

THE CONTRACT



*Joyeuse
Tyrfing*

CHAPTER 1

“Wow, I still can’t believe your boyfriend drives a BMW,” Stephanie told her with an envious look as she shoved two large pizza’s into the delivery box. “And he looks soooooo..... good!”

Cindy smiled easily at the new girl’s hastily tied hair as her blue eyes shone innocently at her. Cupping Steph’s chin in her hand she looked down at her and proclaimed, “A little more time with that hair and just a bit of make-up... Ohhhhhhh, you could catch yourself any man out there.” Adding a stern grin, “with the exception of Chip, of course.”

Stephanie’s youthful features practically gleaming from the praise, she grabbed her pizza’s and called back, “If you help me, I’ll give you half my tips for the month!”

“YOU’RE ON!” Cindy shouted, even as the door was swinging closed.

Stephanie hit second gear out of the parking lot with sharp squeal from her tires. New friends again.

Always. She had gotten very good at it, she thought as the screaming motor told her to shift, or else. Creating the illusion of a happy life, an address, parents she’d never known, and always.... Always, one step ahead of everybody else. Unknown curves appeared in the blink of an eye and were gone behind her just as quickly.

Her full attention on the road now, thoughts of moving, leaving friends behind, sleeping in her car, all the pain of never being able to enjoy things the way anyone around her did.... Vanished. Instead, there was the road.

Out to kill her, the way she’d killed her mother by being born. Downshifting back to second in the middle of the curve cured that train of thought as the tires locked for a

moment dragging the battered escort to the edge of the mountain road, before the abused engine could catch up with the momentum of the car again.

So consumed with keeping the car on the road, she almost missed the driveway to the house she was delivering the pizza to. Locking the tires, the car skewed perfectly into the small entrance. Long ago, she'd discovered that these small towns were some of the safest places for many reasons. Everyone knew each other, accepted what you told them at face value, and they looked after each other. The thought comforted her as the driveway stretched out further into the woods.

Stepping from the car, she marveled at the ancient house more of a mansion really. Reaching into the passenger door to get the pizza's her tight jeans strained against her youthful figure. Too youthful for her 18 yrs, she'd always thought. Grinning to herself, she forced her walk to appear uncertain and afraid. The combination had never failed to bring excessive tips.

Knocking awkwardly on the heavy double doors, her face assumed its customary innocent look. The elderly man who answered the door grinned widely saying, "You must be the new driver! I'd heard we'd soon have a new face around here. Oh, please, please, do come in. Where have my manners gone?"

Stepping into the house was like stepping into another world. Quiet, pleasant and softly lit. Beautifully framed paintings adorned every wall with golden amber hues. Every piece of furniture was of hand carved, richly polished wood. Something nagged her about the other three older men sitting just across the room at a large table apparently in the middle of a game of cards, though.

"Oh, just put the pizza's on the table here," the eldest of the four said gesturing to an intricately carved end table as he pulled a wallet from his inside coat pocket.

With moon-eyes she whispered loudly, “Wow... I’ve never seen anyplace sooo, wow, just incredible! You must have lots of servants and stuff just to clean up...” At the same time her quick mind solved the puzzle.

All of the others sitting at the table were on the same side away from her. And so was the last chair. Senses alert, she enthusiastically stepped up very close to him as he was taking the money out of his wallet, forcing him to unconsciously step to the side, away from the door, to hand her the money.

\$25 came into her hand from a wallet filled with more \$100 bills than she’d ever seen in one place. Well.... It WAS a generous tip. “Thanks mister!” Reaching for the door, she saw several hundreds land atop of the pizza boxes accompanied by the man’s voice.

“If, ummmm, you’d be interested in a larger tip.....”

She had the door open by then and reflexively looked for the trap outside. By her car, theirs, the woods - no one. So, she turned in the doorway, glancing down at the five \$100 dollar bills then back at the old man. The kind of thing she’d always managed to avoid and would again.

Keeping the innocent, quizzical look on her face she thought of just how much she needed that money. She’d thought about making money to survive that way before and knew she would never give in to the temptation.

Gesturing easily to the other men across the room, he said “We’re quite old now and as you can see by this place, we greatly appreciate things of beauty and simplicity.” With a grandfatherly grin, he continued “You are quite a thing of beauty and to be perfectly honest we would very much like to see more of you.”

Walking away toward the middle of the room, he added “We would, of course, be seated behind this great wide table, and I give you my personal assurance that none of us would consider touching you in any way. Several other

drivers have consented including Cindy. You must know her... a wonderful girl! As well as an understanding one, I might add."

Eyeing the money, Stephanie looked carefully around outside. Bunch of dirty old men with lots of money and nothing to spend it on... hmhhh. Wellll, she bent over to look through the window as she heard the oldest of them scrape his chair firmly up against the table. Still nothing.

She turned around to see them all sitting at the table eyes shining at the view she'd just offered them. Lots of money sitting at the table. Lots.

Glancing at the \$500 lying next to her, she decided and walked over to the table. "Well, I can really use the money," she said nervously, "but, even for that much, it'd be just too embarrassing."

"I told you Cindy couldn't keep her mouth shut about making so much money!" one of the others said angrily. Looking at her, then at each other, they all pulled wallets from various pockets. With sighs of resignation, they began piling hundred dollar bills in front of them.

The oldest pulled a sheaf of papers from a briefcase as the others gave her appraising looks from the neck down. "Ahem, we've, ummm... had a bit of trouble with being accused of doing more than observing. Entirely false as the girl later admitted but, we'd rather not go through that again.

"All this contract stipulates," leafing through he pointed to the items he spoke of, "is that you were paid \$5,000 to remove all of your clothing in a provocative manner, at a distance of no less than 10 feet from the present people, no more than 20', and that you will reveal no details of these actions or the money paid to you unless any condition of the contract is broken."

Flipping to the last page he grinned, "basically, don't tell anyone we paid to be a voyeur, it could ruin our

reputation here. Oh, if you don't think the gov'n't needs to know about you making this money, neither do we."

She almost forgot to look apprehensive at taking her clothes off in front of them as she looked at the \$5,000 lying on the table in front of her. Quickly wrapping her arms around her small breasts, she stuttered, "I'm no sure about this..." and still looking at the money as they slid the contract across the table in front of it, "but I guess it'd be okay, as long as no one tries ta touch me. I mean, Cindy did this right?"

"Yes, and bought her a new car with the money, I understand. I promise we won't touch you. That's part of the contract, remember. You'll have it in writing.

And for our money, the contract guarantees that you won't back out on us once you've accepted it. And you'll never do it ever again if you don't ask to. We'll never mention any of this ever again."

Taking the pen from his outstretched hand she put some squiggles at the bottom of the paper.

"If you would, move toward the center of the room, and slowly take off your clothes..."

Quickly sweeping the money from the table into her money pouch she moved for the door. Slowing at the middle of the room she turned for just a moment setting the pouch gently on the floor and moved swiftly to the door.

Looking around intently she saw nothing but the lazy afternoon sun highlighting the beautiful splendor of the wooded mountainside. A view that she would never forget.

Sitting down in the center of the room she pulled her shoes and socks off, putting them next to the pouch.

Standing up she slowly pulled the Guns and Roses T-shirt over her head. It caught as she pulled it off and her long blond hair tickled her back as it spilled across her shoulders.

Seeing their intense gaze fix on her small breasts held up by what amounted to a training bra, she instead

undid the snap on her jeans and unzipped them. She had to sit again to ease the tight fitting jeans down her legs as the old men stared at her, but as she tossed them next to her shirt, the thought of what was in her pouch made it all tolerable.

Looking uneasy, she clumsily unsnapped her bra. All the while her mind on the money and every possible exit, just in case. She had no intention of anyone getting the chance to grab her, as she pulled the bra away from her small, still forming breasts. Glancing at them, she was distracted by the rosy color of her nipples. Touching them absently, they hardened to her touch.

Shaking her head at her lack of attention, she looked quickly at the table. They were all seated where they'd been. Dammit just get this over with, and so thinking, she quickly slipped off her plaid panties revealing a soft tuft of short blond hairs.

A warm giddy feeling came over her as they asked that she stand with her feet wide apart, that they might get one last look at her before she continued her rounds. Looking quickly at the open door behind her and out through the several windows, she spread her feet apart on the floor. On a sudden urge, she ran her fingers through the soft hairs between her legs. The room felt distinctly colder as her fingers slipped down between her legs. Not sure why, she started playing with herself in front them. It just felt right and warm to her. Feeling her fingers slippery with her juices jolted her.

Shaking herself she panicked. Something suddenly seemed very wrong. Snatching the pouch from the floor she spun around prepared to escape, even naked, at all costs. The door was gone. GONE. All that was left was a gaping black hole. Not a thought to it, windows... see ya!

And Froze.

IT strode through the darkness into the light.

The pouch fell through numb fingers to the floor.
Satan. Demon. Devil. Something. Her eyes
locked onto its inhuman face; black fangs glistened below
penetrating eyes to hell. Dark crimson skin, furred legs
ending in hooves. Between the feet, her eyes traveled back
up the length of a knarled misshapen.... noooooo.....
nnnnnnnnnn

With a gesture of a clawed hand, 4 young men ran
terrified past her, carefully maintaining a 10' distance from
her, into a sliver of light amidst the dark hole behind the
creature. 'Chip', she tried to scream at him. Cindy's
boyfriend. Even as the scream in her mind ended the sliver
of light closed out. The windows! Light still shown in!! Her
eyes locked onto the creature, she ran. Her mind ran and
ran and kept running but her body wouldn't move. It stayed
frozen in terror, naked and vulnerable.

The laugh seemed to emanate from everywhere
as the creature held up a hand... In which appeared a sheaf
of papers. Papers with her meaningless scribbles on the
end of them. "Mine..." rumbled the foundations of the
house, as the paper became flame and disappeared.

Razor edged claws sank into her shoulder
slamming her into the beautifully polished mahogany floor.
Her body was still running for the window. She could feel it,
even as her mind saw what was really happening. The
deformed and monstrous thing fell against her naked thighs
as IT sank down on top of her. She felt a warm stream
between her legs as her body came back under control of
her mind. It smashed a clawed hand against the inside of
her thigh and just like that, she was open wide to IT.

Moaning pitifully, she felt something rough and knotted
being shoved into her. A brief sharp pain, and IT was free to
push further into her. It did. It filled her. Felt the leathery
fist pushing more of it into her until no more would fit.

Looking dazedly into the eyes of hell, she felt the
thing inside of her hardening, growing huge. A low keening

scream built up inside of her as it pulled her apart. Her insides seemed to rip apart at the same time the scream tore from her breaking the spell. Scrabbling to escape, rows of long claws pierced her shoulder muscles and embedded into the wooden floor. Her screams choked by the fiery pain, she prayed, 'let me pass out'... as IT rammed its knotted length into her, deeper every time. Gasping for breath to scream with, she felt it hit the depths of her. In the deepest part of her the head of its rough shaft bloated outward sealing IT deep inside of her. A deep growl filled the room, and pain flowed into the depths of her being. Her womb filled white-hot as her last screams on earth echoed from tree to tree, filling the beautiful mountainside with agony that would never be forgotten.

Artwork found via Suzuka

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