

Butcher

t'Sade

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It was a good day, at least it started that way. Yawning, my hand cracked open the fridge and I peered at the empty shelves. Groaning, I looked down to the last of my meat, gathered from some abandoned woman at the bottom of the sewer. Only the soft folds of her sex and part of a right leg was left. Not even a single slash of bone was left, every white fragment was cut out and thrown in a heavy black duffel bag by the door. A soft smile crossed my lips and I let the door shut, sucking closed even as I was turning around.

A good day indeed.

The rest of the morning passed with the general laziness of a man who finally got food after way too long. Even the TV set refusing to show anything other than static or politics wasn't enough to ruin the afterglow of finally eating. Nothing could ruin this day, nothing.

Of course, that was before the door rattled from someone knocking on it hard. I gave it a hard look and ignored it. It rattled again. Then the sound of someone clearing his throat. It sounded like a Mack truck being shifted by a three-year old and sent a nasty rattle down my spine. I knew that sound. The only thing worse than someone trying to interrupt my good day was the sound of a corrupt cop trying to interrupt my day. Knowing that the bastard wouldn't go away, I shoved myself out of the molding chair and shuffled over. Along the way, I managed to find a pair of only slightly stained underwear and pull it on. By the time I reached the door, it was shaking violently as the pig kept pounding on it with one ham-like fist.

Waiting between the pounds, I released the lock. The chain on the door almost made it before it snapped. I barely had a chance to

see the heavy boot before the door snapped open and caught me right on the chin. Stars exploded across my vision as I hit the ground, trying to find some reason not to crawl into the darkness. The hand on my throat pulled me back and I was forced to look at the snarling face of a corrupt cop.

Now, I'm sure that someone found him attractive, with broken nose and one eye drifting to the right, but none came to mind. Instead, only smoker's breath mixed in with the healthy flavors of beer kept me conscious as he squeezed my throat as tightly as possible and slammed my spine against the wall. The flimsy wall cracked, but held as he shoved his meaty face into mine and sniffed.

"Heard you had a visitor last night, Butcher."

A faint wheezing filled the entrance to my apartment and it took a few moments to realize it was my attempts to breath. He must have noticed it and relaxed slightly, letting my toes lean against the cockroach-farm of a carpet. The ground never felt so good, even with a ugly mug staring at me. Gasping, I shook my head and stepped away, pressing my ankles against the duffel bag on the floor near the door.

"No, Bud, no visitors for me. I know what the parole officer said."

"Right..." he spoke in a soft drawl that gave no impression that he actually believed me. Without waiting for a response, he tromped into the apartment, pawing through my personal stuff. When his fat form disappeared into the kitchen, I glanced down at the duffel bag. Even with it not zippered shut, none of the poor girl's bones were visible. Moving quickly, I managed to zip it back up before the fat slob of a cop managed to slosh back into the hallway. In one hand was the cut of meat I was saving for last, those delicate folds being shoved into his gaping maw with no respect for the woman who provided it or my own hungers. It took a supreme effort not to lunge at him as he forced the last of it and swallowed it.

"Wow, that was good. Beef?"

Ignoring his ignorance, I nodded and said nothing. He stared at me as he slammed into me again, then pushed his body out of the door. Turning around, he glared back.

"I don't want to hear that you came home with anyone again, Butcher. If you do, I'll break your face."

Biting back the snarl, I nodded and looked at the floor, "Yes, sir."

Both of us waited until I realized he wasn't going to leave without something else. Looking up, I found myself looking back at his greedy eyes. Sighing, I closed my eyes.

“Again?”

“Yeah... something good this time.”

Grumbling to myself, I padded back into the apartment and found the shoe box underneath the bed. Pushing off the top, I stared briefly at the short stack of newspaper articles, some of them with my own face and found the larger stack of pictures underneath. Sorting through one, I found a Walmart enveloped and peered in it. At the first sign of a pretty goth girl, tied to a table saw, I felt the hunger building up inside me. Pushing it down was like fighting cocaine, but I managed to shove it closed and wander back to the front door. He snatched it out of my hand and tore it open, spreading finger oil across the pictures as he flipped through the first one.

“Oh... oh yeah... this is it.”

A moment later, he managed to remember me and glanced up.

“No bitches, Butcher.”

I snarled silently back, but he was already gone, shoving the packet of photos into a dirty pocket, no doubt to contend with the used condom and candy wrappers already in there. A tiny part of me died as I watched as one of the most beautiful women in my life disappear in a fat fuck's pocket. Swearing at the unfairness of life, I shut the door and returned back to the pit of my life. On the way, I stopped by the kitchen to look at the ruins of my meal. Two gouges dug into the remains of the leg, leaving the elegance destroyed by some creature's greed. The plate that had her labia, the wonderful curls that tasted so wonderful, were bare, a mute reminder how much I hated that man.

Whispering a quiet funeral for my dessert, I returned back to my chair and sat down heavily in it. It creaked, shuddering under the weight but managed to hold me. My fingers managed to find the remote again when the door started pounding again. I glared at it and tried to ignore it.

They refused to go away.

Swearing to myself, I shoved myself out of the chair and walked over to the door. Cracking it open, I found myself looking at a gorilla

squeezed into a t-shirt and jeans. Honey blond hair and muscles enough for a gay man to die of a heart attack. He fixed me with a steely gaze and spoke in a rather impressive New York accent.

“De boss said yuh took his bitch.”

I didn't even have enough time to wade through his accent before a meat hand reached out and grabbed me by the throat... again. His muscles didn't even strain as he lifted me completely off the ground and shook me violently.

“I said, de boss said yuh took his bitch. Okay?”

Gasping, I managed to croak out a few words.

“I don't... know what you are... talking about.”

A blank look gazed back at me and he let my feet touch the ground. Thankful to find it again, and getting tired of dangling from some man's grip, I took a deep breath. The goon stared at me for a moment, thinking probably.

“We got tuh meet him. Get dressed.”

“What?”

He dropped his hand to his pocket and pulled out a rather impressive gun and pointed it at me. I didn't even have a chance to wonder who I missed the gun in those tight jeans before he snapped angrily at me.

“Get dressed, now!”

Left with no choice, I got dressed and sullenly followed him down to his car. It was a lovely SUV... about five years ago. Now, it was a bondo-colored block of something with a speaker system powerful enough to vibrate the moon. Being shoved into the driver's door and thrown across the front seat didn't help. By the time I managed to pull myself into a sitting position, the car has started and the windows almost exploded down the entire street. Streamers of tears said a tiny funeral for my shattered eardrums as the goon launched himself out into traffic and tore his way to I-90. Merging was an unpleasant experience that involved holding my stomach and mouth closed at the same time. The poor woman in the Buick would probably not make it to the next exit before her heart attack, but I was trying to decide if keeping my eyes closed and feeling the lurches was better than watching the rapid snapping of cars as they flew past.

The universe continued to show its blatant hatred of me when we got caught in traffic leaving Chicago. Of course, I almost couldn't tell because the windows kept vibrating with something that called itself rap. All I could hear was the chest-hurting thuds of a bass beat.

When we finally pulled off on Route 59, heading toward a fancy-looking health club, I was ready to just give up the ghost. The leather of the door was faintly scratched with my unconscious desire to fling myself into oncoming traffic, but the goon never slowed down enough to let me take the breath. Not to mention keeping a hand on my seat belt buckle. Flinging himself into the parking lot, he stopped near the front door of the huge white building and turned off the car. With the delicacy of a rapist picking a flower, he reached in, grabbed me by the collar of the shirt I managed to find, and yanked me out the driver's side door.

The pretty girl inside didn't even pause a beat as the goon dragged me down the hall and shoved me into one of the boring wooden doors. Inside was a private exercise room, where three other gorillas were watching a fourth one bench press more weight than a full-grown bull. Huge muscles flexed with every movement and I noticed that no one was even trying to spot him. From my vantage point, I could see gray hair but very little else that showed his age.

Twenty reps later and the man set the barbell on the hooks and sat up. Covered in sweat, he was remarkably a normal looking man, excluding the cords of muscles that covered him.

"You appear to be someone of interest... Butcher, right?" To my surprise, he spoke with a normal accent.

Taking a deep breath, I shook my head. "My name is John. Just plain John."

He grinned, "Well, Butcher, my men say they saw you taking a rather attractive woman out of the sewers downtown and taking her home. Would you know anything about that?"

For a brief moment, I considered lying. Then spent another brief moment wondering if I would taste my own balls. Deciding not to take the chance, I nodded slightly. The older man, a boss of some sort, raised an eyebrow and stood up. He was at least another foot over me. Of course, that isn't hard when you're short. He stepped away from the bench and stood close to me, so close I could almost

floss my teeth on his chest hairs. With a strange look on his face, he looked down.

“Why?”

Another thought of lying. No, no balls for Butcher. “I was hungry.”

“Hungry?” He chuckled, then started to laugh, “You were hungry?”

The other goons started to laugh also, but I kept my mouth shut. The boss seemed to find it amusing for a long moment before asking me more questions.

“What kind of sick fuck would steal a woman for dinner?”

“I said, I was hungry.”

“Did... you eat her already.”

I hesitated and one of the goons cracked his knuckles. “Yes.”

“That was only a few days ago.”

I wasn't going to answer that.

“Do you know why she was there?”

Wisely, I shook my head.

“Well... my boss is going to be in town by tomorrow. A little fuck-hole for his enjoyment. And now I find myself without a bitch and a man who ate her.”

Finally, my stupidity regained control of my mouth. “Why was she naked?”

He shrugged and turned away, “To soften her up. The boss likes them whimpering and begging.”

“Oh...”

The boss turned around and glared at me. I could feel his hand itching to wrap itself around my throat and prepared myself for the worse. Instead, he stepped back and chuckled.

“I'll give you a chance, Butcher. Someone said you had a past near New York.”

I hate it when people bring up my past.

“What do I have to do?”

“Make sure there is a bitch back in that hole by tomorrow morning, or I'll find a new home for you. In a box.”

“I'm still on parole, I can't-”

The words cut off from my throat as he glared down at me, no compassion left in those hard eyes. Stepping back, I nodded.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, you have until tomorrow.”

Turning around, he returned to his bench. Resting against it, he pressed his back against it and picked up the heavy bar again. The soft grunting as he started another fifty reps followed me as I left the room. My escort followed me, but let me get into the car on my own. He didn't turn off the radio and I wondered if my ears would be bleeding by the time he dropped me off in front of my apartment. It was already dark by the time I found the door and eased myself into the apartment. The hum of the fridge and static from the television reminded me of the cold comforts and I made my way to look at the remains of my dinner. With a sigh, I cut off a neat piece and did my best to restore the presentation of the last meat. It was hard, and those fingernails will always mar her perfection, but at least I had dinner.

My chair was uncomfortable, like a cold wife that was abandoned. The television was prattling on about our president, whoever he was, and his war against something that I really didn't care about anymore. Didn't vote for the bastard anyways. As I delicately enjoyed the bit of leg, I saw that the answering machine was glowing red.

Someone actually called me.

Completely surprised, I ignored my usual policy of ignoring things and got back up. The chair groaned with sullen anger, so I brought the meat with me. Twenty-eight messages. Pressing the first, it drowned out the hiss of the television before a static-filled call.

“Butcher, this is Bud. I need to talk to you... now.” There was a strange edge to his voice, almost a panic.

The machine beeped and I took a delicious bite of girl meat. The next message filled the room.

“Butcher! This is Bud, call me!”

“Call Bud now!”

More messages drifted from the answering machine, but not a single one actually gave me a phone number. When I finished with the wonderful meat, that taste that sent a wonderful thrill down my throat, I stopped the answering machine and sighed. Unsure what to do, I wandered back through the apartment and gathered up a few

random things: knife, rope, and even a digital camera. For a brief moment, I stared down at that hypermagnetic thingie, but decided the farm girl didn't need more work yet. Damn shame, it makes a good side of woman.

Juggling too many things, I shoved them into the black duffel bag and tried to figure out what to do with the broken bones. Finding a dusty Cubs jacket, I shoved it in there, wrapping up the bones so they weren't visible. A nagging feeling told me that I might need one of them tonight. I also threw my wallet in the bag, better there than in the pocket-less sweats I was wearing.

The screech of tires outside interrupted my thoughts and I peered out the window. It was Bud. A slam of the door and he flew into my apartment. It didn't take a genius to figure out where he was going and I opened the door as he burst into the hall. Breathing heavily from hauling his fat ass up the stairs, I could see the flash of fear in his eyes. He yelled at me as he stormed closer, his "nasty" voice ruined by the heavy breathing.

"Where the fuck were you!?"

"Out. Someone decided to bleed my eardrums."

Bud's hand slapped against my throat... again, and shoved me into the room. I really hated when people used my throat as a tactic to get my attention. My throat is not a handle. My throat is for girl meat, nothing else. Bud kicked the door shut and circled my apartment once.

"You have to help me, Butcher."

There was a brief fight of curiosity and the desire to watch the bastard squirm. Curiosity won.

"What happened?"

"My girl... I tried... she panicked..."

"Okay, take a deep breath and try English."

Bud glared at me, his eyes filled with helpless anger. "I was playing with my girl... and she found the pictures and threatened to go to the cops."

"You are a cop, Bud."

He actually snarled at me. Only my precious chair stopped him from tearing my head off.

"I know I'm a fucking cop, asshole!"

"Okay, pictures wouldn't be a problem..."

It takes me a moment after my windpipe is used as a guide pole, but I do eventually figure things out.

“You did something else... didn’t you?”

His reaction was all that I needed to know. Not often you get to see a corrupt cop actually look away in terror. The strange feeling of understanding and almost sympathy filled me. I ignored it.

“What did you do?”

“I... tried to cut her... like in the pictures.”

I felt like I was talking a 911 call, speaking slowly and calmly.

“Is she still alive?”

He nodded.

“And what do you want me to do?”

“She can’t go to the cops, Butcher. She’ll destroy me.”

Okay, a drunken 911 call. “Where is she?”

“In my trunk.”

“I take it you want her to take a trip?”

“A long trip.”

A 911 while taking acid, definitely acid. I sighed and muttered something rude. It took me a few seconds to find the ball gag from my last meal. Grabbing my heavy bag, I threw it in and grunted as I let the weight drag me out of the room. Bud yanked it out of my hand, in an effort to speed me toward his car. A couple flight of stairs and across the dark street and I found myself staring at the trunk of his car. He looked around nervously before unlocking it.

As it opened, I got a chance to look at a woman who found Bud attractive. And it was a very fine look. Squeezed into a nice lace teddy, she had the eyes of a doe. Big, bright, and shiny. The tears helped. Her breasts were heaving against her arms, where the handcuffs held them in a cross against her throat. The faint smell of sex and perfume filled the trunk, reminding me that I really need to find a woman. Gray tape kept her mouth shut, but I could see her lips working.

Bud was growing nervous, so I dropped my bag right on her feet and slammed the trunk closed. He stared at me like I was a messiah. Feeling distinctly uncomfortable, I tried to come up with a plan, but the boss’s “speech” with me gave me a fast answer.

“Okay, we’re heading downtown.”

“Downtown? They’ll catch me!”

Sighing, I got into the passenger seat of his car. Bud followed suit, squeezing his fat ass into the seat. At least I had to only deal with wrappers and Portillo bags. He had his ass and stomach to work with. Without another word, he threw the car into gear and headed back toward the downtown. It only took fifteen minutes to find the alley where the manhole cover was. The same bums were there, staring at us with blank eyes and toothless glares. Bud stared back at them nervously, then around at the darkness of the alley. The stench of urine was strong, it covered up the smell of the bums.

“Will they... will they talk?”

Sparing them a glance, one of them smiled crudely, holding up a broken bottle.

“Uh... yes, but if you give them a round with the bitch, they’ll forgive you.”

Bud froze, unable to make a decision. I grabbed the keys from his slack fingers and opened the trunk. Pulling the rope and ball gag from the duffel, I hauled her ass out of the trunk. She whimpered, trying to fight, but I dragged her further into the alley. The lead bum shuffled up, holding the broken bottle like a crucifix. I pushed her forward into him. He dropped the bottle as he grabbed her, dirty fingers feeling her up.

“What do you need to keep quiet?”

“What you doing?”

“I have to return something I took.”

He groped her more, a thin line of drool dripping from his lips.

“You hurt us. Hurt us real bad.”

“Then fuck her and shut up.”

Surprise is always the best. The bum looked at me with a new-found respect even as the others were working their pants. Bud whimpered himself as they dragged her further into the alley. I even heard the garbage can being rolled back into position. A meaty sound of cuffed woman and then the sign of a very happy bum. A few moments later, the can was rocking back and forth as they fucked her hard.

Bud’s expression was indescribable and I couldn’t resist. Stepping over, I rested one arm on his shoulder, and looked at his girl being raped by a bunch of dirty men.

“Just try to relax, Bud, and enjoy it.”

“Enjoy it?” His voice cracked with surprise, horror, and fear.

“Yeah, just enjoy it.”

“How...?”

“Enjoy it.”

I shoved the trunk shut and watched the bums have their way. It was a good thirty minutes before I realized the time. This time, the bums parted away from me. I guess I was Moses for them, parting the lips for their salvation. The girl was in bad shape, bruised and dribbling from her holes. Her mouth was still covered, but ropes of nasty stuff dripped from every part. I even saw where Bud made his mistake, a shallow cut along the back of her leg.

Reaching down, I pulled her off the can. Her limp body followed, but she was shivering and still alive. Glad they didn't kill her, I continued to drag her along the broken asphalt toward the manhole cover. The thin streamers of cum must have lubricated her because it was a lot less effort. Bud finally got moving and ran down the alley, making a wide berth of the bums pulling their pants back on.

A few moments later, he was dragging her through the sewers. It was even worse down here, but at least it covered up the smell of cum. It took me another few minutes to find the sewer opening I found the first time. Some of the ropes were still there. Even as she whimpered, Bud and I trussed her back up, tying her so she couldn't move, not even twitch. Ripping off the gray tape, I shoved the ball gag in before she could even take a deep breath. Jamming it in as far as I could, I watched those pretty lips stretch around it. A tiny smear of lipstick colored the hard rubber. Releasing the handcuffs, we tied her back up. One of her nipples was pierced with a cute little cross. I ignored it in favor of just watching that smooth mound heaving with every breath. Then, I had to keep going. With another few twists of the rope, I forced her head back up, so she was looking up into the grate. I already knew that soon people would be walking past, and not a single one would bother looking down.

I stopped right before leaving, to watch her heaving body. Tears were dripping down her face, her knees underneath the cold slimy water that filled the sewer. The faint curls of pubic hair caressed the surface, leaving tiny ripples as the ebb and flow brought the storm water closer to that abused opening. Even as I watched, a faint drop of blood or cum splattered down and faded away.

Bud was already gone, disappearing into the darkness as soon as her body was bound into place. A soft feeling of compassion filled me, as those doe eyes stared back with all the force of her silent pleading. A couple of hours of her would be a good way to end the day, but then the boss would be pissed off when the police threw me in jail. Taking a deep breath, I shook my head.

“I’m sorry. You’re just part of some fucked up circle of life.”

I turned to leave her, “And you aren’t Simba.”

It took me a few minutes to find my way back to the alley. The bums were milling around, with contended smiles on their face. One of them, with a bruised face glared at me, but the lead bum shuffled up.

“He left man.”

“What?”

“Your friend, he left in a hurry.”

“Fucker!”

I ran to the end of the alley, to peer out. No car, no Bud, no nothing. Bastard even took my wallet. Swearing loudly, I stormed back to the manhole cover and shoved it back into place. One of the bums helped me, being helpful no doubt for the pussy he got. He even walked with me to the alley opening. A shaking hand reached out and dropped a quarter into my hand.

“For the girl.”

I smiled, “Thanks, man. Sorry about before.”

He shrugged, “You made it good.”

“Yeah... I made it good.”

It took almost two hours to head back home. About mid-point, I stopped at a 7-11 and made a phone call to 911. Doesn’t take much to report someone dragging a woman into an alley. Good thing that Bud’s car can’t be missed when you know the license plate. “GUDCP7” my ass. Fucker stole my good meat. By the time I got home, I was wishing I could see his face when the Internal Affairs caught him.

Then I spent the night with the lights off and the door locked. Not even a television to keep me company. Just the chair that would never leave me and a baseball bat in case Bud came looking for me. Just for kicks, I did the same thing for the next couple of nights, but there was still nothing.

Dozing, I failed to hear it until something was knocking on my door. I ignored it. It knocked again. I kept ignoring it. Sooner or later, one of us would give up. The cracking door frame gave up. Stupid apartment. It only took a few seconds for the gorilla to shove his way into the door and glare down at me, holding a baseball bat in one hand.

“Drop it.”

I dropped it. Do I look stupid?

The grunt walked over and dropped a heavy bundle on the chair.

“De boss was happy, my boss was happy, I’m happy. Right?”

“Right.”

And then he left. No using my throat as a handle. Just a friendly delivery by your local organized crime. He even shut the door, despite the broken wood and dangling chain. With shaking hands, I reached over to the chair and grabbed the package. A spring snapped inside it, poking out just a few inches from my hand. Glaring at the bitch of a chair, I pulled it on the floor where it hit the carpet with a meaty thud.

White paper. Butcher paper. A bad joke. I was shaking as I unwrapped it. To my surprise, inside was filled with meat. Fresh meat that actually had the proper cuts and trimmings. And my wallet, I have no clue how the boss got it, but he found my wallet. And he packed it right underneath the breast of a woman. One with a cute little cross still dangling from the nipple.

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.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.