

# JACK PROBYN

## THE COMMUNITY

EPISODE 1

A  
CID  
CASE  
THRILLER



# THE COMMUNITY

By Jack Probyn

**CLIFF**<sup>ED</sup>  
PRESS<sub>CM</sub>



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For [insert name here].



# PART ONE

## EPISODE 1



# | EPISODE 1 |



## CHAPTER ONE

### THE BLACK DOOR

Steven and Jessica Arnholt weren't afraid to share the darker, seedier side of their relationship with others. In fact, it helped. When it came to the bedroom – and what happened behind the four walls – there was nothing that they kept hidden. Tonight, however, was different. Jessica wasn't ready for what was about to come her way, and when her husband asked whether she was, she lied. In his hands he held two glasses of red wine, the liquid as dark and deep as blood. One glass for him, one for her.

'Thanks,' Jessica said, taking the glass from him and placing it down on the desk beside her. She rolled up

the sleeves of her blue tartan shirt and sat on the chair, tying her long, auburn hair off her face and into a ponytail. 'What time's he coming?'

Steven checked his watch. A long, sinewy forearm and skeletal fingers extended through the red tartan shirt he wore – the same brand and material as hers. His skin looked a ghostly white against the red.

'In about five minutes,' he replied.

'Is the room set up?'

The sides of Steven's mouth flickered. He took a sip of wine and licked his lips, wiping the excess from his skin. 'I finished it earlier. Let me show you.'

Jessica took his hand and travelled with him through the gallery. On the left wall was a new piece of artwork that she didn't recognise – which now explained where Steven had been disappearing to for the past three days. Jessica paid it little heed though, as there were more important things to focus on than admiring his work and realising he wasn't having an affair. Her mind was too distracted. She felt apprehensive. Nervous. Afraid. She'd experienced a night like this before – countless times, in fact – but she had a feeling that tonight was going to be different; the full moon was on show and she knew, particularly for Steven, it would awaken the beast. His beast.

Steven came to a stop by a heavy black door that led

to the basement. He lifted the handle and pushed. A black wall stared back at them, lit only by the dancing light of the candles that hung intermittently on the wall. Jessica went first. Her feet landed delicately on the steps and she held on to what holdings she could find on the brick, using it for guidance. As she reached the final step, a deep red swathed her.

What had, hours ago, been her husband's art room was now his dungeon. Along the back wall was a row of what Steven liked to call 'his toys'. Dildos. Whips. Beads. Spankers. Blunt objects. But there was a new addition. To the right of the other objects were a set of kitchen knives. She dared not ask what they were for... not yet anyway; she was too absorbed by the magic of the entire room. Her body tingled at the sight of it all.

In the centre of the space was a large table, with four chains placed in each corner. It had been crafted to her exact measurements, and they allowed no room for manoeuvre: once she was locked in, she was locked in until released. On the right-hand side of the room were two poles, and at the top of them, another set of chains; one for each hand – or foot, depending on Steven's preference.

Jessica took another sip of wine.

'What do you think?' Steven asked.

'It's nice. I sense plum with a tiny kick of cherry...

right?’

‘Not the wine,’ Steven said, puffing out a small laugh. ‘I meant the room. I think it’s the best it’s looked in a long time.’

Jessica pointed to the blades hanging from the wall. ‘What are those for? Do you want him to kill me?’

‘Don’t worry,’ Steven said, placing a hand on her shoulder. ‘They won’t do anything other than make you sore. They’re blunt. I wore them down earlier while you were at work.’

‘They better be. I don’t want him to kill me.’

‘He’ll do exactly as I tell him. And exactly as you’ll let him.’

She looked him deep in the eyes. They had turned a darker brown than usual. And that was when she knew his sadistic tendencies had begun to consume his mind and body. It wouldn’t be long until his entire personality changed.

‘Yes, master.’

Steven opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by the sound of a doorbell ringing on the gallery floor. Saying nothing, both Steven and Jessica headed upstairs; Steven pulling Jessica by the arm, stretching her skin as he gripped her tightly.

The harsh fluorescent light blinded her as she climbed the final step. On the other side of the gallery

window was Lester Bain, their victim. He was a small man, balding, and the little hair that remained on his head was the colour of straw. She'd never bothered to ask how old he was, but she was certain he was either in his late thirties or early forties, though Lester's physique belied his real age. He had the body of a twenty-year-old. Sculpted. Muscular. It was clear to see he looked after himself. It was just a shame that he repulsed her as soon as he touched her.

Lester gave a quaint little wave as the light from inside the gallery illuminated his face.

'What are you waiting for?' Steven asked her. 'Open the door, you stupid bitch. We can't leave him waiting too long.'

'Yes, master.' Jessica bowed her head, placed her glass on the desk and opened the door for Lester.

His aftershave was strong, but she'd become immune to its power. Lester entered the building and removed his shoes – it had been a common courtesy he'd insisted upon the first time they'd all met.

'Jessica, my darling,' he said, kissing her on the lips. His hand wandered down her body and found its home on her breast. He squeezed hard.

'Lester!' Steven called from the other end of the room. 'Don't get too carried away with yourself. We have to wait. Trust me. It'll make it all better.'

'Is tonight *the* night?' Lester asked, his voice endearing, like a child's.

Steven nodded. 'The very one. We wanted to surprise you. I hope you're prepared.'

'I've waited three long months for this.'

Steven raised a glass. 'Red? Or we have white if you'd prefer?'

Lester released Jessica's breast as though it were an inanimate object that he held no emotional attachment to and started towards Steven. 'Red please.'

Jessica closed the door behind them and locked it. She gave one final look at the world outside – the normality of it all; the world that had no idea what would go on behind these four walls; the world that would judge them if they did know. There was no turning back now.

Steven called her name. She turned towards him and then rushed over. Her masters were standing in front of a five-foot-wide painting.

'I was just showing our guest my new work,' Steven said.

'I think it's wonderful,' Lester added.

'He's a talented man, my—'

Lester slapped her across the face with the back of his hand, knocking the glass from her grip. It smashed into hundreds of pieces, wine spreading across the floor,

soiling her shoes as well as Lester's white socks.

'Now look what you've fucking done!' Lester screamed in her face. 'What have I told you about talking out of turn? Go and clean it up now.'

Jessica immediately complied. She rushed through another door that led into a kitchen area, grabbed some cloths, a dustpan and brush, and returned to the gallery. As she bent down to pick up the glass and mop up the wine, she eavesdropped on their conversation.

'As I was saying,' Steven continued. 'I wanted to go for something slightly different. I wanted something that would make a commentary on life.'

'I have to say, it's hyperreal. I'd love to feature one in one of my properties,' Lester said. He tilted his head and glanced at Jessica on the floor. 'At a nominal fee, of course.'

'Naturally.'

Lester returned his attention to the painting. 'Now, you know I don't know much about art – and I would say, in my immodest opinion, that it looks a lot like all your other works – but this one is my favourite.'

'My art shows the perfection of life. The order. The normality of it. The *banality*. A complete contrast to our little secret.'

'Speaking of little secrets,' Lester began, 'The Community has just reached fifteen thousand members.'

We hit the figure earlier this afternoon.'

'If that isn't something to celebrate, I don't know what is!'

Steven and Lester's glasses clinked together while Jessica carried the filled dustpan and sodden cloth back to the kitchen area. She returned empty-handed.

An awkward moment fell on the three of them as both men stared at her. Lester's eyes bore into her skin, and the sensation that he was undressing her with his eyes – which, she knew, he was – made her feel even more apprehensive. In the few months since they'd started their Communion with Lester, it had only been foreplay. Handjobs. Blowjob. Heavy touching. All of the stuff that Steven allowed her to perform. But now Steven determined that they had teased Lester enough – it was time for the Full Communion. Intercourse. She didn't want it, but she had no say in the matter. She was submissive, and it was Steven's choice. But of all the other Community members they'd been with, Lester was the first that made her skin crawl. There was something different about him – something she didn't like.

'Well?' Lester was the first to speak. 'What are we waiting for? Shall we begin?'

Steven checked his watch. 'I think it's about time.' He turned to the black door and gestured for Lester to

move first. 'Please. Follow me.'

# | EPISODE 1 |



## CHAPTER TWO

### BETRAYAL

Lester was hard. He could feel it all ready, bulging in his trousers. His palms were turning moist, and a thin film of sweat had formed at the crease of his neck.

Steven opened the big black door that Lester had come to love in recent months. His pulse skipped.

'After you,' Steven said. 'I'll give you the tour while Jessica gets ready. I've prepared it a little differently this time.'

Lester grinned. 'Now you've really got me excited.'

He crossed the threshold into the stairwell. As he descended the steps, he let his imagination loose. He imagined tying her up, pinning her tightly so she

couldn't move, whipping her, beating her until he drew blood, penetrating her, not knowing when to stop, not knowing if to stop, not knowing how to – all manner of depraved things.

He reached the bottom of the steps and observed the apparatus hanging on the wall and dangling from the ceiling, his mouth agape. It was everything he'd imagined it would be. More. Beyond his wildest dreams.

'You approve?' Steven asked, placing a comforting hand on Lester's back.

'Yes,' Lester said, almost chuckling with excitement.

'I wanted to tailor it to you and your preferences.'

'It's... it's a work of art.'

Steven puffed out another laugh and adjusted his glasses on his nose. 'It's my day job for a reason.'

Lester moved about the room and paused by Steven's toys. He reached for the blades that dangled from the wall.

'You know, I've been thinking about your wife for many weeks now. I've been planning this in my head from the first moment I contacted you.' Lester's finger ran up and down the knife's edge.

'I sharpened that one earlier. The others are blunt. I want you to use it on Jessica. Gentle, but not too gentle. Heavy, but not too heavy.'

'I'm sure I can find the happy medium. And she consents?' Lester asked, stabbing his finger on the tip of the blade. He made a mental note of which one it was.

'She will do as I tell her. I told her they were blunt. If she knew they weren't she'd refuse. It's better she finds out this way, while her emotions and excitement are up – that way she can't get out of it. Once we begin, she's all yours.'

'This just keeps getting better and better.'

Lester moved along the wall and grabbed a paddle. He ran it over the palm of his hand, the blunt spikes massaging his skin and teasing his sensory reflectors into action. He finished admiring the sensation and then pointed to the large desk in the middle of the room. 'Where's the camera? I want to make sure this gets thoroughly documented. For all our records.'

'Don't worry, it's under the table. I was going to record it myself this time from a distance. You won't even know I'm here. After all, it is *your* special day.'

'Perhaps we should get you involved as well? Add to the tally?' He was enjoying what he was hearing, and he couldn't wait to begin.

'We'll see. If the timing's right, then maybe I'll join you. But you've been good to us – you've really helped us *improve* – so it's only fair we repay you like this.'

'You know, S has recently added a new level of

points. I think—'

Lester was silenced by Steven's finger. 'Hold that thought. I'll go and get her ready, and then you can test them out on her. Sound good?'

Lester nodded emphatically.

'Wait right here.'

With that, Steven turned and disappeared up the stairs. Lester appreciated that. It added to the excitement and tension of the situation. But then a thought occurred to him. If Jessica was preparing upstairs, then should he prepare downstairs? No. He would wait. He would make her undress him. Yes. That was the best way. He was looking forward to that. Her touch. Her skin. Her lips around his cock. *Jessica*. He shivered thinking about her. He wanted her – wanted her more than anything. More than his next breath. He wanted to lay next to her. Wake next to her. Be next to her. Every minute of every waking day. It wasn't fair that Steven had her. It wasn't fair that he could do all those things whenever he wanted, and Lester couldn't. He bet they didn't even fuck. Not like he and Jessica did when they were together in his mind. He bet they had lost the chemistry and the romance and the spark in their sordid relationship. *The curse of sadists and masochists*, he thought, chuckling.

Lester checked his watch. Only a minute had passed,

but it was beginning to feel like ten. As the seconds moved by, he grew impatient.

He stormed up the steps, climbing them two at a time, and as he was about to open the door onto Steven's art gallery, he heard their voices, hushed, panicked. His hand caressed the handle, and he kept it there, pressing his ear against the door.

'I don't feel comfortable.' It was Jessica's voice. She sounded different. More concerned, like it was missing that hint of sexiness and aggression Lester had grown accustomed to.

'I don't care. You'll do as I say.'

'Pineapple,' Jessica said.

'What?'

'Pineapple. That's our safe word. I'm using our safe word. I want out.'

'Listen here,' Steven said. 'You're going to go through with this right up until the moment I tell you to stop. The longer you go for, the more points we get.' Steven quietened his voice. 'Think about it. With this, we'll be able to overtake him on the leader boards, and then we can *finally* dispose of him. For good. All we'll need to do then is get rid of Christopher, and then we'll be at the top of the table. Untouchable. I've had a look online and Christopher's already overtaken us – it's a Friday night. He's getting busy. We can't let him beat us.'

We do this, we go to the top.'

'How do you want me to do it?' Jessica asked, her voice trembling.

'The blades. The one on the far right is sharp enough to slice his throat.'

'You told me it was blunt! What if he uses that one on me!'

'Relax,' Steven said. 'I won't let it get that far. There's cleaning chemicals and a bag underneath the table to tidy it up afterwards. It'll be fine. I promise. Now take your knickers off and hurry up. He's waiting.'

Lester's body turned cold. He couldn't believe what he'd heard. His hand tightened around the handle until his knuckles turned white and the metal dug into his palm. They were going to betray him. They were going to use his rank and status to heighten their own so they could pass him on the leader board. Worse still, they were going to fucking kill him!

Aware that they were on the other side, about to open the door, Lester rushed down the steps quietly, grabbed the blade from the far right on the wall and slid it in the waistband of his jeans, feeling the cold metal of the weapon press against his skin.

The door opened overhead, and he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. Adrenaline coursed through his veins. He shook with excitement.

‘Lester?’ Jessica asked softly. ‘You ready?’

‘Oh, you bet,’ Lester said with a grin on his face. His hand gripped the blade’s handle tightly.

As he did so, Jessica appeared. She was naked, but her hair had been let loose and dangled either side of her square shoulders, falling over her supple breasts and covering her nipples. The red light in the room cast an almost demonic aura around her slender frame, illuminating her brown eyes and turning her lipstick an even darker shade of crimson. She looked like a goddess with a naughty side, an ephemeral figure that would haunt his every waking moment for the rest of his life – for all the right reasons. She reminded him of a model, someone who made it their life’s mission to entertain and tease and flaunt. And then he saw it: the dimples in her cheeks that only ever came out during Communion. They were like light bulbs that she could just flicker on and off at ease.

Lester moved around the table so that it separated them both from him. He pulled the back of his shirt over the knife’s handle to shield it from view. Jessica advanced towards the centre of the room.

‘Where do you want me?’ she asked, placing her hands by her curvaceous hips.

Lester stuttered before he answered. He was panicked at the unearthly sight of her, but if he was

going to do this, he needed to maintain a clear head.

‘On the table. I want to tie you up.’

Jessica did as she was told and climbed atop the table’s surface. Her body lay flat and her breasts spread softly either side. Her ribcage and flat stomach inflated gently in tandem with one another as she breathed. Lester moved around the bottom of the table and chained Jessica’s ankles. Her skin felt warm under his. He imagined the blood coursing through it – and how, soon, it would be spilling all over the floor.

‘Wait!’ Steven called, his voice echoing around the room. He stood at the midpoint of the stairs. ‘Don’t start until I get the camera. I don’t want to miss any of it.’

Lester looked up at him and smiled. ‘Trust me – you won’t want to miss a thing.’

Steven pulled up at the table, bent underneath and produced a video recorder. Heavy. Professional. If all else failed with the knife, then Lester mused that he could use the camera as a battering ram to open the man’s skull.

Steven pressed a button on the device and held it close to his face.

‘Ready whenever you are,’ he said.

‘Are you recording?’ Lester asked.

Steven gave the thumbs up.

It was time.

Lester moved to the top of the table and clasped the remaining chains over Jessica's wrists. They shut with a satisfying *clink*. Now she was locked in, unable to move. Next, Lester moved over to the wall of instruments and pretended to deliberate. He went straight for the blade furthest on the right, which he knew was blunt. He pulled it from the wall and returned to Jessica, standing beside Steven. He slapped the flat side of the blade against her stomach. As soon as the metal hit her body, she groaned like she always did. Nothing unusual about that. But then, as she realised what was in his hands, her eyes widened, and he saw fear stretch across her face; her glance darted towards Steven and the camera.

Lester moved the blade over her body, tickling her with it, and left it resting on her nipples. The closer it got to her throat, the more she shook and writhed; the more her breathing increased. Smiling, he flipped the blade, so the blunt edge was against her skin, then he hovered over her chest and held it against her neck. Beside him, Steven moved around and held the camera close to them both at Lester's waist height. *Perfect!*

With his free hand, Lester reached for the small of his back, closed his hand around the sharpened blade and buried it deep in Steven's neck. A fountain of crimson burst from his carotid artery and showered Jessica's

body. Piercing screams filled the air as Steven slumped to the floor and dropped the camera. Lester's gaze followed the man as he lay there hopeless, defenceless, holding his throat and gasping his last breath, squirming on the concrete as he drowned in his own blood.

Within seconds, he was dead. But the screaming still persisted. Lester stared down at Jessica on the table. Her movements were frantic, but it was all futile. She spat Steven's blood out of her mouth and tried to blink away the splatter that had got into her eyes.

'No! Please! No!' she said in between chokes.

Lester silenced her by holding the blade against her throat. 'Quiet!' he shouted at her. 'You think you can try to kill me and get away with it?'

'What are you going to do to me?'

Lester pressed the knife's point into her skin, drawing a droplet of blood. 'Everything I've always wanted to. And then some. And then some more after that. It's going to be a long night.'

Lester bent down and picked up the camera from the concrete. He wiped some of Steven's blood from it and placed it on the table, then he undressed, mounted Jessica and picked it up again.

He grinned as he looked at her, then slid inside her.

'You have no idea how long I've been waiting to do

this.'