

# Sweet Little Lies

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by Tee Quillin

For a long time, people believed her little lies. At first, she could tell them that nothing was wrong or she had a migraine or she just wasn't feeling her best. But then things started to get worse. As time went by, it became harder and harder to conceal what was really going on because the evidence became more and more difficult to hide.

The broken arm was not that hard to explain away with a little lie, but then came the black eye a little too soon after she'd broken her arm. That's when people started to get a little suspicious. After that, no matter how small the injury or how many days she was away from work, people were rumbling behind her back about the possibility of an abusive relationship.

And, like nearly every other woman who finds herself in this situation, she kept finding reasons to stay with him regardless of the pain. And, of course, every time it happened, he would immediately apologize for it profusely and tell her how much he loved her and smother her with hugs and kisses which she knew were empty, but she craved them anyway. Sometimes he would even buy her flowers or jewelry or something (which would just get broken by one of his tirades at some point down the line).

And so it went for a seemingly eternal time. She stayed because she was afraid of being alone and afraid of what he'd do if she actually left him. Calling the police never crossed her mind.

Until someone else got involved.

She knew she wasn't feeling well. At first she thought it was just another migraine (she really did get them) and that was causing her to be sick to her stomach. Not enough to make her really nauseous, mind you. No, just enough to keep her in a less than pleasant mood most of the time. She was drinking Pepto Bismol like it was water and after it went on for another week, she decided that she really needed to go to the doctor. She knew this would piss him off, but she had to go anyway. She just couldn't stand that feeling anymore.

She was not ready for the answer to her problem. She was pregnant. She was elated and scared shitless all at the same time. It wasn't until she got the official news that she first threw up. It was as if her body knew that pregnant women were supposed to do it so it decided to go along with the eternal pattern.

She knew that they had not discussed the idea of having children. Not at all. Now, she had to tell him. She wanted to make it a very special occasion. After all, they were going to be parents!

She kept the news from him for at least one more day. She went to the store and bought all the trimmings for a fantastic home-cooked meal. She didn't splurge too much, but she made it nice. A nice bottle of wine (for him), two very nice cuts of lean steak, mashed potatoes, and steamed asparagus, which was his favorite. She never could stand the stuff, but she knew he would eat his weight in it if given the opportunity.

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That night, when he got home from work, she had a smile on her face from ear to ear. She helped him with his briefcase, and helped him off with his coat and gave him all the time he needed to get comfortable after a long day's work. She gave him an approximate time of when dinner would be ready and she kept to her schedule.

The table was set with their best china and a new table cloth bought especially for this occasion. The meal was on the table and the presentation was as good as any five star restaurant could hope for. He took his seat at the head of the table and allowed her to serve him while he prepared his napkin and began to prepare his steak the way he liked it—covered in A1 steak sauce. She poured him a glass of wine, made sure he had everything else that he needed before taking her seat beside him at the table.

The actual meal was taken in complete silence. She knew that he didn't like to be interrupted with anything while he was actually eating. She had learned that the hard way several years ago.

She took her cue from him as to the actual ending of the meal. She saw that he had drained the remainder of his one glass of wine, wiped his mouth with his napkin and placed his napkin on his plate. She did the same. It was after this that things began to south for her. She had hoped to start the conversation and remain somewhat in control of it

“I noticed you didn't drink any wine. What's wrong?”

*Wrong.* The word hung in the air. That was all it took. Deep down, she knew that it was not going to go well at all. After that, it was just a question of how bad it was going to get and how quickly it would get bad.

He must have sensed the slightest of hesitations on her part. It was going to get back quickly. He was now suspecting her. Her beautiful meal had become nothing more than a means of buttering him up and she knew he was thinking it.

“*Well?*”

“Oh! Uh, nothing's *wrong* per se...”

“*Per se?*”

“Well, I went to the doctor yesterday and...”

“You went to the doctor and didn't tell me about it?” His voice was ice cold. This conversation was dead on arrival.

“I didn't want to worry you with it. It was nothing major...” She couldn't believe those words actually came out of her mouth. It was *everything!*

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*“If it was nothing major, then why did you go to the doctor in the first place?”*

“I...” She couldn’t answer without just giving it away. So be it. Time to shoot the moon.

The pain she felt stopped any thought before it could begin to form in her mind. All she could feel was the pain and disorientation that she knew came from a blow to the head. She didn’t know exactly what he had hit her with, but it was hard whatever it was. The world dipped and dropped as she slipped out of her chair and onto the floor. The only thing that kept her from passing out was a new pain of her body hitting the floor. As she hit the floor, a new pain developed deep inside. For the first time in all of the abusive episodes, she felt true panic.

“Wait,” she tried to say, but she knew it was too late. From her position on the floor, she could see that he was already on his feet and making his way to her to unload all of his rage on her. She saw the chair she had recently vacated go flying across the table, shattering what was left of the bottle of wine and staining the table cloth. Already there was a trickle of red wine dripping off the far side of the table onto the carpet below.

The first blow hit her in the lower back. In hindsight, she thought it might have been his foot, but she didn’t see. The pain went shooting up her back and she felt paralyzed for a moment. Her body wanted to roll with the force of the blow, but it refused to receive the command to do so. She could tell that he was yelling something to her—he always was—but she couldn’t make out what it was. The next blow came pretty much right on top of the first one. It was a blow to the head. It must have been his fist or at least his open hand, but this one was much harder than anything she’d felt before. The pain was excruciating. She could feel the instant vacuum created when his hand made contact with her ear and the force of the blow created what sounded like a bomb going off.

Now she really couldn’t hear what he was saying. She couldn’t afford to feel the trickle of blood running down the side of her head onto the floor because of the next blow which came to the back again; almost in the exact same spot as the first.

This had to stop. She tried to turn herself slightly onto her back to tell him her important news. If he knew she was pregnant, perhaps he would stop. She fought against the pain and took in as deep a breath as her aching ribs would allow and prepared to speak.

His final blow stopped that from happening. All of the air was forced rushing out of her lungs before it could truly be used. His foot met her midsection with seemingly all the force he could muster. This time, she passed out from the pain.

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When she came to, she was alone in their house. He had gone. She had fluttered her eyes open slightly and could see the world skewed sideways from her vantage point on the floor. There was dried blood near her face on the floor. She reached a hand up and

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discovered that this must have been coming from her ear at one point. She realized the ringing in her ear was still there. It would probably be weeks before she got her hearing back.

With much effort, she managed to pull herself into a sitting position and the breath escaped her once again, only this time, she couldn't take the air in. She was looking at more blood than she had ever seen and it seemed to have been coming from her at one point. The blood was dried, but there was a ton of it all over the floor. Her eyes took in the entire pool and wondered where that might have been coming from. She examined herself for any cuts large enough to justify seeing that amount of blood but could find none. Suddenly, the realization hit her.

The baby.

Her hands clutched at her stomach, but quickly recoiled away in pain. In her gut, she knew the baby was gone. All that happiness and joy was gone in an instant all because that bastard was too thick to allow her to finish...no...*start* telling him the good news. Oh, God, how she had tried to make that a pleasant evening for him. She wanted him to be at ease so they could share the joy of the infancy of parenthood together as one.

She was unaware of the tears mixing with the dried blood running down her cheek. The tears seem to be following the dried blood like some kind of road map. She was only aware of one thing: he had to pay. Enough was enough.

Instantly, she realized that he would not have been any kind of father at all. How could she have been so stupid? Why didn't she think of what it would mean to bring a child into this house where he would take his rage out on any living thing that happened to be within range? And, really, wasn't that why she had always railed against owning a pet in the first place? No matter how much he begged for a dog, she always managed to talk him out of it by faking an allergy. It was because she knew what he would do to it once he finally had it.

And now, he'd killed a child. This had to stop.

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She went to the hospital and told them one of the same stories that they'd probably always heard from women like her. She had fallen down the stairs and her husband was out of town. She lied her ass off this time because in the back of her mind, she knew *she* was going to be the one to make him pay; not some pencil pushers from some expensive law firm downtown. No. This would be hers from start to finish. This is what got her through all the pain of recovery.

She had told her that she was pregnant and, of course, they told her that she had lost the baby. She put on a good show; acting like she had not had the time to process that information for herself already.

Oh she was *good*. And she was going to enjoy this.

The next month after that was all about her planning and getting ready for her revenge. The first thing she had done was to come up with the plan. She had not told him about the baby. No, that was for another time under completely different circumstances. Her plan was simple and, if she kept her head about her, would be relatively easy to pull off. As long as she kept the picture of what she had come to know as her child in her head, she could remain focused.

Of course, he acting like nothing had happened. He couldn't get mad at her this time for going to the hospital. Hell, he had even cleaned up the bloody mess before she had gotten home. And, damn it, the bastard was good at it. When she walked back in the door, she realized that no one would ever have known that anything had ever happened at all.

Somehow, all during her planning time, she managed to avoid his wrath. Considering her preoccupation with her plan, this was nothing short of a miracle. He couldn't stand it if he thought she wasn't listening to him and, for the first time in her life, she really wasn't listening to him at all.

She managed to get all of her supplies without him ever suspecting a thing. And, she knew that the way to really get him right where she wanted him.

Oh, she was going to have fun.

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She had decided on a date. Everything was all set. She had the meal planned. She knew what she was going to wear and she knew how to get him play right into her hands.

Just like before, the meal was exactly the same as that night. She enjoyed the irony in this and would love to see the look on his face when he realized it. It was set on the table and everything was perfect. She was wearing her new dress that she had bought especially for this occasion. She knew exactly what he liked in a dress. It was low-cut into a V that showed off her lovely bosom. She knew that was one of his weaknesses. The dress continued to hug her body just perfectly across her midriff and hips until it flowed gracefully away into a full skirt that stopped just below her knees. It was his favorite shade of blue.

She was also wearing exactly the right lingerie under her amazing new dress. When the moment came to take that dress off, she was already prepared. He was going to be putty in his hands.

He came in from work and stopped only long enough to drink in her body in that dress as she was standing in the kitchen putting the finishing touches on dinner. She smiled at him with that sly smile that promised a bit more of a surprise later that evening and he returned the smile. They didn't speak to each other at that moment. They merely

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smiled and he turned and went down the hallway to their bedroom to continue his ritual of coming home from work.

She was a bit surprised to find him wearing a coat and tie when he returned from the bedroom. Apparently, he'd gone through his ritual and taken a cue from her and dressed for dinner. This was already working in her favor.

He sat down at the table as she brought the food from the kitchen to the dining room. He sat patiently as she made at least four trips. On her final trip back to the dining room, she decided to improvise a little bit. It couldn't hurt. She knew by the stupid smile on his face he was already undressing her with his eyes. As she placed the asparagus on the table before him, she stood beside him, took his napkin, and placed it gently in his lap. Her hand rested on the inside of his thigh just a moment longer than was really necessary and she bent over him putting her bosom directly in his view. There was no way he could miss it or think of anything else at the moment. She pulled his face up toward hers noticing how difficult it was for him to remove his eyes from her chest.

“Tonight, I'm going to give you the night of your life, but you have to do everything I say as I say it. Okay?” As she spoke her lips brushed against his so softly she could almost not feel them.

“Okay,” he said. His voice sounded like it was it was a thousand miles away and under water.

“Good,” she said and let her lips stay with his just a moment longer and then she slowly took her seat for the meal.

As usual, they ate in silence, but she noticed that he couldn't take his eyes off her. She was loving it. If it was any other man, she might have actually been a bit turned on herself.

When the meal was over, she set her plan in motion. She stood up, walked over to him and put herself in the same position as before the meal and gave him his first bit of instruction for the night: “Don't move until I say you can. You can watch me if you want.”

Again, she let her lips and hand linger a bit longer than necessary, then stood and got to work. She took one of the dining room chairs (one of the ones without arms) into the living room and set it in the middle of the floor. Then, she disappeared down the hall briefly and returned with their video camera on the tripod. She plugged it in and set it up focusing it on the chair. She threw a glance his way to try to see what he was thinking and was pleased with what she saw. He was grinning that stupid grin from ear to ear. She realized that his eye had made it's way down to her legs and back up again.

Once more she went down the hall, and returned with a large silver suitcase. This she placed on one of the end tables, but did not open it.

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“Come here,” she said. He obliged. He began to loosen his tie. “No,” she commanded, “not yet. That’s my job.”

He didn’t make a sound, he simply removed his hands from his tie and continued into the living room.

“Sit down,” she commanded, “and don’t speak a word until I tell you to.”

He sat in the chair and waited for his next command. She took just a second to take in how much he looked like a little boy waiting to see what he was going to get from Santa on Christmas. She smiled at him slyly and turned back to her silver briefcase.

She made sure he could see it before she opened it. She didn’t look at it as she did. She wanted to see the look on his face. By the look on his face, you’d think he was looking at the mother lode. Inside the case, there was a stunning array of sexual toys. She pulled out a pair of padded handcuffs and threw them to him.

“Don’t put them on until I say.” She stepped over to the video camera and turned it on. Once it was recording, she stepped in front of the camera and talked directly into it. “This is for my husband. I want him to know exactly what he means to me.” She stepped out of the way to reveal him sitting in his chair, fondling the handcuffs a bit nervously. This was a side of him she’d never seen. She’d never done anything like this so, she didn’t know how he would react. She was surprised at his look of almost naive anxiety.

“Put them on,” she said from off camera. He glanced briefly into the lens of the camera and then started to do just that. “No,” she added, “Behind your back.” Without hesitation, he obliged. The look in his eyes now was look of sheer ecstasy.

She removed a pair of ankle braces from her case and stepped back in front of the camera again; this time to shackle his ankles together. She left no space in the chain. His ankles were secured solidly together. She stepped back to the case and removed two pieces of rope: one she used to tie his legs to the chair, the other she used to tie his arms and chest to the back of the chair.

Once more she stepped behind the camera and adjusted the field of view just a bit wider. In the viewfinder you could now clearly see the entire chair and the areas to the left and right of it. Again, she stepped back in front of the camera. This time she stood between the camera and her husband. She began to rub her hands over his body and breathe softly into his ears. Then, she stopped and in front of him again making sure that the camera could see both of them clearly.

“I want you to tell the camera something.” He opened his eyes and looked dreamily at her. She was beginning to untie the pieces of fabric that held her dress in place. The knot was just below her breasts. She was pulling the fabric very slowly.

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“Anything you want,” he was panting.

“I want you to tell the camera where this came from.” She pulled her dress down all the way to reveal her lingerie. She was wearing a lace bra and panties with a garter belt and thigh-high stockings. Her dress fell into a clump onto the floor revealing a large, rather nasty looking bruise on her lower back. She spun all the way around just like a model, allowing both the camera and her husband to see the bruise equally. It also showed the bruises on her belly.

“You accidentally fell down there stairs and hurt yourself,” he said in a dreamy voice. He didn’t miss a beat. He’d done this before, he’d just never enjoyed it this much before.

She stepped in front of him again and ripped his shirt off him. This took some effort and it wasn’t as easy as they made it look in the movies, but she got the job done. She slowly headed back toward the case.

She was still speaking in that same love-hungry voice. After all, she was enjoying this, too. “Ah, ah, ah! During this little game there are penalties if you lie.”

From the case, she pulled a small device that had two alligator clamps attached to wires. The wires were attached to a small nine-volt battery. She attached one of the clamps to one of his nipples and the other to his other nipple and activated the switch for the power. He jumped ever so slightly, but he was clearly enjoying it. He spoke through the pain which he was clearly enjoying, “What are you talking about?”

At first, she didn’t answer. She stood there letting the electricity flow from the 9v battery into his body. She could see it was just not enough to make him feel real pain. She flipped the switch to turn it off and returned to the case. She returned with a larger 12V battery and replaced the cables that were still attached to his nipples.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about.” She flipped the switch and more electricity flowed into his body. This time there was more pain than joy. That was good. Apparently, his threshold for pain was not nearly as high as hers.

“Stop! It hurts!”

“Like when you beat me that night?”

He was shocked by her statement as well as the battery. He tried to talk through the pain, “What?” She turned the switch off and allowed him to talk. He was breathing hard but he continued to try to lie his way out. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Where were you on the night of the June 30, 2006?”

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His eyes showed real fear now. Apparently he did remember that date. “I was out of town on business. You fell down the stairs and had to go to the hospital.”

She hit the switch on the battery once again. More juice flowed into him. This time he screamed a little too hard. He was acting at this. That simply wouldn't do. She returned to the case one more time and brought out a small metal collapsible club. She flung it open, raised it high above her head and brought it down hard on his stomach. The air escaped out of him. He was trying to breathe through the pain of the electrical shock, but his body wouldn't let him. He was trying to cough with great difficulty.

“No more lies; from either of us. You've been beating me since just after we got married. You never laid a hand on me while we were dating. No, you waited until after we were married to start that.”

“I...don't...know what...you're...” He couldn't finish because another blow came down hard on the stomach forcing more air out. For the first time, real fear was in his eyes.

“No more lies. Where were you on the night of June 30? You were not out of town, you were right here at the house. I cooked you the exact same meal we had tonight and I was trying to tell you some news, but you beat the shit out of me before I could even speak.”

“No! No! That's not true! I was out of town on business!” He continued to speak, but she wasn't hearing it now. She left him strapped to the chair spouting his lies for the camera while she went for the piece de resistance. She returned from the hallway closet with a standard car battery and began to hook the cables that were attached to his nipples.

“I'm going to give you a chance to tell the truth without my having to use this.”

He stammered for a second and then broke out into tears. His chin fell to his chest and his sobbing made his head bounce up and down in front of the camera. She was squatting down beside him while he did this. They could both be seen in the camera lens. After a little while, he took a deep breath and spoke.

“I was out of town.”

She flipped the switch. He screamed with pain. He was convulsing so much for a second she was afraid the chair might not hold and drop him to the ground. She was glad she had the handcuffs and ankle braces on him. She didn't turn it off, she just spoke to him very simply. “No more lies.”

After a bit more, she turned off the switch and let him recover. Before he could speak again, she put things into a bit more perspective. She returned to her case one more time.

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“If you were out of town on business, why are there no records of it? There are no credit card bills for that day, all of your cell phone calls originate from this area, and your secretary claims that you were in the office all day that day and all day the next day.” As she spoke, she threw the evidence at him. The last of these, however was not on paper, but rather was a recording which she played. It was a phone conversation she had had with his secretary getting the information she needed. Luckily, his secretary was willing to speak even though she was aware of being recorded.

She looked right in the camera and spoke. This man, on the night of June 30, beat me very badly for going to see the doctor. What he does not know is that I went to see the doctor because I was pregnant. I was trying to tell him about the pregnancy on the night of June 30, but he never let me get it out. As he was beating me, he killed our child. My hospital records will confirm it.” She turned back to him. He was looking down and away from her. “Look at me.” He didn’t. She hit switch again, but only for a second. “Look at me.”

He did.

“Take a good look at this body. Do you see what I’m wearing? You will never see me wearing this again. You will never see my naked body again. Not only that, but the policemen who arrive shortly will also see me in this outfit. I’m not going to put my dress back on until they tell me that they are going to take us down to the station. I want those men to get their fill of my body and not just for the pleasure of it, but to see the bruises and scars you’ve put on my body of the years. I want you to know that.”

Once again, she turned and looked directly at the camera.

“It is my hope that this tape (or a portion of it) will find it’s way in front of every woman in the country who has suffered what I have suffered. There is a way out. All you have to do is be brave. It doesn’t have to come to this. Take control.”

She stepped off camera again for a moment. He remained on screen, breathing heavily with his head hung low. There were a few times when it looked like he might have tried to raise his head to address the camera, but he quickly averted his eyes. When she returned, she was carrying a cordless phone. She very calmly dialed 911 while she stood there next to him in her underwear. She waited for someone to answer, then very calmly said, “Hello? I need some help. My husband’s been beating me,” and then she turned away.