

Trio 2

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Trio of Darkness: Mark's Choice

Thunder crackled along the cloudy sky, sending a wave of lightning across the darkness before echoing into a rumble. A warm wind, full of ozone and rain, oozed across the deserted parking lot and swirled around a dark-colored SUV before passing into the street.

Across the lot, the glass-fronted door to an office building slid open as two people, a man and a woman, stepped out. The man, in his mid twenties, looked into the darkness with sad brown eyes, his shoulders slumped with heavy emotions. Underneath the plain clothes, he was fit and powerful, but there was a soft sorrow that hung over him, darker than the clouds before. A thin smile crossed his face as he pulled a strand of blond hair out of his face.

Next to him, the woman tugged her hair back and twisted it underneath her jacket. Her bright blue eyes almost shone in the dim light as she giggled briefly, twisting her blond hair around one finger. Her longer fingernails glinted briefly, a silver polish, before she unzipped her jacket to expose the round curves of her breasts nestled in shadows.

“Cheer up, Mark, just for tonight.”

Mark shook his head, the dark hair twitching in the wind. His voice was soft and sullen, a depressed sound that barely susand over the growing breeze.

“I’m trying.”

Rolling her eyes, she turned slightly to face him, pulling the jacket further open to give him a good look at the dress she was wearing underneath. Mark’s lip quirked slightly as he admired her, his eyes following the plunging neckline and the silver necklace

nestled between her breasts. Matching earrings sparkled from her ears as a smile brightened her face.

The smile faded after a moment, leaving his eyes a moment later. He sighed, "I'm trying, Gwen, but I just can't."

Gwen's hand reached up and pressed her fingers against his lips. Mark closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation of her fingertips pressing against him, the faint pricks of her fingernails teasing his nose. Her skin felt hot, a warmth against his cheek that briefly took his breath away. His left hand snaked up to press lightly against the back of her hand, pressing it tighter against him as he kissed it lightly.

Stepping forward, she pressed her body against his as she looked into his eyes, "Shh, I don't want to hear about it tonight."

Mark tried to respond, but Gwen slid her hand up and pressed her palm against his mouth. He could feel the ridge of her engagement ring press against his lips as her soft palm covered his mouth. She had a smaller hand than his, it barely covered his mouth but she held it there for a moment before shaking her head. His eyes darkened but stood there, saying nothing.

After a second, a sparkle of amusement crossed her eyes as she pull her hand back, "After tonight, you can go back to the sour and depressed man you've become since Henry disappeared, but tonight, you need to relax and let it go."

Despite the feeling of darkness growing inside him, he nodded. Gwen smiled and ran a finger along the curve of her breast before grabbing the tab and zipping her jacket back up.

"Good, but we need to hurry if we are going to make the show."

A flash of a smile crossed his face and he started for the lone SUV in the parking lot. Gwen moved with him, her arm tucked with his as they moved together. As they reached the dark gray vehicle, Gwen pressed tighter against him.

"You know, if you are really good and smile, I have a present for you in the back seat."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, in the Victoria Secrets box."

"Back seat?"

Mark started to look in the back, but suddenly decided to get into the car instead. The slip of thought was barely missed and he found

himself crawling into the SUV even as he wondered if he looked in the back. A flash of something in the woods caught his attention and he stared at a doe as his hands automatically fumbled with the ignition. In the passenger seat, he could hear Gwen sitting down and dropping the purse on the ground.

He got the key into the ignition but didn't start it. A frown rippled across his face and he realized he was still staring into the woods, even though the doe was long gone.

Next to him, Gwen spoke up with soft concern, "Honey? What's wrong?"

Her voice halted suddenly as something reached out from behind the seat, two hands light blue in color, wrapped around his mouth and throat and pulled him back violently against the head rest; he heard the same thing happening to Gwen as a muffled scream filled the vehicle. The smell of a strange woman's perfume assaulted his senses as stars burst into his vision.

Compared to the gentle muffling of Gwen's hand before, the new woman's hands were almost brutal. They bore down tightly on his mouth, straining his jaw as they wrapped around his face. He could see a flash of blue as they stretched out, covering half his face in unending pressure.

Where Gwen's hand was smooth and tiny, this one was larger with a sense of roughness. Mark tried to open his mouth to scream, but the burn of hot peppers flooded his mouth as he tasted the blue woman's hand. Fingers tightened and he felt pain start to radiate from his cheek where his captor was pressing down.

Mark's hands flew up, trying to pry away the hand over his mouth. His fingers slipped on her skin twice before finding a purchase. With a muffled scream of effort, he threw all of his strength into ripping the hand off his mouth.

It wouldn't move.

A soft giggling crossed his hearing, half hidden underneath Gwen's muffled struggles and his own. His eyes saw nothing as he felt around the blue hand, trying to find another place to grab. It felt hard against him as it pressed tightly, sealing his jaw shut.

With a start, he realized he wasn't breathing and forced himself to inhale through his nose. The hand tightened as the giggling

turned into a half-sighed moan. It still felt hard, but the firm hand on his mouth didn't waver as his captor behind him shifted slightly.

The hand over his throat slid up and firmly pressed against the back of his twin, adding more pressure cover his mouth. It shifted slightly until it pinched against his nose, cutting off his inhalation. He could feel the same slight roughness and smell of peppers burn in his nose as he struggled for breath.

He panicked, his throat vibrating with fear as he flailed at the hand over his mouth and behind him, trying to break the hold over his breath. The hand over his mouth was building pressure, pressing the roughness against his mouth and nose until he felt his lungs ache with the need to breath.

Remembering the horn, he dropped his hands to the wheel and started pounding the wheel, sending the sharp noise across the empty parking lot. The hand over his mouth dropped down and wrapped around his waist, pinning both arms against his side with an ease that frightened him more.

Pressure build on his ribs and his mouth. The hand on his mouth was forcing his lips apart and he was helpless to avoid the burning taste of peppers on the rough skin. His lips could feel the tiny ridges of his captor's palm as he tried to find some way to escape the torturous pressure. His breath wheezed out from his nose as he struggled against the woman holding him, but despite his own abilities, it felt as if she was steel wrapped around him.

A soft whisper broke his panic as a cool breath teased his left ear, "Stop moving, Mark, or you'll learn what broken ribs felt like."

To make her point, his captor tightened her grip until he felt his bones grind together. Realizing he was helpless, he slumped into the grip, his eyes staring at the windshield hoping to get a look at his captor.

She giggled softly and relaxed the hand on his ribs, but kept her hand against his face. Shifting it slightly, Mark could feel the bones underneath the skin, moving inside a glove of skin. The taste was still there, underneath his lips where she forced open his mouth, but at least he could concentrate on something other than panic.

The whisper returned, "Good, you are just as smart as Henry."

His brother's name sent a bolt of fear through his spine as he tightened his muscles. The arm over his ribs tightened as the palm

ground against his face, cutting off his breath as it pressed against his nose. He could feel the muscles flexing underneath the rough skin, increasing the pressure in response to his stress.

“And if you don’t behave, Gary will have to take it out on your pretty little woman instead of you.”

Mark’s eyes slid to the right and Gwen also pinned to the chair. Her eyes were wild, looking around without seeing anything. A hand, lightly tanned, was pressed against her mouth as another arm pinned her arms to her sides. He noticed the scuff marks on the dash, where Gwen kicked with her attempts to escape. His mind drifted back, wondering how he missed two women in the back seat as they were walking up.

The whisper of the blue woman interrupted him, “Ah, thinking now. Bet you’re wondering how you missed us. Well, Alex has this lovely power to make people... not see her. She can also rip your will out of your body so you don’t resist anything we do-”

Another whisper, this one almost a purr, “Don’t tell him everything, Sarah!”

The first woman, Sarah, hissed back as she released the pressure on his nose so he could breath, “I’m not, Alex! I didn’t say anything about the mi-”

A third voice, from behind Gwen snapped out, sending a bolt of fear and terror through Mark, “Quiet!”

The power of the voice hung in the air for a moment before Mark heard the soft sounds of a kiss; before he could respond the hand tightened on his mouth and the whisper returned.

“Now, Gary needs to see you and you are going to drive to him.”

Mark struggled briefly but the hand pressed tighter against him. He could feel the muscles and bones underneath the skin, flexing and shifting as they covered his mouth tighter.

“Don’t struggle. Just drive. Take a wrong turn, I rip your jaw off. Get pulled over or stopped, Marisha rips the heart out of your woman. Understand?”

Feeling the incredible strength of the blue hand over his mouth, Mark could well imagine their abilities. With his mind already moving forward, he nodded into the hand, feeling it spread out across his face as one finger rested against the ridge of his nose.

Next to him, he heard the enraged, muffled scream of Gwen and glanced over. The hand holding her was snaking into her jacket, fondling her left breast with obvious movements.

A giggle drifted past his ear, "Looks like she's getting ready to rip that pretty heart out, might want to turn the car on."

Tears burning his eyes as he realized he was completely out of control, he reached out for the keys. The arm pinning his arms released him and snaked below to pin his ribs to the chair. As he started up the car, he heard Gwen's sobbing next to him as her captor continued to molest her.

The engine roared to life.

"Good, now take a right from the parking lot..."

A few hours later, Mark found himself pulling into the drive leading to the laboratory. He could see two sets of gates, each one filled with arm guards. Brilliant lights spread out over the building, but there was no markings except for a building number.

The hand over his mouth never left it along the entire drive and his lung felt sore from the effort of breathing. No longer whispering, his captor giggled softly.

"Just drive though, they won't notice you."

He eased the SUV forward, hoping none of the guards would stop him. Gwen was whimpering now, the hand still molesting her underneath her jacket. Her body shuddered with revulsion for a moment, but she was staring out the window, trying to forget everything.

As he reached the first checkpoint, the gate swung open. To his surprise, none of the guards responded except to look away, still talking to each other.

He eased the car through and saw the gate closed in his mirror. The second checkpoint happened in the same manner; he noticed that no guards looked at him or the car, just continued their movements as if he didn't exist.

"Building C-6, entrance 3."

Swallowing hard, Mark quickly found the building guided the SUV into a parking lot. Turning off the engine, he let his arms drop to his side, passive. The hand over his mouth spread out again, the powerful muscles moving until it covered his mouth and nose again,

cutting off his breath. His hands flew up to tug it away, but the unmovable hand continued to smother him for a moment.

“Now, I’m going to let Alex out and she is going to hold you for a moment. You annoy her and your girlfriend’s heart will be handed to you. Understand?”

Tears threatened to roll from his eyes, but Mark nodded. Behind him, he heard movement, then a car door open. Then his door opened and he saw Alex.

Taller than him, she had skin the color of moonlight. Dark hair poured down her back, drawing attention to her pale skin. Dark eyes glittered from long eyelashes, drawing his attention into them. Mark found his body growing lethargic as he stared, his body relaxing as he stared into her eyes...

The fascination ended when her pale hand slipped over Sarah’s and the blue woman pulled hers away. He felt the smooth skin slip over and cover his mouth. The longer fingers were thin and elegant, but just as strong as Sarah’s. Instead of the rough texture, though Alex’s were almost as slick as porcelain. The other pale hand slipped behind his neck and gripped him tightly.

With almost no effort from her unsmiling face, she pulled Mark out of the car by his neck. Pain sparkled down his spine as she set him down on the ground; with a start, he realized he barely came up to her chin as she looked down at him. He looked down and saw her outfit, a black, Japanese-style dress. Long, pale thighs drew his attention, but the hand drew his head back up to look into her eyes.

As he felt himself falling into their charm, his world focused on the hands almost smothering him. The smooth skin was almost unnaturally, no ridges, rings or bumps. He couldn’t even feel the bones underneath, just hard skin molding to his face and holding his jaw shut. Her thumb was curled up underneath his chin as her smallest finger rested on the ridge of his nose. Looking down, he could see the white digit sparkling in the dim light surrounding the parking lot.

With a start, he tried to pull his head away, but the hand on the back of his head shoved him forward into the one over his mouth. He felt his jaw creak from the force of the blow; she picked him up by his neck and shook him slightly before setting him down.

Mark breathed heavily through his nose, trying not to feel the hand over his mouth, the smooth skin almost the temperature of the air instead of hot and sweating like Gwen's or rough as Sarah.

Behind him, he could hear Sarah slipping out of the car and slamming it shut. She bounced into his view, heading to the door. She was wearing a short, pleated skirt that barely reached the bottom of her tight buttocks. The dark and light blue of her clothes seemed to almost blend with the other blues that permeated her skin from hair to skin. She smiled at him briefly before tapping on a key pad. To his surprise, her eyes were blue on blue, like the Dune movie.

The door clicked opened and Sarah disappeared into it. Mark tried to look for Gwen, but Alex dragged him for the door and he found himself helplessly trying to stay on his feet as the darkness swallowed him.

The pitch black of the building frightened him, focusing the world on his feet dragging on a smooth surface and the hands on his mouth and neck. He tried to moved his jaw, but the pressure built, digging his lips into his teeth as he breathed nosily through his nose. Alex's hand was steadier than Sarah's, but there was a solid nature to it that felt more like being held by a monster instead of a woman. No muscles flexed underneath the rock-hard skin; the entire palm shifted with no warning as she adjusted her grip.

Light burst into his world as Alex suddenly stepped into a brightly lit laboratory. Harsh lines led into desks and computers, filling from floor to ceiling with more technology. In the back of the room, the entire wall was dominated by thick tubes, about three feet across.

Mark's eyes were draw to the far tube, where he saw a naked woman floating in the water. Her eyes were closed but there was no mistaking Susan, his brother's girlfriend's face. To his shock, she was writhing in the tube, floating on the liquid as her body rocked back and forth. Her eyes, only the whites visible, rolled inside her head as she thrashed, but she didn't respond to him. The look of utter horror on her face sent a shiver down his spine as he realized there was no more thought in her head, just terror.

He tried to scream out her name, but Alex tightened her grip, moving her thumb to cut off his breath with brutal efficiency.

Feeling his cry die in his throat, he dropped his hands and stared at the ground until she allowed him to breath once again. Her fingers barely left his nose when she dragged him into the center of the room, where a chair was standing.

With no effort, she threw him painfully on the chair and held him down, her body in front of him. Her eyes lowered until they caught his and he felt the energy leaving his body, the world focusing on the dark eyes...

Once again, the spell was broken when someone else, a third set of woman's hands slid around his neck to slip underneath Alex's. They felt powerful, almost vibrating with energy and power as they tightened down on his mouth. The soft skin was slightly sweaty, slick with the taste of perfume on the them. Both hands spread out over his face, covering them with a feather-light touch so gently he didn't realize he couldn't breath.

Panic surged inside him as he tried to thrash, but found his body held still by the power of the hands. They barely touched him, but each twitch of her hands felt like powerful poles slapping against him. With a smooth movement, she used one finger to trace along his jaw and he felt his entire body shaking with the effort to move. He continued to strain against the hands, feeling the soft ridges as they brushed against his lips, the taste of the musky perfume, and even the heartbeats through the warm skin and he could do nothing.

Mark was trapped by someone barely touching him and there was nothing he could do. He started to lift his hands to pull her off, but something in the new woman's sound prevented him and he found himself trying to escape something he couldn't feel.

The hands tightened, pressing lightly into his mouth. He could feel the ridges of her palm and the heat of her hands soaking into his face, cutting off his breath as he struggled for air. Even though she wasn't pressing tightly, it felt as if the hands were lead, pressing down on him until he could crack. His mouth filled with air, but nothing escaped and soon he felt his lungs beginning to sparkle with pain as he begged silently to breath.

A chuckle slashed through his panic as the hands relaxed. Drawing in a deep breath, he looked at the source of the sound, the only other male in the room.

Gary.

He was a short man with a bulging stomach barely contained inside a straining lab coat. Thick boots covered his feet and Mark could tell that the man was very broad. Stories from Henry filtered through his head and he realized that he was look at an evil man, one who would not at nothing to get what he wanted.

Pointing to the tube, he grunted, "I suppose you saw Susan, huh?"

His voice was a low growl, deep and uncaring. There was a cruel amusement to it as he looked at Mark with dark, beady eyes.

"Don't worry, her mind broke a long time ago. She couldn't pass the final stage of the serum," he paused for a second, "super strength but no mind. Only good for fucking and killing, I guess."

Mark glared at Gary as his body shook with fear. He realize he wasn't probably going to survive, but he felt the rage trying to grow. The hand on his mouth danced lightly over his skin, still somehow smothering him even with the light touches. His lungs ached with breath fully; they only drew in just enough air to survive even as he strained to escape.

Gary chuckled and stepped closer, his eyes moving from Susan's body to Mark, "Don't bother trying to escape. Marisha isn't going to let you go and if you do manage to, your girlfriend won't survive the night."

Mark started to scream, but the hand tightened on his mouth, cutting off his breath and sending a shock of pain through his system. The warm hand, though gently on his skin, was still more powerful than Sarah's and Alex's combined. He strained to breath, his entire body shaking with the effort as he glared at Gary. The man sighed.

"Don't bother speaking either. I've heard too many people begging for their lives in the last three months, starting with your brother."

Henry's name stopped him and Mark stared with growing fear. His body continued to shake, but he felt the hands allowing him to breath. The warm skin pressed lightly again him with tiny sparks of power that gave him a slight headache. Gary raised a bushy eyebrow before continuing.

“Ah, got your attention. That is good because I don’t have much time and you have something I need.”

Mark glared up at Gary, his hands balling; he couldn’t find the energy to lash out at the evil man, but he wanted to. Gary picked up a pad of paper and a pen and set it down on Mark’s lap.

“Don’t bother talking. Just write what I want down.”

Fumbling without looking, Mark picked up the pen. Part of his mind was trying to figure out how to use it as a weapon while the other part was frantically trying to escape. Gary ignored both as he chuckled.

The man chuckled, “Good. Your brother was working on a serum for a ‘perfect’ solider. However, it appeared to only work on female as it remained fatal to anyone with the Y chromosome. Still with me?”

Wary, Mark nodded. He remembered his brother talking about his project, using veiled references to exactly who was paying the bills.

Gary paused for a moment, “Now, even with females, the survival rate is less than one in ten thousand, give or take fifty. These three beauties,” Mark could hear the Sarah woman sigh happily, “are the only known survivors of the serum. We thought Susan was going to... but she didn’t make it intact.”

Mark glared up at the man talking casually about his brother’s girlfriend. Gary shrugged and continued.

“So, here is my problem. I have most of Henry’s paperwork, but I think there is more inside his computer. Every time I think I found it, this security program comes up asking for a password. It isn’t standard, so I assume he got it from an outside source.”

Knowing where Gary was heading, Mark began to shake. The pen in his hand dropped to the pad as he tried to push himself out of the chair and away from the evil man. His hands refused to work, some trick of Marisha, and he felt himself thrashing helplessly in the chair. Gary watched for a moment before grinning broadly.

“Looking around, I noticed that you charged your brother for ‘Computer Consulting’ about the same time as the timestamps on the security program. So, I’m thinking you wrote that security program.”

Leaning forward, Gary’s smile dropped from his face, “Did you?”

Tears filling his eyes from the effort, Mark nodded slightly. Gary nodded, his eyes glittering, "Good, now Marisha won't have to snap your spine for lying."

Gary tapped the pad, "What are the passwords to get in. I know you have them."

Mark shook his head and Gary repeated his question. Feeling a sense of anger, Mark glared with all his might. Gary sighed unhappily and looked around.

"Guess we'll do this the hard way."

He snapped his finger and Mark heard movement as Alex stepped into his vision, dragging Gwen. Mark's girlfriend was struggling, her legs kicking out in the air as she tried to peel the pale hands away from her face and throat. With a muffled scream of effort, Mark tried to throw himself out of the chair to rescue her, but the hands on his mouth slammed him down. The warm skin pressed tightly against his face and he felt like his skin was parting under the incredible effort. Hot and slick, Marisha's hand still felt soft even with the pain grinding into his bones.

In front of him, he watched as Alex dragged Gwen until she was just a few feet away from him, facing him. One shoe snapped off her foot, slamming into his thigh but neither he nor Gwen paid attention in their struggles.

Gary started to move toward her, but Gwen aimed a kick in his direction. She missed, but it brought a storm of emotions on his face. Snapping his fingers, he glared at Gwen; Sarah bounded around Alex and slid her hands around the pale woman's hips to grab as Gwen's wrists. Yanking them back, she pinned Gwen's back against Alex's stomach, leaving only the feet free to kick helplessly.

Chuckling, Gary shifted forward. He slid one beefy hand up her stomach, tracing the zipper of the jacket until he found the tab. Pulling it down, he spread open the jacket to reveal her curves. Gwen's scream of rage was muffled underneath the hand; Mark echoed it with his own, but Marisha was easily holding him still. In his ear, he could hear her soft breathing quickening as Gary yanked open the jacket and slid both hands along her breasts.

When the evil man turned around, he smiled warmly at Mark, "Looks like both you and Henry do have something in common, your choice in women."

Remembering Henry's concerned for Susan, Mark felt a rage boiling inside him. He kicked out at the air, trying to strike at Gary, but there was nothing he could do. With a bitter anger, he tried to bite down on the hand over his mouth, but his teeth never reached the soft, pliable flesh pressing against them. He tried again, but he ended up biting his tongue hard until he felt blood filling his mouth.

His muffled screams faded into a whimper of defeat as he realized he couldn't do anything.

Mark was helpless.

Gary picked up the pad of paper from the ground, where Mark kicked it off and set it back down on his lap.

"Now, please write down the passwords."

Mark shook his head. Gary glared down at him, anger boiling in the beady eyes. With a snap, he stood up. Mark watched as Alex moved her hand up slightly, covering Gwen's nose with her hand and tightening down. Gwen's eyes bugged out with fear as she thrashed helplessly in the two woman's grip.

His voice filled with annoyance, Gary glared down, "Write down the passwords or you watch your pretty little slut run out of air."

Gwen's muffled scream was already weak as her body thrashed in panic. Mark's body tensed as he tried to aim his feet to lash out, but they wouldn't respond to his mental commands. The hand on his mouth held him down, pinning him with a mental force until he could do nothing.

The evil man waited a moment before clearing his throat and speaking over the muffled struggled, "The more you struggle, the longer she suffocates."

Mark froze his body and Gary stepped back over to him, moving aside so Mark could get a clear look at his struggling girlfriend. Gwen's face was red from panic as her eyes rolled in her head. Her feet kicked out into the air and her arms bulged with her effort to escape Sarah's grip.

Gary's voice cut over his thoughts, "Now, you have a choice. The passwords or suffocation."

Mark barely heard him as his eyes riveted to Gwen's form. Her frantic movements sent her body in a fury; the remaining heel snapped from the effort of her blows. She launched both feet off the ground. Lashing out, her foot connected with Alex's with a solid

thud. Her back arched and Mark watched as one breast slipped out of the dress. It was ignored as she continued to thrash, trying to escape the hands holding her.

A muffled scream broke his fear and he looked up at her, begging with his eyes. The flat eyes returned the gaze.

“The passwords.”

Mark’s eyes slid back to Gwen, alarmed as her movement became sluggish. A faint blue color glazed over her face as he watched helplessly. With a sigh of resignation, he picked up the pen. Shaking from fear, he began to scribble on the page, writing frantically without looking at the page.

Gary snatched up the page as soon as Mark stopped resisting. Scanning the page, he grunted.

“I’ll try them out. Be right back.”

Without waiting for a response, he stomped out of the room. Mark stared at the door as it shut with shock, then looked fearfully back at Gwen. She was still caught by the two women, sluggishly fighting to escape. His eyes widened and he frantically stared back at the door and back, hoping someone would free Gwen.

His fear peaked as he watched her movements slow, her face turning blue. Her movements shuddered violently before she slumped down, her eyes white with panic. Mark’s scream was barely heard as he rocked forward. The hand over his mouth pressed down, pressing the warm skin against his face until he felt his body strain under the pressure.

As time slowly passed on and Mark was forced to watch the life drain out of Gwen. Her movements became dreamlike, sluggish and hesitating, like she was falling asleep.

To his relief, the door snapped open and Gary stepped inside. He nodded curtly and, to Mark’s relief, the two women released Gwen. His girlfriend crumpled to the ground bonelessly.

Mark stared at her prone body, looking for any sign of life or movement. For a long time, he saw nothing and he felt his heart being torn in half. Then, a slight movement caught his attention as her breasts shifted slightly.

Relief flooded through him until he saw Gary kneeling down next to her, his large hand resting briefly on her hip before sliding up to the swell of her breast. His relief cracked into terror as he watched

Gary heft Gwen's breast in one hand and chuckle. Dark eyes flashed to Mark for a moment.

"Nice woman you have here."

His hand tweaked a nipple, tugging it out for a moment before letting it go. Gwen moaned in her sleep, curling up more in some half-strangled nightmare. Gary chuckled and slid his hand down, slipping it between her tight thighs.

To Mark's horror, Gary slid his hand up, pushing it under the silver hem of Gwen's dress. Mark's hands balled up into fists, but the hand over his mouth prevented him from lunging up. Marisha held him lightly, her soft hand still pushing down on him, even with the feather-light touch. One ridge of her palm felt like a burning brand as it crossed his face.

In front of him, Mark watched as Gary's hand disappeared into the darkness between Gwen's legs, moving underneath the silver fabric before pulling down. In his hand, a black pair of lace panties were pulled down over her knee and left wrapped around one ankle.

Chuckling happily, Gary shoved his hand back into her dress, ignoring the groan of nightmares from her unconscious form. Mark shuddered as he watched Gary finger Gwen before pushing up the dress. His hands shoved it further up until it exposed the darker brown hair of her sex.

Gary clucked his tongue before spreading her legs with deliberate effort. Mark started to shiver as he watched Gary fumble with his pants, unzipping it and pulling out his cock.

Wrapping his hand around her wrist, he pulled her legs painfully apart and positioned himself between them. With a grunt, he shoved forward, impaling Gwen with his hardness. Muffled, Mark screamed helplessly and lunged forward. Marisha's hand yanked back, slamming him hard against the chair.

Ignoring him, Gary grunted and shoved into her again. His hands pulled her ankles together and shoved forward, bending her knees forward until they pressed against her breasts. If she was conscious, she would have been screaming in agony, but she just whimpered in her dreams.

Holding her ankles together with one hand, he reached around to grab one wrist. Pulling them along her body, he switched hands and pulled her other arm against her side. Releasing her ankles, he let

her legs spread out over her arms as he grabbed both wrists. Her legs slumped apart, resting on his elbows.

Grinning manically, he pulled on her legs. Her back arched from the movement as he forced her deeper on his cock. Her legs twitched helplessly as he yanked hard on her arms, using them for balance as he bent over her. From Mark's unfortunate vantage point, he could see Gary ramming his cock into her battered sex.

Mark whimpered as he watched Gary pull harder on her arms, forcing her back to arch as her legs flopped around his waist. His cock pounded hard into her body, faint splashes of blood dripping below as he thrust inside her dry opening. Soon, Gary was riding her hard.

Then Gwen woke up.

Her hands twitched and balled into fists as she moaned. She didn't seem to be aware of her entire body shaking with the force of Gary's thrusts, her breasts shaking with each movement. She moaned, shaking her head.

Then she realized she was being raped. Her eyes snapped open in utter terror, her body shaking from the fear. She stared at Gary as he grunted, ramming into her sex with hard, brutal strokes. Her legs kicked out, but, trapped between their bodies, they hit nothing but air. Her hands yanked hard, trying to break free from Gary's grip, but it did nothing but impale her harder on his thrusting shaft.

Gwen's screamed ripped across the lab and Mark was forced to watch as Gary took her brutally. The hand over his mouth yanked him back, forcing him to watch the rape. He could feel the burning brand of her skin across his mouth, cutting off his breath with Marisha's strength. The ridges of Marisha's hand felt incredibly hot, putting more pressure and pain against his face as he struggled for breath. Each gasp of air felt horrible, a drawn out breath that tore into his lungs.

Her screams turned into whimpers, then lapsed into a strange, submissive silence as Gary took her body. Each thrust shoved her body forward as he pulled her wrists to yank her back down on his shaft. Each grunt filled the lab as he took her, one thrust at a time.

After an eternity of suffering for both Mark and Gwen, Gary's movements increased. His grunts filled the lab as he pounded hard

into her, his cock turning a dark purple in color. Then, he came inside her, filling her bleeding pussy with his come.

Gwen whimpered and slumped to the ground, her eyes seeing nothing as her entire body grew limp. Gary yanked out of her and watched the puddle of cum dribbling out of her gaping opening. With a grunt, he struggled to his, kicking off his pants and boots as he did so.

He stepped over to Mark and slapped him on the back, “Nothing like a freshly-raped slut to brighten your day,” his eyes focused on Mark, “Now. What to do with you.”

Stepping forward, Gary made a point of looking over Mark. The captured man felt tears pouring down his cheeks, his rage helplessly burnt watching the defilement of his girl friend.

Dark eyes sparkled for a moment before the grin grew wider, “I think I know exactly what.”

Without giving Mark another clue, Gary returned to Gwen and knelt down. She made no indication she knew he was there until he reached out for one nipple and twisted it painfully. Her yelp brought a short slap to her face and Gary cleared his throat.

“Gwen.”

She looked away, her face filled with sorrow and pain and the suffering of her rape. He slapped her again, grabbing her chin and forcing him to look at her.

“Gwen.”

Mark could see her glare up at him. The evil man spoke softly, just barely loud enough for Mark to hear.

“Here’s the deal. One if you is going to live tonight,” she whimpered and shifted slightly away from him.

Gary yanked hard on her nipple, forcing her eyes to stare at him, “And you are going to make the choice who. If you want to die, I’m going to fuck that throat of yours until you choke to death on my cock. If poor Mark is going to die, you are going to watch as I take you from behind. And, as a special bonus, if you kill him yourself, I’ll let you go in the morning.”

Gwen whimpered, pulling back away from him. Gary let the nipple go and stood up, grinning briefly. Ignoring the glare from Gwen, he strolled back to a chair and sat down heavily, watching her with an amused expression.

With growing terror, Mark watched as Gwen looked at the door, then at him with all the sympathy in the world. A whimper escaped his throat as he watched Gwen as she looked back and forth for a moment before slowly crawling to her feet. Her eyes were dead, emotionless pits where life used to be.

She looked at him again, tears brimming in her eyes before stepping toward Gary.

“I want to-”

Shaking his head, Gary interrupted, “Not that way.”

She looked confused until Gary continued, “Tell me what you want me to do to you? Choke fuck you until you turn blue?”

Tears began to roll down her cheeks. She said nothing for a moment and Mark watched; he could barely breath with the hand over his mouth and his own fear. When she spoke, he felt his heart drop.

“N-No, I want you to f-fuck me from behind.”

“Really,” Gary’s voice almost purred as he rubbed his cock through his jeans, “And who is going to kill your boyfriend of two years?”

A sob caught in her throat, “I... I want to. I want to be the one.”

“You want to be let go, don’t you.”

She nodded and Mark’s body sobbed himself as he slumped down in the chair. The soft breath on his ear sped up as Marisha got a tighter grip. The hand over his mouth was smothering, forcing his breath into tiny sips of air.

Gary looked over her for a moment before speaking curtly.

“Take off your clothes.”

Hesitating slightly, Gwen quickly pushed her dress over her hips and to the ground. Mark saw the brief glance of cum and blood dripping down her thighs before she stepped out of her dress. She stood in front of him, her naked body vulnerable to his leering gaze.

Gary pushed himself out of the chair and stepped forward. Grabbing her on the shoulder, he turned her to face Mark and shoved her forward, his hands already removing his pants until he was naked from the waist down. His hand cruelly grabbed her hair and shoved it against Mark’s shoulder; he could feel Gwen’s breath against his neck and her breasts on his collar as the evil man spoke softly.

“Okay, the rules. Your hands over his mouth and nose. If they ever leave, neither of you will survive to tell about it. No matter what I do to you, you don’t speak and you don’t let go. Do you understand?”

Gwen gave Mark a look of sympathy before turning her head to nod. Her hands trailed up Mark’s stomach, leaving a trail of burning heat on his skin before resting on Marisha’s hands over his mouth.

Gary’s eyes glittered and he smiled at Mark, “Enjoy.”

With a smooth movement, Marisha slipped her hands off Mark’s mouth at the same time Gwen’s pressed hesitantly against his mouth. Her skin was smooth and slick from sweat. It felt soft and trembling, the ring digging into his face as she pushed harder. Mark tried to speak around it, but another pair of hands, ones very pale, slipped around and pressed Gwen’s hand tighter against his mouth.

Mark breathed heavily through his nose as he watched with growing fear. Behind her, he could Gary position his cock behind her and then ram forward, burying his length into her already battered sex. Gwen whimpered, not looking at Mark, then moved her other hand up to pinch his nose between her thumbs. Her hand layered on top of the pale one and pressed tighter.

Her body jerked forward as Gary rammed into her and she looked at Mark with tear-filled eyes. Her body shook against from the next thrust. She mouthed, “I’m sorry,” before closing her eyes and letting Gary slam into her again. Her hand tightened on his mouth, cutting off his breath.

Mark felt his entire body shake from the thrusts into Gwen as he stared at his girlfriend and realize his lungs were beginning to scream with agony. He struggled, but strong hands gripped his wrists and held him tightly back, forcing him to endure the rushing death at the hands of his own woman.

Gwen whimpered from a powerful thrust and rested her chin on Mark’s shoulder; her naked breasts hung against his chest, slapping with each pound from behind.

Helpless, Mark could do nothing as he felt the burning pain in his lung grow. The hand on his mouth seemed to focus his world, the soft skin with the faint taste of perfume, the engagement ring digging into his skin. Beyond it, he could almost taste the earthy smell of the pale woman’s hand. The taste of the sweat flooded his

mouth as he tried to open his mouth, but the pressure of the hands only gave him a taste instead of freedom.

Black spots began to swirl in his vision as he tried to beg with his eyes. But Gwen's body was still slapping against his as a half-forced moan escaped her lips. With a growing horror stronger than his fear of smothering, he listened as she moaned again, grinding against him as Gary took her from behind.

Streaks of silver and black crossed his vision as he tried to glare up at Gary. He could feel his legs kicking but hitting nothing as he tried to break free.

As half of his vision turned back, leaving a strange sense of blindness, Mark felt Gwen push against his shoulders, thrusting back on Gary's cock as she pressed harder against his mouth and nose. His entire body screamed with pain as he thrashed, but there was nothing he could do.

The world cracked in half for him as the last sound he heard was Gary grunting as he came inside her.

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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