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THE  
SADIST'S  
BIBLE

# The Sadist's Bible

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Preview



## The Covenant

“Do u really think ur ready 2 die? I don't want u chickening out on me.”

Ellie thought about Lori's question. Stared at it in the chat window. Rubbed her eyes. Yawned. It was late. She should start packing, but she had to see this through. It was simply too important a conversation to cut short. The click-clack of keys on her ancient laptop sounded like grinding teeth as they churned out her reply. “There's nothing here for me. So...why not? I mean, I'm damned anyway.”

“I think it will b awesome. Dying is the most intimate thing 2 people can do 2gether.”

Ellie paused. Let that sink in. Lori had a way with words. She was younger, but seemed so smart. Could've made it into college, but hadn't even applied. Should've gone into advertising. She could make even the most outrageous thought sound believable. Was she right? Was dying the most intimate act two people could share? Ellie wasn't sure. She started typing. “But before we die, there will be...well...you know....”

“I will ravish u, before. We will suck things and lick things and poke things and probe things. Just thinking about it makes me want to jill off. U won't die a virgin. :)”

“I'm not a virgin. I'm almost old enough to be your mother.” She hit the enter key and thought about what she was going to say next. Something pithy and sexy and...

Lori's next message plopped into the window, interrupting her train of thought. “We're only thirteen years apart. That's not old enough 2 b my Mom (but, maybe it is, out where u live). ;) Anyway, I know ur not a virgin. You've had cock, but not pussy. Ur a girl-gin. Very well. U won't die a girl-gin.”

Ellie's eyes focused on a single word: “die”. Her heart pounded. The muscles in her arms stiffened. She took a deep breath, absorbing the finality of it. How could Lori chat about it so

casually? They'd talked about this for weeks. Now, she was getting ready to make it real. To pack. To leave. To never come back.

“I...I think I love you, Lori.”

Ten seconds passed. Twenty. Thirty. Then, finally, the message. It wasn't what Ellie had been waiting for.

“I want 2 make love 2 u. And I want 2 die with u.”

Ellie felt her face flush. Something inside her started to feel sick and broken. She pounded the keys more forcefully as she typed. “Damn it! Why can't you say that you love me, too?”

“Why is it so important that I say it?”

“Because then I'll know I'm dying for love.”

“Ur dying for the same reason I am. 2 escape. Ur escaping a stupid marriage u should've never agreed 2 and I'm escaping...well...let's put it this way: a very bad...man. Someone who won't ever stop torturing me, unless I'm permanently out of reach. So it's not about love. I'm not being mean. Just...honest. Anything else is self-delusion.”

Ellie thought back to the last nineteen years with Jesse. A stupid marriage? *Yes*, she thought. Lori was right.

(Lori was *always*, right – wasn't she? She was so much younger than Ellie, but far more brave about pursuing what she needed. Lori was still in her twenties, but had already made peace with death and figured out her own sexuality. Ellie envied her.)

The marriage had indeed been *stupid*. Self-deluding. Mother liked Jesse and encouraged her to date him, simply because he was a guy and the dates were enough to encourage her to wear makeup and fix her hair. Mother never thought she looked girly enough. A date turned into two, turned into a proposal, turned into a wedding right out of high school. Everyone thought she was pregnant, but she wasn't. That was the ironic part – everyone gossiping that she must've gotten knocked up, when in fact

she was a virgin on her wedding day.

That said, she'd thought she wanted a child, once. But there had been many problems. When she turned thirty-five they both decided against continuing the expensive fertility treatments. Jesse had started volunteering as the Sunday School superintendent at church. He'd told her he felt called into this ministry as a way to soften the blow of being childless. He'd brought her on board as a teacher. She joined in the get-togethers attended by all the other church ladies, too. She was the only one whose hair wasn't gray. They sipped coffee and read the Bible and lamented the number of women in modern society who sported tattoos.

Sometimes she'd joined in with their tattoo-bashing, just to feel included.

Yes, Ellie was forced to agree with Lori. (*Sexy black short-shorts Lori. Huge, milky-white tits falling out of a purple tank top Lori. Young, free-spirited Lori. Lori the Wise. Lori the Brave.*)

Lori knew Ellie better than Ellie knew herself. She revealed to Ellie that she was choosing to die because it offered the only apparent escape from a life that had been created *for* her, rather than *by* her.

Then, another message popped up in the chat window: "How does it feel 2 finally come out?"

Ellie thought long and hard about the question. She liked looking at soft legs and tight rumps and big breasts and imagining what she might do with them. She wasn't quite so crazy about Jesse huffing atop her. Such things were discussed openly on television these days. But they weren't appropriate topics of conversation in southern Indiana, at least not among any of the acquaintances she called friends. She'd never admitted these things to anyone outside of the groups and chat windows of the social network.

It had all started this way: one night, on a lark, she typed "suicide" into the social network's search bar just to see what came up. After only forty-five minutes of checking out links and groups, she found a refuge called "The Buddy System". Its description read: "Putting the 'pair' in despair ;)".

She asked to join, and to her delight was allowed in. It was a place to find a suicide partner.

After a day or two of lurking, she felt safe enough to post and (eventually) even divulge her attraction to women. Some of the men in the group made crude comments and sent her unsolicited pornography they thought she'd enjoy. It horrified her to think of such photographs appearing on the same computer she prepared Sunday School lessons on. She was tempted to leave after that fiasco, but Lori showed up the next day and sent her a private message. It said she thought Ellie was pretty. "A soft butch..." she said (it took some googling for Ellie to decipher just what that meant). "I'm bi," Lori said. "I'll be ur buddy. We can mess around b4 we finish it."

Lori's photo looked young, but not *too* young. She said she was twenty-four. Legal. Stunning. A little chubby, maybe, but that just emphasized her curves. (And *what* curves.) Ellie felt a pang of grief at the thought that someone so young and hot wanted to die. Ellie felt butterflies in her stomach at the revelation that such a woman found her attractive. Then she felt guilty. Such desires were an abomination. God would be disappointed in her.

"Hey, u still there?"

Ellie had drifted off. Gone off yet again into one of her fogs, thinking about how they'd first met. She saw Lori's unanswered question there in the messaging window: "How does it feel 2 finally come out?"

She started typing again. "Who said anything about coming out? This won't be public. It doesn't need to be. I thought we'd agreed on that."

A pause.

"U came out 2 me. And 2 the others in the group. Doesn't that count?"

That was different, Ellie thought. Coming out on the social network didn't involve *talking* to people. It just involved *typing*.

She was about to write her response when Lori dropped another line of chat in the window. "U

realize this has consequences, right? This isn't just a game 2 u, is it? We're talking about something...something really REAL. Fucking is different than talking about sex. Dying is different than talking about death. What we've done so far...the phone calls and the Skyping and this...I mean...I like it...but I want 2 make sure I can count on u 2 b there. This is important 2 me.”

“You're the one talking about it like it's a trip to the nail salon. How do I know that YOU'RE going to be there when I get to West Virginia? You really haven't considered how big a leap this is. You're still talking about it like it's some sort of bonding experience.”

“That's because I'm ready. Long past ready. I'd just kill myself here, now, alone, if I didn't have the urge to fuck ur brains out first. So, I'm comfortable enough with death to joke about it. Ur still scared, aren't u? That's what I'm concerned about. Ur going to chicken out.”

There they were, two people sharing cyber-closeness, each leery of trusting the other would make the leap to flesh-closeness.

“You can count on me. I'm leaving tomorrow. I've got to get to bed though. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day. I've got lots to do before I leave.”

“\*HUGS\*”

“\*HUGS\* right back at you.”

Then she closed her windows and shut down her computer. Brushed her teeth. Changed into shorts and a T-shirt. Wiggled into bed next to Jesse as he snored through his C-PAP mask.

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End Preview

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