piece was slid down to bind her ankles. A third bound her wrists to the pole.

Karen dropped to the floor next to Melody, staring at her face. "A-Are you alive, Mel? Um, blink once?" A pause, "Oh god, you're doing it. You are really doing it."

"D-Does it hurt?" asked Hannah.

Karen nodded. "One blink, yes. A lot? Oh god, does it also feel good." She smiled at the single blink. "Is it worth it?"

Another blink.

Jim reached down and picked Melody and the spit off the island. She wasn't heavy, but the metal and magnets bore down and he had to stagger over to the roasting pit. Her body was hot against his skin as he set the spit on the bracket and clamped it into place.

Sweat dripped off Melody's body and sizzled as it hit the red-hot coals underneath. Melody breathed harder, her body tensing, but it was too late for her.

Jim hooked up an automatic rotisserie motor to the end of it, then turned it on. Slowly, Melody began to rotate over the fire, her body glowing red from the light below.

"Get the glaze, we need to coat her."

"I'll do it," offered Catherine, panting with a flush on her cheeks. Her fingers were wet from masturbating. Running over, she grabbed the glaze he made and a brush from a drawer. Karen and Hannah joined her, working together to coat their friend as she was roasted alive over the coals.

—

Melody died just under thirty minutes later. While the others were in the other room, Jim pulled her off the coals long enough to cut her throat and drain her blood out. He tested the stitches to make sure she was still stuffed, then hoisted her back over the heat.

Soon, the smell of roasting woman filled the kitchen and then into the rest of the house. Jim finished preparing the dinner and stuck it in the refrigerator. With nothing left to do, he headed into the living room where Karen and Hannah sat on the bench watching the television.

He walked through the living room for the den when he heard David's name on the television. Stopping, he turned around as the announcer, a pretty blonde woman, continued on.

"And for those just joining us, the man who abducted four women three days ago has been killed in an armed stand-off with

the police. The women he kidnapped have not been found, but his last words have ignited a state-wide hunt in North Dakota for them.”

A recorded video of David standing in a motel room door came on the screen. He was wild-eyed and desperate, holding his gun in his hand. “You’ll never find them in time. North Dakota is a big place and they won’t last much longer.”

Jim smiled at the phrase, it was part of the programming he gave David.

The clip ended and the newscaster continued. “That was an hour ago. Governor Chester of North Dakota has authorized a search and the FBI and DHS have both been called in to find the four kidnapped women.”

A picture of all four of the women flashed on the screen. Underneath were their names: Hannah Slanina, Catherine Cunningham, Karen Cole, and Melody Owens.

Jim stared at the screen, his eyes fixed on Melody’s face. It was like the blonde was speaking from the dead. He shivered at the smiling face of the woman, but his fear was mixed with the excitement that Melody was just a few feet away, her corpse roasting over the flames.

He smiled, then looked around. “Where is Catherine?”

Karen didn’t take her eyes off the screen. “In the bathroom.”

Hannah gestured to the television. She look disappointed. “That is like the worse picture of us they could find! What did they do, ignore all the professional ones I had made of me? I’m on every social network for a reason! And all my pictures are public!”

“Aren’t you worried that there is a state-wide hunt for us? And we’re just sitting on the couch watching it?”

“Yeah, but they’re looking for North Dakota. We’re in Washington. Wrong state.” Hannah blew a raspberry. “Idiots.”

“But, still...?”

Jim tensed, wondering if Karen was somehow breaking her programming.

Hannah turned to Karen. “No, why would I? This is what I wanted, this is what I’ve always wanted.” She crossed her legs, her pussy spreading from the movement. “I want him.” She turned to Jim, “I want you to hurt me... I’ve always wanted that.”

Jim smiled and leaned back on the wall by the door. He let out his held breath with a rush. He focused his attention on Karen, watching critically.

Karen wrung her hands together. She stared at her palms as she struggled to say something. Then, she reached down to pick up the remote. Flipping it over so she could see the buttons, she thumbed the power button. The television made a soft popping noise as it turned off. The resulting silence was deafening.

Next to Jim, Catherine walked into the room but froze in the tense atmosphere.

“H-Karen?” asked Hannah.

“I-I,” Karen twisted her hands together, “I dreamed of being here. Ever since I walked in that door, all I could think is that I was finally... home.” Tears glittered on her cheeks. “When I saw Melody being spitted, I wish it was me there. She was... I wanted to be her so badly. And I-I know that I’m going to be... killed by you,” she looked at Jim, “But that is okay, because I want to bleed for you. I want you to be the one who kills me, Jim.”

“Me too,” pipped up Hannah.

“And I,” came Catherine reply.

“Good,” said Jim, “but not tomorrow. We’re going to finish roasting Mel. And then have her for dinner. When we run out of her, it will be one of you next. I’m guessing it will be about a week, maybe two weeks.”

Three faces beamed at him, hungry and anxious for their turn to die.

—

Jim drove down the winding road to his house. His cock was at full height with anticipation as he watched for his house to come into view. It looked empty, as it was suppose to, but he knew there was three beautiful women waiting for him inside.

He pulled into the drive and stopped the car. He had to adjust his shaft just to get out. With a smile, he tapped thrice on the hood of the car, a sign that they didn’t have to hide. They wouldn’t come out, though, just in case someone was watching from a distance. Strolling forward, he stepped across the freshly painted porch and to the front door. It was unlocked, so he pushed it open and stepped inside.

Karen was kneeling on the floor, naked as the day she was born. She was smiling as she held her arms behind her back. Her position thrust her breasts forward, begging for Jim to do something with them. “Welcome home,” she said in a soft, demure voice.

“I love coming home to this,” he said.

She gestured for him to come closer. Cock straining, he obeyed and watched as she unbuckled his belt and unzipped his trousers. Pulling them down, she freed his cock and immediately drew it into her mouth.

“Isn’t this kinky, Karen?”

She let his shaft slid from her lips. “No, why would you think that?”

When he didn’t answer, she bobbed back down on his cock, taking his entire length into her mouth. She held him closer as she stroked his cock, pumping her head up and down his shaft as her breasts ground against his thighs.

Jim reached down and grabbed her head. She relaxed in his grip as he started to fuck her face, driving his shaft into the back of her throat as he smashed her nose into his belly. Her moans and the flicks of her tongue, coupled with the hours of anticipation, pushed him over the edge and soon he was filling her mouth with his cum.

Karen moaned and worshiped his length, bobbing up and down as she cleaned it off with her tongue. She smiled as she let it finally slid out of her mouth with a wet, popping noise.

“Welcome home,” she repeated in a whisper, “I hope we have a good weekend together.”

“Hello, master,” Hannah said from the kitchen door. She was wearing nothing but an apron, the swell of her breasts sticking out from the sides of the bright white canvas. One dark nipple peeked out along the edge, the erect nub rubbing on the hem. He admired the curve of her thigh and the dark shadow that would lead to her glorious pussy.

“What’s for dinner?”

“Um...” Hannah hesitated.

Jim watched her for a moment. “Is something wrong?”

“We are,” she said as she slid her hand across her bare hip and underneath the apron, “out of meat.”

Jim froze as a prickle ran along his skin. His breath grew quicker as he stared at Hannah in surprise. "We are?"

"Yes," she moaned, her arm shaking as she stroked her pussy.

At his feet, Karen let out a soft moan of desire. She had one hand on her breasts, squeezing it with white knuckles and fingernails digging into the flesh. Her other hand was between her legs, sliding back and forth through her soaked lips.

His cock bobbed with his pulse as he let his mind soak in the thrill of what would come next. "Well, then we better butcher some more meat tonight, shouldn't we?"

"Yes," moaned both Hannah and Karen.

He stepped out of his pants and locked the door behind him. "All right. Get Catherine, get in a good shower, and meet me in the kitchen."

"Yes, master."

As they both headed upstairs, he admired their naked asses and the flashes of bare pussy. Two weeks of three women to cater to his every need put him on the edge of an orgasm even just walking through the door. It saddened him to know that one of them would be dying that night. The anticipation brought a throb to his cock as he slipped out of his business shirt and headed into the kitchen naked. He knew that one of them would pick up after him.

In the kitchen, he found his apron and put it on. It was heavy canvas and leather. It had seen a lot of blood on it, not all of it beef or pig. Tonight, he had no doubt it would be seeing more than its share of human blood.

Clothed for killing, he pulled out his special knives. They were rosewood handled and a darker metal, but they held an edge better than anything else. He inspected the blades and pulled out his whetstone to make sure they were razor sharp.

By the time he finished, he could hear the women getting out of the shower. There was no giggling, no laughter, just the silence of three women knowing they may die. They came down together, wearing nothing except nervous looks and the perfume of their excitement.

Jim stood back to admire them. Each one was sexy as hell. He enjoyed all of their bodies in the last two weeks. He love fucking

Karen's mouth, the way Hannah rode him like a horse, and even Catherine slow but intense hand-jobs.

He gestured to the island. "Around there, please."

Feet padded across the floor and they stood up against it. The island was waist-high, giving just a hint of their hips in the shadows between the wood and their bodies. He lifted his eyes up to the six breasts hanging over the blond wood, a few droplets from their showers still clinging to their pale skin.

"Okay, I've been thinking about this for a few days." He rested his hands on the cutting surface, "because I know which one of you will volunteer to be—"

"Me!" came three voices as one. Karen leaned over the counter, holding her breasts over the edge. Hannah rubbed against it, staring at Jim with half-lidded eyes. He turned to Catherine who was holding herself still, but her breasts were heaving as she stared out with glazed eyes.

"So," Jim said with a smile, enjoying the anticipation. He walked over to the knives and picked the three. Coming back, he set them down in the center of the island. "take on."

Hannah snatched up her knife, holding it close to her. Catherine collected her calmly, but Karen looked terrified as she picked up hers with a trembling fingers. She toyed with it for a moment, then set it down in front of her. Jim watched with curiosity, his eyes going from erect nipples to the hungry look in Hannah's eyes. The smell of their excitement teased his senses; they wanted it as badly as he did.

"W-Who is going to be first?" asked Karen.

"It is for you to decide." In the silence, he pressed his aching shaft against the island, grinding it between the apron and his body.

Catherine toyed with her blade. "How?"

"A game. Each one of you will take turns."

"Doing what?" Catherine was starting to look nervous.

Jim smiled. "Cutting yourself."

Hannah moaned and pressed the blade into her cleavage, the sharp line resting against her left breast. A droplet of blood welled up from the tiny cut.

"Us?" whimpered Karen as she stared down at the knife.

“Yes,” he replied, his throat tight with excitement. He stared at their faces, seeing their self-preservation fighting against the mental control he programmed into them.

Catherine responded first. “I-I,” she swallowed as she squeezed the knife, “I can go first.”

Karen let out a gasp.

Hannah pulled a mock annoyed face. “Bitch.”

“You’re next then, Hannah.”

Hannah rocked her hips and stuck out her tongue.

Jim focused on Catherine as the slender woman brushed her long brown hair over her shoulder. She picked up the knife, staring down at the sharp edge. She took a deep breath, her breasts swelling up, and brought the knife to her upper left arm. The point hovered right at the wrist for a moment.

“Go on,” gasped Hannah, her voice filled with lust.

Catherine got a better grip on the blade, then pressed it against the back of her wrist. The blade sank into her skin and she gasped. “Cold.” Jim held his breath as she pulled the blade toward her elbow, cutting a four inch gash in her arm before pulling it out.

Blood welled out of the wound and dribbled down her arm. It splashed down on the cutting board surface. Whimpering, Catherine set down the knife to pressed her hand over her injury. She froze after a second, then lifted her blood-stained hand. “I-I’m sorry, master.”

“No,” he gasped, his cock aching for release, “go ahead, don’t want you to bleed to death.”

She gave him a pained smile and he turned to Hannah.

Hannah held the knife with both hands. Her cheeks were flushed as she stared down at the point. Then, she smiled at Jim. With steady hands, she brought the tip to the bottom of her aureole. “Here?”

“Anywhere you want,” breathed Jim as he clutched the table.

Hannah pressed the knife against the dark ring of her nipple. It sank easily into the flesh. She froze as she stared at shiny blade impaling her nipple. She gripped the handle with white knuckles. She tried to circle it around, but she only cut a curve along the bottom edge before she dropped it in pain.

“I-I can’t,” she panted as tears ran down her cheeks. She raised her eyes. “I’m so sorry.”

Jim chuckled and adjusted his aching cock. "It's okay."

She clamped a hand against her breast as blood coursed down the bottom swell. It rolled down her belly to splash on the island and floor. Her fingers clutched her breast tighter and the blood oozed out from between her fingers. She massaged her breasts, forcing more blood to pour out of the wound. She stared out into the room with surprise. She released her breast to drop one bloody hand between her legs. "I'm wet," she said as if she was surprised.

She leaned into the island as she masturbated frantically. Blood dripped down between her fingers from her bleeding nipple. After only a few moments, she let out a cry of pleasure before slumping against the island. "Your turn, Karen," she giggled in a lust-filled voice.

Karen looked sick as she picked up the knife. She glanced at Catherine. "W-What do I cut?"

"How much do you love him?"

"W-With my heart, but I... I can't cut that."

Hannah moaned, her body shook as she continued to finger herself and maul her injured nipple. Jim watched as she tentatively jammed her finger into the wound, shuddering from agony of her own exploration. "Cut off your breast."

Karen gasped and stared in shock. "I can't do that, Hannah!"

"Why not?" asked Hannah. She lifted her body to thrust her fingers deep into her pussy, filling the room with the sounds of her wet pounding and smacks of flesh against her pussy lips.

Karen worried her lip, then looked at Jim with pleading eyes.

At the sight of her being torn between pain and serving Jim, he felt a tingling coursing through his groin. He wanted to throw her on the island and jam his cock into her pussy. He wanted to fuck her ass until she screamed. And, he wanted to see her bleed for him.

Karen took a deep breath. She brought the knife up to her left breast, resting the dull edge against the side of her breast. She started to rotate it, but then stopped. "No... I can't."

"Yes," whispered Catherine, her eyes locked on the knife against the pale breast, "yes, you can."

"Go for it, Karen, cut off your tit."

Karen's eyes grew watery as she stared down at the knife. She shook as she clutched the counter with one hand and the hilt with

the other. She bit her lower lip until a trickle of blood oozed out from her bright white teeth. She twisted the knife around, pressing the sharp edge against the skin.

"I..." she whimpered.

"Do it," encouraged Hannah, "cut the fucker off."

Karen's arm tightened and her knuckles grew white as she held the blade. She let out a soft, sobbing cry. Then, she shoved the blade it.

The ultra-sharp knife slid into her breast, cutting through the soft, delicate flesh. It stopped when the hilt rammed against her flesh, dimpling it. Karen looked surprised as she stared down at it.

"It's cold."

"Keeping going," moaned Hannah as she leaned into the island again and jammed both hands between her legs. Blood oozed underneath her as she lusted after Karen. "Go on."

"I," gasped Karen as she pushed the knife down. It cut through the fatty tissue and blood poured out of her wound. Jim could see the fatty tissue underneath as Karen sliced through her own breast, cutting the bottom half free of her chest. The knife came out the bottom and hit the table with a thunk. She shuddered and grabbed it with both hands again.

As the blood poured out of her, Karen brought the blade to the top of her breast and jammed the knife in again. Her entire body spasmed as she cut through the top. Slowly, the severed tit peeled off Karen's chest, leaving a large, bloody wound behind. It flopped over, then stopped with only a single shred of previously flawless skin holding it to her body.

Catherine let out a crying moan of her own. She shook as she reached out for it, then pulled back her hand.

"Finish it, Karen, finish cutting it off." It was Hannah, her body interrupted by the thuds of her hips and body slamming into the island as she fingered herself desperately.

Karen was crying as she set down the knife. She grabbed the severed lump of her breast. Her fingers dug into the fatty tissue with a wet squelching noise. With a cry, she pulled it from her body. The skin stretched before letting go with a wet snap.

She held it out to Jim, her entire body shaking as her eyes glazed over with pain. "I-I love you."

It slipped from her fingers and hit the surface with a wet smack. She grabbed her wound with both hands. "It hurts." A moment later, she closed her eyes tightly and dug her fingers into the bleeding flesh.

Jim felt his pre-cum rolling down his cock and soaking his balls. He was so hard it hurt. He had to clutch the island himself to avoid grabbing Karen and fucking her right then and there. Instead, he managed to clear his throat. "Catherine?"

Catherine shook her head. "I-I can't. I want to," she said as a tear ran down her cheek, "b-but I can't do that." She pointed to Karen's ruined tit.

Jim could see some of her personality coming back. He resolved to enforce his brainwashing as soon as he finished. He nodded. "Okay, then get some bandages. One of these beautiful women is going to need it."

Hannah let out a long moan as she came. her eyes crossed as she thumped against the island before slumping down.

Jim smiled and stroked against her sweat-soaked neck. "Hannah."

Panting, she pushed herself up. There was a breast-shaped smear on the counter. "I can do this."

Rocking back and forth, she picked up the knife. She circled the dull edge around her other, uninjured breast. Her body was tense, vibrating, as she pressed deeper. The point dimpled the flesh as a droplet of blood formed around the tip.

"Hannah," moaned Karen, "cut it off for Jim."

POINT

"For the master," gasped the European woman as she grabbed the knife with both hands. Her muscles tensed as she bore down. The blade pierced the flesh of her breast, but she froze before more than an inch disappeared in the soft mound. She gasped and lifted her head, shaking as she clenched her eyes tightly closed.

"I-I..." she sobbed and tried to jam it in deeper. It sank a bit and she let out a scream. Crying out again, she released the blood and slumped forward. The knife stuck out of her breast for a moment, then slid out of her breast with a spurt of blood. "God damn it!"

She slammed her fist into the wooden cutting board. "Damn it to hell. I can't do it." She looked up. Her tears ran down her cheeks,

splashing off her chin into the blood pooling on the board beneath her. "I... tried."

Jim reached out. He slid his hands underneath her body and fought the hot, slick curve of her breast. He ran his fingers along the wound and watched as she moaned at the pain.

Hannah's hands delved back between her legs as she started to masturbate. "Please, hurt me."

Jim chuckled. "I'm going to hurt the winner tonight." He turned to Karen. "Do you think you can do more? Bleed more?" He admired the gaping wound of her breast, turned on more by its absence and the brutal way she sliced it off.

Karen looked determined as she picked up the knife. She grabbed her other breast and squeezed it between her fingers. The nipple stood out strong, covered in blood and trembling from her pounding pulse. She brought her eyes up to Jim as she poised the knife over the side of her breast, ready to slash down on the inner side.

The blade flashed as she brought it down. It cut through the flesh of her breast, but it kept going as she sliced down between her and the island.

A heartbeat later, the knife clattered to the ground as Karen looked surprise. "J-Jim?"

She collapsed.

Gasping, Jim raced around the island to see Karen bleeding from the line cut her from the breast, then down in a loop that cut across her belly and into her right leg. Blood poured out as she clutched at the wound in her gut where her insides were threatening to push out of the cut.

"I-I'm sorry, Jim. I slipped."

Jim knelt down on the ground and pressed both of her hands to her belly. "This was an accident?"

Karen sobbed. "I wanted to give you so much more pain. But, I screwed up."

He looked down at the gushing wound in her leg. "Maybe, but it depends if Cat or Hannah want to go again?"

Catherine shook her head and backed away. Hannah let out a sigh and groaned as she pushed herself into a standing position. "She wins. I-I just couldn't do it."

“Okay,” Jim said, “Catherine get Hannah bandaged up. I think,” he turned and stroked a dripping finger along Karen’s cheek, “it is time for to make some beautiful meat.”

Karen sniffed and tears ran down her cheek. “I-I won?”

“Yes, you did, my lovely.”

She whispered, “but I wanted to give you so much more. I can bleed for you, Jim. I can die for you.”

“And you still can. Think you can hold yourself in?”

“For you? Anything.” Her fingers clutched at the wound in her belly, pushing in the coils that threatened to spill out.

Jim scooped Karen off the floor and set her on the island. He turned and grabbed a coil of cooking twine from the drawer. He ignored the curved needles as he returned.

“You are going to stitch me?”

“No, just cut off the blood.” He ran his fingers up her thigh, sliding until his tips teased her soaked labia. Even with all the pain and blood, she was wetter than he had ever seen. He gave her pussy a few strokes before he wrapped the twine right below the joint of her hip and her profusely bleeding leg. He grabbed it with both hands and pulled it tight. It due into flesh and the gushing blood stopped almost immediately.

She squirmed in discomfort. “It hurts.”

“Bear with it, just a little, Karen.” He yanked it even tighter, then knotted it off. The twine dug deep into the flesh of her thigh and her leg grew darker as the blood gathered in her toes.

His cock tented his apron as he returned to his utensils. He found a large pot and pulled it out from the container. It was as large as Karen’s torso, but couldn’t fit much more. Grunting from the weight, he set it down on the ground near the island.

“Is that for me?” Karen sounded hopeful.

“Yes.”

“It’s too small. I won’t fit.”

He smiled up to her. “Do you want to fit?”

She stared at him with a look of confusion. Her lips worked silently. Then realization dawned on her face. “Oh, Jim, I love you.”

“I love you too, Karen.”

He returned for one last thing, a heavy cleaver. It was a powerful blade, designed to cut through meat and bone. He set it down next

to her as he positioned her further on the island, in a spot that he could trim his lovely meat.

She reached out and stroked the blade. One shaking finger lifted the handle and dropped it; the handle landed with a thud that vibrated the island.

Jim ran his finger down Karen's slit, stroking it with his fingers. Then, with fingers lubricated by her sex and blood, he stroked down to her knee and pushed it down on the wooden surface. He grabbed the knife with his other hand and held it up.

"Ready?"

Her leg pulsed underneath. Karen sniffed and wiped the tears from her hands. She took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling. She lifted herself up one arm to lock her eyes on her thigh. "Y-Yes."

He swung the cleaver with all his might. It punched into her leg and sliced clean through. He felt her bone snap from the impact and then it was free.

"Oh god," whispered Hannah from the kitchen door.

Jim ignored Hannah and he wiggled the blade, then pulled the sheared off leg free of her body. It spurting blood from the end but quickly ran out. Then it was nothing but a sexy thigh and nothing else.

Karen gasped, her eyes glazed with pain but her body rocking up and down. Her amputate end twitched as she reached down for it, toying with the twine biting into her skin. She let out her breath in a gasp and a single word fell out.

"More."

It was a voice filled with agony and lust, pain being overridden by the conditioning that Jim's program had inflicted on her. She was wet and soaked, begging for more than her body could ever give.

And Jim couldn't deny her. It was why he wanted her.

He set down the cleaver and picked up the cooking twine.

"Master," said Catherine as she walked up, "let me help."

Together, Catherine and Jim tied off Karen's other thigh. The twine dug deep as they pulled it into a knot. Her hands trembled on the gaping wound of her gut.

Hannah joined them. She stroked her hands along Karen's face, then grabbed at the bleeding wound and held it close. She was flushed, pink and panting, as she stared down.

Jim worked out Karen's hand and pinned it against the cutting surface. Catherine looped the twine around Karen's arm and pulled it down to the shoulder before she pulled it tight and knotted it.

Karen whimpered as her other hand was drawn up. Jim could feel her shaking from the pain and anticipation. Her stomach shifted and Hannah struggled to keep her from spilling out.

Catherine tied down the last limb, grunting as she pulled it tight and cut off the blood to Karen's arm. She stroked her fingers down Karen's arm.

Karen turned to Jim, fixating him with her tear-filled brown eyes. "Please cut them off. Please, make me feel it."

Jim picked up the cleaver, his breath coming faster. As Catherine held down Karen's ankle, he lifted the blade up. He looked into Karen's eyes. When she gave him a little nod, he brought the blade down. It hit the cutting board surface and the impact shook the floor.

Hannah swayed as she moaned, her fingers slicked with blood and Karen's innards. She stared at the blade as Jim shook it and pushed away Karen's arm.

Karen let out a wail of pain as she twisted. "Oh god, it hurts. It hurts so much."

Catherine stroked her face. "Do you want him to stop?"

"Please, no. For the love of god, don't stop. Please, keep going."

Jim smiled as he grabbed her other arm. Pinning it down, he could feel the lack of pulse in her wrist. It was a dying thing, a hunk of flesh that needed to be cut off. He brought up the blade and chopped it down. Her arm shuddered from the impact.

Karen let out a scream of pain. She tried to pull herself up by her stomach, but her body refused to listen. He could see the muscles in her shoulders twitching, but the severed ends of her arms just limply quivered from her desperation.

He moved around the island to her last limb, her leg. It was shaking and kicking. Catherine grabbed her ankle and slammed it down. Hannah struggled to hold Karen down as the blind panic of survival kicked in.

Jim took his free hand and shoved three fingers into Karen's wet pussy. He swirled his fingers in the soaked hole before pulling them out.

Karen struggled to stop moving. "I-I'm sorry, I-I can't stop." Her voice was broken and sore. "I'm trying, love, I just-"

Jim brought up the cleaver.

"Oh god," Karen sobbed.

The blade punched through her thigh, severing bone and muscle.

Karen screamed out. She tried to crawl off but her body refused to move. She twisted violently and her intestines slipped out from Hannah's hands. She continued to cry out, but when she couldn't move, she slumped back on the cutting board surface. Her limbs ended only inches from her hips and shoulders, the twine keeping her from bleeding out.

Jim ran his hands along her shaking body, sliding his fingers over her hips and pulling her to the edge. He ignored her guts spilling out as he pushed his apron aside. His cock was hard and painful as he pressed it against her pussy. It slid into her wet hole without even a hint of friction.

He buried deep into her length, grinding his balls against her opening. He could feel her trying to clench around him, but her stomach and body refused to work with her. He grabbed her hips, enjoying the feel of the severed limbs against his fingertips and began to fuck her.

It was wet and hot, lubricated by Karen's excitement and the blood covering everything. She struggled against him until their eyes met, then Karen finally relaxed as she stared into Jim's face, her mouth silently encouraging him to fuck her harder.

Seeing her helpless body on his island, her amputated limbs quivering, pushed Jim over the edge. He struggled to hold on to his orgasm, to keep it down, but as he drove into her wet pussy, he couldn't hold anymore.

With a bellow, he came. His cock flooded her cunt until it overflowed> he felt it dribbling out from the junction of their bodies, adding to the blood that smeared across the surface. He leaned against the island as he panted for breath.

"J-Jim?" Karen asked in a soft, broken voice.

"Yes?"

"Kill me?"

He gasped as he stared at her, her ruined body. All of her injuries, from the breast half-attached to her chest to the gaping wound in

her belly. Everything she did was because he wanted it, he programmed her to beg for it. And now, her soaked pussy was wrapped around his cock as she begged him to kill her.

His cock came to life, surging to full height inside her liquid cunt. Jim hauled her closer to the edge, keeping himself in her. “Of course, love.”

He picked up one of the ultra-sharp knives. It was Hannah’s. He used one free hand to dig into her belly, pulling out her guts and setting them to the side. As he heaped it up, the wet organs slid off and poured on the floor. It jerked her body as he continued to gut her.

When he pulled out as much as he could, he used the knife to slice off her internal parts, disconnecting them from her spasming body and letting them fall to the floor.

Karen cried out, begging for more as she grew incoherent. Her eyes refused to leave Jim’s face. She seemed to dread blinking as she stared. Her mouth continued to work silently, the words not coming out of her throat.

Jim’s cock pulsed hotly as he reached into her stomach and reached up. He found her diaphragm and used the knife to slice through it. A gurgling noise rose up from Karen’s throat.

Her eyes grew wide as her mouth opened in shock. Tears ran down her face as her pussy squeezed down on his cock.

He was almost up to an orgasm as he reached past the soft organs to find the rapidly-beating heart. He caressed it as it beat even faster. Her body shook as she strained to keep alive, somehow knowing that he would end her.

Jim clutched her heart, the slick orgasm slamming into his palms. He pushed the knife into her body, cutting through lungs and other organs. He cut blindly, slicing out her heart in a few brutal strokes. One slash cut through the wall of her chest, peeking out of the gaping wound of her removed breast.

Then, before Karen’s life faded, he yanked out her heart and held it above her. It beat powerfully in his grip, jerking around as the blood coursed down his arms. Staring at her heart and feeling her dying on his shaft set Jim over the edge once again.

His orgasm hurt as he came out from his abused cock. It poured into her pussy as the light faded from her eyes. In his palms, the

heart slowed down then stopped. There was a silence as Karen let out one last, gurgling breath as she fell back to the table.

Her eyes blinked a few times, as if she was still seeing. Hannah reached over and kissed her on the blood-flecked lips. "Love you, Karen." She turned Karen toward her. "I'll be joining you soon, girl," she breathed, "just wait for me, okay?"

Jim settled into his desk at work with a sigh. The project was reaching a development frenzy but all he wanted to do was call in sick and fuck for the rest of the day. Instead, he brought up the pending code reviews and started going through them; since he became the manager of the project, he wasn't able to do much coding so reviews were as close as he could get to the real thing.

On the second set, he saw a bit of his code. It was part of Service Patches and how it hooked up to SAAM. It was dead code now, hastily removed before he did the first upload to work on it properly. He marked the line to be removed along with a friendly comment, then moved on with a smile.

He woke up in the muddled confusion of a world of dreams and reality. He opened his eyes to look out into the pitch-black void of his bedroom and wondered if he was blind. To his left, he could see the glow of his alarm clock. He turned to look at it, but then Catherine caught his head and guided it back to the darkness.

She was on top of him, sliding her naked body down his chest. Her inner thighs caressed his sides as the warmth of her pussy marked an invisible line as she sought out his cock. Her breath was slow, steady as he blinked into the darkness.

By the time she hooked her thighs on his hips, he was hard. His tip slid along the slick opening of her body and jumped up with anticipation. Days and nights of frantic, almost violent, sex made it easy to stand at attention when presented with a hot, wet hole.

Catherine let out a soft moan as she sank down on his shaft. Her hands pressed against his chest as she rocked and forth until she was seated completely on him.

Jim's length pulsed at the wet pressure wrapped around him. He reached up and blindly ran his hands along her stomach, trailing up to her small, perfect breasts.

She didn't bounce up and down on his cock. Instead, she rolled her hips around, swirling his length deep in her pussy. Her breasts were hot in his grip, the nipples scraping against his palms. She said nothing and the only thing he could hear was her breathing and the wet slurping of her pussy as she rode him.

In the darkness, Jim thought about killing Catherine. The intense woman was just as beautiful as the two before her. She was intelligent but also sexy. He squeezed her nipple as he tried to come up with the best way to kill her. He didn't want to repeat himself, but there was so many ways of bringing her to a bloody, violent end.

His shaft grew harder as he thought about strangling her. As she started to move faster, he reached up and wrapped his hand around her delicate, thin neck. She let out a single gasp before he squeezed down. Her pussy grew liquid as she jerked violently, fucking him as he strained to choke her.

It was silent now, except for his own breathing and the slurp of their movement. He couldn't hear her, but he could feel her breasts heaving and the hands clutching to his chest. It would be so easy to keep squeezing down until he crushed her throat and she died right then and there. She would die on his cock and he would feel every pulse of her body until the end.

His thoughts sent him over the edge. He bore down with his hands as he pumped into her, squeezing her tightly as he thrust up into her. She tightened around him, trained by his program to orgasm when he did. Her body was slick with sweat and excitement.

When the last of the cum flooded her pussy, he finally released her.

Catherine inhaled with a gasp and slumped down against him. Her entire body jerked for a moment as she simply drew in air. Then, she stirred on him, squeezing her legs around his hips. She reached up and kissed him on the lips.

No words were said as they both drifted back to sleep.

—

Jim was resting in his recliner and enjoying the short period of quiet after dinner. He cooked as usual, but Catherine was cleaning up after dinner. They were almost half way through Karen's meat and he was enjoying grilling the forbidden meat.

For once, he wasn't in the middle of fucking Hannah or Catherine. He decided to flip on the television, but then realized he had lost interest with two naked women at his beck and call. For a moment, he stared in confusion at the television before he started flipping through the channels.

"Master?"

He looked up to see Hannah leaning on the door. She was naked as she stroked the frame with her knee. When he smiled, she padded across the room. Without a word, she slipped between his legs and sank to her knees. Her breasts stroked against his thigh as did the bandages over her healing wounds. She smiled as she took his cock with both hands, stroking it with both palms until it stood up straight.

She breathed on his cock as she whispered. "I love this so much."

Jim went to turn off the television, but she shook her head. "No, just enjoy the show. I'll take care of this," her eyes dropped down to his head. With a moan, she took his head into her mouth and slathered her tongue on it. He watched as she swallowed his head, swirling her head around before working her way down.

She teased his balls with her fingers as she bobbed up and down. He focused on her brown eyes staring at him. He didn't care about the television when she was there. Reaching down, he cupped the side of her head and guided her along his shaft, encouraging her to shove her way down to his base.

As she held it there, his cock lodged itself into the back of her throat and his entire length throbbed. She knew how to bring him pleasure and worked her lips up and down in a slow, steady pace. It was a sure-fire way of pushing him to an orgasm, when they were willing to take a half hour.

"And in other news, the search for the four missing women has been called off after authorities concluded that they would be unable to find them."

Hannah froze as she listened to the news announcer. David reached back and curled his hand behind hers. As the report continued, he pulled her down on his cock until her lips pressed against his base. His shaft grew harder as he listened to the announcer explaining how the search for the women had spread out

across the entire state but not even a hint of there whereabouts could be found.

He held his breath as they flashed pictures of all four on the screen: Melody, Karen, Hannah, and Catherine. Hannah struggled a bit, her hands stroking his thighs. Jim pulled her down harder, driving her face into his crotch as his cock lodged itself into her throat. He knew he was choking her, but the despair on the screen had ignited a lust inside him.

The report seemed to go on forever, but he was getting harder with every passing moment. He could feel Hannah gulping at his cock, trying to pull air into her lungs but unable to get around the shaft. Her eyes were bright and wet as she stared up at him, but she made no effort to use her hands to free herself.

Hannah lowered her hands between her legs and moments later, her entire body was shaking as she frantically fingered herself. As the news report droned on, Jim stared down at her as he felt himself coming closer to an orgasm just on the realization that no one would find him or the four beautiful women.

When the news show ended the segment, he grabbed her head with both hands and began to jam her down on his cock. He could hear her little gasps of air and watched the flush on her cheeks fade, but he needed one thing. With a grunt, he pounded her face onto his cock until his balls finally boiled over. Driving her back down, he came into the back of her throat, relishing as she gagged on the hot liquid pouring into her gut.

Her eyes were wide as she stared at him, still unable to speak. Her face was growing darker with every passing second. She tried to pull off his cock, but he held her down, his fingers digging into the back of her neck as he stared at the panic growing in her eyes.

Jim felt the last of his cum splatter against the back of her throat. She gagged on it, her entire body shaking. With a smile, he eased back on his hands.

She tried to pull off, but he kept her moving slowly as he watched his cock slipping from her lips. She didn't have a chance to clean it, so thick streaks of cum and saliva clung to the skin. He finally released her as her lips teased his crown and watched as a thick rope connected their bodies for a moment.

Tears ran down Hannah's cheeks as she gasped for breath. Her chest heaved as she drank in the air. Both fingers were buried in her pussy, sliding in and out in time with her gasps. She gulped and then opened her mouth so he could see her clean mouth.

"Master?"

"Yes, Hannah?"

"Is that," she gestured back to the television, "really it? They won't find us?"

"No," he said with a smile, "they won't."

"Ever?"

"They have given up on you. They think you are dead in a ditch somewhere, or in some dumpster in the middle of nowhere."

She shivered at his words. She straightened her back as she licked her lips. "Master?"

"Yes."

"Will you kill me... tonight?"

He stared down at her.

She stroked his inner thighs, running her hands up to his balls. "Please. My cuts are healed up." She grabbed her bandage and pulled them off her skin. The flesh rose up with the adhesive, then peeled off. Behind was two red patches and only the faintest hint of a scar. Otherwise, her breasts were just as beautiful as the day he saw them on the video.

He thought about Karen still in the freezer. Her body was cut down into steaks and hamburger, but he didn't want to cheapen her final gift by adding Hannah to the mix. He shook his head. "No, Hannah-

"But, master, please-

"No," he said firmly. "In a week."

More tears ran down her cheeks as she pressed her hands together to beg. "Please? I need it. I need to be killed. I need you... I need you to do it."

"No," he repeated.

Her shoulders slumped. She let out a long sigh.

Catherine spoke up from the door. "Master, I need to take a shower."

He looked up to see her standing in the door, slick with sweat and dirty from cleaning the oven. He smiled at her and nodded. “Good idea.”

Hannah rested her hand on Jim’s thigh. “May I take one after her?”

It was strange, asking to take a shower, but Jim nodded. “Of course. And then I should be heading to bed.”

“Yes, master,” she said in a quiet voice as she stood up. She picked up his empty plate and headed into the kitchen. A moment later, she came down the hall toward the stairs. Catherine was already climbing the stairs ahead of her.

He returned to the television. The news bored him and he flipped to a movie. It was something he had seen already, but he just relaxed as he watched the commercial-laden abomination of a proper horror movie.

Upstairs, he heard Catherine’s shower end and the two women talking before Hannah started hers. He hit the mute button on the television and stared at the ceiling, listening as Catherine walked down the hall into his bedroom. She would be waiting there, spread out and waiting for him when he came to bed.

He turned off the television. The empty-headed entertainment on the screen was nothing compared to the beautiful women waiting for him upstairs. He stood up and stretched with a groan.

Jim headed into the kitchen first. He wanted to see how well Catherine cleaned; she always did a flawless job, but just seeing a well-ordered kitchen gave him a quiet sense of enjoyment. There was nothing to show that he had killed two women in there, or that they were roasting Karen’s thigh only an two hours before.

As he strolled around the kitchen, he spotted something out of place. It was one of his knives. The neatly ordered lines of rosewood handles had a gap between two in the middle. He frowned as he drew closer, looking around for the misplaced knife.

He didn’t find it. After a few minutes of looking, he wondered how Catherine would have missed something as simple as a knife. He still had a frown on his face as he headed up the stairs to ask.

Jim made it halfway up when he heard the clatter of a blade on the floor. He knew, without really understanding why, that it was the sound of his knife.

Then, over the hiss of the shower, he heard Hannah gasp. "Oh, god."

Fear prickled across his skin. He took the remaining steps two at a time and rushed into the bathroom. When he saw crimson through the shower curtain, his heart skipped a beat. Without pausing, he yanked the curtain aside and it popped off the wall.

Hannah was leaning against the wall of the shower, the hot water pouring down her face and mixing with the blood that poured out from her wrists. She had cut herself across the joint and the blood ran down in this rivers along her trim thighs and circled as it poured into the drain.

"What did you do!?" he yelled, a bit harsher than he intended.

"I-I..." she sobbed, "I was just going to tease myself."

He glanced down at his knife, the blade was bent as it stuck into the floor of the shower. The crimson streaks ran around the blade, not quite touching as it poured from her body.

Jim lifted her gaze up her body. He lingered over the blood rolling down her wrists, then up to her water-soaked pussy, then up to her breasts. Finally, he focused on her eyes. "I told you to wait."

"I-I didn't want... I didn't mean..." She grabbed her wrist, hissing at the pain. "I'm so sorry, master."

Jim stepped into the shower. The water was searing as it soaked his skin. He reached down and picked up the knife. The blade felt dead in his hand, but it was still sharper than anything else in the house.

Hannah whimpered. "Master?"

"I'm disappointed," he said in a low voice.

"I-I'm so-"

"Quiet," he commanded. He looked above her head, then gestured with his free hand. "Put your wrists up there."

She obeyed, the tears mixing with the water. The blood rolled down her arms and streamed over her shoulders. It coated her chest and breast, soaking her body in a thin sheen of crimson and the smell of copper and lavender soap.

He grabbed her wrists, squeezing down as he pinned her against the wall. She inhaled sharply, her body grinding against his own. Jim held up the knife in front of her.

"You were a bad girl."

The knife came down and he cut a line across her rib. More blood oozed out of the wound as he traced the line, but stopped at her sternum.

Hannah shivered at the touch, her eyes growing wide as she inhaled sharply.

“If I came in a few seconds later-” He reached down to cut from her knee up to her hip. The blade sliced into muscle and her body trembled as more crimson welled out.

“-you would have died before I-” He brought the blade over her hip and pressed it into the point where the bone became her ass. It sank deep and she sobbed with guilt and pain.

“-snuffed you, Hannah.”

He brought the blade up her back, slicing a deep line up her back along her spine. He could feel the knife bumping along the bones of her spine.

Hannah stared down like a beaten dog, but instead of staring at the ground, she stared at her crimson-covered body. He could feel her trying to free her hand, no doubt to explore her injuries.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Jim asked, his cock straining against her other hip.

“I’m sorry.”

Jim shook his head, excited even as he struggled to remain serious. “Not good enough.”

“W-What do I do?”

“Beg for forgiveness.”

She grabbed her hip and stared at him. “Please, master, forgive me.”

He dragged the knife along her shoulder, cutting a bright line up and over her neck and down toward her breast. More blood coursed out of the wound. “Try again.”

“Please hurt me.”

“You always wanted that, Hannah.” He jammed the knife into the top of her right breast. She flinched and her soaked back smacked the shower wall. He pushed it further in, shoving it a few inches into the curve of her breast.

“Torture me, p-please? Torture me.”

He smiled. “How?”

“Cut off... cut off my pleasure.” She tried to reach down, but he kept her hands pinned to the side.

“You mean, this?” He yanked the blade out of her breast. Fresh blood coursed down the water sluicing her front. He reached over to the tiny little scar of her nipple. He felt her body pressing toward him as he circled the wrinkled nipple, teasing it. Then, he shoved the knife into her nipple.

Hannah cried out, throwing her head back. It slammed against the wall.

He didn't tear his eyes away from her nipple as he forced the blade deeper into her flesh, slicing through her nipple until it came piercing the other side. Blood ran down both sides of her ruined nipple. He pushed down and the blade sliced through the nipple. It trembled with the thin strip of flesh keeping it hanging to her body.

Hannah panted and cried as she stared down at her breast. Her chest heaved as she stared down at her nipple.

Jim smiled and stepped closer, his cock brushing against her thigh as he adjusted the knife in his grip so he could grab the flap of flesh with his fingers.

“You were a very bad girl,” he said and pulled. The bleeding nipple resisted but he kept pulling.

Hannah sobbed as she arched her back, fighting against the hands pinning her wrists to the wall. Her body shook violently as he slowly pulled the nipple from her body with a wet, tearing noise. When it finally snapped free, blood splashed on his chest and she let out a pain-filled gasp. “Oh god.”

He almost came feeling her trying to grab her breast. He bore down on her wrists, keeping her pinned and helpless as she moaned and writhed against the water-soaked wall.

Jim held the knife point even with her other nipple. “Bring your other tit here.”

She looked at up with fear and lust. Gulping, she pushed her chest away from the wall, levering her body until her breast was pressing against the sharp blade. Her hard nipple teased the back of the blade as it stroked it like a cock.

“Good girl,” he said.

She moaned.

Jim stepped back. The water poured down her breast as he brought the blade to the top of her nipple. “And you don’t need this.”

He lifted the blade up and she shuddered with her anticipation. Her eyes burned with lust and she licked her lips. Encouraged, he slashed the knife down and cut through her breast, slicing off her nipple. It fell to the floor of the shower with a wet smack. He stared at the cut, he missed slightly and cut off more than he intended.

Hannah’s slammed against the back of the shower as she came. Her entire body grew hot as she cried out, “Oh god, I think I’m cumming. I’m cumming!”

She writhed as her scream echoed in the tiny shower space. Her arched back thrust her mutilated breasts out to him as her legs flailed on the tile floor. He felt her thighs rubbing against his own, the water and blood lubricating her skin as she rubbed back and forth.

Between one gasp and another, she slumped down against the wall. He had to bear down to keep her standing as he stared into her eyes, watching her entire body shifting with her heaving breathing.

“That was intense,” she panted happily.

Jim made a point of looking down to the ragged end of her breast. Her left had just the nipple cut off, but her right was half sliced off by his blade. It was unbalanced and the idea of balancing her out sent a surge of lust through his cock.

“Your lovely tits aren’t balanced anymore.”

She looked down, her breath coming faster. She squirmed against the wall, then up at him. “Are you...?”

He leaned against her and got a better grip on his knife. “Yes, I am.”

She looked down, trembling.

“Which one should I start with, Hannah?” The idea of giving her a choice made him harder.

She worried the bottom of her lip and reached out with her thigh to stroke his cock. She took a deep breath, a whimper of pain escaping her lips. She lifted her gaze to him and let her breath out. The water framed her face as she stared into his eyes.

“Finish the right, please?”

He brought the knife up to the base of her breast. She inhaled sharply and held herself to the blade. Her wrists shook underneath his hand as she struggled to remain still.

Jim circled her breast with the tip of the blade. She moaned at the thin red line that appeared. He circled it again, digging in deeper. Blood poured out of her body.

“Master, please?”

Jim smiled and shoved the knife in. It pierced the soft, delicate flesh. He brought it around in a circle and sliced it open. The remains of her tit began to sag off her trim chest, blood spurting into the steam of the shower. He finished the circle, then used the blade to slice off the last of the tissue connecting them.

Hannah moaned as her severed breast slid off her chest and hit the ground in a bloody smear. “It hurts.”

“You were a bad girl.”

“I deserve this,” she whispered and lifted her other breast to his blade.

“Yes.”

He lifted the blade and brought it down right down the middle of her breast. It sliced it in half, cutting deep until he felt the tip nick her ribs.

She cried out as he finished the cut. Her ruined breast split in half, giving him a brief cross-section of fatty tissue and her insides.

He bit his lip to avoid coming as he watched the pain and lust burning in her eyes. His cock ached painfully as he shoved the knife up and cut it across. He could feel the soft friction of her body on the edge, but soon the two remains of her tit hit the shower floor with two wet smacks.

She looked down at her chest, the blood pouring down in a crimson curtain. It coursed down between her legs, clinging to her pussy before splashing down to circle the drain.

Jim stepped back to glanced down at the thick folds of her pussy between her legs. With a smile, he nodded in approval. Coming back, he brought the blade up between her legs. With a jerk, he jammed the blade into the side of her pussy. It scraped against bone as Hannah let out a shuddering cry of pain. He pulled it forward, slicing through her folds until he heard them hitting the ground with a wet smack.

He shifted the blade over. This time, he didn't completely sever the skin so he reached down and grabbed the dangling flesh. Without taking his eyes from hers, he rolled it in his hands then pulled it off.

Hannah let out a cry as he ripped it free of her body. She started to slide down, but Jim shook his head and bore his other hand on her wrists to keep her up.

"No."

Her feet skipped on the floor of the shower, but she managed to remain standing. She remained riveted on his gaze as the tears ran down her cheeks.

Jim wasn't done. He used a finger to find her clitoris, feeling her body shaking as he touched it, then he sliced the blade into it. It cut through the delicate flesh as he carved it from her body. It hit the ground with a tiny splash of blood and fear.

"Your cunt will never please me again," he intoned.

"No, please, one more—"

"You will never feel my cock inside that fuck hole of yours."

"I-I'm sorry. I really am sorry. I didn't—"

"Do you want me to continue?" he asked as he felt his cock threatening to burst.

She nodded, a tiny little movement. "Yes, master. As much as you want."

He nodded and released her wrists. "Good girl. Turn around."

She gulped but obeyed. She pressed her bleeding wrists back up against the shower wall and spread her legs. Her ass stuck out to watch the searing hot water as it poured down her ass, funneled down her crack, and then dripped off her pussy.

Jim grabbed some of the soap and sop up his cock. When it was dripping bubbles, he worked his hips between her buttocks and jammed his cock against her ass. It was tight but loose enough as he forced it into her.

Hannah let out a cry as he forced himself into her ass. He thrust hard a few times until he was seated completely into her rectum. He gave a few more jerks before he grabbed her wrist and pinned her arms back against the wall.

"Count off your punishment."

"Y-Yes," she gasped.

He sliced along the back of her shoulder, adding another line.
“One.”

He drew the blade up the back of her arm, cutting to the bone as he sliced her open from shoulder to her bleeding wrist. Her entire arm turned bright red from her blood and he felt her sphincter crushing his cock. He struggled to drive it in and out of her body, despite the days of fucking every hole in her body.

Jim continued to slash wounds along her body, crisscrossing her skin with bright red lines until she was covered with blood even with the water coursing down her body. He pumped into her with every slice, burying his cock deep into her ass and then withdrawing as he cut into her flesh.

Hannah struggled against him, the natural need to defend herself warring with her programming. He could feel her muscles bunching to pull away, but the strength was leaving her.

He was getting close to his orgasm. He reached up and ran his arm along her throat so he could poise the blade to cut through her neck. It dripped crimson before the shower washed it clean. “Any last words, Hannah?”

She froze as if she didn’t know it would come to this. Her rectum clenched and then unclenched around him. “I... I...” she whimpered, “I love you.”

Jim leaned into her, his cock hard and deep in her body. He whispered into her ear, “Good girl and I forgive you,” and then he drew the knife across her throat. The blade was still sharp and it cut deep into her neck, slicing through both arteries. The sudden spray sounded like a power-washer against the side of the shower as she started to cry out, but it turned into a gasping gurgle.

He released her hands and grabbed her hair instead. With powerful thrusts, he began to ream her ass, fucking her with all his might knowing that she would be dying on it.

Hannah jerked and shook as she reached out with both hands for her throat. He pulled her hair and the gaping wound spread open even more. Seeing her fingers exploring the hole and exploring the hard jet of blood coursing out pushed him closed.

Jim set the knife down on a ledge and grabbed her hip for balance. He grunted as he fucked her, pounding her ass and no

longer care if he brought her pleasure or pain. She was just meat. Hot, steamy meat that needed to be fucked.

As he drove into her, he could feel her weakening. She swayed in his grip, but he just pounded her face-face into the side of the shower and kept on thrusting. He was going to fuck her until she died.

He started to come and bore back, squeezing down on muscles with every jerk of her body. As she continued to die, he crushed her against the side and fucked her with all his might. He could feel her passing away.

And then she let out a long, gasping gurgle as her entire body grew tight. Jim let out a bellow as he came in her, flooding her ass with cum as he brutally slammed her into the side of the shower with each thrust of his cock. He wanted to hurt her and he tried with every pound, slamming her repeatedly as she faded from the world.

He kept on coming and thrust until his cock and muscles ached. He didn't want to stop, he didn't want to give up on Hannah until he was sure she was no longer alive.

After an eternity, his softened cock slipped out of her ass. The water was washing away the blood and it no longer came in crimson sheets. He shoved her limp body up against the side and picked up the knife. Reaching down between her legs, he sliced into her Femoral arteries to help drain her body before setting down the knife once again.

With a sob in his throat, he wrapped his arms around her mutilated body and held her up, kissing her throat and shoulders as he waited until the water ran clean.

—

Jim smiled to himself as he grilled steaks of Karen and Hannah over the in-kitchen grill. The hickory smoke rose up around his metal spatula and teased his senses before being sucked into the vent above his head. The heat prickled his skin where the apron didn't shield his body.

He flipped over the two steaks. It was the last of Karen and aged almost to perfection. Hannah was still a bit fresh but he didn't care. It was only a few weeks since Hannah died impaled on his cock and it still brought a surge of excitement when he remembered it.

“Cat, about ready?”

“Yes, Jim.” Catherine came up with a platter. Her small breasts teased the edge of it and he could picture them sliced off her lovely body and sitting on the silver metal.

“Good, come over... what did you call me?”

Catherine frowned and said, “Master, of course.”

“Hrm,” he muttered. He scooped up the two steaks and laid them down on the platter. He expertly removed the spatula, then set it down in the soapy water in the kitchen sink. “Shall we eat?”

“Yes, master.”

He followed her into the dining room, watching her bare ass sway back and forth. As she bent over the table to set down the stakes, he caught sight of her dark pussy lips and was lost in a flash of lust.

Stepping up, he pulled the apron aside to reveal his cock. She started to straighten but he pushed her back down on the table, forcing her head down to the polished surface. For a moment, he felt a resistance in her back before she slumped forward and spread her legs.

Using his fingers to guide himself into her, he ran his cock head up and down her lips as he parted them. She was wet, all of them were always wet for him, but still tight around his cock. He rocked his hips forward, sliding it into the silky pressure.

As soon as he was seated in her sex, he grabbed her ass and spread her cheeks apart. It gave him the space to stare down at her lips wrapped around his shaft. With a smile, he rocked back and forth, enjoying how her pink lips clung to his shaft with every stroke.

Jim ground his fingernails into her ass cheeks and drove in deeper. She was hot around his length and with the fantasies he had while cooking, it didn't take long for him to reach an orgasm and pump his seed into her pussy. With a groan, he gave her a few last pounds that shook the table, then pulled out.

Catherine turned around as soon as she could and dropped to her knees. Her mouth opened up and she drew his dripping cock into her mouth. With a smile, she bobbed down his length to clean it.

“Good girl,” he said as he looked down at her.

She smiled warmly and used her finger to wipe a bit of cum that leaked out of her mouth.

—

It was early morning. Jim opened his eyes and stared up at the darkened sky. It was the beginning of fall and he could hear the wind howling outside. It was also cool in the room, the windows to his place were beginning to show their age. He reached out for Catherine and found her warm body on the far side of the bed.

With a grin, he scooted closer and slid his body to spoon her. The smell of her hair tickled his senses as he rested his chin against her shoulder and reached out to cup her breasts. Her nipple grew hard in his finger as she settled back.

“I love you, Chipmunk,” she whispered.

Jim froze and held his breath. He wasn’t expecting the word, but he knew the part of the brainwashing program that imprinted it into her mind. It was one of the signs that she was breaking through the mind control. “W-What is my name?”

Catherine moaned and squirmed as she rolled on her back. Her thighs spread open invitingly, just like every time, but there was something in her shadowed eyes. “Charlie Chipmunk, of course. Is there something wrong?”

Jim’s mind ran furiously. The Charlie phrase was embedded in the deeper parts of Catherine’s mind but if she was using it, he was in danger of losing her. As she settled back into sleep, he stayed up trying to find his options.

He could force her to use the program again, to enforce the program in her mind, but if she had broken it so quickly, it could push her over the edge. If he did it wrong, she could crack much like David did, a hollow shell unable to do anything besides rush to his death.

On the other hand, if he let her break, then he couldn’t trust her anymore. It would just take a few minutes at the wrong time and the police would be coming. Or, he would find her dead on the floor, cheating him out the one thing he hungered for: to kill her with his own hands.

His cock grew harder as he slipped out from behind her. The cold floor tickled his feet as he padded out of the bedroom and down the stairs. Picking up his cell phone, he thumbed a quick text message to Mary.

“Not feeling well, going to call in sick today.”

He set down the phone and let out a long sigh. He was hoping to enjoy Catherine longer, but the third option was the only one he could do. Today was going to be Catherine's last day alive and he wanted to spend the entire time getting every ounce of pleasure from her willing body.

The phone buzzed; Mary woke up hours before he did. He picked it up and read the message. "You don't have any important meetings today. Take care of yourself. Will call if there is a fire."

He set the phone down and leaned back on the couch. "Fuck."

"Master?" whispered Catherine as she came into the living room.

"Cat," he said with a smile.

She padded across the room, her naked body gleaming in the faint light outside. She came to him and straddled his thighs. With a soft moan, she sank down and straddled his legs. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said. He reached out and stroked her hips, sad that he was about to lose the most wonderful thing in his life.

She rolled her hips forward and scooted closer. His cock grew hard with anticipation, weeks of the same position taught him to respond. As she moved into the comfortable part of his hips, his cock slid deep into her pussy. She clamped down as she leaned into him and ground her nipples against his chest. "I love you, Chipmunk."

He closed his eyes. There was no question about it. Catherine was breaking out. It might have been because of her education, being a doctor, or simply because she had the right personality, but he couldn't keep her for long.

"Master? What's wrong?" She pumped her hips and swirled his cock deep in her soaked depths.

He sighed and reached up, spreading his fingers across her belly. She clenched her stomach underneath him. He held his hand there as she rocked back and forth, stirring him deep in her pussy. Then, he moved his hands to cup her small but perky breasts.

Catherine let out a moan and rested her hands on his, encouraging him to dig into the mounds, to squeeze and maul her. She continued to rock on his dick, moving in slick, swaying movements.

"Master?"

"Yes?" he answered as he dug into her tits.

“Why do I keep saying Chipmunk?”

He considered lying, but then dropped his hands to her hips, maybe to keep her down, but otherwise to encourage her to keep fucking him. “It is a sign that the controls I put on you are beginning to crack.”

“Control?” She moved faster, “Like mind control?”

He nodded, focusing on the feeling of her wet pussy wrapped around his cock.

“You’re controlling me? You were?” Her sex grew even wetter, part of the final programming he gave. It was a desperate hope that she could get off on being brainwashed and give him one more day before she finally pushed out of the bliss he gave her.

“Yes.”

“And Karen, Melody, and Hannah? It was that SAAM thing, wasn’t it? We kept using it, but I didn’t know why. I just wanted to keep testing myself. But, I’m still using it. Why isn’t it working? I use it every night.”

Jim twisted her nipple until she winced in pain. “Just because.”

She rocked faster, grabbing his shoulder for balance as she thrust back and forth. His cock sawed into her soaked pussy, it felt like it was sliding into molten lava.

He gripped her hips tighter, encouraging her to move. He started to reach his orgasm, the tightening of his balls encouraged and the way his stomach tightened with anticipation. He held her down, not wanting to lose her but also so he could cum as deep into her pussy as possible.

Catherine gasped as she impaled herself on his cock, her pussy lips pressed against his base and his entire length reaching deep into her cunt. “Come for me, master, fill me...”

He shoved his hips into her as he finally came. It was hot and slick and soaked as he coated her depths. It was intense though neither moved, just the pulse of his cock as it emptied out into her cunt, filling her depths.

When Jim finished, he relaxed but Catherine kept his cock buried in her sex. “What is going to happen? When? You are going to snuff me, right?”

“Yes,” he panted.

“Tonight?”

“Today, tonight. Soon.”

“I have a favor, Chipmunk.”

He spasmed at the keyword. “Y-Yes?”

“Please don’t cut me?”

He looked into her dark eyes, sad and disappointed.

“Torture me, hurt me, but... I don’t want to be cut like the others. Maybe you could,” she reached down and pulled out his hands. Drawing them up, she pressed his hands at her neck and he wrapped his fingers around her slender throat. “Choke me?”

“Would you like that?” He tightened his grip, “Choked to death?”

Her pussy clamped down on his cock. “Yes,” she gasped.

“My hands?”

She grew hotter.

“No, on my cock.”

She spasmed, her back arching as she let out a little cry. Her fingers bore down on her throat and the sound ended with a long, wet gasp.

“Do you want to die on my cock, lodged in your pretty throat.”

She could only gasp, but he felt her orgasm slamming into her body. It wasn’t quite part of the programming, but the human mind was a tricky thing. He thought about his options and realized he liked the idea. As his cock came back to life, he clamped down on her neck and began to pump.

—

It was a long time since Jim had worked with metal and it took him almost two hours to complete the last part of his plan. It was a ring for Catherine’s mouth, a ring gag, but once sized exactly for his cock at its hardest. He spent almost an hour polishing to make sure not a single burr would ruined his enjoyment of Catherine’s throat as he choked her to death.

He walked back around the house, his cock straining in his jeans. He wanted to come. His balls ached to release but except for an errant stroke, he was careful not to masturbate or even stroke his length. If he had to kill her tonight, he wanted to make sure she got everything he could give her.

Jim stopped on the front porch and looked out to the west. The sun was just about to kiss the top of the trees. A crippling sadness

hit him with the realization that he would be alone once again. He shook his head and headed up the porch stairs and into the house.

The smell of cooking greeted his senses. He breathed in the smells of corn muffins and roasted potatoes. Startled, he headed into the kitchen where Catherine was pulling out a second tray of muffins. From his point of view, he could see her naked legs and backside where it wasn't protected by an apron. She had done her hair up, leaving her neck exposed. A flower was in the top of it, tipping the top of her beautiful body.

For a moment, he wished he had more time.

Catherine stood up and set down the pan. Turning around, she let out a little gasp. "Oh, Chipmunk! I didn't hear you come in."

"What is this?"

"I wanted to leave you something. I know it isn't... meat, and that you'll probably get that from me, but I wanted something you can freeze." She worried her hands together. "You don't mind, do you?"

"No," he said with a smile. Opening up his arms, he gestured for her to come closer.

Catherine sniffed and wiped the tears from her face as she padded over to him. With a soft gasp, she slid into his arms and hugged him tightly. "I don't want to die."

"I know," he said comforting. He stroked a hand along her long brown hair and held her tight. "I don't either."

She buried her face in his shoulder. "A little while ago, I had a panic attack. All I wanted to do was run, but then I couldn't. Does that mean it is getting worse?"

Getting worse, she said, as if being choked to death was the most logical thing to happen. Jim closed his eyes tightly as he fought his own tears. He didn't want to lose Catherine any more than he wanted to lose the others. He just wished he could have had more time.

When she didn't say anything else, he finally answered in a broken voice. "Y-Yes."

She pulled away and looked at him with tear-filled eyes. And then she wiped them and took a deep breath. "You better start, then."

Catherine looked terrified but flushed. She reached back and untied her apron, pulling it off her naked body and folding it before

setting it down on the counter. She took a deep breath and grabbed her arm. "H-How do you want me?"

She glanced down to his straining cock. A smile crossed her lips. "Do you want me to suck you off, one last time?"

Jim smiled back and shook his head. "Yes and no. Grab the ball of twine and come out into the living room."

"Yes, Chip-" she stopped talking with a stricken look on her face. A fresh tear ran down her cheek. She turned and headed to where they kept the twine.

Jim headed into the living room and swept open the curtains. It was a west-facing window and gave a few of the sun just touching the horizon. He pushed the coffee table to the side and propped a pillow in the center. His body felt tight with anticipation as he paced back and forth before Catherine returned.

She handed him the ball of thick, white twine. There was a little spark and she jumped at the caress. Looking around, she frowned for a moment.

"Where?"

Jim guided her to a spot in front of the touch. Turning her toward the window, he walked up behind her and unwound a few feet of twine. Leaning forward, he drank in the scent of her body before reaching around to grab her wrist. He pulled it behind her, then drew the other wrist. They caressed the swell of her ass as he took the first loops around it to fix it in place. Once it was steady, he pulled it tight and began to loop it around her arms, binding her wrists and forearms together. He pulled tightly, digging into the skin and she let out a hiss.

"That hurts."

"It will," he said calmly as his pre-cum leaked down his leg, "but I don't want you to struggle."

Neither said anything, neither had to, as he continued to loop up the rope, pulling her arms together until her shoulders bunched up and she let out a moan of discomfort. He bound her arms together halfway past her elbow before he could tied it off. He gave her wrists a little tug and they didn't move apart.

Catherine moaned, her hips rocking as the smell of her excitement, the familiar tang of a slick pussy, filled the room. She squirmed as she tested her bounds, but she couldn't even twist her

wrists. He glanced over her shoulder to her breasts. They were thrust forward and begging for attention.

Jim tapped her right thigh. "Spread them."

She hesitated for a moment, then spread her legs. She groaned as she almost lost her balance, but he grabbed her wrists and held her up.

As soon as she regained her footing, he threaded the twine between her legs and fitted the rough rope right against her clitoris. It was already a hard nub between his fingers and her pussy drooled with excitement. He brought the twine over her right hip and back down the crack of her ass. As he pulled it tight, it left a red line across her skin. The second loop between her legs dug into her pussy lip, then it came around her left hip and back down to scrape against her pussy. He continued to wrap it around her hips, thighs, and labia, separating each of the delicate folds between tightly-stretched lengths of the rough rope.

"It hurts," she whimpered as her pussy grew wetter.

"I said I wouldn't cut you."

"No—" She gasped as he dragged the rope and scraped it against her clitoris before bringing it around.

Jim's world spun around as he focused on binding her. He started to wrap it around her thighs, tying her legs together. The pressure tore at his fingers and left deep grooves in her skin as he worked his way down, forcing her thighs, knees, and ankles together.

Catherine cried out as he finished. Her body swayed with the effort to remain standing, balanced on two feet bound together. Her chest heaved with her panting and her eyes were growing wild as she stared at him.

Jim walked in front of her. Wrapping his fingers around the twine bunched at her pussy. As he clenched his fist, a flash of pain coursed across her face. "Get on your knees."

Catherine's eyes widened. "What? I can't—"

"Now," he ordered.

There was a moment of fear, naked and raw, in her eyes. Then, she started to lower herself. He held her up by the ropes between her pussy and she let out a shuddering cry as the twine dug into her pussy, squeezing her soaked lips between the tight strands. He

guided her down to the ground and when her knees finally hit the carpeted floor, she let out a sob of relief.

Jim's cock bobbed in the air as he walked around her. She was helpless and it brought a burning lust coursing through his body.

"Oh, I forgot something."

He hurried into the kitchen and to his pantry. He found some large, gourmet raisin and brought them back. Setting down on the couch, he squeezed a few together into a ball. As he reached for her head, Catherine let out a whimper and tried to pull away. He grabbed her head with one hand then worked the ball of raisins into her nose. She squirmed and struggled, but couldn't move as he blocked off her breathing through her nose. When he released her, he couldn't see it but she was panting through her mouth.

"Can you breath still?"

She nodded.

"Through your nose?" She closed her mouth and tried, but nothing came out. Fresh tears sparkled in her eyes as she shook her head.

"Good."

Standing back up, he circled back around her. Kneeling down, he grabbed her bound ankles and pulled up. Catherine let out a cry as she fell toward the couch; she landed on her breasts and she let out a sob.

He listened to her cries but they only turned him on more as he folded her legs at the knees and tied them to her thighs. He grunted as he pulled them tight, forcing her heels tight against her buttocks as he wrapped it around a dozen times before being satisfied.

He leaned down and kissed her shoulder. She let out a moan and writhed, but she couldn't move. Jim caressed the soft skin of the trembling woman before he pulled her to balance on her knees. When he let go, she let out a gasp and fell; she couldn't stop herself.

Pulling her back up, Jim wrapped one arm around her chest, crushing her breasts, as he fished out the ring gag. "Open your mouth, Cat."

She obeyed with fresh tears. The metal ring had a groove, one for each side of her teeth, but he had to get past her teeth. He dug his fingers into her lower jaw as he forced her mouth further open. She let out a whimper as he forced the ring into her mouth, then

released it. Her teeth made a clink noise as they struck the metal, but her mouth refused to close completely.

Catherine reached out with her tongue, exploring the ring. She closed her lips around the metal and it looked almost natural, except that her cheeks puffed out just slightly as her mouth refused to close.

Jim walked around to admire his handiwork. “You are beautiful. Can you move?”

He held her up as she squirmed around. No matter how much she moved, she couldn’t budge more than an inch.

Jim sank down on the touch and spread his legs on each side of her. His cock bobbed as he settled into place. Holding her shoulders with both hands, he lowered her down toward his shaft.

In her position, she was balanced on her knees and it took very little effort to push her down. She was a little high, so he pushed her back, then tried again. After a few more times, he got it so she would fall straight down on his cock. He held her in place, his cock just brushing her lips.

Catherine tried to shift, to move, but she couldn’t. Her breathing grew faster as she stared down at his shaft, only inches from her mouth.

Jim lowered her down. His cock pushed past her lips and into her mouth. The moist heat of her breath teased his senses and he continued to lower her down. His cock rubbed against the roof of her mouth before it slid toward the back of her throat.

Her breath came out as a gasp, then cut off completely as his cock head bumped against the back of her throat. The weight of her body increased and he felt his shaft slipping down her throat, cutting off her breath completely.

Jim almost came, but he managed to control himself. He pushed her off his cock and she gasped for breath. There was fear in her eyes as he held his shaft in her mouth, thrilled by the frantic breath blowing past with every exhalation.

She stared up at him with fear, her resolve cracking, and he lowered her back down. His cock head lodged itself in her throat, cutting off her breath. He could feel her gagging and struggling, trying to pull off his shaft but her bounds were too tight. He counted

to five, then pulled her back up completely off. A thick line of saliva connected his manhood to her bottom lip as she gasped for breath.

“You okay?” he asked.

She shook her head and let out a gasping sob.

“But, this is what you asked for.” He reached up and grabbed her head with both hands. His fingers curled around the back of her bared neck and dug into the neatly done hair. He drew her down, forcing his cock into her mouth. She let out a wail which ended in a gasp as he forced himself into her throat. Her gagging massaged him, pushing him closer. He stared up out the window, lost in the pleasures her tight, squirming form. He pushed down, driving her to the base of his cock.

She heaved and he pulled up until his head was just inside her gaping mouth. She tried to say something, her tongue teasing his cock, but he just dropped her back down. He slid back inside and down her throat. She jerked but she was utterly helpless as she was choked by his cock.

Jim waited for a slow count of five before he pulled up. More saliva and pre-cum drooled out of her mouth, coating her chin and dripping down to her breasts. He smiled and brought her back down, slowly impaling her throat and cutting off her breath before drawing it back up.

Catherine tried to turn away but he tightened his grip. He whispered to her, “No, no, this is how you’re going to die.”

She struggled with him as he forced her back down, but her position gave her no chance. His cock slipped into her mouth and to the back. He let her weight push her down and held her there for a count of ten before relenting. He pushed her up enough for a single breath of air, then back down. His cock felt the tight constriction of her throat squeezing around him, massaging him as he was pushed closer to an orgasm.

Jim pushed her up, then back down, only giving her a single breath of air before choking her for a few seconds. He continued that, driving her deep and holding her down before giving her one, maybe two breaths. Her eyes started to glaze over as he continued to suffocate her slowly, torturing her with every slow thrust of his cock.

She squirmed and the smell of her body grew stronger. She smelled wet and excited and it encouraged him to hold her down longer, forcing his cock deep into her throat before giving her a tiny gasp of air. Jim's cock continued to swell and his balls ached to come.

Out the window, the sky started to turn orange. The sun had dipped down below the horizon. Jim pushed Catherine up and off his cock. She gasped for breath, desperate for every breath and not knowing if it would be cut off. Her chin and chest dripped with saliva and pre-cum, it came down in thick rivers and coursing down her body. Her legs and hips were shaking as she stared up at Jim, pleading when the words refused to come.

Jim smiled and brought her back down. She struggled, "No, no," came the wheezing begging but it was cut off as his cock slid into her throat as if it belonged there. She cried on him, hot tears splashing down his belly, as he held her down, jerking as he fought to come in her throat.

He lifted her for a breath, then back down. Resuming his slow, brutal suffocating. Seconds turned into minutes as he choked her and gave her air, moving with steady movements.

When the sky began to turn red, he realized when she had to die. He increased his pace, fucking her face and choking her. His eyes remained locked on the sun as he concentrated on every ounce of pleasure he could get out of her mouth and body. Her lips ran down his shaft to settle at his base. Her throat squeezed his length as she massaged him with her gagging. When he pulled up, she was crying and gasping at the same time.

Then, he pulled her off. "Cat?"

She tried to focus, but her eyes didn't seem to move.

"I love you."

She let out a sob, her lips caressing the metal gag.

"I love Karen."

She took in a deep breath and let it out.

"I love Melody."

She took another breath.

"And I love Hannah."

She shook her head, knowing what was about to happen.

“But, it is time for this to end. Just remember,” he pushed her down and impaled her throat, “I love you all.”

He released her head. Her weight bore down as she started to struggle. He rested his hands on the cushions of the couch as watched as she tried to remain alive, tried to breathe. There was only one thing holding her down, her body, and she was helpless to save herself. The intensity of the moment, the silence for the whisper of the twine and her body against the carpet, had a sharp, knife-like quality to it.

Jim let out a gasp as he came. His cock swelled in her throat, lodging it tightly in place as he pumped his cum down her throat. If she wasn't already, she would choke on it, but he didn't care. He just watched as her struggles slow and became erratic.

Catherine's eyes rolled into her head as she tried to weakly pull herself up. Her body trembled with the effort but she couldn't get the balance. Her lips worked at his base, massaging every inch of his cock as he continued to pump into her throat, filling it, owning it.

The sunset faded in a flash of green. At the same moment, he felt the last spasm of Catherine's body wrack her body as she died on his cock. He came again, splattering against her sealed up throat and giving her one last gift.

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

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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.