

The Artist Formerly Known As Alive



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This story is dedicated to the victims of what is usually called “Non Aggravated Sexual Abuse” or something similar, depending on your location. It means rape, but a rape that the victim does not fight. Usually the weapon in these rapes is coercion – threats or pressure making a woman think she must submit, or something far worse will happen to her. These rapes are the least reported and the hardest to convict. And the easiest for the rapist to get away with.

In this story justice is served.

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“Revenge is a dish that is best served cold.”

Pierre Ambroise Francois Choderios de LaClos (1741-1803).
He originally said it in French in his 1782 book *Les Liasons Dangereuses*: "La vengeance est un plat qui se mange froid."

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The opening was a raging success. People flocked around him, all but *begging* for his attention. Women offered not only to buy his paintings, but also to pay for them in both cash and sex. Of course, he told them that he was a *very* old-fashioned man full of upright principles and couldn't *possibly* take advantage of them that way. That way of flirting worked every time on women. They were inherently stupid creatures and as long as you pretended to respect them, they would give you the bra off of their tits.

Tonight it got him five phone numbers and several offers to model for him. Of course, in order to capture their essence he needed them to model nude. And nude modeling with him often led to other things.

Sometimes he wondered how he had been able to get away with the way he treated women. He didn't really respect them, but was very good at pretending he *did*. He had several times gotten laid simply by ignoring the 'No' of an unwilling woman and pressuring her until she finally gave in.

The law called that rape, but he didn't. Neither did the husbands and boyfriends that heard the women's pathetic stories afterwards. Many a relationship had ended with beautiful women being told how they had 'asked for it' as the women cried and cried and begged forgiveness.

Women had issues. Issues that all but *begged* to be exploited. And he was *more* than willing to exploit them. They often couldn't say no, or were *afraid* to say no to a man. Even a man as small and unimposing as he was. So a little pressure got the legs open a long way. Even for a man as small about the penis as he was.

As always, he came close to feeling guilty for his part in the misery of so many women, but he stopped himself. They could all have kept saying no, but none of them ever did. That wasn't

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his problem. It was *theirs*.

“Mister Castano?” the voice was deep, rich and beautiful.

He turned to look at the woman and his heart skipped a beat when he saw her beauty. “Please, call me Tom.”

She smiled at him with rich brown eyes that immediately reminded him of the way he took his coffee, black and strong. He looked at teeth that were perfect in a mouth that was more so. Hair that was long, luxuriant and as dark as pitch shone under the lights of the gallery.

Tom was captivated. Purely and simply captivated.

“Tom.” she seemed to roll his name around in her mouth, tasting it. She held out a hand as white as porcelain, but when Tom took it, it was as soft as anything he'd ever felt before. And cool. Wonderfully and refreshingly cool. She held his gaze. “I was told that you were in the market for a new model.”

For a moment, Tom had no idea how to respond, even though he had been responding to the exact same statement all night. None of the women were good enough, really, although that wouldn't stop him from giving them a ride.

After a pause he smiled the first true smile of the evening and replied. “As a matter of fact, I *am*.” he pretended to consider her for a long moment. “But *surely* you have an agent I would have to go through.” he suddenly remembered his manners. “Um, what is your name?”

She smiled at his blush. He had tried to get down to business without even knowing her name.

“My name is Margaret. Margaret Ulciscor.” she tightened the grip on his hand ever so slightly. “And I am an independent model. I have no agent. They want too big a piece of the pie, if you know what I mean.”

Tom knew. He usually used college students and other young, but attractive girls in his work. However, now that he was successful, he wanted and deserved professional models. He had only had one thus far and she ...

He put her out of his mind, even though she was in his sight constantly on this night. It was technically *his* night, but *she* was stealing his spotlight. He didn't have much choice. She had been

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beautiful and the pictures he made of her were the best work he'd ever done in his life.

The fact that he was using them against her wishes was a minor concern. He knew she had threatened to sue him if this opening proceeded, but he hadn't believed her. She was a starving artist, just like he was. Her talent for bravado was as good as his talent for getting women to strip nude and let him fuck them, even when they didn't want it.

She had cried during her time, but had let him do her twice before she vanished. He had heard that her husband had not believed that she hadn't wanted it and that alone had driven her into a depression that she never recovered from. Apparently it was hard to live with yourself when your loved one thought you had *asked* to be raped.

Tom had a better knowledge of the human psyche and used it to his manipulative advantage. Her past emotional abuse had made it a piece of cake. She had said no many times, but he had persisted and in the end he'd gotten what he'd wanted. What happened to her after that was her problem, not his.

"I understand," he told Margaret. He snagged two glasses of champagne from a man passing by with a tray balanced on one hand. He handed one to Margaret and she accepted with another smile. "I can't deny that I would *love* to paint you. Immortalize you with my brush."

Margaret got just a touch of color when she blushed. "You talk as if I am special."

Tom raised his eyebrows slightly. The more beautiful the woman, the more fragile their self esteem. He loved that about them. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever had the pleasure of making love to you using my pencil or my brush."

She chuckled. "I've never heard it put quite that way before." she flushed just a bit redder in the face.

Feeling emboldened, Tom moved closer to her and sipped his champagne. "I've never put it quite that way before," he lied. Suddenly, he was inspired. "Let me sketch you. *Tonight.*"

Margaret laughed the perfect feminine laugh. "You're joking," the disbelief in her voice only encouraged Tom.

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“Indeed, I am not, my lady.” he put every ounce of charm he had into his voice. False sincerity was his specialty.

For a moment Margaret looked uncertain, but Tom kept his sincere look fixed securely on his face. The beautiful model looked like an insecure teen aged girl.

Well.” she bit her lip and Tom shifted against the erection in his pants. He was grateful that his minuscule five inches could not be seen when he was hard. The only good thing he could think of about his cock. “I *suppose* I could leave early.”

She was waffling and Tom had to stop that, immediately. And he was good at talking women into things. Or out of them.

“I am willing to leave early.” he told her. “The moon is full tonight and to capture the light of it in your hair.” he sighed with every ounce of longing he felt for her. “And it would be a good test of our new working relationship.”

Margaret considered this. “I could use the modeling job.” she said, but her voice still wasn't completely sure.

Tom thought fast. “And I *want you* to be my model.” he assured her. “But there is always the *next* full moon.” he shrugged, then turned and smiled at a stunning redhead across the room.

Margaret saw this and sighed deeply. “I suppose a few sketches in the moonlight couldn't hurt.”

She wasn't completely sold, but she was willing to leave with him, which was close enough for Tom. He got his sketch pad and led her out of the gallery without saying good-night to anyone or allowing anyone to say goodnight to her.

Seattle was beautiful in the full moonlight. The gallery was located on Magnolia Boulevard West and he turned them north. As they walked together he told her a little about himself. How his parents had abused him. How his wife had betrayed him. How life had done him wrong. How art was his salvation and his only true love.

In return, he listened to her. She felt unattractive, despite her modeling. Her boyfriend didn't seem to want her or find her attractive. Blah, blah, blah. But Tom nodded and made sympathetic noises at all the right places.

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By the time they reached Discovery Park, Margaret was nearly in tears. Every woman he fed those lines to was. It had been perfected over time.

He sighed as he looked at Fort Lawton and cleared his throat, as if clearing a lump and fighting back tears. "Here." he announced, as if desperate to stop talking about himself. "I want to sketch you here."

While he sketched her she sat for him better than any woman ever had. She moved exactly as he wanted her to. Which made what he really wanted to do more and more difficult.

Tom moved her to a bench and sat her on it. Moving away, he began to sketch yet another picture of her.

"Move your head a little to the left and up a tad." he requested.

The position she put her head in was absolutely perfect.

"No." he said, shaking his head. "A little more." when she did he shook his head again. "A little more." then he growled a little in frustration and walked to where she sat on the bench. He stood over her and gently took her head in her hands, tilting it to his liking. "You're beautiful." he whispered before he lowered his mouth to kiss her.

She did not respond, but he didn't expect her to. He had time. Pressing his lips to hers again, he ignored the muffled 'No'.

When she pushed him away, politely he looked at her. "I'm *sorry*." he apologized. "I just couldn't *help* myself. I *appreciate* you. I think you're beautiful. Irresistible."

He moved into her again, pressing against the hands trying to keep him away from her. He pushed her gently, but firmly down onto the bench. "Let me love you." he pleaded. "It's been so long."

That she would not kiss him did not bother him one whit. He pulled up her skirt and fondled her. Her cry was either one of pleasure or one of protest. Tom didn't really care which. He had plenty of sketches of her now.

He entered her gently and moaned at the pleasure of the feel.

"Tom." she moaned.

"Yes." he panted. "Yes, Margaret."

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“You fucking son-of-a-bitch.” she whispered.

And he felt the muscles of her womanhood tighten against his little cock. He looked at her sharply and gasped.

The beautiful face was still there, but the eyes glowed with a redness that looked like fire.

“You think that you can just *ignore* a woman when she says no?” the red eyed vixen asked him. He pulled his hips, trying in vain to escape. Her womanhood held him like an iron fist.

“You think they wanted this little *pittance* of a cock?” Margaret's face became rough. Its shape changed in the bright moonlight.

He felt something begin to push his cock out of her body.

He stared at her face in shock. Her dark hair seemed to shrink into her head. Rough looking bristles began to sprout from her face.

Margaret was becoming a man.

“What the ...” he began.

She ... he ... it interrupted him.

“You manipulate women who are weak, even if they don't know it themselves.” it said to him in a voice far deeper than Margaret's had ever been.

His cock slipped out of the thing's body, but he still could not move. Its arms were around him and its grip was like iron.

“I am here to avenge them.”

Far too late, Tom remembered his high school and college Latin.

Margaret Ulciscor.

Ulciscor.

Revenge.

He felt something huge and hot grow against his belly. Desperate – panicked – he tried to pull away.

The thing holding him laughed a laugh that could only be called demonic. “I'm *sorry*.” its deep and almost echoing voice apologized. “I just couldn't *help* myself. I *appreciate* you. I think you're beautiful. Irresistible.” it threw his own words back at him and he felt them slap at his face.

It laughed again and Tom began to cry. “Please.” he begged.

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"I'm *sorry*," he redoubled his struggles.

The unnaturally dark five o'clock shadow brushed against his face. "Let me love you," the thing mocked Tom's earlier pleading tone. "It's been so long."

Tom felt his bladder let go.

Suddenly, he was the one on the bench under the thing that had him. His head as turned and he found himself looking out at Puget Sound.

He felt the bristles against his cheek as the thing whispered in his ear. "Here," it growled. "I want to sketch you here," it laughed again. "I mean, I want to *fuck* you here."

"No." Tom whimpered as the demon lifted his legs over its now incredibly broad shoulders. "Margaret. *Please. No.*" he begged.

The demon looked down at him with its glowing red eyes.

"You can call me *Michael* now," it growled and its body jerked.

Tom had a glimpse of a cock that had to be a foot long and wider than any cock Tom ever remembered seeing.. He felt every inch as it was shoved up his ass over the course of a single, violently painful second.

The demon's mouth moved, revealing sharp teeth and foul breath, but Tom did not hear what it said over his own screams of agony.

It felt as if the demon had barbs on its cock as it withdrew almost as quickly as he entered. But those same barbs tore into Tom when the demon reentered him.

In and out. Out and In. Each pump of its hips accompanied by a name that had been on Tom's mind all evening.

He was sorry he'd used her image without her permission.

He was sorry he'd ever met her.

Somehow Tom kept his sanity. Or was not allowed to *lose* it.

When the demon quickened its pace and released its foul seed it felt as if someone had poured molten lead into his ass. Tom screamed and screamed. He begged for death.

The demon only laughed at him.

"They say that Hell hath no fury," it said as it withdrew and

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stood looking down at Tom. “But that is not true. Hell has *me*. I am not Fury. Fury is *much* kinder than I am.”

The thing lowered itself onto Tom again, straddling his chest this time.

“If you bite me, I will make sure you live the long and interesting life that will make you *wish* you had died.” it promised. “If you take me like the bitch you are, I *might* just let you die, like I know you want to *already*.”

Tom had never tried so hard in his life to control the bite reflex. The barbs on the demons cock ripped into his tongue, the roof of his mouth and his throat. He swallowed his own blood with barely a whimper. His tears fell onto the grass below the bench, turning the damp ground into a quagmire of mud.

He couldn't even scream as the molten spunk poured down his throat. He swallowed it by reflex.

The chuckles of the demon echoed in Tom's ears as he wept some of the first real tears he'd cried in many years.

“Good boy.” it said with a smile that was not even remotely kind. “Now I will let you die.” it chuckled again. “But not as quickly as you would *like*.”

Tom felt the remains of his clothing leave his body and he lay on the cold bench completely naked. He watched the demon reach down between his legs.

“It's the little deaths that mean so much.” it purred like the engine of the perfect car.

Then yanked his penis off with a single pull.

As Tom screamed in pain and humiliation he felt his toes break one by one. Then his ankles. Followed by his legs, in three different places. He felt his hips dislocate and each rib as it first cracked, then broke, puncturing his lung.

One by one his finger bones snapped. Tom's wrist bones shattered. Then his ulna, radius, elbows and humerus.

Finally his shoulders were dislocated.

The demon looked down at him with a smile of pure unadulterated joy on its face.

“Have you learned *yet*, that no means *no*?” it asked, almost cheerfully.

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“Yes.” Tom could barely believe he could talk through his pain.

The demon nodded. “About time, you fucking *loser*.”

Tom watched as a clawed foot rose and came down towards his face.

He hoped that death would be the end of it.



She smiled in her sleep.

Waking was like being gently lifted from her bed and set on her feet. And when she opened her eyes, she found that was exactly what had happened.

It has not been a dream, after all.

She smiled at the apparition that stood before her. “Thank you.” she whispered.

The demon, looking again like the beautiful Margaret, nodded. “You are welcome, my child.” it said in a maternal voice. “Now you must *pay*. You must learn to fight for those who were once as weak as *you* were. Learn to teach men that no means no. You must become my *disciple*. An avenger for *all* women.” it inclined its head slightly. “Will you be my voice in the mortal world?”

“Yes.” the woman said with more confidence than she had ever heard in her voice before.

“And when you leave this world, you will become *Ulciscor*?” the demon asked, gently.

“I *will*.” the woman agreed. “I *will be* the avenging angel.”

Both the demon and the woman laughed richly with their unabashed joy at their roles in the circle of life.

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About the Author

Crystal Brewton – also known as the Indie Author Extraordinaire – has crafted rich novels and stories on nearly every subject line, spanning from erotic romance to horror to sheer revenge. Some of her best-known tales include her popular *Cassandra's Cops* series, her science fiction piece *Caeli's Daniachew*, and the erotic short story collection *Rainy Day Confessions*. Brewton, who grew up in Chicago, currently lives in sunny California with her three children. *Caeli's Daniachew* was nominated for the 2006 CBS Parallax Award. View all of Ms. Brewton's works and much more online at www.crystalbrewton.biz
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