

Good Deal

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Strong Opinions

1

David sat the end of Victor's table, watching the party spinning around him. Noise and sex and booze. His hand rested around the stem of a wine glass but he didn't sip from the expensive vintage. Instead, his eyes focused on the host of the party: Victor Talsian.

Victor dominated the head of the table. Dressed in a white suit and fedora, he leaned back on an overstuffed chair and easily joked with the small crowd of politicians, diplomats, and people who moved the world. David spotted the mayor and her current boy toy. Next to her, a Supreme Court judge fondled a naked woman with two rings embedded in her breasts.

A slender blonde slave, naked except for the bar code at the base of her spine, slipped through the gathered people and knelt reverently down in front of Victor. Her long blonde hair cascaded down her back, almost touching the tattoo, but David stared at her mouth. Full red lips worked silently as she pulled Victor's impressive cock from his pants and parted around the thick head.

Neither Victor nor his guests even glanced down at the woman giving head.

David sighed and toyed with the rim of his glass. Another slave, a black-haired beauty drifted toward him, lifting one eye in question, but he shook his head minutely before letting his eyes drift back to Victor. He felt a pang of jealousy as the powerful man finally acknowledge his blow job, slapping his hand down on the back of her head as he came. David shuddered at the sight of cum oozing from her tightly stretched lips and he desperately wished he could be Victor at that moment.

Victor finished coming, but his hand never left the back of the blonde's head. As David watched, she held it there for a long moment. Victor pushed down and she started to struggle. Her eyes widened with panic and her hands slapped on Victor's thighs. Victor's guest started to notice her efforts to pull her mouth from his cock and David felt a pang of sadness. He could guess how this would end.

From his vantage point, he could barely see the tears rolling down her face. Her trim backside lifted up, exposing the sparse hairs between her legs, then lowered down. Victor grinned at his guests and dropped his other hand down on her, holding her tightly down. Her of her hands reached up, trying to find some purchase, but she only managed to grab the dark gray tie which slipped through her fingers.

Then, the blonde's master jerked violently from pain. Immediately after, the woman froze, dropping to the ground. Her hands slapped to the floor but fresh tears shook from her face. Victor grunted and curled his hair tightly into her hair. A few loops and his hand almost glowed with the golden strands.

He looked up to the gathered masses. "Excuse me, someone apparently has too many teeth."

A polite round of laughter drifted from the group. Victor, using her hair as a handle, pulled the slave from his lap. As soon as his thick member escaped her lips, she begged for her life. The sound of her desperation reached David and he felt tears glittering in his own eyes, but he couldn't look away from her drama.

When Victor stood up, his member stood at full mast with a bright sparkle of blood near the bottom. He didn't release his slave. Instead, he transferred her to one hand and motioned for another of his servants—a black man wearing nothing but a black tie and pair of shorts. The man servant pulled a hunting knife from his pocket and carefully handed it hilt-first to Victor.

Excitement grew in the grand hall as conversations drifted to. David glanced around to see others watching with rapt anticipation. The blonde's feet skittered on the ground as she stared at the blade with terrified, wide eyes. Her breasts, each one larger than David's hand, heaved and shone with sweat and fear. Victor turned his full attention on her; a slow, evil grin stretched across his face.

Spinning her around away from him, Victor kicked the back of her knees. She let out a high-pitched scream of terror and crashed to the ground. He threw her forward on her hands and knees. The sound of her palms slapping on the pristine white marble floor sent a jerk through David. He lifted from his chair to get a better view, even as he felt horrible for his own interest.

The blonde tried to crawl away, but Victor slashed down twice. David couldn't hear the Achilles' tendons being cut, but she reacted immediately. Losing tension in her legs, her legs sprawled out on the ground as blood splattered across the marble. Victor laughed and watched as she tried to crawl away. Fingertips digging into the seams of the marble tiles, she dragged her body along the ground. Her breasts slid on the smooth surface, her sweat mixing with the blood pouring from her legs. Her master followed and reached down to run the tip of the knife between her legs, teasing her clitoris and asshole with the sharp point. She could only sob for mercy as she tried to escape the cruel master.

She made it almost next to David when Victor grew tired of the game. The man in white gave David a nod of reorganization, then rammed the knife with all his strength into the girl's cunt. Twelve inches of hardened steel sliced her open and she let out a high-pitched scream that deafened David. He couldn't move as she pleaded with him to end her mercy, but Victor had more in mind. Wrapping his hand in her hair again, he planted a knee on the small of her back and pulled her back. Her screams cut off as she bent over his knee, her breasts heaving and her face spasming with pain and terror.

The knife drew across her throat, just nicking the artery. The tiny cut sputtered with hot blood, then tore open, splattering the floor in front of David with her life. He shuddered at the morbid display before him and didn't notice when the puddle of blood soaked into his expensive leather shoes.

Victor dropped her face down into her own blood.

"She'll die in a few minutes," he announced. Then, he returned his attention to David. Cock still out of his now stained suit, he motioned for a glass of wine and set down next to David.

"David, my boy! How are you enjoying the party?"

David stared at the bloody knife in his hand. Victor chuckled and handed it to a servant. Victor ran his fingers along his thin mustache to smooth it down, then took an offered glass of wine. Another servant, a boy barely seventeen, ran up to clean his bloody hand and flee. David raised his look to watch Victor sip on the glass. The powerful man stared back at him, a wry smile on his lips.

“Not very much?” Victor observed.

“It is... very good.”

Victor laughed loudly. “I love watching you, boy. You have this innocence that hasn’t cracked. You’ve been going to my parties for what, two years, and you still look uncomfortable.”

David blushed, “I don’t mean to.”

Victor’s eyes twinkled with amusement before he spoke wryly. “And yet you keep coming.”

“Terrance enjoys them,” replied David.

At Terrance’s name, Victor sighed. “I don’t like the friends you keep though, that is probably the only thing not so innocent about you.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be, you are a good friend.”

David’s attention drew to servants pulling the dying slave away, leaving a long smear of blood that another dozen naked men wiped from the floor.

Victor followed his gaze, then reached out to pat David on the knee. “You should get one yourself. I bet you’d relax a bit more if you spent that precious weregild you have.”

“Don’t seem right, just buying a life like that.”

“Why not? You are part of the insured, the *crème de la crème*. Spend that blood money, enjoy having a life in your hands.”

David worried his lip, “I couldn’t.”

Victor shook his head. “So innocent. But, innocence is made to be broken.”

David looked up but Victor just smiled.

The man in white dug into his pocket and pulled out a crimson coin. Made of crystal and metal layered around a hologram, it represented a single unit of weregild, blood money. He handed it for David. David considered turning it down, but very few people refused the incredible sum in Victor’s hand or getting on the bad

side of Victor. He took the cool coin and a nearby computer chirped acknowledging the transfer; the coin was only symbolic of the intricate accounts managed by unseen computers.

“Thank you,” muttered David.

Sipping his wine, Victor regarded David. “Look, just head down to one of the orphanages and pick up a girl. Make her your slave, fuck her and have fun. You don’t have to kill her... yet.”

“I-I—”

“And if you are worried about ruining innocence, then visit the prison. Most of the minimum securities have a wide selection of ones you won’t even bat an eye if you beat them or rape them.”

David didn’t answer, still staring at the money in his hand. Victor chuckled and finished his wine.

“Knowing you, I bet you’ll just pocket it and not spend it.”

“I may not.”

Victor’s eyes sparkled over the wine glass. He grinned and shook his head.

“Don’t lie to me, David, I like you—”

“Hi, Victor!” said Terrance as David’s best friend sat down heavily next to him. Victor humor faded instantly, leaving an icy expression on his face. Terrance, possessed mop of blonde hair that bordered right on the line of being barely in control and a contagious smile to match, but David never saw Victor smiling near his friend.

Terrance started to say something, but Victor stood up sharply. He looked at David, and only David, before speaking curtly.

“Think about it, boy.”

Then Victor left.

Terrance, clueless as usual, looked back and forth. Then he spotted the coin in David’s hand.

“Dude! Vic gave you blood!?”

David sighed and jammed it deep into his pocket. Terrance looked both jealous and amused at the same time. Then, he noticed the blood on David’s shoes.

“He gave you that for ruining your shoes?” Then a brief pause, “He killed someone and I missed it!?”

David nodded. Terrance jumped in his seat like a kid, then looked around.

“What he do, gut a girl right on the floor? Or did he have some elaborate little show. Outside, he’s got four slaves up on the spikes. You can hear them whimpering as they slide down, there is this black haired one that...”

David lost interest in Terrance’s prattling and stood up. Terrance drifted in silence, then looked up.

“—and you can see her... pussy... what is wrong?”

David shook his head. His eyes focused on Victor’s position, but the man in white spoke intently with some corporate heads. Ducking his head, he circled around Terrance to flee.

“I just have to go.”

“Why? They are going to chip out the guy’s that Vic froze alive? And then there will be games on the lawn. I heard he’s going to be doing archery, how cool is that? I mean, serious—”

David fled the grand hall. Out in the front, ten valets stood patiently. Half men and half women, they stood naked in the warm Summer air and joked with each other. As David walked closer, silence spread over them. David smiled to the nearest.

“Afternoon, Malcom. My car?”

The slave beamed at his name and hurried to get his car. David stood there, watching the steady flow of new guests for Victor’s massive party. He dug the coin from his pocket and stared at it.

One coin.

One life.

He squeezed the center of the coin to deactivate it—somewhere a hidden camera removed all significance of the coin—and tossed it into the garbage can. A moment later, he heard a crack as the crystal structure self-destructed.

David had no intention of ever spending it.

Prison Shopping

2

David's shoes rang out loudly on the industrial flooring. The painted gray floor gave little personality to the building, but neither did the plain white walls and ceilings. The entire hall felt like a simple cog in a machine, completely and utterly uninteresting in every way. A few doors lined the sides of the hall, each one painted to match the wall except for a small glowing panel near the steel handles. He felt confined and claustrophobic in the hall; he jammed his hands in his pockets to avoid clutching the man walking next to him.

The prison guard matched his pace with David. A black man with bulging muscles, he looked like a man who could snap David in half. But, whenever David glanced over, the guard just gave an easy smile back.

"First time here?"

David nodded, "First time I ever came to a prison."

"Just got some weregild?" The guard spoke with a northern accent. David guessed he came from near Maine or Vermont, but he couldn't tell much beyond that. He shook his head as he answered.

"I got mine a few years ago, my sisters," the guard nodded with understanding; there were very few ways of getting that first weregild, losing a family member topped the list. David gestured to Terrance who paced at the end of the hall.

"Hyper-boy up there just won a bet and feels the need to burn through his winnings."

The guard grinned, "Most of our customers are first-timers or people like him."

Before him, Terrance toyed with the handle for the door but the keypad buzzed violently to deny him. The guard started to speak up

but Terrance managed to trigger the security system. He yelped as the handle electrified. Whimpering, Terrance rubbed his hand and called to David. “Come on, dude, all the good ones will be snatched!”

David looked over at the guard who shook his head.

Terrance ignored them. “Come on! I want me a prison bitch!”

David muttered under his breath, “I’d like someone to make him a prison bitch.”

The guard snorted, probably enjoying the mental image as much as David. They reached the door and Terrance hovered near it until the guard glared him to the side. Then, he ran his hand on the keypad which registered his identification. A short series of sixteen keys and the door unlocked. Terrance managed to slip up and yanked it open, bursting into the prison wing before the guard could respond.

David held his breath as he walked through himself.

Then let it out in a whoosh as he found himself staring at the true face of blood money.

It looked like the typical movie prisons. A wide hallway for a couple hundred meters and cells lining both walls. Above him, six more floors towered above him. Netting split each floor to catch the garbage, pieces of paper, and—to his surprise—an arm. He gaped at the severed limb.

The guard stopped next to him. “There was a fight, must have missed it. Don’t worry, I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

For the briefest of moments, David considered cowering next to the guard. Even if it made him look like a pussy. Then, he found his own strength and looked for his friend.

Terrance managed to slip between two buyers at the near cage. He spoke intently with a statuesque woman wearing the standard prison outfit: thin cloth top that barely covered her large breasts and tiny shorts that barely covered her hips. An outfit designed to attract buyers and give them a view of what they could buy for a single weregild. David looked down the hall and saw more prisoners at their bars, some of the naked while others jammed their breasts or cocks from the cage in hopes of luring the attention of some buyer.

He ignored Terrance and wandered down the hall. Curious, he peered into the cells as their occupants called out to him. It sounded

like a flea market, but instead of tacky “art” or replica watches, they called out their sexual prowess or willingness to do anything to be purchased. A man with a shaved head offered to lick his ass while a girl probably not even thirteen cried out her desire to be his dog. David shuddered and wrapped his arms around his shoulders.

The idea of buying a life, even here, felt so wrong to his thoughts.

The further he walked down the hall, the more desperate the voices called out to him. He felt a sick feeling in his stomach as men and women alike clawed the air for him, begging for their freedom and promising everything. His roving eye caught sight of exposed assholes and pussies, open mouths and people on their knees in submission. He found the tattoos and scars fascinating, but didn’t dare stop to inspect any in detail.

He didn’t want to give the impression he would buy anything.

When he reached the end of the hall, he stopped at another locked door. He turned back and stared down the hallway. None of the other buyers got past the first dozen cells. He felt terribly alone, except for the dark skinned guard who followed him.

“Sir, it would be easier if you stayed with your friend.”

The man spoke respectfully but seriously.

David sighed and jammed his hands in his pockets. “Sorry, just looking.”

“Not a problem,” said the guard, “just doing my job.”

David looked up, “How do I go upstairs?”

“The best selection is down here.”

“Probably not,” grumbled David.

The guard raised an eyebrow, “How so?”

“The buyers don’t go that far in. I’d say the ones down here are the ones you want to get rid of or the ones that bribed their way to the front, right?”

The guard answered with a smile, then opened the door behind David. “Elevator is back here.”

The elevator looked large enough to handle a dozen people. David felt even more alone as he stood in the middle. The guard double-checked the car before locking it shut.

David pointed up. “To the top?”

The guard shook his head, “No, you want five.”

“Why?”

“I think you’d like the fresh ones. Five is where we bring in the meat. Most of them have been here less than a week. Innocent.”

David felt a flush rising on his cheeks. He swallowed hard before answering. “Oh. Okay.”

The guard laughed. The elevator lurched and lifted them to the fifth floor. When David stepped it, it felt a like a different world. From his vantage point, all these prisoners were dressed more conservatively. Their tops reached their pants and he didn’t see a single bared breast or penis. He did see tears and dejected looks as they stared into the corners of their cells, each one in their own little, sad world. The fifth floor felt... raw to him and he found his heart beating a little faster.

He didn’t make it more than fifty steps before the prisoners around him realized he wasn’t a mirage. A buyer on the fifth floor. A scrambling of feet as they pressed themselves against the bars. Some of them unbuttoned their shirts in imitation of those down on the first floor, but there was a hesitation in their movements, a despair in every action.

In the cell nearest to him, a gang member simply reached out for him. “Please save me?”

The hand almost touched him but the guard cleared his throat. The guard carefully pulled out a shock wand and hefted it in his hand. The gang banger withdrew his hand before the guard shocked him and whimpered. David gave him a pitiful smile and continued on, walking in silence and feeling his heart pound.

Near the end of the one side, the sight of one of the prisoners caught his attention. A brunette woman with curvy breasts and hips sitting with her back to the wall. In her lap, a slender blonde sobbed pitifully. David stopped and stared at them. The brunette’s eyes focused on him, matching his gaze. Bright blue and intense, they seemed to pin him in his place.

“That’s Naomi,” supplied the guard.

David jumped, “What?”

“The girl with the blue eyes. Her friend is, um, Christina.”

Lowering his gaze to the sobbing blonde, he spoke in a whisper. “What are they in for?”

The guard pulled a small computer from his pocket. Thumbing it on, he aimed the tip toward a 2D bar code on the door. A microsecond, the computer beeped and he read from the screen.

“Naomi lost an academic lottery for a school. Winners get to roast the losers. But, looks like she fled for Mexico and the blonde went with her.”

David shivered, “Rough place.”

“Yeah, but Naomi’s parents called her in for the reward and they caught them heading out of Denver. Looks like there was a fight, Christina got arrested for assaulting an officer and kidnapping charges. They convicted Naomi of fleeing a legal debut and impersonation. Life for both of them.”

“When is the conviction anything but life these days?”

The guard shrugged, “I think littering, maybe.”

Terrance stepped in front of David and gasped. “Oh. My. God. They’re perfect, David!”

Both David and the guard jumped. Snarling, the guard raised his hand to shock him, a reflex action of a prison guard. His other hand snatched Terrance and spun him around.

Terrance slammed against the bars of the cell and he let out a high-pitched shriek. “Don’t kill me!”

“How did you get up here!?”

Terrance babbled, trying to pry the massive hand from his shoulder.

David rested his hand on the guard’s shoulder. “Sorry, that’s Terrance.”

The guard relaxed, snatching his hand back from Terrance.

Terrance gave it only a second thought, then turned back to the cell to inspect Naomi and Christina.

Confused, the guard turned back to David.

David shrugged. “Terrance has this knack of getting into the wrong places.”

“We’re in a prison. Behind three locked doors and an elevator.”

David could only shrug again.

Terrance squealed and peered over his shoulder. “Oh, they are perfect, David! I’m getting them.”

David started to stop him, but hesitated.

Terrance focused on the guard to start ordering.

Inside, the blonde gave David a heartbreaking look on her face, then burst into fresh tears.

The guard looked over to David, giving him a chance to purchase them first.

David had the money, he could. His eyes slide over to the Naomi's intense gaze and the back of the blonde crying in her lap. He imagined the blonde slave before, giving Victor head, and felt an incredible desire to feel it himself.

Then, he sighed and shook his head. "Let him have them."

A Frantic Call

3

Some months later, David woke up to the phone ringing. He cracked open one eye and reached for the phone, but it stopped just as his fingers brushed the smooth plastic. He considered bringing up the Caller ID, but decided to go back to sleep. Groaning, he rolled away and fell back to sleep.

The phone rang again.

Grumbling, he rolled over. Snatching it up, he brought it to his ear. “What?”

But, he could only hear the clicking of the other end being hung up. Rolling his eyes, he flipped the phone over and inspected the Caller ID.

Terrance.

He tossed the phone on the side table. Then picked it up again. He didn’t want to hear a third call. He hit the dial back button and waited.

A few rings later, Terrance answered the phone in a worried voice. “Give me a bit more t... oh, hi, David.”

“Hey, dude, what’s up.”

Terrance let out a sigh, “David! I was hoping you were home.”

“What’s up?”

“Um... David...?”

David felt a prickle of worry; Terrance never hesitated when he asked questions. Actually, Terrance didn’t really think about anything before doing something. He sat up in his bed and transferred the phone to his other ear.

“What’s wrong?”

“You still have that werewolf, right? The coin that Victor gave you?”

David shrugged as he answered, “Sure, I have—” his voice trailed off as he checked the computer next to the phone, “—exactly 2.104 lives.”

Terrance hesitated for a long moment before he spoke again. “Could I, um, would you give them to me? I mean, could I sell you something for them?”

The prickling fear turned into genuine concern for his friend. “What happened?”

“I, um, I’ll tell you later.”

“I’ll be over,” announced David but Terrance had already hung up the phone.

First Time Buyer

4

An hour later, David pulled into Terrance's much larger house. The twenty-room mansion stood at the poor edge of uptown. Everyone north of his house had blood money and lots of it. They also had houses with dozens of rooms. At the far end, in the heavily guarded fences, Victor's mansions stood at the pinnacle of the rich. Terrance could barely afford his mansion, but he desperately wanted to move in those circles and the house is a requirement.

David didn't care for Terrance's home. His car shuddered to a halt in front of it and he regarded a van parked in front of him.

"Hill's Meats."

He wondered why a butcher truck sat idling in front and got out of his car. He turned to look at the fancy houses around him, then headed up the manicured lawn to the front door. Hands in his pockets, he knew he didn't look like much with a sloppy shirt and hat on, but he never really felt rich when he came to Terrance's.

The door opened before he got to it. A fat man with Italian features backed out while shaking Terrance's hand. Terrance looked cheerful but David noticed an edge to his laughter. David walked up as they spoke.

"And I appreciate your business," said the butcher, "I'm sure they will make some fine stakes."

Terrance waved to him, "Thank you for your money."

David stopped next to them. Terrance gestured for him to wait, then called into the house.

A few minutes later, David needed to step back as four of Terrance's slaves walked out. Naked, like Terrance preferred them, they stood up straight. There were tears on their faces and their

shoulders shaking with fear. Their wrists were bound with plastic cuffs, all tied to a leash held by the butcher.

David's lips pressed into a thin, unhappy line as he watched the butcher pull the girls toward the van.

In his world, he already knew the next time they saw sunlight, they would be on a meat counter.

Shuddering, he followed Terrance into his house.

His friend muttered and added some numbers on a piece of paper. "Shit, only 3.3. I needed 5 more, damn it."

"Terrance?"

Terrance didn't respond. He swore a bit, then jammed the paper in his pocket. Turning around, he jumped at the sight of David. "Dude! When did you get in here?"

"You just saw me. What is going on?"

"Um, I'll explain later."

David peered into the dining room and noticed the table, cabinets, and flatware missing. Turning to the side, he looked into an empty living room. "What is going on?"

Terrance looked at him helplessly, then shrugged. His mouth opened to say something, then closed with a snap. Then, the strength seemed to leave David's friend and he slumped to the stairs leading up. "I pissed off Victor."

"Oh, crap. How?"

Tears sparkled in his eyes, but Terrance shook his head. "Not important now, but he put a bid on my life."

"How, you're insured?"

Terrance gave a short, bitter bark of a laugh. "Apparently, spending a werewild to insure your own life is nothing. Anyone can put a bid on your life, it just means you have to have more werewild than the bid."

David felt confused. "I didn't know that was possible. I thought it was one coin to buy your life and you were golden."

"So did I," wailed his friend, "at least until this morning. Victor even helpfully provided a lawyer to explain it."

David sighed, "You confirmed it?"

"Of course I confirmed it! I spent an hour on the Internet³ looking for ways out of it. I only have one, to come up with 3.7 werewild in..." he paused.

The house computer chimed in, “Six hours, fifteen minutes, and twelve seconds.”

Terrance snarled at the computer, “Yeah, six hours until Terrance is going to shaft my ass with a knife.”

“He probably won’t. Look, I’ll see if I can talk to him—”

“Stop there.”

David froze in mid-sentence, then motioned for Terrance to explain himself.

Terrance sighed and rolled his eyes. “Look, if you go asking Victor, he’s just going to double it.”

“How do you know—”

“He said so in the video mail this morning. If you get directly involved, there is no way I’m coming out of this.”

Terrance looked David, then burst into tears. “I don’t want to get spitted!”

David shrugged, “You could make a run for it.”

“You know what they would do to me in prison!? I’d be someone’s bitch for the rest of my life. Or worse, Victor will buy my ass anyways!”

A memory of their last prison visit almost brought a smile to his lips. David wondered how the guard would respond to Terrance, then he tore his thoughts away to avoid grinning. “Look, I got some weregild.”

“You can’t give it to me, Victor will see that.”

David looked around, “Then, let me buy something worth two weregild.”

“It isn’t enough,” pouted Terrance.

“It means you only have to come up with 1.7 lives in six hours instead of 3.7.”

“Fair enough. I don’t have any girls left, otherwise I’d sell you them.”

“You know I don’t want any slaves.”

“How about... I’m thinking... oh, my house!”

“What?”

Terrance crawled on the floor to kneel at David’s feet. “Buy my house for two, please?”

David winced at the thought and looked around at the massive space he didn’t need. “I...”

“Oh come on, I’m desperate! I’ll pay you back, I swear!”

David hesitated as he struggled to spend money he never wanted to spend for a house he never liked. The doorbell saved him from answering right away, but he knew he could do nothing but help Terrance.

Terrance stared at the door like a frightened rabbit.

David looked at it, then back to his friend. “Going to get it?”

“It-it might be Victor.”

“Oh, for god’s sake,” muttered David. He walked to the door. Cracking it open, he noticed the flashing lights on the squad car first. Then, the trooper who stood in front of the door, his hand held up to knock again.

“Can I help you?”

“Are you Terrance Jasik?”

“No.”

“Could I speak to Mr. Jasik?”

David wondered if Terrance really had six hours. He hesitated before answering, unsure if he should be covering for his friend.

The trooper spoke up sharply, his voice cutting through David’s thoughts impatiently. “Is he here or not? I have two runaways registered to him and I need to get back to work.”

Terrance shoved David aside and flung open the door. “You got them!?”

“Are you Terrance Jasik?”

Terrance almost screamed out, “Yes!”

The state trooper held out his hand and Terrance took it. The computer beeped and David saw a flash of light reflected from the inside of the man’s sunglasses; no doubt a computer projecting on the glass.

The trooper grunted with approval. “Do you wish to have them returned or destroyed? Destroying will net you one half—”

“Return them!” Terrance jumped, then spoke a little calmer, “Please return them.”

“Follow me, they are in binders now.”

David and Terrance followed the officer back to his car. When David looked into the back seat, he felt his heart stopping. A familiar blonde, Christina, sat in the seat closest to the door, a bruise on her face and tears drying on her cheeks. Naomi sat on the other side,

with a black eye and red lines across her naked breasts and stomach. The shreds of some outfit hung on both of their hips, which did nothing but enhance their slender forms and curves. Their arms were also bound behind them, forcing their breasts up as they tried to get comfortable in the back seat of the squad car.

“Terrance...” he started to ask.

His friend muttered as he grabbed at Christina. “I was going to sell them to the last guy, but they ran off last night. About an hour after Victor’s notice came in. Stupid bitch!”

Christina screamed out as Terrance yanked her out. He spun her around and slapped her with all his strength, adding another bruise. Christina slumped to the ground, slamming her head on the sidewalk before rolling over and blinking in a daze.

Terrance growled as he reached into grab Naomi.

She fought as he dragged her out and threw her to the ground. David noticed that she had a black plastic zip-tie binding her wrists but none around her ankles. Her legs scissored violently and he got a flash of her pussy and a thin line of pubic hair before she scrambled back to her feet.

Next to her, Christina crawled to her knees, then up on her feet.

“I’m going to die because you bitches!” Terrance’s scream echoed in the hall.

David peered down the street to see a few other people looking out windows and he sighed unhappily. Terrance’s image would be ruined by today’s actions.

Terrance fumbled for his phone. “Hold on, let me call Hill’s. Maybe they’ll buy you two still.”

Christina’s eyes widened in fear and she made a run for it. Sobbing, she stumbled before sprinting away from Terrance.

At the same time, Naomi ran in the other direction.

Terrance froze, fingers over his phone.

The police officer seemed to be ready for it and he stepped in front of Christina. His fist swung from a low string and he slammed it hard into her gut.

The blonde folded over his punch and she vomited on the ground before collapsing.

David spun on his heels and raced after Naomi.

Hampered by her bounds, the brunette ran almost drunkenly. She crashed into the side of a car, then a tree as she tried to retain her balance while racing. Her slender legs flashed and her breasts swayed as she sprinted away from David.

David cut her off, sliding across the hood of the car and slamming into her side.

She let out a loud grunt as they both dropped to the ground. David panted while he crawled over her, pinning her down on her back. She kicked out but he scooted up until his hips rested right above her own, his ass spreading her legs.

He grabbed her shoulders and jammed them on the ground. "Stop!"

Naomi froze, her bright blue eyes staring at him.

David's lip pulled back in a snarl, but he realized his actions. Taking a deep breath, he spoke in a calm voice. "Look, Terrance is a friend of mine. And if he doesn't sell you, he's going to die. He needs the money, just accept it, please?"

His eyes flickered down to her chest. He felt a strange warmth in his chest and he ran his fingers along the smooth mounds to her breasts, but stopped inches from her nipple. He shook his head and stood up.

She laid on the ground, staring up at him while shooting daggers with his eyes.

"Come on," he said a little sadly and helped her to her feet. She seemed surprised when he gently cupped her ass to pull her up instead of yanking her to her feet. Once standing, he slipped a hand between her arms to hold the plastic zip-tie. Slowly, they walked back to the flashing car. "At least it will end quickly for you. With the recent laws, they can't hold you for more than a few hours."

It sounded lame, despite the truth, and he fumbled with the words. "I can't do anything and he is out of choices."

Naomi looked quickly at him, then she spoke so softly he wasn't sure he imagined it. "You're both rich, fucking pussies."

He frowned before asking, "What?"

Naomi didn't answer.

They reached Terrance who knelt over Christina slapping her with all his strength.

David felt Naomi's body tensing and he quickly moved over, grabbing Terrance's hand. "Dude! Don't do that!"

Tears burned on Terrance's cheek, "It's all her fault!"

Terrance fumbled to his feet and he grabbed his phone again, "I need to call Hill's back, maybe they'll take both for one."

"I recommend you destroy both," declared the officer.

"I won't get as much then. I need weregild now," cried Terrance.

The officer grunted, "We have to report all escape attempts on their records. Hill's, any butcher worth their salt, will look for that. You'd be lucky to get half a life for both of them."

"Crap. How much to get them destroyed?"

"You'll get a half weregild for both if you donate them to the city. I'd probably give you a full weregild for both, but I'd have to break both of their legs before I leave here," said the officer.

Christina looked up with a sob, one eye closed shut from the bruising. She crawled over to Naomi and wrapped herself around the brunette's leg.

Naomi knelt down, stroking the back of Christina's hand as she looked up accusingly at David.

Feeling guilty, David knelt down next to her.

Christina jerked away from him, but he just used a hem of his shirt to blot up the blood welling from a cut on her face.

Terrance muttered for a moment, "Crap. I don't have time for this. Okay, give me—"

The world seemed to slow down for David. He looked into Naomi's face and saw the same, bitter expression from when she sat in a cell. Memories flooded into him, reminding him of that last meaningful look at the prison guard gave him. He raised his look to Terrance, seeing his friend in a much different light. David spoke without thinking, interrupting Terrance. "I'll buy her."

He clamped his mouth shut as soon as he spoke, shocked at his own actions.

Terrance and the officer stared at him, just as shocked.

David looked everywhere but their questioning eyes.

Then, Terrance answered with a wavering voice. "Seriously?"

"Yes, I'll give you everything I got."

Terrance peered down at David, not believing him. "Really?"

"Yes, I'll buy these two. For everything I got, 2.104, right?"

“Deal!” screamed Terrance.

The police officer shrugged, obviously not approving.

The world spun around David as he stared back down to the two naked women. He felt wrong, buying a life like that, but something about Naomi’s gaze he couldn’t put in a finger on. He could almost imagine her telling him something and now... now he could find out her puzzle.

Terrance noticed the officer leave and ran over. “Dude!”

The officer spoke more formally, “Yes, sir?”

“Want a house?”

The stunned look on his face brought a smile to David. The officer shook his head, “What?”

“The house? I need two more weregild in a few hours. Interested?”

“I don’t know—”

“It has twenty rooms, two pools, and this really huge basement with cells. I bet you could do something great with it.”

The man looked tempted.

David stood up and caught Terrance’s attention. “I’m going to take these girls to the hospital and go home.”

Terrance just waved him away.

David held out his hand for Naomi, then realized her wrists were bound.

She stared at him, but Christina wouldn’t unwrap from the brunette’s feet. Her small breasts ground into the ankles of her friend.

David reached over, but she flinched at his touch.

“I don’t want to die,” she wailed.

He found his eyes roaming over her body, focusing on the tiny nipples and the way her slender waist folded when she curled so tightly around Naomi’s leg. Her belly button had a tiny fold that he found interesting and he resisted the urge to touch it.

Then realized he could do whatever he wanted to her.

He owned her.

David stroked her hair and realized he needed to say something.

“You won’t die... well, I won’t kill you.”

Christina peeked up with a frightened expression. “I-I won’t?”

“Well, I need to get you to a hospital first, but I won’t kill you. I won’t ever do that.”

She sniffed and wiped her tears from her face.

“W-What will you do to us?”

David sighed unhappily, “I have no clue.”

t'Sade

Orders

5

They drove home from the hospital in silence. David struggled with his own thoughts: suddenly owning someone and the loss of his wergild. And a couple thousand to put both women into the healing accelerator, to get rid of the cuts and bruises. He also found himself worrying about using all his money like Victor suggested. Whenever his thoughts came to a pause, he'd look in the mirror and see Naomi and Christina in the back, silent and frightened, and he started again.

When he finally pulled into his garage, he felt a little bit of relief. The familiarity of his house gave him some comfort. His eyes focused on Naomi through the rear-view mirror as he closed the garage.

Naomi looked up as if she could feel his look; her blue stare burned in the dim light of the garage.

David hesitated to speak, then gestured out of the car. "Come on."

Naomi slipped out of the car and helped Christina out. Together, they stood with their backs to the car and standing up straight. He admired them, not as their owner, but as a male. Naomi's full breasts and curves complemented Christina's own slender body with smaller breasts and a narrower waist.

They were good-looking women.

He also didn't know what to do. He reached forward to draw his fingers between their legs, then stepped back. More annoyed with himself, he pointed to the door into the house. "This is my, I guess, your place now. Three bedrooms, but only one has a bed."

The master bedroom held a king-size bed and his dressers. The second bedroom he converted into a hard-copy library and a place for his computers. His favorite chair, a leather recliner sat in the corner. He almost skipped the third room, but at the last minute, he opened it. The smell of dog flooded his senses and he swallowed to keep his own emotions.

“This used to be Rowley’s room, but he died last year.”

“I’m sorry,” whispered Naomi.

David jumped at her voice and stared at her.

Naomi hesitated, stared at the ground.

He gulped and gave the room one last look before closing the door. Spotting the dog beds gave him some ideas but he kept them to himself.

“And a kitchen,” a modest room without the fancy, full-body cooking tools that Terrance and Victor had, “living room and dining. Pretty much that is it. Nothing really in the basement, but please don’t go down there.”

They said nothing, just stood there at the head of the stairs.

David worried his lip for a moment, “Want food?”

Naomi didn’t move, but Christina gave a tiny nod.

“Thai?”

Another nod, more interested. He grabbed the phone and ordered for them. Together, they sat down in the living room and he cleared his throat. “Look, I never owned a slave. I’ve had that weregild for a few years now, but never used them. I’m not really sure what the hell I’m doing, but I’m going to make this up as I go.”

Nothing.

“Start with questions. My name is David. I guess I should have you call me ‘master’ or something like that, but David is good enough for today. If you have any questions, just ask them.”

Christina raised her hand.

David grinned, “And you just need to open your mouth, we aren’t in school.”

“Oh,” she said with a blush, then she looked around the modest room, “I thought you all had money. With mansion and cars and gold everything.”

David laughed, an honest laugh. “I have... had blood money, if that is what you mean. I got it when my two sisters pissed off

someone. The next morning, I got a two weregild—one and a half after taxes—and some video of them being gutted. Video is on the shelf, but I don't watch it. I also found out that weregild and American dollars don't mix that well. They say you can get a trillion dollars for one life, but it never worked out. I mean, I have a million or three, but I'm still poor compared to Victor or Terrance."

"My mama made five million a year."

"Not bad, programmer?"

A nod.

"Well, I took the first weregild and bought my life. And joined the world of insured where I just won't be killed on a lark. But that put me in this uncomfortable spot between those with blood money and those who can only get it if they die. And I'll tell you, I'm too poor to be rich and too rich to be poor."

Christina started to raise her hand, then lowered it blushed. "Are you a hunter?"

"No, that takes a lot more than I could imagine. Plus, once you are a hunter, you are for life. And I can't imagine wearing bright orange." He affected a frivolous accent, "plus it would never go with my clothes."

That brought a smile to both of their faces.

David took advantage of it to start asking more questions about their lives. "So, how did you meet? Did you go to school together?"

He didn't really care about their answers, but it kept them speaking. The minutes ticked by and he watched as they grew more comfortable, no longer cringing every time he moved. He also managed to get more comfortable with the idea of having these two beautiful women as his slaves.

By the time food showed up, they laughed at his jokes and even volunteered information. David gave his first set of orders. From his chair, he motioned to the door, "Get it."

Both girls froze, starting at him. Then Naomi slowly got up from the chair. Her naked breasts and hips caught his attention and he smiled as he enjoyed her look.

Sliding his gaze over to Christina, he gestured toward the kitchen. "There are plates and forks by the sink."

She looked confuse and David clarified for her.

"Go get them, Christina."

“Oh!” she gasped, then jumped to her feet. Stumbling forward, she ran into the kitchen. David pushed himself from his chair and padded toward the back rooms. He could hear Naomi gathering the food from the delivery boy—electronic accounts simplified everything. In the kitchen, Christina banged plates as she tried to find the flatware. David took the opportunity to slip into Rowley’s room.

The memories of his lost dog haunted him, but he remembered something that would help him. In the chewed dresser, he pulled open the first drawer and pulled out three leather collars. Inside the buckle, a small electronic chip flickered with diagnostic signals. He heard Naomi finishing up and jammed the collars into his pocket before rushing into the bathroom.

On the stool, he used the toothbrush to press the buttons, programming them. For Rowley, it gave an increasingly more powerful shock the further he got away from home. He used the same settings, but switched it from canine to human to adjust how it would shock the girls. The bigger one helpfully suggested a firmware upgrade for better control and he hesitated before downloading it.

By the time he flushed, he had two programmed dog, now human, collars. Sticking them back into his pocket, he cleaned his hands and wandered out.

In the living room, both girls were already forks deep in the food.

He stopped by the door, watching them as they inhaled the food. “Hungry?”

Both girls froze—Christina held a fork in her lips while Naomi dropped hers. As one, they looked up guilty and Christina stammered.

“I’m sorry, I-I was so hungry.”

“Eat,” he said, then sat down across from them.

They didn’t touch their food until he served himself, then they returned to their food. “I thought Terrance said you ran away today?”

Naomi swallowed before answering, “Terrance hasn’t fed us in a few days.”

Christina helpfully supplied more information. “Naomi got in trouble for not following orders again.”

“Why did you run? Went for Mexico again?”

The brunette sighed, “Hoping for anything but here. Terrance made a deal to sell us to Hill’s Meats. Going to have our tits and ass on special, according to Hill’s grandson. But you know that just fuck the girls until they snuff them, and I refuse to feel a knife jammed in my pussy for any man.”

Christina shivered and curled up on the chair.

Naomi whimpered, “I-I just couldn’t do it. I know that I’m guilty and he owned us, but I…” Her voice trailed off.

David found his own memories dredging up emotions, of the blonde slave that Victor impaled. He shuddered at the thought and realized he saved them far more than Terrance’s beating. He stir his Muk Goong Pik with a fork and contemplated his next actions. Then, he heard Christina whispering to Naomi.

“Love you, girl.”

Peeking up, David saw Naomi glance at him. When he didn’t respond, she turned and kissed Christina on the cheek, then the lips. Christina gasped and whispered sharply, “Naomi! He’s watching.”

“So? Wanna give him a show?”

He chuckled, “Sure, gave me a show.”

Christina looked confused herself for a moment, then let out a soft purr when Naomi grabbed her face with both hands and drew her into a kiss. Naomi sat up, pulling Christina into her. The blonde followed willingly and David felt his heart beating faster at the sight of Naomi’s large breasts pressing against Christina’s smaller ones. Somehow, watching their bodies grinding to each other brought a heat burning between his legs. The two kissed each other, giving him a little flash of tongue as Christina moaned with every movement.

The blonde’s hands clenched mid-air during the kiss, then relaxed to reach out to grab the small of Naomi’s back. Fingers spread out on the creamy pale skin and delved down, following the “V” of her buttocks and to finally end by grabbing each rounded globe in her hands. Naomi gasped when their lips parted then lifted her body against her friend. Hard nipples followed the Christina’s tanned curves until they hovered inches from her lover’s mouth.

Christina gave David a smile, then parted her lips, sucking in the firm nub. Naomi’s eyes closed and she lifted one leg to straddle

Christina. David leaned over to catch a glimpse of her pussy, the pink folds nestled between her thighs. Then, Naomi lowered herself on her friend. Arms wrapped around Christina's head, holding her tight. Christina's hands slipped around her waist, teasing the bottom edge of Naomi's breasts before delving between her legs.

David couldn't see, but he could imagine when Christina's fingers found Naomi's sex. The tiny shudder of the brunette's body, the parted lips and unseeing eyes. He couldn't find the energy to move and just stared at them as Christina's arms flexed with tiny movements and Naomi's hips rocked back and forth.

To his surprise, he actually felt a bit of jealousy watching them making out on his couch, then it hit him.

He owned them.

Clearing his throat, he spoke. "Come over here."

They separated and Christina stood up from the couch, but Naomi didn't move.

David let his voice take on a more authoritative tone. "Now."

It actually rang out in the room and both girls finished untangling their limbs and walked over. Swaying, Naomi walked around the food and stood before him. Christina, on the other hand, half crawled off the couch and settled to her knees at his feet. David looked down at her bright face and almost froze. But, Christina reached up and took his hand, sliding it behind her neck and bowing toward him.

David moaned as she kissed his leg. He pulled up and she obeyed, kissing further up until he aimed her to his crotch. He felt the hot lips over the fabric covering his aching hardness. Flushed, he fumbled for his pants, then looked up at Naomi.

Changing his mind, he gave another order. "Open me."

Naomi didn't stall. Sliding her legs around Christina's back, she lowered until her lightly furred pussy ground on Christina's spine. Delicate fingers reached around the blonde's head and his own hand to work the zipper, pulling the fabric open. David and Christina moaned, but David had to force himself to breathe when he felt hot fingers on his shaft for the first time in many years.

The brunette worked his cock out of his pants and aimed it for Christina's mouth. David pulled on the blonde's head, his eyes wide

as he watched her open her mouth and take his length into the warm, slick confines of her lips.

“Oh, god,” he whispered.

Christina’s head bobbed on his shaft, bumping on his palm then shoving forward. Naomi’s hips rocked forward, pushing Christina down and relaxing as her friend drew up. David shuddered with the growing pleasure and tore his gaze away from Christina’s stretched lips. Naomi leaned forward, her own mouth close to his own. With his other hand, he reached up to her. She tilted her head away, but he just grabbed the nape of her neck and dragged her down into a kiss.

Lips on his cock and more on his own, he found himself in a storm of ecstasy. And, too fast, he found his own pleasure cresting. His hands clutched both girls, one hand driving Christina down on his cock until he felt her lips grinding on his base.

When he came, Naomi muffled his gasp of pleasure with her own kiss. Christina sucked and bobbed on his shaft until he released her. Then, he felt her licking his cock clean before sitting back on her feet. Her head nestled in the junction of Naomi’s legs, just a hint of the black pubic hair above the golden mane.

David laughed, still panting. “Oh, god, that was amazing.”

“Thank you,” grinned Naomi. Christina licked her lips and wiped a bit of cum from the side of her mouth. David glanced down to his cock, slick and shiny and very red.

He grinned and leaned back. “I could like this.”

Christina giggled, but remained down on her knees.

David remembered the collar. Digging into his pocket, he pulled it out.

Christina’s eyes widened with a bit of fear and David explained himself.

“This will shock you, but only if you leave the yard. Rowley ran away a lot and I,” he favored Naomi with a smile, “would like a bit of peace of mind for my purchase.”

Naomi’s mood darkened instantly, but Christina arched her back, pushing forward her breasts and splaying her hands on his knees. David wrapped the smaller collar around her neck, buckling it into place. The computer chip chirped and she shuddered at the noise.

He raised his gaze to Naomi. “Please?”

Her lips tightened into a thin line and she stepped back.

Christina looked up at them and let out a soft whimper. "Noami?"

The brunette shook her head and took another step away. David saw her looking quickly at the door. He struggled to figure out the right action, then remembered Victor.

Taking a deep breath, he lowered his voice and barked out a command. "Sit!"

Noami jumped at the sound. Then, she made a break for the door. David jumped out of the chair in a flash, leaping over Christina. He accidentally smacked the blonde with his shaft. His hand caught Naomi by the hair. She collapsed instantly, dropping to her ass between the front door and the couch. Her hair snapped in all directions as she struggled with his attempts to put on the collar, but she didn't scream or cry. As soon as the device chirped, she froze.

David, breathing hard, looked down at her. She glared up, bright blue eyes and a collar around her neck. The look of wild hair and burning hunger in her expression brought new life to his manhood.

He grinned and leaned forward. "Sit."

She started to get up and the advanced programming of the collar responded. Just a tiny click and she jerked before sitting down heavily. The glare didn't move from her face. David reached up and activated the home security system, locking the doors and windows with a single button press.

He focused his attention back on Naomi. Sprawled out on her legs, she sat on the ground underneath the edge of the couch armrest. He looked down to see his cock still out, standing tall with excitement. Just seeing her collar again, he felt it surge hotly.

Keeping his eyes locked on hers, he reached down with both hands and slipped them behind their neck. Naomi tightened her lips, but he just pulled up. Expecting her to resist, she surprised him by raising her body. When she didn't open her mouth, he ran his thumb along her lips; she parted them easily to his thumb.

"You know what happens if you bite?"

She said nothing, but kept her mouth open.

Panting, David fed his slick member into her lips. The hot sensation of the brunette's mouth send bolts of pleasure coursing through his system. He leaned forward, pulling his hand back and

watched the length of his cock disappearing into her lips. Her tongue worked at the base of his shaft, exploring it until he jammed his cock head into her throat, just barely setting off the spasming gag reflex. She tried to pull back but his hands kept in her in place.

After a second, he started to slowly draw it from her lips. Her tongue lapped at his cock head and he stopped with just the ridge of his manhood in her mouth. He almost announced his actions, then just drove forward, pulling her head as much as thrusting into her. The hot depth and the feel of her lips on his base turned him on. He bit his lip and started to fuck her face, moving in deep strokes that brought his cock from lips to throat. He stopped at the end of each stroke for the longest beat completely in her mouth or barely inside her lips. Then, the wet slurping of driving it into her, seeing her nose crush against the skin above his member. He felt his balls slapping her chin and that just pushed him to fuck faster.

Because he came recently, it took ten minutes of pounding Naomi's face before he felt his second orgasm. Naomi took his shaft willingly, her blue eyes burning with some intense emotion he couldn't imagine. Staring into her eyes, he found himself finally coming and yanked it out of her lips to plaster her face with cum. It caught her across the nose and lips, dripping down her chin.

"The collar suits you."

A ghost of a smile crossed her lips. Christina giggled from the couch, where she watched with one hand between her legs, working between the swollen lips of her pussy. David released Naomi and she slumped to the ground. Her head bumped on the arm of the couch as her naked ass slapped on the floor. Christina bent over the edge of the couch, over her, and kissed her upside down. Between kisses, she lapped up the cum from her friend's face, which did nothing to help David's softness. When a few splatters dripped from Naomi's chin, Christina just bent even further over the touch, sitting her ass and pussy in the air, to clean up the errant droplets.

David stared at the exposed slit, pink and excited. He reached over and ran a finger along it, parting Christina's lips to look at the shocking pink insides. Christina moaned, her face half-buried in Naomi's lap. He toyed with her for a moment, then realized he couldn't possibly get it up again. Even if he wanted to, which he did. He pulled his fingers back, then yawned.

“Time for bed.”

Christina looked up, a bit of cum on her nose. “Where?”

“Um...” he tried to decide if he trusted them enough to sleep in the bed when Christina spoke up with a sly voice.

“How about Rowley’s beds?”

Naomi’s head shot up to stare daggers at her, but Christina crawled back on the couch. She held her wrists up to her face and thrust her breasts forward. With a grin, she licked her lips. “We’ll be really good bitches too.”

“Christina!” cried Naomi.

Christina ignored her friend.

David’s cock jumped at the thought and he agreed. “Well, Rowley had two. That’s a good idea. They are soft and you’ll sleep well.”

Hopping up, Christina dragged Naomi to her feet and they got ready for bed. David found himself getting hard watching them shower together, but felt too exhausted to do anything besides enjoy the view. Then, he closed them into Rowley’s room before heading to bed himself.

In bed, he stared at the ceiling, trying to understand how quickly his day turned around. In the other room, he heard Naomi and Christina whispering to each other and realized that maybe he got a good deal out of his savings.

Resistance

6

He woke up with a start. He felt trapped by his blankets and struggled briefly before he realized someone knelt down on his blankets, holding him as warm hands peeled back his sheets and blankets. His eyes fluttered but Christina stopped him with a whisper.

“Just enjoy... master.”

He could hear the smile in her voice. Relaxing, he enjoyed the sensations of her fingertips on his naked shaft, teasing it to full hardness. Then, he let out a long moan of pleasure when her lips came down, teasing around the crown of his head before sucking the tip into his mouth.

“Oh, Christina,” he gasped.

She lifted her mouth from his cock long enough to say “bark”, then bobbed down to take his length in her mouth.

His hands clutched through her long blonde hair, guiding her as she bobbed up and down, bringing new life to his aching cock.

But, she stopped before he came. His eyes snapped open as she sat up, then he held his breath as she positioned herself above him. One hand held his cock as the other guiding him into her. The liquid heat of her pussy engulfed his member, sliding around his cock as she settled down on him. She reached the bottom, then giggled. “Is this a good wake up?”

“The best,” he smiled.

She pressed his hands to her breasts, squeezing his fingers until he grabbed them tight. Then, she lifted her body up and down on his member, riding him with slow, but deep strokes that plunged

directly into her belly with every thrust. David thrust up to her, matching her downward strokes.

He felt a quick, but powerful, orgasm rushing up again, but this time she didn't stop him. He grabbed her breasts tightly, fingers digging in and pumped up into her with all his might, driving deep until he came hard in the depths of her cunt.

Christina slipped off him and he watched cum splashing out to soak his shaft. She surprised him by kneeling down between his legs. Her mouth brushed on his juice-soaked shaft.

He felt a surge of new life of his aching member, then gasped as she started to clean it with her mouth, lapping up his cum and her juices until it shone with her saliva.

Finished, she crawled up to press her naked body to his. "Good morning, master."

He beamed back, "Good morning, my little bitch."

Christina giggled at his term and kissed him on the shoulder.

He ran a finger along her flanks. "Where is Naomi?"

"Making breakfast."

"Oh," he said, not really thinking, "I usually make breakfast here."

Christina's eyes twinkled, "You don't have to, you have slaves now."

"So, I just tell you what I want and you'll do it?"

There was a brief flash of fear in her eyes, then she nodded warily.

David felt a pang of regret as he saw that fear. Leaning forward, he whispered. "So, if I ask you to roll over on your belly so I could fuck your ass, you would?"

Relief burst across her expression and she obediently rolled on to her belly, raising her tight little ass in the air.

David nodded with approval, then gestured for her to cuddle again. "Just testing."

"Thank you," she whispered.

"What, for not fucking your ass? Because, I might do it."

"No," she hesitated before continuing, "you seem so nice."

"And you're afraid I'm going to gut you, aren't you?"

Looking guilty, she tilted her head away.

He reached up and brushed the blonde hair from her face. “Look, Christina, I lost my sisters to someone who got his rocks off gutting girls. I’ve seen Victor go through hundreds of slaves in a single afternoon, just because he could. My fetishes are... not as extreme.”

Christina listened to him intently.

David swallowed before he finished. “I like to fuck a pretty face, I occasionally have a fantasy of fucking a girl’s ass until she squeals or having two girls riding me at the same time. Blood doesn’t really excite me, so you’ll have nothing to fear from me. Except me putting a leash on you,” he grinned broadly.

“It-it is hard, master,” Christina whispered, “Terrance always said he bought us to show off to Victor. And, the stories... they are scary.”

David shrugged, “Victor is a scary person. He is rich, powerful, and really loves to hurt people. But, I’m not Victor. I’m just a guy who happened to have to have some werewild and ended up saving two very lovely women on accident.”

Finally, Christina seemed to relax a little. “I wanted to be saved.”

“Well, I’m hoping to get some return for blood money.”

She ground her breasts and sex against him, “I’m a good investment.”

“I intend to find out.”

They kissed. Soft and tender at first, then he took more command of their embrace and pushed her on down on the sheets. She moaned, spreading her legs and he pushed into her. Her wet pussy clasped around him, holding him tight.

He pumped hard for a few minutes, but didn’t come. He slipped out. “Roll over.”

She obeyed and he positioned himself between her legs.

He ran his soaked cock along the wrinkled open.

Christina arched her back, then spoke suddenly. “If you want another good investment...”

He stopped, holding his manhood to penetrate her.

“Naomi. I can help help you with her.”

“How?”

“She really liked being fucked in the ass, but you have to pull her hair first. She’ll melt like butter.”

“Seriously?”

Christina whispered even softer, looking at the door guiltily. “She likes to resist, but she’ll melt if you just spank that ass and yank her hair. Last night, that was the first time I saw her masturbate after we went to bed.”

David thought for a moment.

Christina grinned and raised her hips, spreading herself more. David grinned and slipped his cock head down to the seam of her being, impaling her pussy instead of her rectum.

“I’ll save this for Naomi.”

Christina purred, already pushing back, “She’ll love it.”

Naomi called out for breakfast, but David ignored her until he came hard again. He pulled out before he released, just to watch it oozing along the crack of Christina’s tight ass to pool at the pucker and then down in rivers around the folds of her pussy.

He loved that look.

After a few moments of admiring her, he felt his stomach rumble. “Come on, I’m hungry.”

Christina walked before him, her ass swaying.

He grinned at the juices that dribbled down her inner thighs, the sigh of their brief fucking just a few minutes before. He slipped on a silk robe at the bedroom door, then headed into the dining room.

Naomi and Christina served him, sitting him down at the table and circling around him to set down flatware. They set up plates for themselves, but David found himself in awe at how easy it was just to watch them bump on each other, giving tiny kisses to each other as they set out eggs, bacon, and pancakes.

He didn’t get a chance to take Christina’s advice until afternoon. He set Christina to do his laundry and found himself leaning on the door frame to the kitchen, watching a bare-ass Naomi flutter around the kitchen. His eyes narrowed with the enjoyment of her curved buttocks as she worked the stove, frying up some beef for the meal.

In one of the few times she wore clothes, she found a cooking apron to cover her breasts, but her bare breasts stuck out from the side, giving tantalizing view of her body. His lip curled into a satisfied smile.

“Naomi.”

She looked over her shoulder at him, but didn’t move from the stove.

“Come here,” he commanded.

Naomi shook her head, “I’m busy.”

He pushed himself from the door.

Naomi didn’t notice him at first until he stepped behind her. She shook him off when his hands stroked her flanks, teasing her breasts. She jerked away from him, unable to move from the stove. “I’m busy.”

He leaned forward, his mouth near her lips. “I gave you an order.”

“You want your lunch burned?” snapped the brunette.

Standing behind her, he reached up and grabbed the thick hair. Naomi let out a moan as he pulled back, baring her throat and forcing her back to arch. He yanked her back into his crotch, his cock nestling between the cheeks of her bare ass. He continued to draw her back until his lips caressed her left ear. “I believe I said, I gave you an order.”

She didn’t say anything, but he felt her body trembling against his. Her one hand held the spatula, but she made no effort to set it down or even to move it.

David released one hand from her hair and snaked it between the apron and her breasts, cupping the full mound with his hand. “And when I tell you to come,” he breathed in her ear, “I want to feel you come.”

She shuddered, “Y-Yes, master.”

“Now,” he grinned, tweaking her nipple, “I’m going to fuck that pretty ass of yours.”

“W-What about lunch?”

“Better turn it off.”

She fumbled for the dial on the stove. She barely it got it turned off when he pushed her over the stove. The heat rolled over her, but he held her inches from the heated surface. She tightened in fear, then let out a low, guttural moan as he aimed his cock to her pussy.

To his surprise, he found it slick and excited. He promised he would reward Christina later.

It took no effort to slip it in, sliding his entire length into her pussy.

She whimpered from the pleasure, planting her hands on both sides of the stove to keep her breasts from the hot metal.

David pumped a few times, sliding until his balls pressed her labia. Then, he pulled out. Cock dripping with her juices, he lifted it up and nestled it to the tiny opening above her cunt.

“Oh god,” whispered Naomi, her body trembling with anticipation.

He leaned into her, watching with rapt fascination as her sphincter resisted his intrusion. But, he drove it forward and the tight opening rewarded him by slowly opening to his member.

Hot and slick, her body clenched tightly around his member. He could feel the ring of her ass slipping down his cock, inching down with delicious pleasure and agony.

Naomi whimpered and shook; David held her hair tightly and grabbed her breast, bending her to the cooling stove as he finally jammed in the last few inches. She shook and he felt her body squeezing his cock from base to tip.

He grinned and slid out half way, then drove it hard into her.

She screamed out in pleasure, leaning closer to the cooling surface of the stove.

When he couldn't grip her breasts and hair, he released the soft mound and grabbed the back of the collar with his other hand. With a new angle, he could start to really pound into her rectum, driving hard and fast into her body until he heard her screams echoing throughout the room. Every stroke pushed her closer to the stove, he backed off until it cooled enough that it only stung, then plastered her face down on the stove to thrust as fast as he could possible move.

He lasted as long as he could. When he felt her body spasming around him, he started to drive harder and faster.

Her hips drove up against the heated metal of the stove and the mixture of pleasure and pain seemed to ignite more fires in both of them.

He gripped the collar and hair tighter, choking her as he pounded out the last of his own passions in her. The wet slurping noise of his manhood impaling her ass filled his world. Then, he came harder than he thought possible. His bellow of release echoed in the house and he felt surges of cum soaking the inside of her rectum, filling her with his seed. He held himself still, giving tiny jerks with the

fading afterglow. When he withdrew, they both shuddered from the intensity of the sensations that filled them.

Christina slipped between them, dropping to her knees.

David looked down with surprise, but the blonde just reached up and took his cock in her mouth. She didn't even hesitate as she cleaned it.

He ran his fingers in her hair, stroking gently as while she bobbed up and down, leaving it slick and shiny. He glanced up at Naomi, still bent over the stove. "And Naomi?"

Christina looked up with a sultry look. "Yes, master."

Turning on the floor, she rewarded David with the incredible sight of her sliding her mouth between Naomi's parted buttocks and lapping the gaping opening clean. He gaped, watching as the blonde's tongue flickered out, circling around Naomi's anus. The brunette whimpered, gasping. A second later, her hips rocked back as Christina licked her to a second, then a third orgasm.

In that moment, David felt like a lucky man.

t'Sade

Visitor



Victor came to visit a week later. David realized he never found Terrance's fate as the powerful man sat down on his couch, setting his hat to the side. Victor brought one of his own slaves, the one with a tie, but the man stood quietly next to him.

David sat down next to him. "I'm surprised to see you, Victor."

"Well, I don't normally come down to this part of town. I'm too... beyond the people here, like a stranger in a strange land."

David shrugged, "They don't bother me."

Victor grinned, "You are a 'safe' rich man, David. And you have an innocent humility that I don't see much anymore."

"Thank you."

Christina offered Victor some lemonade, which the man took.

Sipping it, he looked over the glass at David. "I didn't see you at last week's party."

David shrugged, "I got distracted dealing with my new purchases."

Christina giggled.

Victor reached out and ran his hand along the blonde's ass.

She held still, but when he did nothing but finger her briefly, she relaxed. "Very good purchase. I saw them when Terrance was showing off his purchases."

"I got a good deal."

Victor's eyes sparkled with his smile. "I'm glad you finally decided to spend my money."

"Yeah."

"They were Terrance's, right?"

For the shortest of moments, he considered lying. Then, he saw the look in Victor's eyes, the man already knew; somehow, that half-hidden smirk under the pencil-thin mustache told him everything.

David simply nodded.

Victor looked happier. "I told him not to involve you."

"I... it just came out."

Victor sipped his drink again. "I know, I saw the video feed. He should have never called you."

David realized the direction of the conversation. He sighed. "He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, last party."

"Did he die slow?"

Victor didn't answer. He set down the drink in front of him. "Terrance marked you as his beneficiary. By law, you get his net worth of weregild, minus taxes. And his assets. That comes out to 37.2 weregild and just under 1.7 trillion dollars."

Somehow, finding out his friend died didn't bother David as he thought it would.

Victor's held still, looking into David's eyes. Then, he stood up.

David looked up at the powerful man in a white suit.

"He wasn't good for you, David, he would have spoiled your innocence."

"So you killed him?"

"No, he killed himself. I tolerated him because of you, but he tried to pry his way into my life without you. After telling him no repeatedly—if you wish, I can prove it—he finally pushed me over the edge."

David shook his head, "No, I could see Terrance doing that."

Victor smiled to Christina. He gave Naomi, who half-hid behind the door, a grin, and saluted David. "I expect to see you next Saturday, boy. Bring your toys if you want, they will be safe."

Without letting David answer, Victor donned his white hat and gave him a little nod of the head. Then, left without another word.

The Spoils

8

Victor's parties always ended up grand affairs. David came with with only Christina. Naomi begged not to go near him and David left her with a list of chores that would keep her busy. No doubt, exactly one of them would be left undone to require him to punish her.

She even told him which one.

David grinned at the thought. He sat at the end of the table, like before.

Victor sat in his customary position, talking to the rich and powerful.

David toyed with a glass of wine in his hand, watching the swirl of slaves and rich around him.

It felt different than before and he liked it. As he watched, a female slave slipped through the crowds, marked with a bar code like the rest of Victor's possessions. Her long black hair cascaded down her back as she pried her way between the mayor of Chicago and the leader of the New Fundamentalist Movement. They ignored her as a non-entity, even when she knelt down between Victor's legs and pulled out his cock.

"Oh, that looks like fun."

Christina grinned next to David.

He smiled. "Yeah, he always made me jealous that he could do that."

"What, talk to the rich?"

"No, just have someone come up and blow him and no one bats an eyes?"

Christina purred, "Is that it?"

David nodded, "Yeah, I don't—"

He stopped as Christina walked around to kneel in front of him. He gaped as she nestled her way between his legs, then unzipped his pants. His shaft slipped out in her fingers and she slid it into her mouth. Her eyes stared into his and he grew hard instantly at the look. She smiled around his girth and bobbed up and down.

David almost came at that first stroke. He looked up, feeling guilty. Victor caught his eyes and then saluted him with his glass. David let out his breath in a rush of relief. He grinned and held up his glass to Victor.

Then leaned back to enjoy himself.

A Good Deal



A year later, David woke up slowly. He felt the two mouths on his cock, licking it like an ice cream pop. He grinned and reached down, nestling his fingers through blonde and brunette hair to grab their collars. Both girls sucked harder, each one taking a ball in their mouth. He smiled and arched his back.

Christina lifted herself off him first, pushing Naomi to the side to straddle his hips. He cracked open his eyes to see her pussy coming down, sliding over his cock. She moaned out in pleasure, bottoming out quickly. David tugged up on Naomi's collar. She licked her lips while he dragged her up. She lifted one leg to straddle his face and he leaned back.

Without opening his eyes, he released their collars to grab her hips. Then, pulled Naomi down to his mouth as Christina rode his hips. Naomi's lips tasted sweet. He lapped at her pussy, feeling the heat and slickness between her legs and he drank deep of her womanhood. His hands explored their body, but he felt his cock surge with excitement when they leaned into each other, kissing and touching outside of his sight.

He didn't care, he loved every second.

As he came, he realized he got the best deal of his life.

t'Sade

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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