

Trio

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Trio of Darkness

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The door to apartment number twenty-seven opened quietly and the soft light from the sunset flooded into the room. A silhouette framed itself briefly in the door before Henry stepped inside, leaving the door half open. The faint smells of the summer air pushed into the room, but Henry ignored them as he sorted through a pile of letters. His eyes, a dark brown in color, caught himself in the mirror and he paused to admire his form.

A faint trilling broke his attention and he looked around. The trill came again from his right pocket, but it took him a second to pull out the cell phone and find the button to answer.

“Hello, this is Henry.”

A deep, booming voice vibrated through the phone, almost shaking it out of his hand, “Henry! How’s it hanging?”

Henry scowled at the sound of the voice and held the phone slightly away from his ear, “What can I do for you, Gary?”

On the tiny phone, Gary’s voice boomed out again, provoking another scowl from Henry, “Just need the location of the RS-4432, YUF3, and the UBIDR-223 forms are.”

The scowl turned into a frown before Henry answered, “Upper right drawer, but it’s locked,” he paused for a second, “Why do you need those now? I’m presenting the findings tomorrow. You’ll get a copy then.”

Gary sounded slightly distracted as Henry heard a faint scratching noise, “Just want to check it over. I’m allowed to, you know.”

Sighing, Henry nodded, “Yeah, you’re the boss.”

“See you tomorrow!”

Winching from the even louder noise that erupted from the phone, Henry sighed again and turned it off. Tossing the black phone on the table near the door, he stared at it for a moment.

“Better go in early, to restore whatever changes he’s going to make. Bastard always needs to get his name on everything.”

Running his fingers through his short brown hair, Henry tossed the rest of the mail on top of his phone and wandered into the kitchen to make dinner.

An hour later, the entire apartment was filled with the smells of cooking. Henry hummed to himself as he stepped from pot to pot, testing one taste before moving over to inspect some vegetables in a wok. A motion on the corner of his eyes startled him and he jumped back in shock; the spoon in his hand jumped and landed on the back of his hand, burning him slightly.

“Damn!”

His eyes looked at the door to the kitchen and, suddenly, the pain fled away as he looked at his girlfriend of five years.

Susan was beautiful, a stunning blond with brilliant yellow-gold hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a black pin-stripped suit and holding a briefcase in one hand. A white silk blouse peeked out from between the neat edges of the suit, hinting at the firm swells of breast underneath. Her eyes trembled for a moment before she quickly stepped over to him, her high-heels clicking on the stone tiles in a rapid rhythm.

“Honey! Are you okay?”

Henry rubbed the pained area and nodded, “Yeah, just burned myself a little.”

Susan smiled, brightening the room for a moment, “Don’t hurt yourself. I plan on keeping you a while.”

Blushing slightly, Henry stepped over to the sink and started to pour cold water on the red area. Susan joined him, her hips pressing against his as she watched with a troubled expression.

“Bad day?”

“How can you tell?”

“Number of pots. You always cook when you’re upset.”

Henry glanced over at the six pots he managed to have cooking all at once and sighed again.

“Yeah.”

“Want to talk about it?”

He didn't say anything at first, focusing on the cold water on his hand. Then, he pulled it out and dried it quickly on a cloth hanging next to the sink.

“Gary might be trying to steal my project.”

Concern flooded Susan's eyes and she hugged him tightly, “Oh, honey. Is there anything you can do?”

“Yeah, restore the files from backups and hope I get the printouts into the official's hands first. I'll probably have to leave early and hope Gary doesn't do the same.”

Susan smiled and gave him a quick kiss on the lips, “You can do it. You're the best that lab ever had.”

Henry smiled warmly, his hand clenching slightly as he imagined more than a kiss from Susan.

“Want to see a movie tonight?”

“Theater or DVD?”

“DVD. I was thinking of `Flubber.’”

Susan giggled softly, “You and mad scientists.”

Even as she was speaking, she was walking out of the kitchen. Henry didn't respond as he followed, enjoying the sight of her ass moving underneath her suit skirt.

So distracted, he didn't notice that she stopped walking until he ran into her. Blinking, he looked up and saw her face, full of fear and shock. Slowly, his eyes followed her gaze until it saw the last person he was expecting to see in his apartment.

She was tall, about a foot taller than him, but there was a presence that always gave him the impression she was ten feet tall. Her wavy, blond hair was pulled into a loose pony tail, framing the serious face. Her body wasn't impressive, but the black jumper barely hid the curves that pressed against it. Brown eyes stared unblinking at him as Henry began to feel himself shake at the anger boiling in that glare.

“Marisha,” his voice came out as a whisper and he felt a prickling of heat race down his spine, casting his senses in overdrive as he tried to understand how the woman got before him.

“Marisha,” he repeated as his brain allowed him to speak again, “how did you get-”

Marisha raised an eyebrow, “-out? Easy. Gary let me out, once I promised I’d do a favor for him.”

Henry tried to grasp words as fear and rage began to fight inside him, “Gary... let you out?”

The strange woman stood up, her clothes barely rustling as she started at Henry; her eyes still did not blink as she took a quiet step forward, “Wasn’t expecting that, were you? That someone would let us out, someone who would show a little compassion when we didn’t find it from you. Someone who didn’t just use us as experiments, injecting chemical after chemical into us until we either died or survived? Can you imagine what it felt like? Even for just one second, Henry?”

With each sentence, she stepped forward. Henry started to say something, but a sudden flash of movement caught his eye and he barely managed to turn when something powerful slammed into him. The wall crashed into his back as a blue flash of something blocked his vision for a second.

Henry found himself gasping for air, trying to convince his lungs to function again. His eyes watered and he was helpless to do anything as he struggled to move. His eyes slowly came into focus on long strands of blue hair.

His attacker was young, twenty-one according to her records. After some of the experiments he performed on her, her hair and eyes turned blue from some of the side-effects of the thousands of chemicals raging through her body. But, even through the worse of the experiments, she still managed to have a smile on her face.

The same smile she had right then.

Henry was still trying to breath when the young girl shoved something in his mouth. Hot juices dribbled down his cheek as she spread her fingers over his lips and shoved her palm against him tightly. The soft skin of her hand teased him briefly before he began to panic with the need to open his mouth.

With a snap, his lungs began to work and he drew in a fresh breath of air, or it would have been except for the burning spices from the peppers she shoved into his mouth. Henry choked for a moment, coughing hard, but the hand on his mouth wouldn’t let him push the burning peppers out. Juices ran down his throat and he swallowed hard, trying to ignore the intense pain from the oils.

The girl giggled softly, her face filled with innocent joy, “You like? I can’t taste them, but I figured you’d be willing to tell me.”

Henry struggled for breath, trying to breathe around the hot peppers and her hand. Realizing he was going to choke again, he managed to bite and swallow it, sending another bolt of searing pain down his throat. Tears splashed down his face, pooling on the girl’s hand before dripping down.

The girl peered forward, until his vision just saw her blue eyes, innocent and clear, “Oh, you liked those. You’re crying with joy!”

From that distance, Henry felt very short compared to her even though the girl was only six inches taller than him. She giggled again and stepped back, yanked Henry from the wall as she kept one hand on his mouth and the other on the back of his head. One of Henry’s feet caught on something and he started to fall; the pressure increased and she held him up by his own head. His skull ached from her strength as she dragged him to the center of the room.

A soft, sultry voice spoke up above him, startling Henry’s attempts to regain his feet, “Try not to kill him, Sarah, Gary still wants him alive.”

Henry looked up at the speaker, who somehow managed to wrap her arms around Susan; his girlfriend seemed in shock, her eyes not seeing anything in front of her as the dark-haired woman stepped around.

The third woman was stunningly beautiful, long black hair cascading down her back. The black uniform fit her perfectly, even with the zipper down to her belly button revealing smooth, white skin. Dark eyes hid under long eyelashes as she ran a finger down Susan’s chin. Henry’s girlfriend didn’t respond to the touch except to shiver slightly.

Sarah glared at the third woman, “Don’t tell me what to do, Alex! I know what Henry wants, he told me.”

Dark eyes glittered, “So stop acting like a child and do it.”

Sarah snarled slightly and dragged Henry with her, even as he struggled. His fingers curled around hers, but he couldn’t find the strength to pry off even one finger as he felt himself helplessly being dragged over to Marisha.

The brown-haired woman watched him with unblinking eyes and smiled slightly as Henry tried to pry off another finger. Sarah lifted it slightly and pushed it back, easily moving his own fingers aside. Henry felt his fingers strain from the effort, but no matter what he did, he couldn't manage to free his head from the fingers trapping him. The hand over his mouth, the palm pressing almost painfully against his lips, would not budge and he forced himself to calm down enough to breath through his half-covered nose, drawing more pepper taste into his burning lungs.

Marisha stared down at him for a moment, then turned and peeked out the door. Even as he breathed heavily through his nose, Henry noticed that the doorknob was snapped open, leaving a gaping hole where the lock used to be. Wondering how he managed not to hear it, he was surprised when Marisha motioned for the others and stepped outside.

Sarah's hands tightened on his mouth, cutting off his breath, as she picked him up easily and carried him outside. Henry's hands wrapped around her, partially to release some of the pressure on his neck and in an attempt to break free. The hand on his mouth tightened, cutting off any movement of his jaw; he tried to scream but only a muffled noise came out. The girl glared at him for a second before jumping over the metal fence that ran along the open walkway.

Bushes rushed up and slammed into him, but Sarah was already moving forward, dragging him for a moment before throw him into a black, unmarked van. His body cracked against the wall of the van, but before he could move, Sarah was already on him, pinning him to the ground as she slapped one hand hard against his face.

His ears rang from the blow even with his struggles, but he couldn't free himself from Sarah's merciless grasp before the van door shut quietly. His eyes focused on the dim light from one window and he noticed Susan was also in the van, with Alex holding her hand over his girlfriend's mouth. There was still a stunned look in Susan's eyes as Alex pushed her head to the side, exposing the soft flesh of Susan's neck to her hungry gaze.

Henry froze as he watched Alex kiss lightly on Susan's neck, in imitation of a vampire's caress. His body shook with the need to do something, but Alex pulled back and smiled at him.

“Don’t worry, Henry. Gary has plans for her.”

Susan murmured softly for a moment and a frown crossed Alex’s expression. She gently guided Susan’s head to gaze into her eyes and the two women stared at each other until Susan’s shoulders slumped again.

The van started up as Alex gave Henry a brief smile. As Marisha guided the black vehicle out of the private drive, Sarah giggled softly. Her other hand reached out of Henry’s grasp and came back with a tube. Henry frowned before he realized she was going to squirt it into his mouth.

He began to struggle, his legs kicked against the floor of the van as Sarah moved her hand down to grab his jaw. She forced them open, and before he could yell, emptied most of the toothpaste into his mouth. Henry gagged on the minty flavor and started to swallow it when Sarah shoved something else in his mouth and brought both hands over his mouth and nose.

The sharp taste of grapefruit burst into his mouth for a moment before the sour taste of mint and citrus rushed through his senses. Henry felt himself gagging, but the hand over his mouth and nose caused the spasms to hurt his throat and nose. Sarah giggled softly as she held him down, her weight easily pinning him as the van moved into the street.

“You know I can’t taste things anymore, Henry. So, did that taste good?”

Henry tried to scream or yell, but the world was beginning to grow dark as his lungs screamed for breath. His hands flew to his throat, but there was nothing he could do until, after an endless time, the hand relaxed enough for him to suck in a breath of air. The hand clamped down again as soon as he inhaled, but the black spots were already clearing.

His stomach felt sour, from the mint and peppers, but there was nothing he could do; he was helpless until the girl on his chest released him. The hand tightened on his mouth, cutting off his breath and he began to struggle weakly against the powerful hands. This time, they didn’t release and he felt the sharp pain of unconsciousness crash into him.

Henry slowly regained consciousness in agonizing steps. His entire body felt heavy and thick. With supreme mental effort, he

drew his will into moving his arm. It sluggishly obeyed, moving a few inches before he ran out of energy. After an eternity of effort, he managed to move his other arm and his right big toe.

Noises began to filter through the darkness, someone he knew was screaming loudly. Henry focused on the noise, a higher pitched, trying to remember... Susan. The image of Susan being dragged out of the house send cold bolts of fear through his veins and he felt himself wake with a start.

“Let me go, you bitch!”

Susan’s voice rang out through the lab, bouncing off harsh lines and sterile equipment. There was a sound of a slap, then another woman’s chuckle. Henry, his head still dizzy, looked up to see Alex was holding his girlfriend with one hand, the other wrapped in Susan’s hair; the smile on her face was almost violent, the dark eyes flashing with her movements. Susan’s shoes were across the room, as if she kicked them off in her struggles.

Henry surged to his feet, but a pair of hands grabbed him by the shoulders and slammed him down hard on the chair; the plastic wheels underneath creaked from the effort and he felt a bolt of pain slam up his spine.

Near his ear, Sarah giggled softly, “No, no. Stay here, Henry.”

Henry ran his tongue inside his mouth, tasting the faded remains of the peppers, mint, and grapefruit and shuddered. His eyes turned to his left and he found himself staring into the piercing blue eyes of Sarah.

The blond smiled and raised an eyebrow, “Hungry?”

Henry shook his head violently. Sarah frowned slightly and slide her hands down his shoulders until she grabbed both elbows. Henry winced as the grip, then again as she drew them together, pulling his shoulders back until his elbows touched.

A gasp of shock and agony escaped Henry’s lips and he lost himself in the pain for a few moments until it gratefully eased. The sound of a door opening caught his attention. Looking up, he saw his supervisor, Gary, enter the room.

Gary was not a handsome man. Broad shoulders gave him a squat, almost dwarf-like appearance. His hair was a thick black, except for the streaks of gray. His lab coat, as always, strained around his chest and stomach.

His eyes glittered as he looked at Henry, “Henry! Good for you to come back to work, with so little notice.”

Henry glared back, “What is this about, Gary?”

Muscles rippled as Gary shrugged, “The usual. Trying to get a promotion, get a co-worker killed, and take his work.”

Stunned shock slammed into Henry as he felt his mouth open in surprise. Gary chuckled, a dry sound, before he walked up and placed one heavy hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure the girls will take good care of you, specially after all the care you gave them.”

Outrage burned in Henry as he tried to surge to his feet. The hands on his elbows tightened, pulling him down easily; with a start, he felt Sarah wrap both elbows in one hand, easily keeping him still with almost no effort. He sputtered for a moment before he yelled back, “What do you mean, care? I took good care of them! I made sure they were comfortable, didn’t suffer long, and that-”

Gary interrupted with a glare, “-doesn’t matter. You were the one who injected them, made them suffer in pain and agony. You kept the isolated-”

“-by your suggestion!”

“-but you were the one who locked them in those padded rooms, Henry. And I think they remember that more.”

“I’m going-”

Gary’s face turned purple as he roared down at Henry, “Shut up!”

Sarah’s spare hand slipped up and covered his mouth. Henry tried to yell again, but the palm pressed against him, locking his jaw in place. Henry sputtered for a moment, then slumped down, breathing heavily through his nose.

Gary smiled at him with an unfriendly smile, “Much better. I was getting tired of your complaints and yelling.”

He looked up at Sarah and stroke one finger against her cheek, Sarah almost purred with happiness, “Good girl. Just keep him silent for now, I have some other,” he looked over at Susan, “pressing needs.”

A soft giggle, “Yes, Gary.”

Henry already forgotten, Gary lumbered over to Susan who was watching him with growing fear. He lifted one hand and raised it to her face. Susan flinched, her eyes not leaving the cruel man.

A faint smile crossed Gary's face, "Ah, the beautiful Susan. Do you remember what I asked that day?"

Henry felt a swirl of confusion enter him as he tried to figure out what Gary was talking about. A murmur of protest caused the hand on his mouth to press tighter, the palm digging his lips into his teeth; he could feel the faint scent of perfume on the hand.

Gary continued after a moment, "Do you?"

Susan glared until Alex, who was holding her, shook her slight. With a glare that would freeze hell, she nodded slowly. Gary grinned.

"Why don't you tell Henry what I asked you."

Henry watched as his girlfriend resisted, starting to shake her head, but Alex did something and she winced in pain.

"Y-You asked me..."

Gary drawled out an answer, obviously enjoying her discomfort, "Yes?"

Steeling herself, Susan glared right at him, "You wanted to see my breasts."

Henry's breath caught in his chest, outrage and disgust warring inside him. His supervisor wanted to see his girlfriend's breasts? He started to struggle, but the hand on his mouth pulled back hard, pressing painfully against him. The noise of protest died in his throat as he found himself struggling to breath. Slowly, Sarah released her nose against his mouth and he found himself able to pull in a few stirrings of fresh air nosily through his nose.

Rubbing his hands, Gary chuckled, "Yes, I did. It was at that lovely laboratory function, to get to know everyone."

Thinking back, Henry remembered that party, the government rarely held anything, much less a party. Susan was there, in a stunning red dress. One time, after he caught himself in a long conversation about the benefits of using a virus for gene manipulation, he remembered her asking him to leave. She looked upset, but he didn't really pay attention until after the discussion.

Gary shook his head, "And you left so soon after that. I never did get to see those lovely breasts of yours."

Looking shocked herself, Susan stared at him, "All this just to see my breasts?"

“No, not anymore. Also to steal your boyfriends project and kill him to make sure I’m the only person on the papers. You see, I really need this promotion now that I have three lovely ladies to work for me.”

Next to him, Henry heard Sarah sigh happily and hold him even tighter. A whimper of pain vibrated in his throat as he felt his shoulders being drawn back until his elbows pressed tightly against each other.

Susan’s muscles bunched up and she lashed a kick out at Gary. The man easily stepped away from it and Alex picked her up off the ground and shook her hard for a moment. When she placed Susan back on the ground, the blond’s head was shaking for a moment.

Gary stepped up, grabbing her chin and forcing her to look at him, “Now, my dear. We’re going to play a little game.”

She didn’t respond until he cleared his throat. Then, with a sullen, flat voice, she asked the question he wanted, “What game?”

“Strip torture.”

With a grand gesture, he motioned to the door where Marisha was standing, holding a tray of syringes. Without smiling, she stepped further into the room and showed the tray to both Henry and Susan. On it, were seven syringes, each one filled with a clear fluid and a serial number.

Forcing her to look into his eyes again, Gary spoke softly to Susan, “These are the chemicals your boyfriend put into my lovely ladies. There were twenty to start, but only three survived. There were forty men, but none of them survived any of them.”

Susan looked between Gary and the syringes and began to shake. From his position, Henry felt fear bubbling up inside him, but there was nothing he could do. The hand over his mouth stretched slightly, giving him a chance for a deep breath of air, but he felt stunned.

When Alex walked over to him and set down the tray, he began to shake. His leg kicked out, but hit nothing. Something inside him snapped and he began to thrash, trying to escape the madman. His hands bulged against Krystal’s, but she easily held him. At the same time, she bore down on his hand, cutting off his breath as she pressed her hand tighter against his mouth.

He could feel how her hand covered most of his face, soft skin except for the hard muscles underneath. His head thrashed to the right, but there was only a moment's freedom before the hand pressed against his mouth again. His feet continued to kick out, not hitting anything as he bore of all of his strength into escaping.

He never had a chance.

After a few moments struggle, he was covered in sweat and still trapped. Sarah managed to keep her hand over his mouth the entire time and he felt his lungs beginning to ache from the effort. His shoulders slumped and Krystal's giggle told him he lost.

Marisha's smile was humorless as she drew up a chair and picked up the first syringe. Henry, exhausted, could do nothing but look at the serial number, remembering its effects on men.

Susan's voice broke out over the lab, "You wouldn't!"

Gary chuckled, "Well, that depends on you."

Glaring at him, Susan said nothing as Gary's smile grew.

"You see, my beauty, for every piece that you take off, Marisha will not inject your boyfriend with a syringe."

"What!?"

"Strip and he lives."

Gary nodded to Alex who released Susan. The blond held onto a floor-to-ceiling microscope for a balance, then stood up. Looking over at Henry, he could see Susan's internal struggle. Her eyes shined with unshed tears for a moment and he could do nothing but wait. Next to him, Marisha was tapping the syringe, clearing out any air bubbles.

After a moment, Susan nodded and Henry felt his heart sink, "Fine."

With an angry effort, she unbuttoned her suit jacket and shrugged it off. Underneath, her silk blouse showed off the firm swells of her breasts and gave the slight hint of a lace bra underneath. Tossing it aside, she glared at Gary.

He smiled back, his face filled with mock regret, "I'm sorry, that really didn't do anything to me. You're going to have to try again, this time with a little more effort."

"What!?"

"I want to enjoy this. So, if I don't like it, Marisha is going to put that syringe into your boyfriend."

Marisha started to lower the needle toward Henry's arm and he whimpered through the hand on his mouth. Susan flashed a look at him and everyone could see the defeat in her eyes.

She started walking toward her jacket, but Gary cleared his throat, "Can't put anything back on."

Susan's head snapped up to glare at him, but she said nothing. Sighing, she turned to face Gary, her fingers sliding up her sides to work at the buttons of her blouse. Gary chuckled and watched as she began to rock her hips back and forth, her eyes sullen underneath her eyelashes. Her blouse opened slowly, revealing a white lace bra underneath.

Closing her eyes, Susan began to pull the blouse up over her, exposing her tan flesh to Gary's hungry gaze. As the white silk brushed the floor, Gary nodded once.

Marisha reached over and dropped the syringe into a red sharps box. It landed on the bottom with a solid thunk noise. Susan didn't even pause as her fingers slid over the curves of her breasts and along her rocking hips, to find the fastening for her skirt. Gary sighed happily and sat down, rubbing his crotch.

Susan continued her strip tease, removing her skirt with a sensual movement to reveal a matching pair of white panties. Her movements were forced, a parody of a stripper, but apparently it was enough to please Gary. He nodded and Marisha disposed of the next syringe.

Henry felt tears burning in his eyes as he was forced to watch his girlfriend strip for the cruel man. When she removed one of her thigh-high stockings, he felt a sob catch in his throat. The hand over his mouth continued to press tightly against him, almost to the point of cutting off his breath, but he was lost in the shame of his girlfriend's strip.

When the second stocking fell to the ground, he didn't even hear Marisha drop the syringe in the sharps box. Instead, he felt his body shake from the effort not to burst into tears; the expression on Susan's face was sullen and angry, but it was nothing compared to the gaping hole growing inside his heart. When she started on her bra, he started to yell out, but Sarah tightened her hand over this mouth, suffocating him as he strained against his bounds. Neither

Gary nor Susan heard him as she dropped the stocking and stood there, wearing nothing but her bra and panties.

Gary nodded and Marisha tossed the next syringe into the red box. Susan hesitated for a second before reaching back to unfasten her bra. Gary leaned forward to watch eagerly, and Henry found himself forced to watch her; when he tried to move his head, Sarah forced it back.

With little effort, Susan released her bra and let it slide down her stomach, revealing the pert breasts to Gary's hungry gaze. She stood up straight, letting the pink nipples push up into the air as she looked down at him with a glare.

"Very nice..." Gary's voice spoke softly as he continued to rub his crotch with one hand and stare openly with the other. Marisha gave a snort and almost threw the next syringe into the box. Henry glanced down as saw there were two more left; fear prickled through his spine as he realize Susan was wearing nothing but her silk panties.

Gary motioned for her to continue, his fingers rubbing against the growing hardness between his legs. Susan, her eyes filled with sadness, trailed her fingers over her breasts, teasing the hard nipples for a moment, before sliding down to the elastic of her panties. With a slow rock to her hips, she pushed them down, taking a great deal of effort to rub them against her thighs and knees before kicking them aside.

When she stood up, Henry felt a sense of helplessness slam into him. His girlfriend was forced to strip to save his life, and there was nothing he could do. He flexed his wrists slightly, but Sarah tightened her grip on both his elbows and his hands. Tears began to pour down his face as he stared at Susan, admiring her beauty and swimming in his despair.

She was beautiful, even in those circumstances. The light tuft of darker hairs framed an almost perfect V leading between her legs. Her thighs were smooth and elegant, signs of her almost constant visits to the gym and swimming. A whimper escaped his throat, but the hand over his mouth muffled the noise.

Neither Susan nor Gary noticed as they stared at each other, she glaring and him watching her with a lustful gaze.

After a long moment, Gary nodded to Marisha who threw away the second to last syringe and picked up the final one. Gary looked back, his eyes dark with anticipation, "Looks like you are out of clothes and there is one left."

A tear rolled down Susan's cheek and she nodded slightly. Henry could see her mind spinning, but there was nothing he could do but watch. Next to him, Marisha fondled the final syringe with a growing smile, her eyes almost sparkled with her own excitement.

Susan said something, but her voice was too soft for anyone to hear. Gary's smile grew before he spoke curtly.

"Repeat, please?"

Another tear rolling down her cheek, Susan repeated herself in a soft voice, "What do I need to do?"

"To save your boyfriend?"

She nodded and Gary chuckled. Sitting back, he made a show of spreading his legs to show the hard bulge in his trousers.

"I think begging would be appropriate. The kind of begging that involves your mouth on my shaft."

Susan stood there, another tear rolling down her cheek. Henry watched, his breath caught in his throat. His hands clutched into helpless fists as he watched Susan thinking about it. The syringe bobbed on the edge of his vision as Marisha hefted it, the smile on her face cruel and evil.

Finally, she nodded and took a step toward Gary. He cleared his throat and pointed to her suit jacket, "Put that on before."

Frowning slightly, Susan padded over to her jacket and leaned over at the hips to pick it up. The brief view of her opening, a pink slit, brought a groan from Gary and a whimper from Henry; the hand over Henry's mouth tightened and he felt Sarah's strength begin to bore down on him.

Susan slipped into her jacket, leaving it unbuttoned. The black pinstripe fabric looked stunning on her, with the curves of her breasts peeking out of the opening. Gary groaned again, rubbing his crotch harder as he pointed between his legs.

As she padded over to him, Gary fumbled with his zipper before opening up his pants. His cock, a medium length, sprung into view already coated with precum. Susan stopped mechanically between

his legs and knelt down until her mouth was poised right above his shaft.

Gary groaned softly, "Yes..."

Henry whimpered as she bowed her head forward, taking his rounded cockhead into her mouth. The hand over his relaxed slightly as Henry was forced to watch the purple shaft disappear into his girlfriend's mouth. When he tried to look away, the hand forced him to watch.

Curling his fingers into Susan's hair, Gary groaned again and muttered darkly, "Since you are begging, why don't we make it a little harder."

Susan tried to pull her head up, but Gary forced it on his shaft as he continued, "Until you make me cum, Sarah is going to make sure Henry doesn't breath."

Henry watched as Susan jerked and he felt himself straining against his bounds helplessly. The hand on his mouth tightened painfully, cutting off his breath and he found his body thrashing to release himself.

Gary smiled over at Henry, then down at Susan who was looking up with her mouth still filled with his shaft, "Hurry up, dear. He's beginning to suffocate."

Susan didn't hesitate and pushed her mouth down on his shaft, taking his entire length into her mouth. Gary curled his fingers tighter, pushing her down harder for a moment before letting her pull up.

Henry struggled against his bounds, his hands and feet thrashing painfully as he tried to escape Sarah's grip. Alex joined in, grabbing his feet and holding them still as he continued to spasm, trying to break free of the suffocating hand over his mouth. Sarah giggled as she barely moved from his efforts, her hand easily cutting off his breath.

In front of him, he could see Susan frantically bobbing up and down on Gary's shaft, tears rolling down her face as she watched Henry struggle to free himself. Whimpers of frustration and fear vibrated in his throat, but came out as muffled sounds as he poured all of his strength into breaking free.

His lungs began to ache from the need to breath, his eyes still looked on the sight of Susan's red lips stretched around Gary's

purple shaft. They moved up and down, soaking the hard length with her saliva, but Gary continued to groan quietly with each stroke from his tip to the base of his shaft. At the end of each stroke, with his cock buried in his mouth, Henry could see Susan working her tongue on the hardness, trying to bring an orgasm to Gary.

Black spot began to swim in his vision as he continued to struggle, weaker with each spasm of his throat. His feet were trapped in Alex's grip and he found himself feeling even more helpless. Sarah's hand kept over his mouth, blocking off any breath. He tried to bite at her, but the fingers wrapped around his jaw prevented him from even opening his mouth. His hands thrashed violently, but did nothing to the hard women pinning him.

Gary's hands wrapped around Susan's head as he started to shove her down hard on his cock, ramming himself into her mouth until she whimpered in pain. Her hands gripped his ankles as he thrust her head down again and again on his cock. Henry continued to spasm, the black spots swirling his vision as he desperately gasped for air.

His lungs were screaming down and he felt a tingling along his skin and spine as his brain began to starve for air. Gary's thrusts into Susan were growing stronger, more powerful, but there was nothing Henry could do; part of him wanted to stop it and the other part begged for Gary to fill his girlfriend's mouth so he could breathe once again. Each thought was beginning to hurt as he barely saw Gary's thrusting into Susan.

Gary's groans grew louder, but Henry could barely hear over the ringing in his ears. Then, Gary pulled Susan's mouth off his shaft as it surged a long string of cum into her face and hair. He groaned again, pulling against her as his cock jetting streamer after streamer onto her face and throat. The cum streaked along her black suit jacket as he pumped jet after jet.

Susan did nothing, the tears rolling freely down her face as she sobbed; her face was flushed with her embarrassment and revulsion as Gary continued to cum all over her.

The hand on Henry's mouth relaxed and he found the first breath of air rush into his lungs. It felt bitter, acrid, but it was the sweetest thing in the world as he focused on his lungs working. Drawing in a deep breath of air, he felt the world spinning around him as the

blackness began to receded, giving him the first vision of his girlfriend, her face covered in come.

A sob ripped out of him and his shoulders slumped. The world continued to shake and he could do nothing but glare at Gary. Gary ignored him as he guided Susan to her feet. When she went to wipe the cum from her face, he grabbed her hands.

“No, my dear. Leave that there.”

Alex left Henry’s legs to walk over. Gary nodded and pointed to an examination chair, one with stirrups to spread a woman’s legs. Susan didn’t seem to notice it until Alex picked her up and dropped her on the table. Looking up with a fright, she began to struggle but the dark woman was already strapping her in.

“What are yo-”

Gary silenced her with a hand over her mouth, “Shush, dear. One more thing and you and your boyfriend are free to do whatever you want.”

Susan relaxed slightly as Alex strapped in her other leg and spread them, exposing to the pink slit to Gary’s hungry gaze. He chuckled and pointed to another strap. Alex fastened it across Susan’s hips, pinning her down to the table.

Henry watched with growing fear and excitement, there were no more syringes to threaten him and only one thing left before he was to be free of this cruel man. It was obvious that Gary was going to rape her, even before he started to trail a finger down the pink opening of her sex. Gary’s cock was already hard and dripping again, peeking out from the open fly on his trousers. To Henry’s surprise, however, there was a faint moisture in his girlfriend’s sex, just enough to splay open Susan’s delicate opening and lubricate Gary’s finger as he pushed it in.

Henry saw Susan resign herself to being taken as her head slumped back and she closed her eyes. Gary chuckled and held out his hand to Marisha. The brown-haired woman stood up and walked over to him, pulling something out of her pocket. Henry saw a brief flash of something large and metallic.

Marisha smiled at him and stepped away and Henry got his first look at the metallic object.

It was a syringe, a larger one than the others that he knew too well.

It was the serum he used to make the three women holding him down.

Gary hefted it for a moment before looking over at Henry.

“250 milliliters of serum, right Henry? Just enough to turn her or kill her... in about three days.”

Henry screamed with all his rage, but the hand over his mouth clamped down, blocking off his breath. The screams came out as feeble moans instead of the pure emotion he felt. He felt his face turn red as rage slammed into him and he jerked against his bounds. Sarah was obviously waiting for him and just tightened her grip, giggling softly. Susan’s head snapped up and her gaze of total fear almost ripped Henry’s heart in half. Her hands strained her bounds, but she was caught too tight to do anything but move.

A strangled noise of fear came out of her throat, but Gary was already pushing the large needle into a thick vein of her elbow. Shoving it in, he emptied the dark orange fluid into her and stepped back, tossing the empty syringe aside.

Henry was in a fury, slamming again and again as his bounds, but nothing moved. The hand over his mouth continued to press against him, holding his jaw shut with a soft hardness. No matter how much he thrashed, he couldn’t free himself of the suffocating pressure, or the sensation of being pinned. A wave of helplessness and frustration washed over him as he watched Susan whimper, staring at where the needle entered her with fear. Her toes curled and a faint shake shivered through her body.

Gary ignored his muted screams as he strolled around the table, stroking his fingers against Susan’s firm breasts and hips.

“So pretty, so beautiful. If you survive, though your changes are one in ten thousand, you will be the prettiest of them all.”

Susan wasn’t listening as a spasm slammed into her, shaking the table as she threw back her head and screamed. Some of her veins were turning red and bruises were forming along the needle entry point; the leather restrained creaked at the spasm of her body, but held.

Henry was already lost in his anger, screaming through the hand and thrashing as hard as he could. Sarah’s hands pinned him easily and Alex pinned his feet until he felt the last of his energy drain out of him. A sob rippled through him as he watched another seizure

slam into his girlfriend as the serum began to burn through muscle, bone, and nerves alike.

Gary's stroll brought him between her legs. He gave Henry a large smile as he aimed his cock into her opening, held still by the leather restraints. Between one spasm and another, he shoved forward, burying his length into Susan's sex with a slurping noise.

Another seizure slammed into Susan and Gary groaned. He held his shaft inside her, his fingers stroking against her immobilized legs.

"Oh Henry, her pussy is so tight. So," another spasm rippled through her and Gary groaned, "and the feeling is indescribable."

Henry sobbed, tears pouring down his face. His muscles had no more energy, no more strength, to resist and he was forced to watch as Gary began to thrust in and out of his girlfriend. Susan's screams echoed shrilly in the lab, her mind and body being assaulted by the serum he developed. The suit jacket was ripped from the power of her seizures, but no one noticed except for Henry.

His body began to shake violently as he watched Gary thrusting harder inside her, taking advantage of her body and moaning each time a spasm tightened all of her muscles. His cock, which Henry saw with depressing clarity, continued to plunge in and out of Susan's soaked opening.

When Henry tried to look away, Sarah forced his head back until Gary began to groan again, thrusting faster and harder into Susan. She was still screaming, her body tensing again and again. Gary's thrusting turned erratic before he pulled out to splatter more of his cum against her labia and thighs; Susan didn't notice in her spasms and screaming but Henry sobbed with the violation of his lover, and the knowledge of the suffering she was experiencing.

The hand on Henry's mouth tightened, cutting off his breath as he felt a prick of a needle in his arm. With growing fear, he looked down to see Marisha empty the second syringe of into his arm. The breath caught in his throat as he read the serial number on the syringe, his serum. Looking up, he found himself looking into her serious brown eyes.

Marisha wasn't smiling when she spoke softly, "She'll probably survive this, Henry. You won't."

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

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