



Eternity of Horror

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Category: Romance, Paranormal, Horror

Description: Osiris: My brutality was forged as a child, witnessing the gruesome murders of my parents. I was forced to watch, and after abducting me, the perpetrator spent years ensuring that I remembered. He trained me to be the death-craving monster that I am, satiating my hunger behind the walls of the haunted attractions I construct each Halloween season. It's rare that I crave the living...until my eyes found a corpse-obsessed beauty.

Lilith: I grew up an outcast. The mortician's daughter. I dreamt of leaving this place until my dad let me assist with an embalming. That was the day the seed of darkness was planted. I've spent years nurturing it, a death-centered depravity that no one is privy to but me... and the decedents. The hunger that I have only ever extended to them, until the night I saw a man smiling in the dark. I've never desired a living being so badly.

Author's Note: This is a horror story with explicit content. An extended content list is located on the author's website. Reader discretion is advised.

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Chapter 1

Osiris

They say that you can't really remember things before the age of three. Your memories are just pictures your brain painted based on stories you were told or photographs you've seen. It makes me wonder if what happened to my parents was as graphic and brutal as I remember. The man who butchered them in front of me never let me forget.

It was a cool autumn day in a small town just outside of Salem, Massachusetts. A place that, if you blinked while driving by, you'd miss. The foliage is so colorful that time of year. It's beautiful watching things die. But the leaves, unlike my parents, will come back to life.

They were decorating the house for Halloween. The holiday was a shared favorite between the two of them. It's something they would unknowingly pass down to me despite only being a baby when they were killed. If only they knew who was looking in through a window, watching them hang cutouts of Frankenstein and changing out the pillows on the couch for ones shaped like pumpkins and ghosts. If only they knew those were the last moments we would all be together.

I was a baby, about a year or so old at the time. Back then, locking your door wasn't as common as it is now. Things like this didn't happen. Some would say they were simpler, peaceful times. I enjoyed about twelve months of that peace until it was torn away from me. Like setting off a bomb in a daycare, it went from calm to chaos in a matter of moments.

Darkness had just settled in on that October night. We were finishing dinner at the dining room table when Father, as he later would force me to call him, made his way inside. He was a careful and calculated man. He didn't do a thing unless it was thoroughly planned. So, when there was a noise near the front door and my dad got up to investigate, that wasn't an oversight.

The details of what happened next were told to me repeatedly, at least weekly, from the moment I was taken to the moment I... made it stop.

My dad looked around for the source of the sound, moving slowly and carefully. Father stood like a statue in the darkness and watched him as he searched. He found it amusing: the fear in one's eyes when they think they aren't alone.

After seeing a knick-knack on the floor in front of an open window, my dad blew out a sigh of relief before picking it up and calling out, "It's okay, honey. The wind blew over your little skeleton on the end table."

Those were my dad's last words before the squelching thud of a freshly sharpened ax sank into the back of his skull. The force was so hard that it nearly split his head into two pieces. The pressure from the blow and the foreign object now buried in the middle of his skull forced his eyes right out of their sockets. Father says he picked them up and pointed them at the body from which they were freshly ejected so my dad could watch himself die.

My mother had just started to wash the dishes when the slaughter began, or she may have heard the thud. The clatter of plates, cups, and silverware, coupled with the soothing melody she was singing, drowned out the horrific sounds.

When she finished the dishes, she turned to find a man sitting beside me in my dad's chair. Seeing a stranger covered in blood less than a foot away from her baby must have been the most terrifying moment of her life up until that point.

She scanned the man, taking note of the splatters of blood on his rotten tooth grin. The muck of brain matter on his shirt. The blood-stained fingers poking out of ripped, dirty gloves. A small chuckle fell from Father's lips as he lifted his hands from the table to reveal a set of human eyeballs. There was no doubt she knew who they belonged to. I like to think that they stared into one another's eyes so often that she would have recognized them anywhere, even resting in the filthy palms of a lunatic.

Instinct took over and she ran toward me, trying to put distance between me, the stranger, and the pieces of my dad that were now resting on the kitchen table. It was a valiant effort that I don't fault her for when she could have just as easily turned and run out the back door, leaving me behind. I mean, the end result would have been the same, but she tried. I think Father liked to remind me of her efforts just so that it hurt more when he tells me how she failed.

He grabbed her wrist and twisted until the bones snapped like stalks of celery. Despite Father looking like a dirty and decrepit homeless man, his strength wasn't something to fuck around with. In one fluid motion, he grabbed my mom by her hair and pulled her whole body onto the table. She writhed with the literal fight of her life until a fist was brought down onto the center of her face so hard that the cartilage in her nose broke, and her front teeth were bent inward. He proceeded to swing his fist like a sledgehammer. Over and over, he bashed my mother's face in, her head thumping against the wooden table as his knuckles split her flesh and fractured her orbital bones. He made turning off the fight in her look as simple as flipping a light switch.

He didn't have to tell me the next part, I remembered. His account perfectly matches my memory, which led me to believe that everything else he said is true. My mom tilted her head back to look at me as I faced her, watching her sluggish body twist and writhe like a toy running out of batteries. I watched as the ruptured blood vessels filled her eyes with red before she released a guttural scream that barely sounded human.

"Don't..." she struggled to get out between gasps for air and groans of agony. "Don't watch... close... close your eyes, baby. Please! Please, close... close your..." That's when her words were replaced with a wet gargle.

She was so worried about me witnessing what was going to happen that she didn't see Father reach behind his back to unsheath a thick hunting knife. By the time she felt him pushing it so deeply into her gut that the tip almost lodged into her spine, it was too late. I sat, buckled into my highchair, watching.

Her eyes never left me.

I watched as he tore the blade up to the bottom of her rib cage, twisted it while it was still inside, and pulled it all the way down to her pelvis. Over and over, like a kid scribbling with a crayon, he carved her up.

Her eyes never left me.

I watched as he slid his blood-soaked hands from her mutilated abdomen up to her face, the fingers on one hooking under the roof of her mouth, while the other took hold of her mandible.

Her eyes never left me.

I watched as he leaned his face close, taking deep breaths of her final gasps of air before looking me in the eyes, a low chuckle leaving his lips as he pulled in opposite directions until her bottom jaw snapped from her skull.

Her eyes never left me.

I watched as he rolled up his sleeve and peeled his blood-saturated gloves off before sliding his hand into the eviscerated abdomen of her freshly murdered corpse. Inch by

inch he forced his way up inside her body until, in the torn broken cavity that was her mouth, I saw his fingers. It looked like she was birthing his hand from her face; her lips grew taut around the girth.

Her eyes never left me.

He reached forward with the hand that was still inside of her to firmly grip my chubby little cheeks. With his other arm, he braced her body, heaving her upward as he pulled me toward my mother's grotesque face. The light of the room began to fade as her torn lips formed a ring around my entire face, almost big enough to swallow me whole. I could feel the weight and texture of her wet, squishy tongue on my forehead as he spoke.

"That's it... give your baby boy a kiss goodbye," Father said as he watched with a proud smile on his face.

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Rolling my mother over, he took out his knife and carefully removed all of the flesh from her back, shoulder to shoulder, all the way down to her ass crack. When he was finished, he took me out of my highchair and swaddled me in my mother's still-warm flesh.

"Anyway," I say to the nameless, sobbing girl who is currently chained to a wall in my basement. "What was your childhood like?" I affix the rat-filled bucket to her stomach before setting up the blow torch. I'm going to enjoy watching this play out.

Chapter 2

Lillith

I wasn't always this way. I was a normal kid who lived above the family funeral home. Nothing odd about that. Sure, my fascination with dead things started early. Can you blame me? Conversations over dinner consisted of my dad talking about the embalming he did or how many bodies were in the cooler waiting to be prepped. At that time, my dad didn't allow me in the prep room because, technically, it would have been illegal. Looking back, I think it was more about him wanting to preserve my innocence. That changed when I was a teenager.

I have vivid memories of the day after my fifteenth birthday. My dad took me to his workshop for the first time. I was more excited than I was on Christmas day. A steel table in the middle of the room held an elderly woman in her late nineties. She was still in her hospital gown because Dad wanted me to help with this embalming from start to finish. He showed me everything from cleaning her up, breaking the rigor mortis and setting her facial features, to cutting into her carotid artery to pump in the

embalming fluid. He let me lift her eyelids to slip in the pronged eye caps before super-gluing them shut. He taught me that the eyes deflate shortly after death, so this gives the illusion that they are still intact.

Before that day, I would have told you that I wanted to be anything but a mortician. But after everything he taught me, I couldn't picture myself doing anything other than working with dead bodies. It quickly became an obsession. The more enthusiastic I was about my work, the more concerned my parents became.

Shortly after I turned eighteen, something inside me changed. I found myself having trouble falling asleep every night. I tried everything from ASMR audio to masturbating until my clit was raw. Nothing would work. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw death. Bodies from past cases, usually the most bloodied and horrific, would flash through my mind like a slideshow. I wasn't afraid though. I would open my eyes and feel like I could see their mangled bodies standing in the dark corners of my room, the moonlight reflecting off what was left of their dull sunken eyes. The thought of them watching me like I was the one sprawled out on the exam table excited me.

That's when I... well... so what happened was... I had to do the removal of this guy: late twenties, car accident. I picked him up from the Medical Examiner's office and the ride back to the funeral home felt... different. I had done a lot of removals and they all felt the same: nothing. But this one? I couldn't wait to get him into my prep room so that I could have a look at him.

My heart began to race as I peeled back the zipper of his body bag. This man was gorgeous. I mean, aside from the fact that his arm was no longer attached from just below the elbow, both his legs were crushed with bones poking through the skin, and he had glass embedded in his face, he was the most attractive man I had ever laid eyes on. And there he was, on my table. Just for me.

My eyes scanned over his whole body and I mean his whole body. I had to, right? It's my job. I'll admit that I may have stared at this dead cock longer than any living one I'd ever seen, which hadn't been many. It was just beautiful. I couldn't stop myself from imagining what kind of lover he must have been. Wondering if that cock got even bigger when blood used to pump through his body to fill it. It took me three times longer than normal to complete that removal because I was so enthralled by this man. That's when it started.

That night, I found myself in my bed, tossing and turning with restlessness, going through the usual checklist of tasks to try and get to sleep. They didn't normally work, but that night was different. When I got to that last one, touching myself, it was like a new piece of the puzzle snapped into place. I closed my eyes, and the first thing I saw as I slipped my fingers into my panties was his face. Those gorgeous, dead, gray eyes. The pieces of glass that split his tender flesh like it was wet tissue paper, and that fucking cock. By the time my fingers trailed down from my clit to my opening, it was a swimming pool of juices. I had never been that wet in my life.

I pictured him watching me. His lifeless eyes staring between my legs as my fingers spread the arousal around my flesh and hardened clit. The idea that he couldn't look away even if he wanted to, because he was no longer the puppeteer of his own body, made my pussy physically clench around my middle finger as I hooked it inside myself.

I lost track of how many times I fingered myself that night. My fantasies, along with my orgasms, became more intense as I pushed my imagination. When I dreamt of having his dead cock in my mouth, tasting and sucking, wishing I could feel it hardening against my tongue... I squirted for the first time. I never had trouble falling asleep again... or squirting.

Like most obsessions or addictions, you're always going to want more, right? I fucked myself every night to the thought of that man until another came into my prep room

and took his place. After a few years of this, I needed to take it to the next level. It got to the point where I just felt panic in my chest when I fucked myself because the person I was fantasizing about was downstairs in my cooler, waiting for me. That panic got methinking... Why not let them watch? I mean, really watch.

Last year was the first time I did it. The odds were in my favor the day a man in his late forties, who had died of a stroke, ended up on my table. He was so cute. From his facial hair that I groomed and made clean and nice, a body that was perfect for a woman like me, to yet another gorgeous cock. It can be a little disappointing when you get a really pretty man but his dick is disgusting, or his balls are swollen to the size of a softball. Those only make a limited appearance in my dreams. He, however, was the first person involved in the evolution of my desires.

His eyes were already wide open. I have that tape I could have used to keep his lids from shutting, but it was like he was waiting for me. He died just so we could have that moment together. It was fate.

His head was resting on the block. I turned it toward my chair so that he could face me. If the cool air in the room hadn't already been making my nipples hard, his eyes on my body as I swayed side to side would have done the job. They were so hard, it hurt in the best way. I'm not a dancer, but I did my best for him. I think he was pleased, especially when I started to undress.

As I was adjusting the table height and position so he was in the perfect spot, his hand slipped off and grazed my ass. My face immediately flushed, and I couldn't help the giggle that escaped. "Sir, excuse you. Behave..." I flirtingly said. In my mind, I wished he wouldn't. I returned his arm to the table and walked to my desk to take a sip of water and a deep breath. It was time.

I took a couple of steps closer to him, my heart roaring in my chest as I turned around so my ass was about a foot away from his face. Hooking my thumbs into my pants, I

slowly peeled them down as I bent over, giving the handsome corpse a wonderful view of my cleanly-shaved pussy. Looking down as my pants and panties dropped to my ankles, I could see the slick remains of how fucking wet I was for this man.

After kicking off my bottoms, I got in my chair, making sure the angle of his head gave him a perfect view of my young cunt. Pulling my legs back, my pussy spread naturally, and I felt a tear of fluid spill out and roll down my ass. It felt like I was about to cum just from his empty eyes watching me. I slipped two fingers inside with such ease; the wet sounds clicking in the silence of my prep room. I made the cutest moans for him. I just know he loved the sound.

I pumped my fingers into my pussy. It wasn't long before I was contracting around them and squirting across the tile floor. I pushed hard, trying to reach his handsome face just to see if I could, but the spray fell short of the steel table he was on. The idea of cumming on him kept my fingers buried inside my pussy, swirling and pumping my way to another orgasm. I knew I wouldn't squirt as much as the first time, but I still hoped. Instead, it poured out of me and down my chair. The high that I felt after that, fuck... it was even better than the first time I masturbated to the thought of the car crash guy.

"Anyway, it was all downhill from there," I said as I cleaned off a man's thick fingers, stiff with rigor mortis. I slipped my pants and panties off before putting one foot up on the steel prep table between the cleaned hand and his torso. "What was it like for you growing up?" I asked as I helped him find my corpse-hungry cunt.

Chapter 3

Osiris

The sounds of rats squeaking as they chew through the dead girl on the floor of my basement is the perfect white noise for coming up with new haunted house ideas.

Every year since I killed Father, which has been about ten years now, I put together an extreme haunted house. It's open one weekend a year and is only found by word of mouth. No advertisement. No promotion. Can't have too many eyes on what it is I do there. That'd be bad for business.

There are many haunts that do an extreme night or weekend. These are the types of events that require people to sign liability waivers, surrender their cell phones and recording devices, and be given a safe word. At places like that, they might grab your hat off your head, tie you to a fence, rub a bladeless chainsaw on your legs, or stuff fake bugs in your pockets and down your shirt. Those are good for a quick thrill and a laugh. My haunt changes people. The ones that survive, that is.

There is no waiver, no safe word, and no warning at my haunt. The extreme gore, the blood, the torture, the death, the sex, it's all real. Guests who make it through my haunt and leave aren't aware that I allowed them to do so. They are the ones who pass on the stories. Enough people make it through, so their stories sound reasonable, but few enough that most think it's just an urban legend.

I can hear the rats getting louder as I scribble down ideas at my desk. My babies are hungry and must have eaten most of the girl's insides by now. I get up from the desk and grab a carrot from their tote of food. Stepping in front of the corpse, I look down at her contorted face, a reflection of pure pain. With her mouth and eyes wide open, I smile at her last moments of life that have been frozen by death. She was cute, too. I take a bite of the carrot and then place the rest of it on her dry, discolored tongue. I hear scurrying inside her chest as the rats fight over which one will get the snack. Her throat swells as I watch the winner climb its way up. Claws tearing at the meat and arteries as it struggles to climb the length of her neck. I see the carrot move slightly, signifying that its little hands are at the other end. Then I see it slowly disappear. Her throat expands again as the rat retrieves its snack, pulling it toward the others waiting in her hollowed gut. A low growl rumbles through my chest... I need to fuck something.

Looking around the workshop that is my basement, I take inventory of the bodies I currently have on hand. Some corpses are from last year; I'll set those up as props. I use some of the fresher ones, like Bucket Girl, to test out new ideas. I palm my cock through my pants as I examine all the rotting bodies, trying to figure out which one will be my cum dumpster. Some are too old, too decayed. Some are too mutilated. The prettiest one has an unusable cunt full of glass. I may or may not have fucked her with a fluorescent light bulb, stomping on her uterus until it shattered, only to repeat the process over and over until the bulb was gone. It was a fun little magic trick. Needless to say, I'm not shoving my dick in a pussy filled with shattered glass.

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My eyes return to Bucket Girl. "Well, sweetheart, looks like it's you and me." It's fine. It could also be kinda fun because I don't know how much of her insides have been consumed by the rats. I grab her ankles and slowly pull her away from the wall she's leaning against until she's lying flat. I hear my babies scurrying around at the shift of their new home as I pull her pants down and off. Rigor mortis is setting in, so spreading and moving her legs is a bit of a challenge.

Crackles and pops bounce off the concrete walls as I use my strength to force her legs out of my way. Her dead pussy is on display for me as I pull my cock out and stroke it a few times to regain its firmness. Pressing my tip to her hole, I begin pushing into her entrance. It's so tight from the rigor that it's hard to get my meaty cock in it. Spitting on her, in hopes that the saliva will provide enough lubrication to allow me entry, I'm able to get about halfway in. It feels like her insides were put through a blender and poured back into her body. With my hands pressing down on the bucket to hold her in place, I force more of my cock into her room-temperature cunt, feeling the sides of her entrance tear to accommodate my girth. I growl with pleasure as I fill her with my length. That's when I hear and feel the shaking movement of the babies scurrying toward me. Ugh. I can't fuck this girl to completion without risking the rats thinking my cock is another snack. I pull myself from her with a frustrated sigh. I need to fuck something living.

I grab some paper towels that I have next to the sink. With a smirk, I wipe the blood and bits of viscera from my dick before stuffing it back into my pants. Sitting Bucket Girl back up, I whisper to her womb, "Daddy will be back, babies. I have grown-up stuff to do." I kiss the bucket and head out the door.

Walking down streets I've never been down before, I keep my eyes peeled for any

potential fuck toys. It's a beautiful night, so I'm bound to find some sweaty jogger, or someone walking a dog, or...wait... does that license plate say hearse?

I stop next to a tree growing just on the edge of the sidewalk as I look at the black minivan parked two houses down. Hazard lights flash, intermittently illuminating the darkness around me. I hear voices.

"The funeral director will be calling you in the morning. If you have any more questions, he'll be able to help you. Again, I'm so sorry for your loss. Try to get some rest tonight, ok? Take care," a woman's voice says. She sounds young... and cute. I wait and watch.

Emerging from the bushes, I watch as a metal stretcher rolls into view. It has a maroon zipped-up cover, providing discretion for its contents. A freshly deceased body. I smile at the loss of life. Just as the smile reaches its full arc upon my face, the beautiful girl pushing the stretcher steps into view. The hazard lights illuminate my presence, and she glances over. She sees me. I don't know why that surprises me since I'm only a few feet away. Once her eyes are able to read my face in the blinking lights, it feels like she is looking straight into my soul. We both stand frozen like the corpse on her stretcher. My smile stays, and I watch as she fits a smile onto her face as well.

"Is everything ok?" The old man snuffles, breaking the trance between the two of us. "Oh, yes... sorry. I'm sorry again. Ah... we'll give you a call in the morning," the woman says, clearly flustered as she opens the back of the minivan. She pulls down a small ramp and maneuvers the stretcher in with absolute grace and perfection. Why watching her slide that body in, the metal sounds as the stretcher collapsed, and the click of it locking into place makes my dick so fucking hard; why, I have no idea. I just hope she looks back and can see it in the blinking lights.

She closes the door and starts to walk around toward the driver's side. I don't miss her

glance back in my direction and the quick little lip bite as she turns the corner of the van and disappears into it. The hazards turn off as the tail lights come on with the ignition of the van. I watch, still leaning against the tree. She carefully does a U-turn and slowly drives past me in the opposite direction the van was parked. I was hoping to catch one more glance from her, but I can tell she is intentionally keeping her eyes fixed on the road. I can't help but notice the white decal on the back window. Marazzo Funeral Home. Looks like I may have just found my pretty, new, living cum dumpster.

Chapter 4

Lillith

I got the death call right as I was about to turn the lights out in my prep room and head upstairs for the night. My dad really needs to hire a couple removal techs to go out and pick up these decedents. Right now, it's just him and I doing pickups. We aren't super busy, but death always seems to call at the most inconvenient times. Rude.

After getting all the details from the newly widowed husband over the phone, I grab the removal van keys from the office and go out to make sure I have my supplies. My dad and I normally go on house calls together because you don't always know what you're walking into. Most houses have stairs that make it impossible for only one person to navigate safely. This removal, however, was going to be easy peasy. The husband let me know over the phone that the home had a handicap accessibility ramp, no stairs, one floor, and his wife was an elderly woman who weighed about ninety pounds. So Dad stayed home, and I went out to do the pickup.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about this removal. The saddened widow chokes back tears as he tells me how long he and his wife were together, what she was like, and how many kids and grandkids they have. This kind of work often offers you a glimpse into the person's life. It's therapeutic for the family to talk about all the

good times right after a loved one's passing, and we're usually the first people that they're in contact with when it happens. I put on my sympathetic act and listen to the stories as they make their very, very brief appearance in my brain, traveling in one ear and out the other.

I wrap the lady up in the bed sheet that she died on, snug as a bug. Similar to how you would swaddle a baby, but covering their face... and the people I swaddle are dead. I mean, unless it was a dead baby you were picking up. That got dark. Anyway, once she's wrapped, I line up my stretcher along the side of her bed and reach across. One hand near her shoulder, the other below her butt, I grip the sheet and pull her dead weight toward me. Her frail body slides across the bed and onto the cot with ease. I like easy removals like this.

The husband steps out of the room for the last part. Most families do. Something about watching their loved one being buckled in, the noise from the loud zipper on the maroon cover in particular, can give some people nightmares.

As I'm wheeling the woman outside, I offer my condolences again. He's a sweet old man. I have no doubt I'll be back here soon to grab him up, too. As I approach the back of my van, I get an overwhelming sensation that I'm being watched. Despite it being a warm fall evening, I sense a dark energy in the air, causing shivers to trickle down my spine. I slowly turn my head toward the dark road behind my van and sure enough, there's a man leaning against a tree, just... watching me. The blinking of my hazard lights gives me brief glimpses of the man's face. He's just standing there, smiling at me. My gut twists in fear like I'm about to be devoured by some vicious predator. Imagine my surprise when my clit tingles as we make eye contact. Excuse me, ma'am, but that is a scary stranger smiling at us in the dark. What is happening?

I smile back and immediately feel myself getting wet. When I hear the old man calling to me, asking if everything is ok, I shake my head, mumble the same condolences I already offered, and load the woman into the van. I glance back at the

tree as I make my way toward the driver's side and he's still there, smiling with a cute, psychotic smile that's barely visible in the dark. Just watching. His eyes never leave me.

Once I'm behind the wheel of the van, I start it up and take a deep breath. "Should we drive past him so he sees where we work?" I ask the dead body neatly wrapped up on my stretcher behind me. "Yeah, I think so too."

I turn the van around and drive by slowly, knowing full well that I'm now traveling in the opposite direction of where I need to go. I'm scared, but at the same time, I'm hoping he'll take notice of the name of my funeral home on the back window and come find me. I keep my eyes on the road as I drive past him. I hold my breath until I turn off of the side street. Who is this mysterious man, and why the fuck am I soaking my panties for him? I can't even remember the last living person that's made me this wet.

Pulling into the funeral home, I unload my decedent and head inside. Dad is already in my prep room with another body. "We got another call while you were out. It was just down the street, so I grabbed it. That way you didn't have to make more than one stop," my father says with a grin before putting his arm around my shoulders and kissing the top of my head. "I am, however, going to let you do the check-in for me," he says with a face that looks like he's bracing himself for a smack upside the head.

I look at who he brought in. A handsome 39-year-old man with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. By the looks of it, it was a small caliber. My panties just can't catch a break tonight, huh? "Sure, Dad, I'll take care of them. Have a good night."

"You're the best, Lilly Bean. Love you." He kisses the top of my head again before walking out. God, I fucking hate that nickname.

I quickly process the old woman I had taken into my care first. I scribble down her chain of custody and initial condition analysis forms before transferring her from my stretcher to one of the steel tables used for embalming and push her into the cooler. I take a quick peek outside the prep room door to make sure Dad has gone, standing still with the door cracked open and my ear to the hallway. The pounding of my heart in my chest is all I can hear. Coast is clear.

I turn some of the lights off so it's dim and dark as I walk over to the other dead body. Dad already put him on a table for me so there isn't much to do... professionally. Biting my lip, I lightly trace my fingers along his hand and up his arm. "Sir, was that you staring at me outside tonight?" I ask the lifeless man on my table. His clothes have already been removed. There's just a white sheet covering him from the waist down. I giggle.

"I saw you, ya know... staring at me. I thought you were pretty cute, too," I flirtatiously banter with him as my hand glides up his neck. "Oh... did you kill yourself just for me?" I glide my middle finger up the side of his face and make soft swirling circles around the entry wound on the side of his head. "How romantic. You wanted to see me so badly you took your own life just so you could be naked on my table." I whimper as I keep swirling my finger, gently letting the pad dip into the bullet hole just a little. "Do you like the way that feels?" I lean in closer to his ear and whisper, "This is how I'm going to touch my pussy for you. Do you wanna watch?"

I walk to the sink, dampen a hand towel, and go back to my new friend. Peeling back the sheet, I gently wash his limp cock and balls. "Very nice sir... great length, cut. You even kept your pubes trimmed and balls shaved. I bet I'm not the only person who appreciates that." I giggle as I pat him dry.

I stare at his cock. Closing my eyes, I picture the man I saw in the darkness and his smile. My thumb gently petting the length of his flaccid penis, I lick my lips and look up at his face. "Ya know... I've never done this before. Well, I have done some of

this, but not..." It's something I've always wanted to do but could never bring myself to try. Until now. The raging horny inferno in my chest has me ready to do literally every disgusting thing that's ever crossed my mind. I lean down, peel his cock off his balls so it's pointing up at my face, open my mouth, and guide him inside.

Even though it's room temperature, the soft, squishy flesh feels cold. A living body is so much warmer than this, so the fact that I can immediately tell the dick in my mouth is owned by a corpse has my pussy leaking like a faucet. I slowly bob my head up and down, wrapping my index finger and thumb tightly around the base to keep it from flopping away from me. Using my other hand, I eagerly undo my pants and strip them down. The cool air hits the hot arousal that's now coating my labia, making goosebumps travel down my legs. My nipples harden instantly as I whimper around him. I wish so much that his dead cock would get hard in my mouth. I want to gag on his dick in the worst fucking way.

I pull my mouth away, leaving it slick with my saliva, and finish taking my pants off. With just a step or two, I'm next to his face. I pull his eyelids open and tilt his head toward me. "Look." I spread my cunt. "Look what you did to me. First from watching me work, to the most romantic gesture anyone has ever done for me. I've gotten flowers before, but nobody has killed themselves just to be with me. Oh, did you like what I did with your cock? I don't have a ton of experience, but... yeah? You liked it?" I giggle, my voice the only one in the room. "Well... I think it's only fair since I tasted you, and I'm only this wet because of you, that you get a taste of me," I say bashfully as I take my middle and ring finger on my right hand and bury them into my sopping wet pussy, giving them a gentle swirl that makes my breath catch before pulling them out. "Open wide," I tell him as I take my dry hand and press down on his chin, opening his mouth.

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A little bit of blood and some purge seep out as my slick fingers glide down his dry tongue to the back of his throat. I press down as I retract my fingers, making sure I wipe as much of me off in his mouth as I can. Still seeing a little bubbly wetness on the sides of my fingers, I gently twist and coat each of his lips with what remains.

I moan as I reach for a head block to prop his head up high. Normally, these are just used to keep blood from pooling into the face when prepping a body for a viewing or an open casket service. It's a nightmare if a person's head and face are dark purple from the livor mortis.

With his head in the proper position, I climb onto the table with him. I swing one leg over his torso so my cunt and asshole are on full display for him. Knowing that he's watching me has me dripping. "Is the view okay, baby boy? Is this what you were hoping you'd see? Mmm.... maybe you should touch it. Would you like that?" I flirt.

Reaching between my legs, I grab his heavy, dead arm and pull it toward my center. He is in the perfect state of rigor where he's not so stiff that I can't move him, but stiff enough that I can fuck his fingers without them bending and slipping out. My perfect man.

I rest my breasts on his upper thighs as I push my ass into the air. Taking his fingers, I trace my folds and puffy, warm flesh, lathering his cold fingers with my juices. I pull on his hand and help his fingers enter my greedy cunt, whimpering for him to keep watching me. Pushing back, my grip tightens around his wrist as I work his fingers to get me closer to the orgasm that's been taunting me all night. "Harder," I plead with the dead man under me. "I need more."

I grind on his dead fingers until they finally fuck me right over the edge. My asshole pushes open a little as I force my orgasm out around his lifeless fingers. Splashes of squirt hit his bare chest and drip down the steel table, emptying out onto the floor from the drainage hole at the bottom.

"That was the best fucking orgasm I've ever had, good sir. Thank you," I tell him as I slide off his corpse. I know this isn't the man from earlier. I know I'm a bit delusional, but I don't fucking care. I love it. I pull my pants back on, finish his check-in paperwork, and place him in the cooler with the others.

Chapter 5

Osiris

My mind hasn't been able to stop thinking about that girl since seeing her the other day. I thought about following her back and removing her body from the funeral home just to bring her to my personal morgue I keep downstairs, but there was something different about her. There was a darkness in those eyes that I saw in my own. Something that I was very much intrigued by and wanted to explore more beyond just a quick kill and fill.

Currently sitting in my workshop, I slowly caress a wooden lockbox with my thumb before placing it back on the shelf. Muffled cries can be heard from the naked woman I procured for tonight's sexperiment. This will not only test out my new torture death device, but I'll also be able to release this load I've had in my balls. The load that's been building, aching for days. I didn't want to waste it on my pathetic hand. I needed to find someone who resembled her; My Little Corpse Queen. This poor girl was just out for a morning run and now look at her.

I grin as I walk over to where she's sitting on the cold concrete floor, just below where she'll soon be suspended in the air. Her head is in a locked box made of a metal

frame and plexiglass walls. Lining the cutout for her neck are razor blades that are bolted on two spring-loaded arms. One pushes one way, and the other pushes the opposite - bearing a slight resemblance to a cigar cutter. Her arms are tied behind her back with rope, weaving from her elbows down to her wrists. Her legs are pulled up and tied under her knees to her chest. The cable attached to the top of the box is currently loose. She's already felt the pain of those razor blades on her throat from trying to squirm, so now she's sitting perfectly still, crying into the box and watching my every move.

Her flesh is textured with goosebumps, and I can see her chest heaving more rapidly as she watches me. Stepping beside her, where the cable goes up and over the pulley fork and down to a wheel. I grab the handle and turn, immediately removing all the slack in the cable and applying pressure on her throat. Gasps and whimpers fill the air as the razor blades scrape her skin.

"Do your best to stay still for now. Those blades are very, painfully sharp," I hissed with a grin as I crank. Once I get her to the perfect height off the ground, I lock the wheel in place. I reach up and begin screwing the metal brackets hanging from the pulley fork into each side of the box her head is in, rendering it completely stationary.

Basking in the joy of seeing her hang by her head, I step in front of her and let her watch as I unbuckle my belt, her eyes widening as my hands move to the button and zipper of my pants. Thin streams of burgundy slowly glide down her smooth, naked flesh. I strip my pants and underwear off, letting her watch me as I palm my cock and stroke it slowly, groaning as it hardens from what I know is about to happen.

I inch closer, pressing the tip of my cock between her thighs that are tied tight and pressed together. I place my hands on either side of the plexiglass case as I lean in and lightly bump my forehead to it, closing my eyes. "Thank you for being so obedient. I could tell you wanted to be here with me the first time we made eye contact outside of that old man's house. You looked so beautiful as you pushed that

dead body into the back of your van. Are you someone like me? Someone who likes to play with dead people?" I bite my bottom lip and growl. "I hope you like my cock, my Little Corpse Queen. I hope you like it just as much as I know I'm going to love your asshole." I place a kiss on the glass and let go of the box.

Confused cries are lost on my ears. Groans of uncertainty, like I made a mistake and I have the wrong girl, spill out of her mouth. There's almost hope in her voice, which makes my cock even harder. Sliding to the floor, the cold cement is quite the temperature shock against my ass cheeks as I get into place. I could fuck her pussy, but with the angle her legs are at, it just wouldn't work for what I'm about to do. Reaching around to her lower back and pulling her forward slightly, I point my cock forward, shuffling closer until the tip is against her clenched asshole. Spitting several times in my hand, I smear it around her hole, then wipe what's left on my dick as I press the head into her. I feel her push, showing her resistance. I use that opportunity to shift and thrust up inside her, forcing that tight hole to stretch around my girth. She pushes again, and this time I feel the mess inside her asshole pressing against my cock. A stream of piss blasts against my stomach and splatters up my shirt to my face. I chuckle.

"If you think peeing and shitting on me is gonna turn me off, you're so fucking wrong. Quite the opposite, actually." I moan at the sudden warmth in her ass. The presence of it just makes it even more tight inside of her. "Maybe you haven't looked around my workshop, but I'm actually quite fond of messes," growling as I press my hips up, burying my cock all the way inside her ass. Her hole is undoubtedly on fire with how much it's being forced open without any kind of warmup. My hips are holding the weight of her body, relieving the pressure from her throat so she can take a few deep breaths. "I really hope you cum before you die. I know I will."

Dropping my hips fast, her body slumps down and the box catches her by the head. She screams in pain, which has to be deafeningly loud inside that enclosure. Thicker streams of crimson race down her neck and over her collarbone from the razors

cutting into her flesh. It's time.

I begin fucking her shit-filled ass, pumping up into her with brutal force. spurts of piss fire out from her cunt as I wreak havoc on her hole. With her hips in my hands, I begin to turn her, starting slow as I spin her on my cock, seeing the contents of what's inside her ass around the base as I glide in and out. Judging by her screams, the razors are cutting deeper into her throat. My cock throbs. I spin her faster as the springs press the blades further into her throat. I can feel myself getting closer to cumming.

Her asshole flexes around me, clenching and pushing as the razors begin to work their magic. I feel my balls start to retract, hammering my filthy cock up into her shithole as her screams turn into gargles. Round and round as the blades sever her vocal cords until no more sound comes out. My cum rushes up my shaft like molten lava, ready to mix with the gifts she's made me in her ass. I growl a guttural sound that's more animal than man as I cum deep within, continuing to spin her as the last of my orgasm spurts until the razors finally meet inside her neck, and her body drops onto me.

Her headless body flops forward onto my chest, plucking my cock out of her demolished ass. The veins in her throat spurt rivers of rubies onto my face. I blink through the blood and smile as I try to slow my breathing back to a normal pace. Gliding my fingertips down her back, I look up at the box. Her severed head is leaning forward with dead, lidded eyes watching as I caress her body. My soiled fingertips drag up and down her damp, blood-speckled skin so gently. As I feel the final twitches of her nerves dying off, I whisper, "Soon, my Little Corpse Queen. We will be together soon."

Chapter 6

Lillith

Humming to the music playing in my earbuds, I put the finishing touches on the body I'm working on. I don't always listen to music, but I have been so distracted lately by that man I saw that I'm hoping it'll keep my mind from wandering back to him. I'm a little sad that he hasn't even come to find me. Forcing my attention back to the man who had an unfortunate run-in with a train, I go back to work. The family was adamant that they wanted to view him. Luckily, his head wasn't too badly destroyed. His left arm from the elbow down is no longer attached, and both legs look like they were twisted far beyond normal. It's a good thing that his body will only be visible from the shoulders up during the viewing. Generally speaking, when someone gets hit by a train, there is very little left to put back together, so I'd consider this guy lucky. I did have to cut open his head and rebuild his skull, as it was completely shattered inside, like a bag full of crushed seashells. But I'm very good at my craft, and you could never tell.

Suddenly, my music is interrupted by a phone call. I glance over and see that Scarlett is calling. She's kind of the leader of my small group of friends. As social outcasts growing up, we banded together. We were close for a long time until someone told me that they all talked shit about me behind my back. Apparently, they only hung out with me because I have money, and they know I'm good to pick up the tab. I don't love going out, but occasionally, being among the living is nice. Picking up the check is a small price to pay to maintain my sanity. It's just money. When you see death as often as I do, people of all ages, from newborns to the elderly, you see how fragile and how fast life can be. How insignificant and meaningless it really is. Some days I plant my ass in my bed alone, watching TV until I pass out. Some days, it gets me to put on clothes and go out somewhere. Today, I feel like going out.

"Hey bitch, what are you up to?" Scarlett says with a sultry, dry tone. She's like me: dry, dark, and depressing. Except she has a much higher tolerance for living humans and socializing.

"Just finishing up with a decedent. The guy that got hit by a train the other day. His

family wants to see him one last time, so I have to make him look... less dead," Itell her, stepping back to examine my work before putting my tools away.

"Hot. Anyway, we're all headed to Jack and Sally's for some drinks. You down?" she asks. I know as soon as I agree, she's going to ask me to pay for her, which means I'll be paying for everyone.

"Hmm." I ponder as if I have anything else to do. "Yeah, I'm in. Gimme an hour to clean up here and get ready. I'll text you when I'm heading out." I almost want to hang up before she can ask.

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"Okay, awesome. Also, I..." she pauses. I know what she's going to say, and I could tell her I'll cover her, but I want her to say it out loud. If I'm going to pay, then she can feel uncomfortable and ask. "... I'm pretty low on cash. Do you mind covering me? I can pay you back next week, I promise," she lies. You know how many times I've heard that?

I audibly sigh. "Yeah, that's fine. It's been a busy few weeks so I've got some extra cash. No worries." I changed my mind. I really hate that I have to buy my friends.

After cleaning up the prep room and showering to get the smell of death off me, I get dressed and head out to my car. I text Scarlett that I'm on my way to pick her up. She tells me that Rob, Shawn, and Alex are also at her place and ready to go. "Yay," I think with an eye roll.

The sun has just slipped below the horizon, its last flickers of orange and yellow light visible in between the trees as I drive down the wooded back roads to her house. Sunset is so beautiful. Beautiful in the sense that I just love watching the whole world get swallowed up by darkness, and there's not a fucking thing anyone can do about it. Reminds me that we aren't in control of anything that's actually important in our blip of an existence on this rock.

Shaking me from my thoughts, I pull up to Scarlett's house. I watch as they all pile in before heading to the bar. The car ride is irritating and makes me regret saying yes. Everyone was talking and laughing so loud about things I wasn't involved in or about people I didn't know. I feel like the mom driving a group of kids to the mall. I should be home knuckle deep in my own cunt thinking about that dark, mysterious stranger I saw watching me last week. I smirk at the thought and then quickly wipe it from my

face. The last thing I want is for anyone to see me smile.

We pull up to the bar and head inside. There's a decent-sized crowd of people here tonight, which, if I'm being honest, disappoints me. I was really hoping for a low-key night. Whenever there are this many people, I'm either saving a friend from sexual advances or fighting off my own. I love sex and very much wouldn't mind getting fucked, but I can promise you now there's not a single man in here that's going to be the one getting inside my pants tonight. The type of man I want to fuck me doesn't hang out at a place like this. He's more likely to... hang out in the shadows on a dark side street. No. Stop it, Lillith. You can't think about him here.

About an hour in, I am still sipping on my first drink while my friends are losing count. All on my tab, by the way. I stifle my annoyance by shooting the remainder of the fiery liquid in my cup just as I feel an undesirable presence next to me. I place my glass on the counter with a sigh as I turn with a glare. Yup. Douchebag.

His eyes are so glazed over I can barely tell what color they are with the light reflecting off the shine. "Hey, pretty girl. What are ya... did you dr... can I buy you another round?" His drunken slur was almost unintelligible.

"No, thanks. I'm good. Have a good night," I said coldly, turning my head to face my friends who have since claimed the corner of the bar a few seats down from me. I could still smell his breath as it wrapped around me like it was hunting for my nose. Making sure I knew he was still there. My stomach started to twist into a knot. This guy was going to be trouble.

"Oh... ok. Well, hey, listen... I got something I wanna show you..." he mumbles, a little blip of excitement in his voice. I don't turn around, hoping that if I pretend that I didn't hear him that he would just fuck off and bother someone else. My hopes are quickly shattered as he taps me on the shoulder. "Hey... pretty girl..." Continuously tapping, a bit harder each time. "Hey, I'm fucking talking to you." He slurred with a

bit of irritation in his tone.

I spin around. "What?" I snap. "Look buddy, I'm sure you're lovely and you have the best intentions but I'm really not..." His smile was disgusting. His teeth look like they haven't been brushed in months. The foul smell that I thought was just whatever he was drinking is clearly a combination of that and rot. Fuck, how I would love to sew his mouth shut. I start picturing the process until I see him glance down a couple times. My eyes follow his and he is tilting his phone toward me. On it is a picture. A picture of a hairy, unkept, almost dirty-looking cock. The type of cock that looks like it just slithered out of the ocean or from under a wet rock. I physically gag.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ! That's the grossest thing I've ever seen. Really, dude?" My words filled with rage as I gag at the sight. "I know guys can't help themselves from sending dick pics to anyone who responds to them, but you really kicked it up a notch, didn't you?" I scoff, utterly amazed at the literal fucking audacity of this man. "You didn't even try to get my number. You're really just kicking things off in person with the dick pic? God that's horrendous." I slap his phone out of his hand as his mouth gapes open at my response. I quickly get up from my seat and walk over to my group of friends, careful not to keep my back to him this time.

"Guys, can we get the fuck out of here? This creep was just hitting on me at the bar and..." I try to say, but I'm cut off.

"Girl, just fuck him. You haven't gotten any dick in a while and trust me, you could use the release," Alex says. The rest of my friends laugh or give an agreeable head nod.

"I'm not going to fuck him. He just showed me his dick on his phone and it was disgusting." I wince at the unfortunate visual that's not engraved in my brain. "Not that I would've swooned and pulled him into the bathroom if it wasn't. God, what the fuck is wrong with people? Can we please leave?" I try again, ignoring the disrespect.

"Disgusting? That's funny coming from a girl who plays with dead bodies all day," Rob chimes in. I glare at him, and he shifts his eyes back to his drink.

It's painfully clear my friends don't have my back. "Well, I'm out. Call me when you're done and I'll order an Uber to bring you back to Scar's house." I spit out with an eye roll. The mix of 'thank-you's' and Alex mumbling 'she should just go fuck him' bounce around the group as I walk away, passing 'Dick Pic' at the bar.

The air outside has a chill in it that even the little bit of alcohol in my belly can't really combat. It makes me kind of wish I had a little more to drink.

I march down the dark street, thinking about how painfully obvious it is that my "friends" don't give a fuck about me. I'm also annoyed at how far away we had to park. The city sucks for on-street parking, so now I have to walk my ass all the fucking way...

My train of thought is abruptly interrupted by the sudden presence of hands on me. One around my waist and the other covering my mouth as I'm forcefully dragged in between two buildings. The businesses in each are closed by now, so it is unlikely that anyone would see me getting pulled down here.

The side of my face is slammed against the brick and a burning ache radiates through my skull, all thoughts are now replaced with a ringing in my ear from the impact. Suddenly, a familiar voice whispers in my other ear as I feel my pants being pulled down under my ass.

"Disgusting, huh? That's not very lady-like, you fuckin' cunt." the drunken voice grits out. "How about I rape some fucking manners into your disrespectful ass? Hmm? Are your eyes open? Can you see that nobody is coming to save you?" His sinister voice dips with a laugh. "I bought your friends another round of drinks, so don't expect them to come to your rescue." My jaw hurts from how hard I'm clenching my teeth. I

have never felt my heart beat so hard in my life and all I want to do is scream and puke and cry, but it's like all three are just stuck in my throat.

I feel his horrible cock on my bare ass. It isn't hard enough to penetrate despite him trying to push it between my clenched ass cheeks. I can hear him grumping and spitting swears as he leans his forearm harder against the back of my neck, keeping me pinned to the brick while he fists his cock. Working hard at trying to get himself stiff enough to rape me. This may be the only moment I have. I won't be a fucking victim.

I swallow my tears, nausea, and panic for the briefest of moments. It's all I need to shift my hips to one side, grab him by the nuts, and squeeze. His forearm falls from my neck and I'm able to turn toward him, twisting his nuts with my movement. His hands wrap around my arm, and I let go just to fire my knee up between his legs. The bone of my kneecap connects with the wretched organ hanging between his legs. He crumbles to the ground.

"You fucking whore! You cunt! I will fucking kill you for this, Lillith," he says and my heart practically stops. He laughs through his agony. "That's right. Your friends are really chatty when someone buys them a drink. I'll come visit the funeral home some night and finish what I started." He winces at the pain. "You'll never be safe again you little cunt. EVER."

He's probably right. If I walk away right now, I'll be looking over my shoulder for this piece of shit for the rest of my life.

I hear a noise down the alley like someone kicked a can. It's so dark, but I swear I can see the outline of a person in the distance. Is it him? The man I can't stop thinking about? What would he do in a situation like this? A sudden calmness washes over me as the realization of what I have to do flashes before my eyes from beginning to end. It's beautiful.

I reach into my bag and pull out a little spray bottle. I couldn't use it before because of the way he had me pinned, but I keep a small bottle filled with the cavity fluid Dri-Cav, for self-defense. We use it when we are embalming someone. Regular embalming fluid is only 21-30% index, which is the percentage of formaldehyde. That's enough to cause severe eye irritation and potentially blind someone. But cavity fluid is 50%. This will almost instantly blind someone, and the burning would be absolutely excruciating. Plus, if ingested, even one fluid ounce is enough to cause a quick but agonizing death. I have two ounces in my hand right now.

I squat down next to the filthy man, still clenching his balls and smiling at me like he's successfully planted the seed of fear into my soul. I smile. "You're right. I have no doubt that you'll come find me. Maybe you won't be as drunk so you can actually get that nasty dick hard." I giggle and the smile fades from his face. "I guess I better make sure that doesn't happen then, huh?" I say mockingly, with a little more life in my voice.

I point the spray bottle at his eyes and pump a few times. As soon as the liquid touches his eyes, his hands shoot up and start rubbing them, massaging the poison in deeper. His agonizing cries get so intense that he practically falls silent. His mouth is wide as he tries to push his cries out of his throat to no avail. Good boy. I move so that his head is now between my thighs, my knees butting against each shoulder. I slip my purse strap under his chin and leave it there for a second. He is in such agony that he has absolutely no idea what's happening. I unscrew the cap and pour the contents of the bottle directly into his mouth as I hold his head straight with my thighs. His hands slam down onto the cold pavement that his body lies on, exposing to me the red, irritated, burned eyes that are underneath. I quickly grab the strap of my bag with both hands and pull, forcing his mouth shut so he can't spit out the fluid, my knees on his shoulders providing leverage. It only takes a few moments before he starts convulsing, the poison quickly doing what I wanted it to.

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I let go and stand, looking down at his burned and blind eyes. There's no way to know if he can even see me, but I hope he can. I hope he can see the smile on my face as the frantic clawing at his throat starts to slow down. As the little light in this alley begins to darken, I stand there and watch.

My eyes never leave him.

I think about how I'll go get my van and do this removal. The way I'll drag his corpse onto my stretcher and watch him disappear beneath the cover as I zip it shut. How I'll bring him into my prep room for dismemberment.

My eyes never leave him.

I watch as foamy, bloody purge spills from the corners of his mouth as his hands slide off his throat and back to the ground. Thinking about how I will hide pieces of him in the next couple of cremations we do until there is nothing left. No trace. No one will miss him. Not a person like this. He lies still now, no breathing, no movement. This was the first time I have ever caused a death.

My eyes never leave him.

Chapter 7

Osiris

I've been following my Little Corpse Queen for weeks. She doesn't go out on many pickups. Half the time, it's an older guy that I assume is her dad based on the multiple

interactions I've witnessed from the shadows. I've also noticed how she winces when he calls her 'Lilly Bean', but doesn't correct him or express her distaste for the name, leading me to believe he's not just some random coworker. The few she's done have been busy hospitals or nursing homes. Sometimes, the families follow her out to the black minivan and watch her load their dead loved ones into the back. Other times, it's just a security guard in the back of a hospital next to the big blue dumpsters. Why is the morgue almost always located near the dumpsters? I'll have to ask her that when I finally get her alone. Yeah... who am I kidding? The only thing I'll be asking her is which hole she wants me to rage fuck my cum into.

I sit outside her funeral home, parked in my slightly beat-up used car that I picked up when I got into this town. I like to have some means of transportation. One that blends in and is very unassuming. I sit idling, lights out, window down, fidgeting with the black rubber gasket that the window glass slides between, patiently waiting. The cool fall air glides across the flesh of my hand on its way into the car, reminding me that the season is rapidly changing.

The garage door opens, and out comes the van. It's time. I watch as she pulls out, using her blinker with every turn. I like to think that she hopes I am following her, so she makes sure to use proper turn signals so I can follow with ease. She's such a good girl for me.

We arrive on a dark side street. My heart races because, well, this is it. This is what I have been waiting for. As long as no family comes out and watches her leave. I don't love that there is a police car outside, though. The police and I aren't really the best of friends. At least we won't be if I ever get caught. I smirk at the idea of being found out and the absolute carnage I would create before they kill me. I can't fucking wait to die. But until then, I will be the one bringing death. And many glorious and painful orgasms to this pretty little girl.

She comes out of the house with her stretcher, carrying a body under the maroon

cover. She stops at the back of her van and glances in my direction. My car is off and parked in between street lights, so it should look like any other car parked along the road. She exchanges words with the cop before he walks to his cruiser and pulls out. As she opens the back of her van, I open my door. She slides the stretcher inside, and when she does, I take that opportunity to close my door, the noise from the metal clanking in the back of her van disguising the sound. She is moving much slower than normal. A smirk tugs at the corner of my mouth as I get closer, watching her almost shrink in size as I approach. I didn't realize how much smaller than me she was until this moment.

She slams the back door of the van down and is immediately frozen. In the reflection of the glass, she sees me standing less than two feet behind her. Sneaking up on her may not have been the best idea, but it's how I'm used to making my presence known. I'm not really skilled in the ways of a normal introduction. She slowly turns until she's facing me, her head tilted up to see my face. My dark gaze, filled with nothing but lust, bore down into her glassy, pleading eyes.

I open my mouth to speak but the words are devoured before they leave my lips. Her arms are immediately wrapped around my neck, pulling me down as her lips crash against mine. The ferocity in which she kisses me is like nothing I have ever felt. Then again, I haven't kissed a consenting partner in...

Her tongue assaults mine. If a mouth could have an orgasm, I imagine this is what it would feel like. Her mouth cumming into mine, saliva splashing back and forth not knowing if it's hers or mine. I slip my hands under her arms and lift her off the ground as I bring my leg up between hers. Placing my foot on the bumper of her van, I sit her on my knee and let gravity pull her weight, slowly sliding her way up my defined thigh muscle until her dampening pussy is at the peak. She whimpers and digs her nails into my shoulders, still refusing to break the kiss. I think if she so much as stroked a single finger down my cock, I would be cumming into my underwear instantly.

She finally pulls away, looking into my dead hazel eyes with her sparkly ones. There is a darkness in hers too, one that I have only ever seen in my own growing up. But I don't want to think about that right now I just want her.

"What took you so long? You had me thinking you weren't even real for a minute," she says, still catching her breath from the surge of endorphins during our passionate kiss.

"Maybe I'm not real," I say with a smirk. "But let's say I am. What would you want to do with me?" I growl the words, and I feel her thighs clench around mine. I can read her like a fucking book.

"I would put you in my van and take you back with me," she says. I can hear the nerves in her voice, wondering if that was too far. "Please?" she adds.

I put her down and smile, walking to the passenger side of the van before she moves an inch. I open the door and get in. This might be the first time I'm in the presence of a body that didn't die because of me or Father. I glance back at her still standing behind the van, brushing her hair with her fingers, taking a few deep breaths before turning and coming around the side to her door. She looks at me through the glass, like she's making sure that I'm real. The fact that this confirms just how much she's been thinking of me, maybe as much as I have her, makes my cock harder than any dead woman could.

We drive all the way back to the funeral home in silence, occasionally stealing glances at each other. I catch her biting her lip as I'm sure the most inappropriate thoughts are spiraling through her mind. I can't wait to fuck each and every one of them out of her pretty head.

Pulling up to the funeral home, she hits the garage door button on the remote hooked onto the visor above her head. She swings around and then slowly backs into the

funeral home before hitting the button to close the door and turn off the van. We both sit for a moment or two in silence before she blurts out. "So I just kissed you, and I don't know if you wanted to kiss me, but you did kiss me so you must have wanted to kiss me." She continues to ramble. "I don't know if I'm a good kisser. It's been a while since I've kissed anyone. Not that I'm a virgin or anything, heh trust me." She giggles nervously. I lean back, raise an eyebrow, and smirk at her word vomit. "OH... I don't mean I'm a whore. I mean there's nothing wrong with a woman having multiple sexual partners. If a man can do it, why can't a woman? She should be able to enjoy sex too with whoever or whatever she wants." Her eyes glance back at the dead body and then shoot back to me to see if I caught it. I smile wider to let her know that I absolutely did. "OH. I... Well... I. So if you want to go, you can. I mean, I realize I just kinda drove you away from where we just were, not that I know if you live around there if you walked there or drove there or took an Uber there, but how would you know where I was unless you were following me, which I gotta say..." She bites her lip and fans herself.

I lean forward and take her face in my hands. She stutters and breathes, but no more words come out. "Shh, shh, shh... I loved the kiss. You might not be a whore yet, but I promise I am going to make you feel like one, and I think maybe I should give that energetic mouth something a bit more productive to do," I say with confidence despite knowing that I have a fifty percent chance of ending up with a smack across my face and her getting fucked anyway.

"I... will you lay on the empty stretcher back there?" she asks, her voice shaky as her thumb directs my attention to the back of her van. There are two stretchers, one with a body and one without. I smile and make my way back, unbuckling my belt and pulling my pants and underwear down to my ankles and off of one foot. My thick cock is hard and lying against my thigh before I take it in my hand and slowly massage the length up and down. As my pre-cum leaks down the head and to the shaft, I moan and ask, "Mmm, well? Don't let this warm cock go to waste, my Little Corpse Queen." Her eyes flutter at my words, and a moan slips from between

her lips.

She climbs from the front and over the dead body that's strapped to her stretcher in order to get herself where we both need her to be. I watch her small, delicate hands replace my larger one around the base of my cock as she whispers "wow" to herself. She presses her nose where my balls meet my cock and slowly inhales as she drags it up to the tip, breathing in my scent before her lips open wide, taking me inside.

I growl at the sudden warmth around my thick crown; her slick tongue massaging the underside as she bobs her head up and down slowly, only taking an inch or two. Her hands work together, gliding up the remainder of my cock, her grip tight as she milks the pre-cum out and into her mouth. I force my dick to throb, and her sudden gasp lets me know that she got a big taste of what I have to offer her.

As I'm about to grab her head and force her mouth down, she begins taking me deeper, forcing more of my dick in her throat than her body wants to allow. The narrow passage behind her tongue squeezes my tip as she tries to hammer it down further. She gags around me, causing spit and a small amount of vomit to seep out around my thickness. She glances up at me when she realizes some of the contents of her stomach are spilling out. I growl at her. "More."

She fucks her own throat harder at my command. "That's my good little whore. Don't stop until I tell you to, or I will fucking hurt you." The aggression in my voice gives her visible goosebumps. I can see in her eyes that she knows I will if she doesn't obey. She tries harder, pushing more of me down her throat until her lips almost touch my base. I feel her stomach roll and her chest heave. She pukes around my dick, the force blasting it off my body and back onto her body, soiling her nice clean suit she wears to do her pickups. I growl loudly at how fucking turned on that makes me. I slam my hand onto the back of her head and grab her by her hair, ripping her face off my dick. She gasps into the air like she just swam up from the deep end of a pool, remnants of throw up on her cheeks and chin. The embarrassment washes over

her face like a tidal wave.

"Oh, god... I'm so... so sorry... I... that's never.." she tries to squeak out without crying. I interrupt her.

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"Hey! Don't you fucking dare apologize for that. Trust me, princess, out of the filthy fucking things I like, that was by far the tamest. Now, it's your turn."

I shift and pull her down to the stretcher where I was, hooking my fingers into her pants and pulling them off her in one swoop. I groan when I see that even her thighs are wet with her juices just from sucking me. I take the back of her thighs in each hand and push her legs back and open. Looking up at her eyes as I gather saliva in my mouth and spit directly onto her already-drenched pussy. She gasps as her head falls back onto the stretcher.

I sniff between her legs too, like a wolf about to devour his meal. The sweetest smell of everything between her legs blends together in my nose, forcing my eyes to close as I lean in and take that first lick. My flattened tongue presses against her leaking hole and slowly glides up to her clit. She doesn't struggle or fight me. She just accepts my tongue in the most private parts of her body with such eagerness. I smile as I swallow her taste, thinking she's already my good little whore.

I begin swirling my tongue around her clit. Playing with it as she whimpers and pleads for me to keep going. I lick a little harder, causing the pitch of her moans to tick up. The finishing touch is sliding my hand down her thigh and pressing a thick finger into her cunt, curling it up inside her. I hammer my finger into her pussy, my knuckles punching her asshole. My tongue stays consistent as I lick her swollen clit and wait for the fireworks.

Her breath catches in her throat and her lower back lifts off the stretcher, pressing her cunt down onto my hand as I keep my rhythmic pumping steady. I growl against her. "Cum for me my Little Corpse Queen. Soak my face like the whore you are."

I feel her push, and a rush of liquid splashes out over my hand. I return my tongue to her clit, and my hand forcefully splashes her squirt all over both of us as she blasts me a second time.

I sit up. The evidence of her orgasm pouring off my face like I just stepped out of the shower. Pulling her up into my chest. One arm wraps tight around her as she shakes. Her breath ragged and all over the place as she holds onto me. She probably thinks I am cuddling her, like...what do they call it... aftercare? But no. I'm moving her so I can unzip the cover she is laying on. The sound of the zipper doesn't even get her attention. When I open it, I see two black seat belt-like buckles. Perfect.

I open one of the buckles and lay her back down. When she finally opens her eyes, she looks up at me with some confusion, and dare I say, fear. I smile at her. "You got to cum, little one. But I didn't... yet."

I press her knees to her chest and pull the buckle over the backs of her thighs. Buckling it together, I take the slack and pull it tight so her legs are fixed against her body and she can't move, her pretty cunt on full display.

"Wha... what are you going to do to me..." she asks shyly. I wonder if she knows or if she's genuinely curious. I mean, I am a stranger who followed her in the dark, got into a van with a dead body in it, and now has her strapped to a stretcher. Not the most normal first date I would imagine.

"Do you mean... am I going to hurt you? Mmm, it might hurt a little bit. But the good kind of hurt. The kind of hurt that when you sit down tomorrow there will be a sting that reminds you of what you did. What I did to you. A hurt that will get under your skin and make you crave more. Pain that will have you begging me to do it again, but next time, make it permanent," I tell her as I slide closer to her.

I take my cock in my hand and rub it up her asshole to her pussy. Full slow strokes

with the tip along both pretty little fuck holes. The adrenaline is boiling in my chest at how close I am to entering her. I want to just force my cock into her asshole and see how loud she can scream. But maybe I'll save that for our second date.

My leaking tip finds her welcoming cunt, her tender lips parting as I press myself forward. "Fuck, you're so big..." She groans as more of me enters her.

"And alive..." I say, giving her a knowing smile. A look of panic that washes over her face right before I plunge every inch of me inside her. Forcing that emotion into the back of her mind and replacing it with pleasure and pain. I can feel the head of my dick hitting her cervix. "Mmm, not very deep are you, princess?" I chuckle.

I use my thumbs to pull her pussy lips open more and begin my assault. I'm not interested in lasting a long time or making her think I'm some porn star. I'm only interested in emptying my nuts into her cunt and watching my seed leak out onto the same stretcher that dead bodies lay on. I wonder if she cleaned this after the last time or if there's still remnants of the dead under us.

With deep heavy thrusts, I fuck my entire length into her. Not caring how bad it hurts either of us, bruising her cervix and the head of my cock with their repeated collision. My fingers dig into the meat of her folded thigh harder as I feel myself getting close. I quicken my pace to match my increased growls.

"Please, fill me. Please..." she cries. I mean, literally crying. Being unsure if she is begging for my load because she wants it or because she wants it to stop sends me over the edge. I fuck every single drop of cum in my balls into this helpless girl's little cunt. My tempo slows but the force of my thrusts remains ruthless.

Once finished, I withdraw my length from her and watch as it spills out. My cock is covered in our cream - hers and mine. I smile at the mess I made of her, inside and out. I unbuckle the strap, admiring the marks left behind on her legs before she

straightens them with a stretch and groans. She reaches into a milk crate that's tucked in between the track on the floor that the stretchers slide in on and the back sliding door. Grabbing a white sheet, she gently cleans her pussy up with it, biting her lip as she looks at me. Her gaze locked on my face, watching me as I watch her clean herself. So fucking filthy.

“So um... Hi. My name is Lilith, nice to meet you.” She says with a nervous giggle.

Continuing to make eye contact, I glide my index finger through the sticky mess that soaks the length of my cock with a smirk, “Osiris.” I bring my finger to my mouth and suck the gathered juices off with a moan. “Nice to meet you too.”

We hop out of the van, and she pulls the dead person out with us. She is filled with pure excitement as she opens the garage door on the side of the building and leads us down a hallway to a room that I can only assume is where she prepares the dead for burial. On a table in the corner is an old man, his head propped up on a black plastic block. There is some kind of creamy white stuff all over his face under a few layers of plastic wrap. I look around, silently taking in everything for a few minutes while she tells me about what she does. I’m half listening but my curiosity can't help but interrupt.

"Do you ever get any good looking bodies here? I mean I am VERY well aware young people die... I've seen them... but have YOU seen any young, attractive dead people?" I say with a smirk.

"I ahh... I mean. I get all kinds of people on my table... um. But sure... there have been a couple of attractive people. I think..." she says as shyly as humanly possible. There is that panic and embarrassment again. Oh, this girl is fuckin filthy, isn't she? There is definitely a dark secret hiding behind that shame.

"Do me a favor... the next time you get a pretty young girl on your table, let me

know... I would love to..." I pause to lick my lips and make eye contact with her. "Have a look at her." A wicked smile grows on my face as I watch her lip slide between her teeth again. This girl is going to be fun.

Chapter 8

Lilith

The text bubbles pop up on my phone as I await his reply. After the intensity of our first time together, I need him again, and soon. I really tried to play it cool but only managed to wait one day before texting and asking if he was free to come over. I feel tingles down my body and pulsing in my clit as I watch the bubbles pop up and disappear, then pop up again. I wonder if he knows I'm watching and waiting. I get the feeling that he likes to tease and be in control. Something I very much enjoy being on the receiving end of. Anxiously, I read my initial text back:

Me

Had such a good time with you. If you're free this weekend, any day, just let me know. My folks won't be here this weekend, so we don't HAVE to use the back of my van lol.

I sit in my bed waiting for a response, dressed in a tank top and panties, gently sliding my feet back and forth down my freshly cleaned sheets. His response will determine if I grab my toy or if I go take a shower and get back into bed wearing less than what I have on now. My heart beats faster as the time ticks by. I close my eyes and tilt my head back, resting on both the top of my pillow and against the wall. The sound of a text notification has my eyelids springing open.

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Osiris

You were delicious, my pet. I would love nothing more than to come over and have another taste. I will be there in an hour. You be a good girl and get yourself cleaned up and ready for Daddy. You are to be naked. Doors unlocked. No need to tell me where your room is, I will find you. If I enter your room and you are not on your knees, ass up, face down, and dripping wet, I'll turn around and walk right back out that door. You better get moving, my Little Corpse Queen. I'll see you soon.

Fuck. With every word, it's like someone opened the valve on my pussy juices more and more, and by the end of the text, I'm not sure if I'm wet or if I pissed mypanties in excitement. Either way, I put my phone down and imagine Osiris sucking and chewing on the wet fabric, and fuck, it just makes it even worse. I truly don't think I will have a problem meeting all his demands. "Mmmm," I growl out loud at how he just told me what would happen and what the consequences were if they didn't. Everything will be fine so long as...

My train of thought is sliced in half by my cell phone ringing. Why these monsters won't text me instead of calling is beyond me. Queue my frustration and anxiety as I answer the phone just to hear Scarlett's voice saying, "Hey Li," followed by a discontented sigh. Happy to hear from you, too.

"Hey, what's up?" I ask flatly as I make my way to the bathroom and turn the shower on.

"A few of us were gonna go out tonight and they... we all wanted you to come out with us. Some drinks. Some laughs. The usual. You down?" she asks in a way that

sounds like the words are laced with thorns that scratch their way out of her throat as she says them. I would have said no even if I didn't already have plans.

"Naw, not tonight. Thanks, though. I'll talk to you..." She cuts me off before I can finish my sentence.

"What do you mean? You always come out with us. And I just heard you turn the shower on so, what... what are you doing, instead?" she asks. Her voice has the curiosity level of those people who drive by an accident on the highway, slowing down and hoping to see a dead body.

"I have plans tonight, but I hope you all have a great time. Thank you! Talk to you later." I try to force a happier tone simply because of how stunned she is at my refusal to sit and watch everyone have fun while I get to pay for the tab and possibly get attacked again. But why would they give a fuck about that? They are only supposed to be my best friends. I hang the phone up and put it down before stripping my clothes off and getting in the shower.

The water is hot on my skin. Almost to the point where I would normally turn the heat down, but I just want to feel the hurt as I clean myself. Scarlett's phone call triggered memories of my attack, and I just want to burn his fucking fingerprints off me again like I did when I got home that night. After I had taken care of him. I shake off the memories and focus on what is about to happen.

I close my eyes as the burning hot water splashes down onto my neck, tilting my head back and thinking about the ways Osiris is going to fuck me. I trail my soapy hands down my breasts, letting my fingers stumble over my hardened nipples on their way down my body. I can feel myself getting wet all over again despite the water rushing down my skin. I can tell the difference in viscosity between my thighs, and it makes me want him to lick it all up right now. My hand reaches my clit, and as soon as I give it a gentle rub, I pull my hand away. I could easily give myself an orgasm right

here, but no. I want him to pull, to force, to finger, and to fuck every single orgasm I have out of me instead.

I finish up and grab a towel, drying my hands first so I can grab my phone and hit the lock button to bring up the time and notifications. Shit, I must have been daydreaming in that shower for a while because I only have a few minutes before my hour time limit is up. I swipe away texts and missed calls from the ones who call themselves my friends. From what I can see, they seem dumbfounded that I would choose to do anything else. Tell me you don't know me or give a fuck about me without telling me. I get to the end, but don't see a text from him.

A slight panic grows in my chest. What if he hasn't left yet? What if he isn't really coming? I didn't respond to him. What if he was waiting for a response and that's when the countdown starts? Should I respond now? My anxiety continues to fight me as I run down and unlock the front door, and then the back door, not knowing which he will try to come in. I head upstairs to my bedroom and stand near the window—off to the side, so I can see out but not in plain view with my naked body. My eyes dart back and forth to the clock on my phone and the city streets outside. I can't stop my leg from bouncing. My teeth and fingernails take turns picking at my bottom lip. Almost every single nervous tick is flooding to the surface and fighting for dominance in my mind. The only thing pulling slightly ahead is how fucking horny I am for this man. The dark, strong, wicked man.

The minute the clock ticks to one hour, I hear a door open. I didn't see a car pull up... Was it him? I know it's completely irrational because I disposed of the body myself, but for half a second, I wonder if it is the scumbag from the alley. I give myself a few gentle slapson the face, because that's just insane, before getting into bed. I part my knees and rest my head in my arms on the mattress, turning my face toward the door just so I can see who enters before they do. Slow, heavy footsteps thud up the stairs. Each one turns up the tempo of my pounding heart. The anticipation sends shockwaves through my skin. Fingers slowly snake around the open door frame. I

hear a voice.

"Close your eyes," the voice says. It was him. My heart races at max speed as I turn my head completely so my forehead is resting on my crossed arms, providing me a few inches of breathing room as I wiggle my naked ass in excitement.

The heavy footsteps make their way into my room and stop behind me. A low rumble emits from his mouth as I'm sure he is just staring at my holes. I startle when I feel his hands being placed on the backs of my thighs. A chuckle bounces out of his throat as he slides those same hands up to the meat of my ass. I can feel his thumbs dangerously close to my center but just far enough away not to provide the sensation I have been aching for.

Every move he makes is methodical. His grip on my ass grows tighter in such a mechanical way. The pain from his fingertips is just another reason to make my pussy weep for him. Then, I feel a shift in his body behind me. I can tell he just brought his face closer. The warm air that he exhales now brushes past my wet slit like a feather. He inhales slow and deep. My asshole and pussy clench and unclench, both trying to push open a little so he can breathe in my full scent. I should be slightly embarrassed that he is just smelling me between my legs but there's something so unbelievably hot about him needing what I smell like engraved into his senses.

He shifts again and the exhale this time is much closer. A moan slips from my mouth. If he doesn't eat my pussy soon I might actually cry, or scream, or both.

"How bad do you need me to lick this gorgeous pussy? This ass? How fucking bad do you want me to feast between your legs like it's the last thing I will ever eat? Hmm?" he growls. I can almost feel his lips on the pair of mine between my legs. His grip gets a little tighter, and he spreads me. Fuck, he spreads me so wide it almost hurts.

I try to form words in response but a gulp of air chokes me and snuffs out the sound.

Tears fall from my eyes, quickly dripping onto the sheet under my face. The need to have this man's tongue on my cunt has literally brought me to tears. I sniffle before responding.

"I... god... please?" I fucking hope that's good enough because that's all my vocal cords will allow at this point. The softest yet most wicked chuckle comes from his mouth.

"That's my good Little Corpse Queen," he says just before my brain explodes. His tongue meets my saturated clit as he drags it slowly up the entire length of me. My pussy lips force apart as his flattened tongue firmly slides up to my entrance, the tip dipping in what feels like multiple inches. Snaking inside me to claim every drop that I've made just for him. He slips his tongue back into his mouth with a growly swallow before pushing it back out and continuing his path up my middle. My asshole, now being pulled into more of an oval from his tight grip on me, was his tongue's next destination. The flatness swiping up the sensitive ring of my hole makes me whimper even louder before he does to my ass what he did to my pussy and snakes his tongue inside as far as he can. I dig my fingers into the sheets and moan louder. The oral confirmation that he can do whatever the fuck he wants to me at this point.

"You will ask me for permission to cum, is that clear?" he says with authority as he savors the taste of my holes on his tongue. I mumble out a whimper in confirmation. If I can barely speak now, how the fuck am I going to ask for permission? I am ready to cum as it is and he has barely even started with me.

I feel his tongue back on my clit. This time, my bud claims his mouth's full attention. The way he swirls and flicks his tongue on it causes my eyes to rip open. Fuck... this is not going to take long. That's when I feel a hand release its grip, sliding over until his strong thumb is pressing against my asshole as he sucks my clit at the same time. Fuck. I have never had anyone do this to me before. I don't think I have ever had an

orgasm from being eaten like this, from the back. But I can feel it building quickly.

He licks my clit harder and faster. His thumb slides down and dips into my pussy to gather my natural lubricant before returning it to my asshole, coating the tender ring of my entrance. If he does what I think he is going to, I'm going to make a mess all over his face. I try to do as I was told before he slips his thumb into me because once that happens, I won't be able to speak English.

"Please... may I cum?" I blurt out in between moaning gasps of air. "Please?"

"Please.... what?" he asks before returning his tongue to my clit. I feel the tip of his thumb start to push in. I have seconds before it won't matter and my body just does what it's going to do. I won't lie, I have genuine fear in my chest for what kind of punishment I'll receive should I disobey him. He hasn't even told me what the punishment would be, but I have a feeling it's not going to be the fun kind.

"Please... Dad.. Daddy. Please, Daddy, can I cum, please?" I am hoping that's what he wants to hear. Even me saying it skips me closer to the finish line than I already am. My arms tense, and I slam my eyes shut as I try to hold back until I hear him give me permission because it's right. Fucking. There.

"Mmm... yes. You can cum for me," he says with slow satisfaction. As soon as his tongue goes back to assaulting my cunt, he plunges his entire thumb into my ass, plugging it up. My arms stretch out in front of me as I cry out. My ass is as high in the air as it can be while still on my knees. I feel it in my shoulders, shooting down my back all the way to my core. The wave of pleasure crashes between my legs and sprays this poor man's face like a firehose. I unintentionally push with all my might, my body forcing the orgasm out of me like it's the first time I ever came. Squirt splashes against his mouth but he doesn't stop, doesn't even slow down. My asshole pushes open around his thumb; my muscles almost forcing him out.

Once he is satisfied with his work and has fully drained me of that first orgasm, he pulls his face and finger from me. I fall flat on my stomach as I desperately try to catch my breath and wrap my brain around the orgasm I just had. It was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before and judging by the sound of his belt being unbuckled, he wasn't done with me.

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With the most devilish smirk, he growls at me. "Get up princess. It's my turn,"

Chapter 9

Osiris

The sweet taste of her juices run down my throat and make me absolutely feral for this girl. My cock was hard from the moment I stepped into her room and saw her bare ass up in the air for me. My good little girl doing everything she's told. So obedient and eager to please me. It's nice knowing that I don't have to hurt her or kill her first. This feels... really fucking good. I shake my head and get back into the moment, removing my belt and letting my pants fall to the floor.

She gets up from the bed, her legs shaky as she stands next to me. I can see the shiny trail of tears running down her cheeks. As she looks up at me with doe eyes, I take her face in both my hands, swiping the moisture away with my thumbs. I give her a gentle slap on the cheek to bring her back, and her eyes focus again.

"My. Turn," I say firmly as I climb onto the bed with my ass up. When I said my turn, I meant it literally. She positions herself behind me as I rest my head on one arm, my other sliding between my legs to push my hard cock down and back toward her. I can feel a strong trail of pre-cum leaking from the head. "Lick it, princess," I order her.

Her small, soft hands gently land on my ass and slide down the backs of my thighs as she bends down. Her tongue cups my leaky tip as she swipes my slit and collects every drop from it. I growl at the pleasure, and she whimpers at the taste. Sliding her

hands back up to my cheeks, she spreads me. My hidden face smirks in the darkness. "That's a good fucking girl. Lick me everywhere."

Her tongue glides up the length of my thick, hard cock, firmly licking between my testicles and up my sack until it reaches my asshole. She moans against me as she starts licking. Her tongue lapping at it like it's ice cream. I'm gradually getting harder the hungrier she becomes for me. I moan louder in both pleasure and reassurance.

Her right hand releases its grip on my asscheek and immediately grips my cock. The saliva left behind allows her fingers to glide along my skin as she strokes my dick, gently milking me of pre-cum as she eats my ass. I can tell she hasn't done this much before, but fuck, it still feels amazing. There is no way I can cum like this though, not like she can, so I pull myself away. My body immediately misses her as I roll onto my back.

Her eyes fill with tears as her lips make confusing motions like she has never spoken out loud before. I can see the genuine fear on her face of having done something wrong and part of me wants to pull at that emotion a little more and break her just a bit before I rebuild her. But not yet. I haven't decided how long I'm keeping this fuck toy around, and I don't know if I want to waste my time on all of that yet. But also, even just thinking about it gives me a stinging pang of guilt in my chest. She is different. Special. Stop it.

I motion for her to come to me, and she quickly gets on the bed, crawling over my body until her knees are planted on either side of my hips and her hands on either side of my head. I smile up at her as I whisper, "The rules still apply, princess. When you impale that juicy cunt on my cock in a second, you will remember to ask me if you can cum." My eyes bore into hers as my hands reach up to cup her face. "I don't think you understand what's going to happen to you right now. I am going to fuck every thought out of your pretty head. My cock is going to erase the memory of everyone you've ever been with, until the only connection to having an orgasm that your

fucking brain can make, is me. You won't even be able to fuck yourself as good." I pull her face closer to mine, dropping my voice even lower. "You are about to be fucking destroyed. And there's not a goddamn thing you can do about it. Now, put me inside you."

Her mouth falls open with what I'm guessing are equal parts shock and excitement, as one hand moves from the bed and down between us. I feel her small hand grab my dick and line it up with her entrance. Sliding my hands up her thighs to her hips, I let her sink onto my length. She gasps and whimpers at how much her pussy is being stretched by my girth. Her lips glide over every vein like they're reading braille. When she finally reaches the base, and her juicy skin squishes against me, she lets out a moan of accomplishment. I smile up at her, waiting for her to open her eyes and look at my face.

My eyes are fixated on her face as I slide my hands up her body, around the curves of her tits, until they are both around her throat. As soon as I give her a squeeze, her eyes dart open, realizing I am watching her intently. I smile a little wider as I squeeze tighter and lift her, causing her pussy to slide up my length halfway. My eyelids flutter at how tight and warm she is. My cock is bare and unprotected inside her silky cunt. As good as it feels, my eyes never leave her.

My hips begin assaulting her, thrusting upward as I hammer my dick into her accepting hole. She presses both hands on my chest, pushing herself up so that gravity doesn't pull her throat down into my grip any harder, causing even more tension on her neck. My strong arms keep her right where she is as I fuck up into her with purpose. The wet sounds echo in the room around us. Her knees lift off the bed a little with every ruthless pounding I deliver. Her eyes start to flutter as she fights to suck air in and out of her lungs around my hold.

I groan louder as I fuck her, her body like a rag doll as she shakes and bounces under the sheer force that I'm fucking her from underneath. There are a million ways I want

to twist and bend this poor girl into, but for now, I want a clear view of her pretty face. I want to see the moment everything changes for her, the second that I become the only synonym for sex in her head. I fuck harder, getting closer to my eruption.

She opens her mouth, fighting with every ounce of strength in her to ask if she can cum, her words are barely audible. "No," I respond as I continue fucking her cunt. By now I can actually feel it swelling up from the beating it's taking. Her eyes open wide as her already tight hole clenches tighter. "I said NO!" I yell in her face, my hands squeezing her tighter. "You will cum with me." I grunt in between moans. "I'm close. Don't you fucking dare cum before I do."

I pull her face down closer to mine. "Put your arms behind your fucking back," I bark. I feel her weight shift in my grip as she removes both hands from my chest and puts her arms behind her. Her eyes close as tears fall. My tempo only slows slightly, but I don't think I've fucked anything as hard as I'm pounding up into this girl right now. That's when she tries to scream. Rough, squeaky, desperate cries leave her mouth as she fights so hard not to cum. She sobs as she battles her own body to obey my command. Watching her struggle to not fall apart on top of me sends me over the edge.

"Fuck.. mmm, that's it, I'm going to cum inside you. I'm going to breed this desperate little pussy. You can cum for me now my Little Corpse Queen. Cum for me. Give me everything," I growl as I feel ropes of my cum spurt into her. Every time she lifts up and leaves just the tip of my cock inside her, she releases a powerful gush of squirt. Then my body slams up into her, splashing the puddle she just made all over both of us. Over and over, squirt after squirt, rope after rope, cumming at the same time. I couldn't have asked for a better fuck toy.

I release my grip, and she collapses on top of me. Both of us are dripping in sweat, cum, and squirt. Neither of us have the energy to pull my dick from her body so it stays. The feeling of it softening inside her filled-up hole is almost too good. I moan

in pure satisfaction, and I can feel her smile against my chest.

"I killed someone," she whispers. Why that shocks me, considering the atrocities I have committed, I don't know. I guess I just didn't expect it to come from her. Post-nut confessions are the best.

"Have you, now? On purpose or?" I ask with genuine curiosity. I wonder if she has the same level of shock at how calm and inquisitive my response is.

"He tried to rape me. So, I defended myself. I.... um.. shit, maybe I should just stop talking," she says with immediate regret.

"No... it's ok. I've done some horrible, horrible things. Tell me. What did you do to him? Where is his body now?" I say with a smile so she can hear how excited I am about this conversation.

"Well.... I poisoned him with cavity fluid and then brought him back here to take him apart piece by piece and added him to other bodies that were being cremated until there was nothing left of him or his belongings," she says in a rush before pressing her face into my chest. I chuckle as I begin running my fingers through her hair.

"Okay. So, remind me never to piss you off," I joke to help ease her mind. "I may not be ready to confess all my dark secrets, which by the way are darker than yours, but let me just say.... having this new information about you? Yeah... It just makes me want to fuck you even more." As if my words weren't enough, my cock begins to grow inside her.

"Hearing that I'm... a murderer... does it for you, huh?" she asks, causing me to become fully hard again, having never left the warmth of her body. "Also," she adds. "What could you have possibly done that's worse than killing someone?"

"Well... let's just say not everything I've done was in self-defense." I stop myself before I say too much. I feel her squeeze my body in a tight hug, letting out a sigh that might as well have been made out of the word 'love'. Oh boy.

My graph paper notebook sits in my lap, open to the design I have mapped out for the current room that I'm setting up in the haunt. Every time my thoughts drift from building my attraction, the screams and sounds of the people chained up in the other rooms bring me right back. Lilith is dangerous. Thoughts of her were already consuming my every spare moment, but now they are pulling me away from my work. I need to build this haunt and start promoting before Halloween gets too close.

This year the first two rooms of the haunt are an insane asylum. What I love about this section is that the people I have acquired for it are the only ones I let live. These two 'actors' have been with me for a few seasons and have gone insane. Between the horrors I have forced them to watch and the conditions in which they barely survive during the off-season, I have to keep a close eye on them and make sure they don't kill each other or themselves. I found one of them after he chewed the meat off of his own finger and began sharpening the bone on the brick wall of their confinement, hoping to get it sharp enough to slit his own throat. I had to use a pair of pliers and crush every tooth in his mouth, one by one, until his gums were filled with broken shards of bone. Making it too painful and not sharp enough to remove any more meat from his hands.

The room I'm working on now is a twisted attic scene. The neat little squares of my graph paper help me plot out the path of the walls, each block representing a four-foot section that I need to place and screw together. The space consists of a small hallway that transitions from the previous room into the large area where I have junk I picked up on the side of the road placed all around. I have boards angled overhead to give the illusion of being under a pitched roof. Ropes will hang from the rafters connected to bodies wrapped in white sheets. Guests will have to push their way through not

knowing which is real and which is fake. Little do they know, all the bodies hanging in the attic were alive at one time or another. Rooms like this give me the opportunity to recycle the corpses I've collected.

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I start at the beginning of the hall and walk through, notebook in hand, adding ideas for improvement or what I need to complete my vision for the section. A smile grips my face as I slowly push my way through the corpses, their foul smell filling my nostrils and getting me high on their rotting death. Some bodies have feet dangling from the bottom of their sheets. Some are just torsos and have intestines swaying as you walk by. Small puddles of blood collect underneath the more mutilated ones, providing an extra element of realism to the set.

More screams fire off from the previous room. While building the haunt, I like to introduce the ones I can to their scenes. I let them know that this is, in fact, the place where they're going to be brutally murdered, so please enjoy these last few moments as best you can. I leave them to scream and cry, piss and shit, claw at themselves and the walls, try to break stuff, get their blood on everything, carve out messages for help with their bare hands until their fingernails go dull or break off. Set dressing can be the biggest and most time-consuming task in a haunt, so when I can, I allow my actors to distress it for me. Providing the more realistic, natural sights, sounds and smells to the scene.

A loud sound of wood breaking draws my attention. It could be a million things I don't have to worry about, but it could also be something I do. I put my notebook down and start to backtrack down the hall, my hand firmly wrapped around the handle of my knife I keep on my belt.

The screaming has turned to sobbing whispers. The moonlight seeps through the dead tree branches and dusts the structure I've put together with its light as I make my way around the corner to investigate the source of the sound. One of my victims has pulled their shackles from the wall and is no doubt whispering to the other some

promise of coming back to save her. I smile at how much she cares for this stranger and how I know she's being honest. If I let her leave she absolutely would come back and save everyone she could.

I crouch down as I slink closer to them. Licking my lips, I imagine the adrenaline they must be feeling right now. The hope soaring through the girl who's pulled herself free from my walls. Her heart is probably pounding, her head filling with all the people she thought she would never see again but now has a chance. I let her have this moment, giving her a few extra seconds to believe she could actually get free and come back with help.

"I will come back for you, I promise. I'll be so quick. I'll be back before he is and set you free. I'm gonna bring the entire fucking police force with me, and they'll kill this motherfucker. We are going to be ok. I prom..." Her words are replaced by a scream of agony as I swipe my razor-sharp blade across her Achilles tendons. I watch them roll up under her skin just before her body drops to the ground.

The girl standing and still restrained to the wall screams in unison with the one on the ground. So cute. I take a moment to lean against the opposite wall and revel in the pain and terror oozing out of them. With a happy sigh, I charge the one on the ground, reaching out and wrapping my fist in her hair. With a beastly growl, I drag her away from the one left standing. Her arms flail violently and try to attack. Before she can swipe her dirty claws across my face, I grab one of her arms and press her elbow just above my bent knee. I force her wrist down and snap the joint in half, her arm bending 90 degrees in the wrong direction. She immediately vomits from the pain, coating her chest. I swipe a finger through it, between her breasts, gathering some to have a little taste as I make eye contact with the girl still shackled.

I pull the puke covered girl up until she's sitting between my legs, back to my chest, shaking and choking on her cries and vomit, each fighting for their chance to exit her mouth. My mouth, on the other hand, is pulled into a toothy grin as my fist yanks her

hair down, forcing her chin into the air. The girl still chained up watches in horror, my eyes never leaving her.

I pull the blade up to the throat of the girl I'm holding. As she begs me for forgiveness, for life, to stop, I begin swiping my blade slowly side to side across the thin flesh encasing the contents of her neck. The act resembles someone playing a cello. My knife is the bow, and her screams, cries, and gargling death are mysymphony. Playing my beautiful song on her throat as the blade hacks more and more into her body. The girl standing watches in horror, my eyes never leaving her.

I continue to pull back on her hair as I swipe and swipe, her body and mind still alive despite being opened like a Pez dispenser. Blood is now spurting outward, splashing down her own dying corpse. Hack. Hack. Hack. Until there is simply no more tension left, and her head slumps from her shoulders. The red gore bubbles and overflows down her neck as the girl I'm going to let live, for now, stands and watches in absolute horror.

My eyes never leave her.

Chapter 10

Lilith

I haven't talked to Osiris in a few days. Only a few short texts here and there since he came over and destroyed me. That's not what has me anxious, though. I have bubble guts over the fact that I confessed to him something that should have gone to my grave with me. I hardly know this man, and after our second time together, where he gave me a thorough and proper fucking, I just spilled my deepest darkest secret. Honestly, I feel like it's darker than the fact that I get off with the help of some of my flatlined friends who come through my prep room. The more time that passes, the more knotted my stomach becomes. It feels like I drank a gallon of sand before

pulling my intestines out to make balloon animals.

My mind is racing with all the possible scenarios of what could happen if I was caught, what I would say to the police, how I would try to formulate my defense, or if I should just drink some cavity fluid myself and avoid the whole mess. I don't think O would rat me out, especially after saying he's done some darker stuff. His reaction is the only thing keeping me from having a full-fledged meltdown as I meander about my prep room cleaning and reorganizing my tools and instruments.

My cell phone rings, breaking my train of thought. All air leaves my lungs as I take what feels like three-miles but is only a couple steps over to where it sits on top of the cooler log. I'm able to breathe, only slightly, when I see that it's my dad. "Hey, Dad, what's up?" I answer in a calm, slightly disappointed tone.

"Hey, Lilly Bean." God, I hate that fucking name. "I just wanted to give you a heads-up in case you haven't seen it already, there's a body in the cooler that needs to be prepped for a viewing tomorrow night. There isn't much else going on so it's up to you if you want to do it tonight or just get it done in the morning," he says.

"Oh ok, I hadn't checked yet. Just cleaning up and organizing my stuff. I think I'll get it done to..." The words cauterize in my throat when my eyes glance down at the last name logged into the cooler. Albert Krum.

This motherfucker made my life an absolute living nightmare in high school. I was a loner, much like I am now, just add in fifty percent more awkwardness and fifty percent less physical development, making me one hundred percent easy prey for bullies. Armed with a face full of acne, four inches in height that seemed to sprout the night before I started my freshman year. It only took until the last semester of senior year to figure itself out, and an ass that was as flat as my chest, I was the number one candidate for a punchline. Sometimes just regular old punches, too. I mean, who would believe me if I told people that Albert would corner me in the locker room and

say disgusting things to me, then punch me in the stomach when I didn't entice him with the intended response? Or the porn pictures he would photoshop my head on and put them up in the bathrooms with my number. Spilling my lunch when he would walk by was just a regular thing, and if I didn't have lunch, he would pull my chair out from behind me so I'd fall and cry.

"Lilly? You ok?" Dad responds after a moment of silence on my end, breaking me free of that painful spiral I was rapidly descending into.

"Huh? Oh... ah, yeah. Sorry, Dad. I'll take care of this tonight. What time are you and Mom coming home?" I ask. I don't know what I'm going to do to this piece of shit yet, but all I know is I don't want my darling parents walking in on something that would shatter their perfect image of me.

"We just got to dinner, so probably not for a few more hours. I have my keys so you can lock up if you go to bed before we're back. I might take your mother someplace romantic after this," he says, the flirtatious tone at the end clearly directed toward my mother, whom I immediately hear in the background telling him to stop it.

"Gross. Ok, well, whatever you do, have fun and please god don't tell me about it. My stomach can handle embalming toddlers but I draw the line at my parents' disgusting sex life," I playfully replied.

"Lilly!" Dad exclaims in a way that if he were wearing pearls, he might clutch them.

"Love you, gotta go bye," I say quickly before he has a chance to say anything else, and hang up. I love my parents dearly, and that little bit of back-and-forth kind of dulls the anxiety that's ripping through me. But... now what? I have time. I have someone who deserves to be desecrated in a vile way. But I have no plan, and part of me is still very much afraid of even looking at him, dead or not.

I hold my phone in my hand, my thumb petting the side in a nervous tick while I stand frozen in front of the cooler door. Fuck it. I need to call him. I unlock my phone, scroll to O's number, and hit call. I try to do it as quickly as possible because I know if I think about it a moment longer, I won't be able to hit the green button. I'll just be standing there, inanimate, like I'm filled with my own rigor mortis. The phone starts ringing.

"Hey, princess. What's up?" he says into my ear. The question at the end is grunted like he just dropped something heavy on the ground. His voice, the cute name, him answering my call like what I told him a few nights ago isn't even a thought in his mind, spreads a smile across my face before I can even reply. But just as quick as the smile appears, it fades when I remember why I'm calling him.

"Hey... prince..."Wow. Really, Lilith? That's what you come back with?There is silence for a moment as my face ignites in embarrassment.

"You're so cute," he finally responds, and I feel like I'm able to breathe again. "O, babe, Sir, or Daddy. Those are all fine for our day-to-day chitchat." I can hear him smiling through the phone. "What are you up to?"

"Ok... I... Babe... sorry. Daddy... I... "Get it the fuck together."Sorry. Anyway, so..... I'm in full-on panic mode, and I'm sort of spiraling and just needed to call you because, well, I'm in a unique situation, and I feel like you're the only one I can talk to about this. You're the only one I want to talk to." Ending my sentence there immediately makes me realize that I sound desperate. Cue more nervous panic. I sigh and continue, "To talk to about this. And well, I just... I need your help. I don't know how you're going to help me, but..." My words slowly fade, and I realize it's best to just stop talking and let him respond. He may be busy and not even have time to deal with my bullshit.

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"Shh shh shh," he says quietly in a slow, calm tone. Each shush is like a head pat and forehead kiss rolled into one and somehow slows the marathon of emotions circling the inside of my skull. "Tell me what's going on. I'll do what I can to help you," he soothes, his voice so comforting it's disgusting.

"But if you're busy I can figure it out on my own or call back later or..." The last bit of anxiety expels from my body as my word vomit is quickly cut off by his sincere voice.

"Princess... Tell Daddy what's wrong," he says. Cue the moisture between my thighs. I clear my throat before I respond.

"Ok... so... My parents are out for the night and my dad just called. I have a guy I need to prep before his viewing tomorrow. Normally, not a big deal. The guy, however..." I pause. I haven't said his name out loud in years.

"Who is he, Lilith?" The way this man's tone went from comforting to protective in a heartbeat pulls my eyelids wide open. It fills me with comfort, safety, and just a touch of fear. My heart flutters.

"His name is... Albert. Fuck, I haven't said that name out loud in a while. He was my high school bully and now... I have to take care of him and make him look presentable after the pure hell he put me through for years. I just... I want to..." I trail off. I don't know how far I should take this with him. What I said before doesn't seem to be on his radar, but that was also an act of self-defense and self-preservation. This... this might be different.

"You want to get your revenge?" he says. His tone is still cold and a bit protective. But he is absolutely right. I want my revenge, and I have no idea what to do.

"Yes... I just don't know what to do, and... if this is too much, I can just let you go. You don't have to be a part of this, I just... you make me feel safe." Girl, please. It's almost like I am trying to find what's going to scare him off. Murder or romance. I sigh to myself.

"What's something that you've said you'd do to him one day? If not to his face, to yourself on those nights alone in your room. The nights after he embarrassed you or hurt you. Tell me everything you've thought about doing to him," he says in a more relaxed tone, almost sounding playful. Is he enjoying this?

"Well, he always told me he was going to rape my ass one day. Because he wanted to hurt me, but not risk getting me pregnant and having to deal with a baby as worthless as me. So I always said one day I'd cut his dick off and jam it into his own ass..." I confess. Yet another thing I've never told anyone, and never planned on telling anyone. This man pulls secrets out of me like strands of hair. Plucking them one by one.

"Ok then. What you're gonna do is turn on your camera. I'll turn on mine. Set your phone down so I can see you and him," he firmly instructs. I audibly gulp.

"Yes, sir," I say without even thinking. The faintest growl comes from the other end of the line, and it makes me smirk just a little bit. "Let me just pull him out of the cooler. One sec." I put the phone down and opened the door to the walk-in cooler, the cold air hitting me in the face. He's the only one inside, a white sheet neatly draped over him. Deep breath in, Lilith.

The cold metal of the prep table chills my warm fingers. I pull it out and line him up over the toilet used to catch whatever drips out of the drainage hole located at the foot

of the table. Removing the sheet, I audibly gag. Not because he died in some gruesome horrific manner, like he fucking deserved, but because his face is exactly how I remember it. Just a little older and a little bigger. I slowly scan his naked body, even taking a mental inventory of the little dick that he threatened me with so many times. No wonder he threatened to fuck me. Anyone with an ass would have been a struggle.

I grab my phone and turn the camera on, facing me at first as O turns his on as well. My chest flutters. There are those little heart gremlins again. We look at each other for a second, and I don't miss the smile that ticks at the corner of his mouth. He leans forward and sets his phone down as I situate mine in front of fuck-face's corpse. I do a double take when I notice O sitting in a recliner, no pants or underwear, slowly palming his soft cock. I freeze, and he quickly takes notice but doesn't comment on my reaction.

"Now, put some gloves on and grab your scalpel. You're going to castrate him nice and slow for me," he growls. Now, that's a sentence I never thought I would hear anyone say to me. Why does it make my pussy even wetter?

I pull black nitrile gloves from the box on the counter next to my tools and put them on. I do it slowly in front of the camera just in case watching me slide the tight material over my fingers turns him on the way it turns me on. So far we seem to be pretty on par with the depravity. He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth and my eyebrows perk up adding to the smug look on my face. I pick up the scalpel and get into position.

Looking at O as I take Alberts's tip in my hand and lift, pulling tight his flaccid skin. "That's it. Remember, nice and slow," he moans at me, his cock now fully erect in his hand. It's hard... difficult trying not to sit here and just watch him stroke his gorgeous dick. I whimper before returning to my task at hand.

Pressing the scalpel to the taut flesh, it immediately begins separating. Keeping steady upward pressure, I gracefully glide the razor-sharp blade in a smooth curve from one side of his cock to the other, opening it up and exposing the contents of his shaft. A growl vibrates from my phone. I place the scalpel back where I made my first incision, this time pressing harder. I'm not going all the way around because I don't want the flesh of his dick to slide off like a used condom. I want it all as intact as it can be. I swipe again, severing the nerves, veins, and all three erectile columns that run through it. One final swipe to detach the remaining bit of flesh that holds it to his body, and his dick springs free.

"That's a good girl. The way your hand operates that blade, it's like watching a ballet. So delicate and graceful. Now, open his legs and force that worthless chunk of meat into him." Sex laces his words in a way no man has ever spoken to me before. I can feel his desire for me as a whole, not just... as a literal hole.

I place the severed appendage on his rounded stomach and drop the scalpel into the tin container used to hold dirty instruments. Grabbing two plastic head blocks, I stand them on their sides as I spread his legs and place them under his knees. This will give O a much better view, and me better access to his asshole. I could flip him over, but I genuinely do not want to touch this man more than I have to unless it's to cause damage.

I grab a tub of Vaseline and scoop a glob out before locating his entrance and coat the dry, dead hole. Picking up his dismembered cock, I use what's left on my glove to lather the spongy tip. I glance back at O who is still stroking his dick that's very alive and as thick as I remember. He catches me looking and slowly pulls his fingers from the base to the tip, pointing at the camera so I can see his pre-cum dripping out and down the back of his knuckles. He smiles and gives me a nod to keep going.

I place my middle finger along the sloped tip of the severed cock in my hand as I use it to root around for the hole. Once I find it, I begin pushing. The head goes in

surprisingly easy. It's getting the rest of his limp dick inside his own ass that might be a challenge. Retightening my gloves, I examine my progress and how his dick barely hangs out of himself. It's just, so short. Taking my middle finger, I begin to push into the open end of his shaft. My thumb pinches his skin as I push, forcing more and more in until I'm finally able to cram every little bit inside. Osiris moans again.

"Fuck Lilith, watching you do that is so goddam hot, I'm already edging. But there's more fun to be had first. Can you seal his shit hole up somehow?" Osiris asks as his stroking slows down again. I bite my lip.

"Really?? This... this is hot to you? Because... I...." I stutter. I'm still a little shy to admit that this kind of thing turns me on, too. I want to tell him that I'm so fucking horny, my panties are drenched. All from shoving this dead fucker's cock in his own ass while O watches with rapt attention.

"Really. And you what? Hm? Were you going to tell me that your tight little pussy is getting wet for me? Watching me fuck myself as you butcher someone who deserves every ounce of it? Say it. Tell Daddy you're wet for him." His tone is back to being sexually dominant and demanding.

"My... my pussy is so wet for you, Daddy..." I say shyly with one side of my face pressed toward my shoulder. With every task I complete, I feel a little less nervous. And fuck does it feel good to say that out loud.

"Good. Now seal him up," O instructs. I reach over to the box of Anal Vaginal plugs and pull one out. We normally use them to stop leakage should a decedent need it, but in this case I need to make sure this prick's dick doesn't fall out. I carefully push it in, forcing his decaying meat deeper into his rectum before I start twisting the flared, threaded base.

"Now what, Daddy?" I ask, facing the phone again and watching as he continues his

self-pleasure.

"Take your pants and panties off. I want you to piss in his mouth. If you have to shit, that's even better... either way, you're going to let me watch," O instructs. The idea of relieving myself in front of him was a turn-on in itself, but filling the mouth of someone I hated while he jerked off to it? Fuck. If I push too hard, I might just cum. And this piece of shit doesn't deserve my cum.

"I don't have to... go number two. But I actually do have to pee..." I say, biting my lip as my fingers hook into my pants, pulling them down slowly. His view of me is a little obscured by the body, but he'll get a perfect view once I'm in position. I bring over an empty table and wedge it under the head of the table Albert is lying on, so when I climb on it doesn't tip backward. The ease and confidence in my actions is very telling and I can see it in the smirk Osiris gives me. He can tell that I've done this before.

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I grab the phone and take it with me as I climb on the table with the body, tucking my feet in between his arms and his torso so that when I squat down, my slit is aligned with his mouth. I squeeze his body between my legs to help maintain balance as I reach between my legs and pull his chin down. My other hand angles the phone, giving Osiris the perfect view of my tender pussy hovering over this bastard's mouth. I begin to push.

As soon as he sees that I'm pushing, I hear him groan. The moans increase as urine trickles out of my tiny hole. I muster up all the courage in the world and give one big, hard push. The abrupt force releases a heavy stream of slightly yellowed liquid from my body and into his dead face. A small fart escapes my ass and I can't help but giggle, knowing it has to have filled his nostrils. The sound my ass makes is followed by an even louder moan from the phone. Part of me feels like O might want this same treatment, minus the castration.

I finish relieving my bladder just as his mouth begins to overflow. I hop down and smile into the phone. "How was that, Daddy?" I smirk.

"First off. You are doing that to me next, all of it. And I do mean ALL of what you just did on his face." He growls with such need it makes my pussy clench. His next words come out on a moan. "Mmm, and you are sosick it makes my cock ache, my Little Corpse Queen. But you're not done, because I'm not done. I want you to fuck yourself with your own fingers. He doesn't deserve to be inside you, ever. Nobody does. Nobody but me. Do you hear me, baby? Living or dead, I don't want another man inside you unless it also involves me." The ownership he just took of me makes my knees almost give out. "Now climb up onto his chest, dip your fingers in your piss, and fuck yourself until we cum together." His final instruction.

"Yes, sir," I say as I grab the sheet that is used to cover the body. I do not want my bare skin touching this man, and I KNOW Osiris feels the same. I lay the sheet across his chest before climbing back up and sitting down. My weight on his chest forces the remaining air from his lungs, causing him to gargle my piss. I giggle again, the smile getting more evil by the second. I hold the phone so the masturbation material Osiris is using to get off right now is in plain view.

I pull my gloves off before I slide two fingers down my pussy, and for the first time tonight, I'm able to fully feel just how drenched this horror show has made me. The warm sticky fluid coats my bare skin as I spread it around my cunt, making sure to lather my clit up slow and firm. My orgasm is already biting its way out. I remember part of O's instructions: to dip my fingers in my piss. I glance into his open mouth and see my pee now mixing with purge inside. I slide my wet two fingers into the multi-colored pool and pull them out with the same grace before returning them to my pussy. The mixture is hot to the touch, and it sets my clit on fire. My eyes shoot back to the phone where I see a gorgeous man furiously fucking his cock with his fist. Pumping up and down, gliding so easily from all of his pre-cum.

"That's it. Cum for me, my Little Corpse Queen. Cum all over his dead fucking body so I can shoot my load for you!" he growls at me. So eager and demanding. His ferocity sends me spiraling over the edge, and my pussy clenches tight as I orgasm. Juices pour out of my entrance and darken the white sheet under me. His hand pumps rapidly before he lets out the most guttural growl. Simultaneously, he erupts the prettiest white ropes of cum I've ever seen. My orgasm shakes my entire body again, lasting longer than any I'd ever given myself before. "Such. A good. Fucking. Girl," he says in between labored breaths.

I smile as much as I can in between trying to find oxygen. This is something I never even dreamed would happen. The sick and twisted fantasies that have carved themselves into my brain could never have imagined this. Sharing this moment with someone. Finding someone to share this with. Someone as fucked up as me. What is

this? Is it... love?

Chapter 11

Osiris

The cool autumn air bites at my skin as I finish setting up a drop panel located in a hallway that connects two rooms. These scares are simple but effective. You know it's coming, yet, when it happens, it still gets most people every time. I have this hallway lined with old picture frames. Some have paintings in them, some are just wood because it's a haunted house so nothing has to be perfect. The one containing the scare has a painting of a demented clown and is at about shoulder height for me, but at eye level for Lilith.

My cock throbs, letting me know that if I continue any train of thought containing that precious little psycho, all productivity for the day will go out the window. And I have a lot to do today. I put the final screw in the back of the panel, moving from behind the scenes and into the hall to check how it will look for my guests. Perfect. Everything is almost set and ready to open.

The faint whimpers of my 'actors' mix with the natural symphony of crickets, birds, and twigs breaking under my feet as I walk away. I want them to look broken, bloody, malnourished, covered in bug bites, and soaked in desperation. So I just let them rot in the elements, uncovered and unclean, for the months it takes me to finish setting up. It's about a week until show time, so now is when I'll stop feeding them. I smirk at the thought of how much pain they'll be in when they finally die.

I make it to my car and the closing of my door silences the ambient sounds, turning up the thoughts in my head that were once muted by my surroundings. I drive in silence. Letting myself become consumed by the ideas of what I am going to do, fantasies of who will come through my haunt, and... her. She's a new ingredient in

my recipe for mayhem. An unexpected treat. I find myself palming my cock over my pants while driving back to my place. Grumbling to myself, I wish I could just go fuck her teeth loose instead of what I need to do right now, but all in good time.

Once back at my place, I gather the materials I need for promotion: a couple small vials of blood, collected from my basement full of test subjects, a scalpel, duct tape, and a few flyers I pieced together detailing how to find the haunt. The night before I open, I'll mark a few trees with red X's, forming a little trail of breadcrumbs for the mice to follow.

The sun dims like a dying candle as it sinks below the horizon. Faint whispers of orange and pink kiss the darkening skies as I start getting my costume on for tonight. Who wants some normal-looking man coming up to them in the dead of night and inviting them to an exclusive extreme haunted house? That's just weird. I stipple white makeup across my face as I stare at myself in the mirror. The eyes staring back at me begin to look more like my true self as my flesh is adequately covered. I don't watch my hands as they work, just my eyes, letting the evil within decide how he wants to be visually represented this evening. A stippled streak of blue down one eye, purple down the other. Black around my lips, and finishing with a gargle of fresh blood before tilting my head back and slowly forcing the liquid out of my mouth so that it can choose its own path down my face, chin, and neck. I let out a soft moan when I finally look at what I've done. Exquisite.

The smell of dirt and death wafts in my face when I open the suitcase containing my costume. I pull out each article of clothing, all handmade, and set it out on my bed. Seeing my costume for the first time each season always gives me goblins in my stomach. The anxious excitement spills into my bloodstream and pumps the contents of my veins in double time. I sing to it as I exchange what I'm wearing with what I've made. My once-white shirt is now a coffee-stained yellowish brown from years of dirt and sweat. Random splatters of blood lead to a massive, deep red stain right around my belly. What once were brown shorts are now almost blacked out from the

sheer amount of death that has happened in my lap. Its texture has worn away from a clean soft fabric to a dried, crunchy material from the viscera that's been cemented into the threads. This type of costume distressing is priceless.

Shirt on, pants on, suspenders on, and gloves on. Last but not least I fix my clip-on bow tie in the mirror and admire the creature that stands before me. Some would say it's just me with a costume on. But, by putting these clothes on, I'm actually taking off the costume that I wear eleven months out of the year.. I am finally ME. And me is fucking delicious.

I find myself around the corner from a local bar, tucked neatly away in an alley. I wonder if this is the same alley where Lilith took that man's life. How wonderful that would be. Behind a dumpster, I sit on the damp, cold cement and peer around the side of it. There are specific types of people I like to invite to my show. They usually travel in packs, are the most obnoxious and loud groups wherever they go, and their absence will absolutely be noticed. I want people who will be missed. People with friends, a social media presence, and families. Why kill a loner nobody is going to notice or care about when you can kill someone who's loved? Like throwing a severed head into a pond, the ripples will span far and wide. I get the satisfaction of butchering someone and the sheer pleasure of knowing there will be many, many broken hearts. Maybe she has kids and didn't know when she kissed them goodnight it was going to be the last time. Maybe he has a wife at home that argued with him about going out with his friends again, making the last conversation they had a bitter one. The possibility of dismantling so many lives with the sweet, simple act of murder was enough to make my cock drip in my piss-stained underwear.

The sound of voices approaching pulls my attention back to the sidewalk that stretches out in front of me. Laughter and drunken speech laced with swears and foul language are blurted out louder than what would be deemed socially acceptable in a public place. The sound feels like dropping heavy rocks on sheet metal. These may be the ones.

A crooked grin appears on my face as I rise to my feet and begin to walk toward the sound. My plan was to meet them at the entrance of the alley and do my little song and dance. Equal parts silly and scary. Just what people would want in a scare actor. But my feet are cemented to the ground beneath them the moment I hear her name. A girl's voice spits it from her mouth like it is laced with rat poison. The laughter and degradation that follows from the rest of the group causes my head to tilt harder to one side until the bones in my neck crack. These are the friends Lilith told me about. The ones she bailed on to see me the other night. The ones that I now have verbal confirmation hate her fucking guts and are using her for her money. My smile that was once pulled up on only one side of my face has mirrored itself into a full grin. I have found my group.

I near the entrance to the alley as they meander past. Definitely too fucked up to even notice I'm there. I step out behind them and start to follow, the yellowish street lights guiding the path down the otherwise darkened sidewalk. Rage bubbles in my chest as they continue to desecrate Lilith's name. The visceral urge to cut slits into their soft belly skin and use the new holes to fuck my seed into their guts for being so disrespectful is challenging for me to keep at bay. Luckily for them, I am on a mission. One that involves them being the VIP guests at my haunted attraction. So they get to live, for now.

Their conversation shifts in my favor when one of the little cunts blurts out that she wants to go somewhere spooky. "Not some like *hiccup*... little bitch place. Like a real scary place," she says to the group in a drunken babble.

"Bitch, you can't even watch horror movies without closing your eyes," one of the guys bites back with a laugh. The others chuckle as the girl presses her middle finger to his forehead. "Is that an offer or your I.Q.?" he says in response.

"What are you fuckin twelve? When you hit puberty gimme a call cuz I don't fuck little boys," the girl spits back. The rest laugh harder. My fucking head hurts listening

to them. Ever so subtly I interrupt with a screaming maniacal laugh.

"Haha, scary, you say? Hmm." I put on my clowneyvoice as they screech in response to being startled. The guy who was just talking shit falls to the ground, pure fear dripping down all of their faces. "Well kiddies, do I have just the place for you. You see, my name is Necro the clown, and I was just let out of a very, very scary place just to invite but a small number of new friends to come play. This place is unlike anything you have ever seen before. Hehe, I promise you that." I move from person to person as I speak, getting uncomfortably close, watching their faces contort from the stench emanating from my costume.

"Jesus Christ, dude, calm down," one of the girls barks at me. I can tell by the authority in her voice that she is the leader of this group of fucking idiots. What did Lilith say her name was? Oh... that's right.

"I'm sorry, Scarlett. If you're too scared I'm sure you don't have to join your friends. My playground isn't for pussies," I taunt her. The surprised look on her face tells me not many people talk back to her like that. Watching her die will be the most satisfying.

"Excuse me? Who the f..." She steps toward me, but her words are clamped in her throat by my hand as I grab her neck and slam her against the wooded wall of the storefront we happened to be in front of. One of the guys puffs up and is about to charge when I pull the scalpel from my pocket and point it at his stupid face.

"Uh, uh, ahh. Unless you want to go trick or treating as a shredded piece of paper, I would back the fuck off. Respectfully." I giggle before turning the blade to Scarlett. Turning it sideways and caressing her cheek with the flat side, her eyes widen as she stares into mine, realizing that the weapon I wield is real. I tick an eyebrow up with a smirk. "Against the wall! All of you!" My playfully silly tone turns gravely and wicked. The fear bubbles from their lips as they whimper while quickly following my

orders.

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I pull out the roll of duct tape from the bag of goodies I brought and tear off a small length. My eyes never leave Scarlett's as I place my pointer finger over my lips and shush her before firmly placing the tape over her wicked mouth. She blinks a few tears out of her eyes before rolling them at me, clearly frustrated with herself that I just saw her weakness spill out. I smirk again before taking her chin in my hand and turning her head. My tongue slithers from my mouth and scoops up the salty droplet, slowly dragging up the path it made down her face. A low drawn-out growl rumbles from my throat as I savor the taste of her tears.

I reach into my bag and pull out a vial of blood. Popping the stopper, I pour the thick red liquid onto my finger and draw an X across the duct tape covering Scarlett's mouth. She violently gags at the smell of it, and I giggle at her reaction. My scalpel quickly reappears as I wave it in front of their faces, ensuring they keep their backs to the wall.

"If you want real fear like this, if you thirst for pure terror, follow the red X's. They'll guide you deep into the woods of a forgotten forest. That's where you'll find me and my home. That's where you'll find..."Yes, pause for dramatic effect."Eternityof Horror."

I pull the flier out of the bag and slam it above Scarlett's head, taking the scalpel and stabbing it into the wood, pinning it there. The flier is simple: an image of an old dead tree that's been marked with a red X and the words 'Eternity Of Horror' written above it. I back away, crossing the street, and doing a silly little clowney dance as I continue to giggle at them.

"Wait... how do we find the red X?!" the girl that first mentioned a scary place blurts

out. Everyone she's with slowly turns and stares at her like she is fucking insane. I keep giggling.

"Don't worry, Jamie. When the time is right... you'll know." They stay frozen against the wall, my knowledge of who they are sinking in as I disappear into the night. I'll see you soon, my precious little playthings.

Chapter 12

Lilith

My anxiety every time I have to talk to Osiris is finally starting to dwindle, which is good because I need to complain right now. I just got off a group call with my so-called friends and as per usual, it was incredibly frustrating. However, that's not my only reason for calling him. I think what I have to tell him will make up for me bitching about my stupid friends. I'm sure he doesn't care about my drama, but I'm going to pretend for a minute that he does.

I dial his number from memory and listen as it rings. Every ring that gets closer to his voicemail ticks my anxiety up a notch. I hate leaving messages; I just don't think I'm good at them. Right as I'm about to hang up in a panic, he answers.

"Hello, my Little Corpse Queen," he murmurs into the phone. A slow and seductive tone drips into my ear and slides its way straight to my core.

"Hello, Sir..." I try to give him the same sultry tone back. Whether it works or not, I'm not sure. "Are you busy? I can let you go if you're busy. Do you want to just call me back?" "Oh, hello, panic. I thought we weren't going to see you in this conversation.

"You don't need to do that," he says, a bit more flat but still in his sexy voice.

"Do what?" I ask, knowing full well what he's talking about but wanting to play dumb because that feels better than acknowledging that I have absolutely no self-esteem when it comes to him.

"If I was busy, my queen, I wouldn't have answered the phone. But I did. For you. So take a deep breath and tell me what you called for," he says. His calming voice always seems to settle my nerves so quickly. I don't know what it is about him, but he silences all the voices in my head that are telling me to freak out.

"Ok," I say as I follow his instructions and take a deep breath. "So, two things. One, I just got off the phone with my friends and..." I hear O scoff on the other end of the phone. It makes me feel so validated that I don't even have to tell the story of what happened to know he is already on my side. I smile. "And they were just assholes. It was a group call about some guy that scared the shit out of them the other night while inviting them to some haunted house. I've never been a big fan of haunted houses, but honestly, I'm considering going just so I can potentially watch them cry. I mean, when you do what I do, very few things in the land of make-believe will scare you so..." I pause my ramble, hoping to get a response from him.

"He scared the shit out of them huh? How so?" I can hear Osiris smiling when he asks. I bite my lip, thinking about how their fear also makes him happy. I really feel like we just... get each other. In this moment, my anger and frustration melt away, and I'm just kind of floating in happiness. How long this lasts, I have no idea but... I'm going to enjoy it while it does.

"Oh, he just got in their faces and threatened them with a scalpel. Lovely choice I might add. I guess after he, and I quote, 'disappeared into the night', one of them pissed their pants, another cried, and the others said they were all absolutely going. When I tried to say that it wasn't really my thing, they just bitched at me for not coming out anymore. They said I was boring, being kind of a loser, and was destined to only ever fuck my vibrator for the rest of my life." I end that last line with a smirk,

as he and I know full well that his cock fucks me more than my vibrator does. I feel my panties dampen at the thought of him inside me right now and whimper before he jumps in with his reply.

"Sounds like it's going to be a real scary place. You might want to go and watch what happens to them. I think that would be a good idea." His tone is dark and knowing, like he knows just the place I'm talking about. "And as far as what goes in your pussy. That toy might keep you warm at night when I'm not around, but that wet little hole between your legs that you're sitting on right now, belongs to me. Maybe we should invite them over and force them to watch how I devastate your holes. Show them how you take my cock like the best fucking girl, lookin' so pretty while you do it. They can guess how many times I am going to make you cum, and if they get it wrong then maybe they have an accident and end up on your embalming table." Jesus. He went from possessive, to sexy, to dark in one swing, and my pussy couldn't be wetter. I look down and find my hand inside my underwear, I don't even remember putting it there. I just whimper into the phone as I smear my wetness around my clit and wait to see if he has anything else to add or if it is my turn. When the silence spans a few more seconds, I speak.

"Oh... I..." I moan again at the pleasure I'm giving myself. "That would be a fun night for sure. But... speaking of ah... sex... and... death... and... bodies..." I mumble, still fighting back full-on moans as my fingers won't stop touching my pussy. "I..... I have someone here I think you should come meet." A rush of liquid floods my hole, and I can feel it leaking down my ass.

"Is that so? And who do you have there waiting for Daddy?" he growls into the phone. I swear just his voice could make me cum.

"A.... mm..... very pretty young girl. My age. Died from TSS. She's an autopsy though... is that..." Before I can finish, Osiris cuts me off.

"What's TSS? And no, an autopsy is just fine." I'm not used to non-clinical people speaking so candidly about this stuff. He almost seems excited about the autopsy.

"Toxic Shock Syndrome. Super rare. It can happen if you leave a tampon in too long which is a scary ass thought, but it happens to a small percentage of people and, clearly, can be fatal. Who knows what happened though, like, why she didn't change her tampon. My guess is she had a small tampon in, forgot it was there, used a toy of some kind to masturbate, and unknowingly pushed it further inside. The force of the toy pushing the tampon in could have caused small abrasions, making her susceptible to the toxins of the tampon. TSS requires emergency medical treatment, but who knows, maybe she thought it was a cold or stomach bug and now, well, she's here.... she's here waiting for you, O." I tend to word vomit when it comes to stuff like this. I wouldn't be surprised if I heard him snoring.

"I'm on my way," he says after a short moment of silence. "And Lilith?" he continues.

"Yes?" I say, then quickly pull my lip back between my teeth.

"Take your hand out of your panties before you cum. You don't have permission to get off... yet," he growls before hanging up the phone. I immediately have to stop swirling my middle finger around inside myself because his display of ownership sends my orgasm rocketing toward my center and... Well I know I could just cum and say I didn't, but... I really want to be a good girl for him.

What seems like only moments later, Osiris pulls up and knocks on the flower door to the funeral home. It's where we come in when we're doing removals. The door leads to the back hallways only accessible to mydad and I. I open the door and my pussy quakes as soon as my eyes drink him in. His eyes are piercing, looking black in the dark but a beautiful honey brown in the sunlight. His strong jawline is sprinkled with stubble outlining the smirk on his face as he watches me drool over him. Before he steps foot through the door, he reaches his hand out and places it around my throat. I

feel as delicate as a dandelion in his powerful grip. He guides me backward as he steps in until the door closes behind him and my back is against the wall. My knees smash together like I'm going to stop the wetness from seeping its way through the fabric of my panties.

"Stay." He leans in and says, his mouth up against my lips. Suddenly my back is like super glue, adhered to the wall behind me. He slowly squats down on the balls of his feet, his arm still with enough reach to maintain the grasp on my neck. With his free hand, he pries my knees apart before leaning his face in between my legs, his nose pressing firmly against the warm fabric of my slacks that hide my needy pussy, and inhales a slow, deep breath. I swear my face is on actual fire from the embarrassment and near-shame at what it must smell like after being so unbelievably turned on, and then edging right before he got here. He looks up at me with a smile.

"Good girl. You didn't cum. I can smell how wet you are and if you did disobey me, you wouldn't be nearly this sweet," he growls, not even an inch away from my body. Opening his mouth, he cups my entire clit through my pants and slowly exhales the warmest breath from his mouth, the heated air making me fully aware of how drenched I actually am. Fuck.

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"Um..... mm... So the prep room is right over here, I mean, you know. You've been here before, but, it's over here and.. fuck... and she's waiting for you, too. Just like I am..." I whimper out. He smiles again before standing and letting me go, my neck immediately missing the pressure of his hand.

I lead the way and guide him down the hall to the prep room door, my hand shaky as I enter the passcode. I'm not sure what's going to happen once we're in the room, but I just know it's going to be disturbing, disgusting, and I can't wait to cum to it. I open the door like I'm revealing the grand prize on a game show.

I hold the door open as Osiris walks past me and up to the table, his eyes locked on the beautiful girl before him. Her pale, dead skin lays bare on the cold, steep table, unclothed and uncovered. All of her, the good, bad, and the autopsy, fully presented for his eyes to consume. I close the door as I watch him take slow steps along the length of the table, the middle finger of his right hand gliding up her shin, over her knee, and up her thigh. This is my first time seeing him touch another woman, and I don't think I wanted anything, living, dead, or otherwise, in my pussy so badly. His fingers change course and move over to the edge of her autopsy incision just above her pubic bone. "Is this how she came?" he asks, peering back at me as I watch him.

"Oh... ah yeah. So when they come back from the M.E. they generally don't sew the person up in the neatest way. They basically just want to get them closed up and out the door as quickly as possible. A little disrespectful if you ask me but..." My eyes shoot back up to his as he peers back at me with a chuckle. His fingers continue to rise and fall along the bumpy path that the tight string woven through her flesh has made. "Heh. Yeah..." Anxiety has joined the chat. "I mean... So... but anyway. We undo what they did and sew them up neatly, if possible, just to make them look as

presentable as we can." Finishing my statement, I abruptly stop talking before I make myself look even more dumb in front of him.

He turns the corner and stands at the head of the table, looking down at the girl's body. Using both hands, he glides them down her clammy skin until they cup both of her breasts. I bite my lip and watch as he takes her nipples in between his thumb and index fingers, giving them a gentle twist one way and then the opposite way, rolling them back and forth. Retracting his hands, he walks to the other side of the table, his fingers gliding down her arm as he makes his way toward the other end. It's only now that I can visibly see how hard this man is. His massive cock presses painfully against the confines of his jeans, aching to be released. I make my way to the table to join the two of them.

Looking down, I admire her beauty. Aside from the large Y incision from the autopsy, her skin is flawless. My eyes cascade along her body until they meet her mound. Silky smooth like the rest of her. I dart my gaze to O and see that his eyes are fixed on the tenderfolds between her thighs. "You can... have a closer look if you want..." I say to him as my face ignites yet again.

"You read my mind," he groans as he grabs both of her knees and pushes her legs apart. Rigor mortis has set in so her limbs are pretty difficult to manipulate, but his strong arms seem to have little issue. I snake my hands up his right bicep and whimper at how solid it is. A smirk is shot my way before he bends down and puts his face between her open thighs. I watch as his tongue slithers out from between his lips and slowly glides up her dead slit. My hips buck a little as he takes the slowest taste of her pussy, dreaming of him kissing me after he's done eating her. I hear a rhythmic rubbing sound and realize he is palming his cock through his pants.

"Oh... Sir... You should just pull it out... and use it... please?" I gently beg. I'm not above getting on my knees at this point because I think if I don't see him fuck this dead girl, I'm going to explode.

"Yeah, princess? You want to see my thick cock force its way into this dead cunt? Hmm?" he growls as he stands up, now hooking his thumbs into the waistline of his pants.

"Fuck.... I would do anything to see that... and... help? If you'd let me..." I say, somehow still as bashful as ever.

"Oh, my Little Corpse Queen. I have just the job for you. Since she isn't going to get wet for me, I am going to need you to spit on my dick as I slide it in and out of her. Keep me lubricated so I can fuck my living seed into her dead womb." His words are laced with a poisonous pleasure I don't think I'll ever get enough of. He slips off his shoes and with a soft thud, his bottoms hit the ground. He steps out of them before mounting the table, hissing at the cold metal on his warm skin.

As he gets into position, kneeling in front of the beauty before him, I help push her legs over his muscular thighs to provide him the most access to her entrance. With his cock tightly in his hand, he begins circling the head around her smooth clit, beads of precum smearing her flesh. He gives me a look and nods toward his cock. A devious grin lights up my face before I gather as much spit in my mouth as I can. Leaning over, I make sure my mouth is hovered just above his dick before releasing the load of saliva I collected for him. With a wet splat, it lands on him and drips down her cunt underneath. I groan, "Fuck... please... put it in her pussy. Please. I need to see you inside her dead body."

He lets out a growl as he takes his freshly lubricated cock and dips into her entrance, pushing his hips forward, finally entering her. "Fuuuuuckkk, she's tight," he roars. I can tell he's pushing with a decent amount of force just to get inside her. As he retracts, her tight canal helps smear the spit along his cock, making it a little easier to enter her with the second thrust. He looks at me and then looks down again as he pulls almost all the way out. That's my cue.

I lean down and spit again, this time using my own hand to smear it all over his hard shaft. The thing is so hot that it's practically on fire. As I take my hand away, I drag it up to her pussy lips that are stretched around his tip and wipe the leftover spit from my fingers onto her. Looking up at him, I slide my fingers up and start rubbing her clit. I know she can't feel it, but he can feel her skin pulling and moving as I make tight circles. He continues his thrusts, getting deeper each time.

"Mmm fuck... this is good, but... I need you to help me some more," he moans. If only this man knew, I would do fucking anything for him.

"Oh... um, what do you want me to do?" I say, glancing up at him and locking eyes by the end of my question.

"I want you to reach inside her, and squeeze my cock. Can you do that for me princess?" He bottoms out inside her and holds it there. The look in his eyes is pure evil laced with lust. They're absolutely hypnotizing.

Without responding, I step away to grab a scalpel. Coming back, he watches me as I cut the string at the base of the autopsy incision. I pull out the binding until her abdomen falls open, giving me plenty of access to her insides. I glance inside her, and he takes that opportunity to continue fucking her pussy again, allowing me to see his cock pushing in and where I need to grab.

With my bare hand, I reach inside her corpse and find the outside of her vaginal wall and wrap my fingers around it. It's cold, wet, and smooth in my hand. As he thrusts into her, I feel my fingers filling with his living cock, the warmth radiating through her cold innards. I force my hand in a little deeper and then look him in the eyes as I begin squeezing every time my hand is filled with him. His eyes immediately roll back with the added sensation of me gripping his dick inside of her body. I add a twisting and tugging motion as he pumps faster, the veins in his arms and neck become visible, standing out beneath his skin, a telltale sign that his orgasm is rapidly

approaching.

"Fill her, Osiris. Breed her rotting pussy. Please. Empty every drop and let it all die with her. Please," I beg, my words helping to expedite his orgasm. With a few hard thrusts that slightly slide her up the table, I feel a hot splash through the walls of her reproductive organ. The warmth of his cum remains where my hand is even as he retracts and slams back in.

My cunt is burning with need and I feel like I'm just a few rubs away from my own orgasm. He pulls my hand out of her gut as he plucks himself from her hole, his cum slowly becoming visible in his absence. Without saying a word, he pulls the dead girl by her legs until they are dangling off the end of the table right at her knees. He moves with purpose and determination. Quickly, he puts me in front of her and bends me over. My pussy drips at the sheer force of how he moves my body. Before I can blink, my pants and panties are down to my knees and my soaking cunt is on display for him.

"Eat my cum from her cunt while I eat your cum from yours," he growls before getting on his knees. His big hands spread me wide, and the tongue that I can still vividly picture licking this girl's dead slit is now lapping up my living one. I moan loudly as he devours me from behind with a primal need I've never seen from him before. "EAT," he demands, alerting me to the fact that I was just frozen in pleasure.

I press my face into her cold pussy and start licking. His warm cum contrasting with the dead tissue makes me throb against his tongue, my thighs already shaking. He darts his tongue in and out of my pussy with his nose pressed against my asshole as I drink his seed from her. It drips so slowly I wish I could reach inside her and scoop it out into my mouth. His cum tastes like pure heaven mixed with her insides.

Only a few licks and I'm pushing with all my might against Osiris's face. My cunt sprays my juices down his chin and onto the floor, squirting harder than I think I ever

have. My asshole opens around the tip of his nose as my orgasm explodes out of me. I feel him breathe in my scent before he gulps, swallowing my squirt. The desperation this man has to consume every gas, smell, liquid, and solid that my body can produce causes my orgasm to last just a few moments longer.

With a growl, he licks up the last of my cum from my pussy and stands. The evidence of my orgasm soaking the front of his clothes. He spins me around and takes my face in his hands before leaning down and kissing me, slow and passionate. Our tongues twirl as we create the most intoxicating elixir in our mouths. His cum, my squirt, and death.

He pulls back from my mouth, a thumb caressing my cheek as he breathes, "That's my good Little Corpse Queen."

Chapter 13

Osiris

Ido another walkthrough of my haunt, checking on all the small scares and props I have set up. When you leave things exposed to the elements, it's always good to do a walk-through and make sure the wind didn't knock anything down or animals didn't chew through any ropes. I guess I should check on the living props while I'm in here.

All the bodies from my basement have now been placed throughout the walls of my attraction. Living or dead, they all have a part to play in the show that I've created for my special guests. The dead bodies have been placed in sets that fit their level of decomposition, with the fresher ones wrapped in fake spider webs in the arachnophobia section, the more dismembered and decayed spread out between the alley, dungeon, and playground. Each time I set up a haunt, my body thrums with the excitement of all the people I have mutilated for the sake of my art. I can't wait to show off my hard work.

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However, despite all my excitement, I find myself torn. Do I keep this a secret from Lilith and follow through with my original plan, or... bring her in? Reveal it all. I have never felt so close to another person, not since I was a child, and there is a growing part of me that really wants to harness that and see where it leads. I know there is always a way out, so one could say, 'What do you have to lose?' But having a way out doesn't mean she can't fuck things up for me if, for some reason, she freaks out, and this all goes sideways. I don't want that.

Almost as if she could sense me thinking about her, my phone rings. Her name appears on the screen, and I smile at it. My pretty little fucked up princess. I answer as I walk through the exit of my haunt.

"I was just thinking about you," I say with a smile.

"Oh... um... hi. Were you? What were you thinking about, Daddy?" The timidity in her voice and the way she always seems like she's slightly afraid of me, makes my cock hard every single time.

"Wouldn't you like to know? Maybe you can fuck it out of me when you come to my place tonight," I say with a sly tone. We didn't have plans tonight, but I've already figured her out. When she just wants to chat, she texts. When she wants to meet up, she calls.

"I... wait..... to your place? I can come over to your place?" she says in a surprised tone. She's never been to my house before, and for good reason. Until very recently, it's been filled with either dead or dying bodies. Some were hard to keep alive and quiet. But the house is empty now, freshly cleaned and ready for a visitor.

"Unless you don't want to...." I say in a teasing voice. Of course, I know she wants to.

"No, no, I mean yes, I mean... I would love to come over. Text me the time and address, and I'll be there. Five minutes early probably, haha. Sorry." I can hear the nerves rattling her chin as she talks. I could beat off to how shy I make this girl, knowing that at any moment, she can turn into the filthiest little slut I have ever met.

"That's a good girl. I'll text it to you now. See you soon, princess." I hang up the phone before she can respond. A little abrasive, I know, but she likes me this way. I know she's sitting there with the phone to her ear, nothing on the other end, soaking the thin fabric of her underwear. I sniff the air, closing my eyes and remembering her scent. So sweet and damp and needy. Time to go get ready.

The sun died hours ago, and the night has swallowed up everything untouched by the moon's reflective glow. I hear my Corpse Queen pull up outside as I finish drying off from my shower. Five minutes early, just like she said. I smile as I patiently dress myself, allowing her nerves to build as she anticipates her entrance to where I rest my head each night. A soft chuckle taps at my chest as I picture her wiping the sweat from her palms down her pant legs, trying to convince herself to relax. I'm going to fucking break her in half tonight.

I stand near the door and wait for her to come to me. A gentle knock that's almost too soft to make a sound lets me know she's finally on the other side. Grabbing the handle, I rip open the door, surprising her with a jump-scare. The way her scream sounds like it was ripped from her gut faster than her body could expel it and how she lunges back, pulling her hands up to her face, makes my heart very happy. "Jesus fuckin' Christ, Osiris! I think I just peed a little!" she says, lightly swiping her fingers along the seam that runs up the center of her jeans. She definitely didn't anticipate me hearing that first knock. Scaring is in my blood, and I will take any chance I get to make somebody jump.

"Better not waste any of that golden nectar, princess. I got a fun night planned for us." I birth a wicked smile as I turn, extending my arm out to invite her inside. "Please, come in."

Lilith enters slowly, her head on a swivel as she looks around. The wooden door cries a high-pitched creak as I close it slowly behind us. Even the latch of the door is enough to make her jump again and turn back toward me. I remain still, my back to the door as I maintain the same wicked smile. "So... how long have you lived here?" she asks as she starts looking around again. No doubt taking inventory of the dated furniture, cobwebs, and layers of dust throughout the place.

"Not long. I needed a place and this one was... a steal. It's a roof over my head and a place to rest my bones. I know it isn't much to look at, but I'm not picky. It serves its purpose. Please, let me show you the rest of the house," I say as I step around her, my hand gently gliding across her lower back. The planks of wood that make up the floor are warped and audibly ache under each footstep.

I began giving her a tour of the place. just a rickety old house in the bowels of the forest that was forgotten about. Every town that rests in the middle of nowhere, off the beaten path, has a couple of properties like this. A place that, even if someone currently resides within, I can claim as my own, by will or by force. This cute little slice of hell still had its residents inside when I arrived. However, they were already dead. I'm not as traditionally educated on decomposition as Lilith, but my best guess is that the elderly couple who owned the place must have died at least a few months prior to me procuring it. Something about them reminded me of what little memory I have of my parents. The couples' bodies are buried neatly in the backyard, side by side.

We carry on silently through the living room. I turn back to see her stepping toward the mantle of the fireplace, no doubt wanting to have a look at the knick-knacks that adorn it. Everything is old, even older than me. She's certainly been in enough

elderly homes, picking up their dead bodies, to know this isn't my stuff. I focus on her facial features for any signs of confusion or fear, but nothing rises to the surface. She turns back, catching me staring at her, and gives me a gentle smile. I reach out and take her hand. "The previous owners suddenly moved away somewhere; they didn't need to take any of their stuff. So it was all left here. Come now, there's more to see." I'm technically not lying. When her hand reaches into mine, it fills my stomach with an unfamiliar warmth. What an odd feeling. What does it mean?

We exit the living room and enter the kitchen. I don't know why, but I'm most excited about showing her the basement. I've spent time in her workshop and am a little giddy to show her mine. Granted, she has no idea what I do down there or the horrors that those walls have witnessed. Thus, bringing me back to my dilemma. I still don't know what I'm going to do about it. Ignoring my indecision, we walk around the small kitchen table and to the door that leads downstairs.

The stairs are draped in darkness as we stand at the top, peering down. The light is on over my desk, but that's around the corner and can't be seen. There is no illumination over the pathway down. I look back at her and notice her eyeing the much newer locks I installed along the outside of the door. She turns back to me with the same little smile she gave in the living room. I smirk as I lead the way down the old creaky stairs.

"I like to spend a lot of time down here." I tell her. "Every once in a while I like to... make things. The energy down here is just... so fitting," I struggle to get out. I'm not great at being vague without sounding like it's intentional.

"It feels like death down here." she states very matter-of-factly. I turn to face her as she slowly scans the walls, no doubt noticing each stain and guessing correctly what it actually is. My palms start to lightly dampen with anxiety. Please, princess, I need you to continue that thought process so I know how you feel about it. "... I love it," she finishes with a smile. I exhale a slow sigh of relief.

“Well, I suppose we both find comfort in death. I think that's what drew me to you,” I say as I reach up and gently grab her chin between my thumb and index finger. “That, and you’re fucking hot.” I smirk as she pulls her face away and hides her blushing cheeks. So cute. I’m so genuinely attracted to this woman. The contrast between her coy innocence and absolute hellish depravity is unmatched. I have never met a woman like her in my life, and I have a feeling I never will again.

I turn and walk to my desk before I let any more emotions fill my insides. “So, I think I have some sketches over here that I’ve made. I like to draw once in a while. Just some fun pictures of torture and mutilation. I think you’ll really like them.” I start sifting through papers when I glance up and notice she's next to a shelf where I keep a lot of my miscellaneous tools. But what her eyes have locked on is my trophy box. Her hand is reaching for it, and I panic.

“Don’t fucking touch that!” I growl out and stomp toward her like a killer about to create another victim. She jumps from the fright and bumps into the shelf, the box shifting near the edge. My hand slams on it just before it teeters off and falls on the ground. “Keep your fucking hands to yourself unless I tell you it's ok to touch something. Have some fucking respect.” I seethe.

Her eyes well up with tears as I watch her teeth clench behind her cheeks. “Fuck you. I was just curious what was in it. You don't have to be so fucking mean,” she says with shaky breath, fighting back her tears.

“Well, you don't have to be so fucking...” Before I can finish, she turns away and starts walking toward the stairs to leave. “Wait. Where are you going? Don’t fucking walk away from me,” I growl. How fucking dare she walk away while I’m speaking to her?

By the time I catch up to her, she has already made her way up into the kitchen. The blood in my veins feels more like molten lava with the rage that's coursing through

me. Before I realize what's happening, I reach around the front of her and forcefully grab her by the throat. In one fluid motion, I pick her up off the ground and slam her onto the kitchen table. With my right hand pinning her down, I pull the left back in a closed fist ready to bash those gorgeous eyes into her skull. Her screams are pinched off by the pressure of my grip on her vocal cords. Her eyes cut through me, and I freeze. That look... it...

Silence fills my ears. In a movie, this is the part where all movement is paused mid-action, and we're sucked into a flashback. The one where I was just a kid, staring at my mother while Father had her pinned down. His fist pulled back, the same as mine, but he didn't freeze. In the back of my mind I watch my mother's face get destroyed, punch after punch, with his knuckles changing the design of her beautifully crafted features like it was made out of clay, all in painful slow motion as I hold Lilith down in the very same position. I must have loosened my grip during my mini blackout because the shriek of her voice brings me right back to the moment in front of me.

"OSIRIS, PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!" She fights to get out around my hold. I lower my fist and ease up more on her neck. Fuck.

I lean in slowly, her fight to get me off simmering down as she fixates on my eyes. They are now drenched in a new emotion, like the rage was a balloon filled with regret that the memory of my mother just popped. She saw the shift in me, her struggle coming to a stop as the apology glazes over my glassy eyes. The words won't come out of my mouth, but she can see it, I'm so fucking sorry. There is a brief moment where we just stare into each other's gaze, taking in this feeling, what just happened, and then, like a flash of lightning, our lips crash together.

I curl my fingers into the neck of her shirt and pull as hard as I can in opposite directions, tearing the fabric like tissue paper. A low growl rumbles from my chest as I pull my lips from hers and admire her young breasts. My hands glide down her peaks and to her tummy as I make my way to her pants, curling my fingers in and

yanking them down. The force from my pull slides her near the edge of the table. She throws her arms back, grabbing the edge above her head to keep her from becoming airborne from the momentum. As soon as I get one of her legs free from the confines of her jeans, I spin her body around and grab under her arms, pulling her until her head dangles off the table. Another flashback threatens to invade my brain.

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“Argh, NO! Get the fuck out,” I grumble to myself before slamming my palm against the side of my own head. Actively trying to hammer out the memory. I look down and see eyes staring up at me with a hint of confusion. “Open your fucking mouth, Lilith. Daddy needs to fuck your little throat.” I direct my demanding tone down at the naked girl sprawled across my kitchen table. I feverishly withdraw my cock, hardened and dripping from my pants, quickly finding her open mouth that's ready to accept the punishment my hips are about to provide her.

With both of my hands, I grab each of her biceps and pin her in place. I can feel her mouth filling with saliva as I glide myself in and out of her face, each thrust going deeper. The air from her nose tickles my clean-shaven balls each time I bottom out in her throat, forcing her to exhale. My aggression begins to ascend as I fuck her face harder, pulling all the way out to allow her a deep and rejuvenating breath then relentlessly fucking into her again. I force myself into her face deeper, and this time, she doesn't just gag. I hear a splashing sound ahead of me, and it rips my eyes away from the view of her face being fucked. I look up to see her pissing across my table. She's pushing for me. I throb even harder in her mouth at the sight. I pull back again and then push forward, hitting the same spot, causing another stream of piss to spurt from her cunt. It almost makes me chuckle at this little cause-and-effect experiment. I can smell her urine in the air, and it is making me feral. She moans around my dick as I slam into her throat. Again, a stream of piss squirts out, this time accompanied by a loud fart that vibrates from between her meaty ass and the hard wooden table. I growl so loud her body goes rigid and her moans fall silent, waiting to find out if it was pleasure or anger.

I pull my dick from her mouth and squat down so we are face to face. I smile at the absolute mess that I've made of her; spit, tears, and maybe even a little puke provide

a thick coating over her delicate skin. I stare into her eyes. “You’re going to do all of that again.” I glance toward her cunt. “But you’re going to do it again while sitting on my face. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy... You want... everything?” she whimpers out.

“Everything. I want all of what you just did, or there will be hell to pay. You can sense how dangerous I am, my Little Corpse Queen. Do not make me prove it to you,” I threaten as I stand up. Like she was weightless, I pull her up and off the table, standing her on her feet. She wobbles as I turn and lie down on my back in the puddle of piss that we created together and wait for her to mount me. It’s her turn to fuck my face.

My tongue takes a lap around my lips as I watch her climb up and swing a knee over me to the other side of my head, facing away. I pull my arms through so they are over her calves, my hands finding her hips and pulling her down with force. She squeaks as her pussy slams down onto my mouth. “Mmm fuck, princess. I can smell how dirty you are... Now it's time to taste it,” I growl against her labia before I begin my assault.

I eat her pussy with a need unlike any I have ever felt. Gliding my tongue from her clit to her asshole, I press hard against it and squeeze her hips. She pushes. My cock throbs with pleasure as she releases a small fart against my tongue for me to lick up. Piss dribbles out of her hole and onto my chin as I shift her so that I can clean that up too. Every time she pushes, it's a race to lick up whatever comes out of her.

Her small hands work together as they pump up and down my cock. “Clean me up, Daddy. Drink my piss and lick my farts like a good boy,” she moans and my dick drips all over her. Holy fucking shit. Normally, I would put her in her fucking place for thinking she could tell me what to do, but for some reason being under her, being her toilet, it’s just perfect.

She pushes harder, a full stream of piss echoing in my hallowed mouth as I catch it. Taking it down in one huge gulp as soon as she finishes and then going back to eating her. Her asshole pushes hard against my nose while my tongue is buried in her cunt. Feeling another small pressure wave of wind from her hole, I lunge my tongue up and taste it. Spreading her tight, my hands gripping her cheeks, I force my tongue deep into her asshole, my moans increasing as my orgasm steadily rises with her unwavering strokes.

I can't even muster out the words before my cock is erupting. As soon as the first shock of orgasm shoots up my body, I feel my dick being swallowed again. Her nails dig into my thighs and I feel her legs tense and pussy pulsate. My Corpse Queen is cumming with me. Fuck. I push my hips up to gag her on my cum spewing cock, breeding her throat as it forces everything out of her one last time, all over my face. What a filthy fucking slut she can be.

After she's finished drinking all of my fluids, and I swallow all of hers, she dismounts and curls up against my damp body. A mixture of piss, cum, and sweat coats both of us, but I couldn't care less. I wrap an arm around her and hold her close, kissing the top of her head. This was the most intense sexual act I have ever experienced, and I'm pretty fucking experienced. The connection I feel with this adorable, much younger but just as filthy woman, is one I never thought I would find. Not in this lifetime anyway. I am not someone who deserves this kind of... care. I use that word because I just can't use the one with an L. Not yet.

"Can I ask you something?" Lilith breaks the silence.

"Sure, princess."

"What happened... earlier. When I was on the table and you... What I mean is... You kind of went somewhere for a second. I saw you freeze and just... where did you go?" she struggles to get the question out.

I let out a deep sigh. How much do I tell her? At this point I feel comfortable enough to tell her everything. But that doesn't mean it's the smart thing to do. I think for a few seconds. "So.. the short version is when I was a kid, I watched my parents get murdered," I say as casually as one could say such a statement.

"Oh my god, Osiris... I didn't... I'm so sorry." She perks her head up to look at me. I snake my hand up to her head and pull her back down into the cuddle.

"It's fine. It was a long, long time ago. But. My mother... it happened on a kitchen table while I sat in a chair and just... watched."

"Jesus Christ... fuck, that's horrendous." A few moments of silence pass before she speaks again. "And... the person that did it?"

"Father."

"Wait, your DAD did it?? But.. didn't you just say..." I interrupt her.

"He wasn't my father." My tone is defensive. "That's what he made me call him after he took me."

"O... how long did he have you? Where is he now?" I can hear the protectiveness in her voice. Like if I told her he lived around the corner, she would get up, march right over there, and murder his face off right now. So cute.

"Too long. Long enough to mold me into something I otherwise would never have become. But... he's gone now."

"Gone?" she asks.

"I killed him. He did a lot of horrible things to a lot of people. For some reason, none

of that shit bothered me at all. Trauma, I guess. One day, I came home and saw him mutilating a cat while it was still alive. Giggling while he tortured it. Snapping bones, ripping chunks offur off with his bare hands. I almost blacked out in rage. For some reason hurting people was just fine, but animals... We all gotta draw the line somewhere, right?" I say with a smirk. This is an amazing aftercare conversation. I'm so glad we're having this talk.

"Fuck. Yeah, I would have to agree with you there. There's lots of people I wouldn't mind watching be brutally murdered. If I can confess something to you... watching people get hurt or killed has always kind of turned me on. I don't know why... but when I was younger, 18 or 19 I can't remember exactly, I would watch videos online of people getting murdered and just rub my clit to them. I would edge myself as I watched them take their last breaths. Then, just put on some kind of porn to finish. I guess switching over before I got off always made it feel less... wrong? I don't know. It's still on the to-do list for me though, to get off while watching someone die." She looks up at me, catching me staring at her with a smile. "Shit, sorry.. That was weird.. I.. so what did you do when you caught him?"

"Please don't apologize, you adorable little girl." I kiss the top of her head again and begin petting her back with slow, soft strokes. "Well... Like I said, I killed him. But. If you're asking how.."

"I am...." She jumps with quick excitement.

I smile again. I think this girl is perfect. "I walked past him like nothing was wrong and went into the kitchen to get a hammer out of a drawer. Then, I walked up behind him and swung the blunt, steel end of that hammer as hard as I could upside his head." I take a deepbreath. "All the rage, resentment, and pain just.. came rushing through, and I..." My voice shakes a little. I have never said this out loud, nevermind told another living soul. She starts caressing my arm in comfort. I swallow hard. "I'd fantasized about how I would kill him for decades. Just, the most brutal, grotesque,

and creative ways to inflict the most about of pain and still end his miserable fuckin' life. But as soon as I saw him twitching on the floor... All my mind could see was red. I kneeled down over his chest and with both fists, I pounded his face into the floor until it completely caved in. I broke almost every one of my knuckles, but I just kept punching and punching. Feeling his flesh tear, his eyes pop, his bones break. Even that wasn't enough. So I got up and continued. I jumped with both feet up and down on his chest until every rib was broken, until I felt my feet touching the floor underneath him... then I left. Just a wondering, lost, horrible person who honestly is no better than the monster I killed that night."

Lilith sits up and takes my face in her hands. "You are not that monster. And you are not lost because I found you. And I'm not letting you go, I... I can't let you go. You matter to me Osiris, and I don't want you to say another bad word about yourself because I lo...." I put my finger over her lips.

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"Lilith... please... don't. I know... but... don't. Just hold me," I tell her before replacing my finger on her lips with my own, kissing her softly before cuddling her back in. We hold each other close, basking in our piss-soaked afterglow. How romantic.

Chapter 14

Lilith

"I swear, he's such a prick. He only calls me at like 2 a.m., drunk, horny, and just wanting to bust a nut in whoever answers. It'd be nice if he like, took me out somewhere once in a while. I would even settle for ordering a pizza and hanging out before or after we fuck. But nope. I am just his trusty cum receptacle," Scarlett complains in my ear over the phone. "That's ok because he always cums in me, runs to the bathroom to wash his dick off because, well, I'm a messy girl, and then puts his clothes on to leave. So, last night, while he was in the bathroom, I queefed his cum out into his sock," she continues with a chuckle. "Oh, when he put it on... the look on his face." She laughs again. "Just the most confused and disgusted look. I asked if he was ok as innocently as possible, and he just nodded. Then, poof. Left almost as quick as he came. Literally."

I trace a fingerprint bruise Osiris left on me the other night with a smile on my face, replaying the filthy things we did and how passionate it was. I wonder what he's doing right n- "Lilith? Are you listening to me?" Scarlett interrupts my daydream.

"Huh? Oh! Yes. I'm sorry. I was just thinking. Um... anyway. I've been telling you since you met him that he was a dick, so I'm glad you're finally getting it. Why do

you even let him come over anymore?" I try so hard to care about her stupid hookups and how they treat her like a blow-up doll, but I just really fucking don't.

"A girl's got needs too. Besides, he's got a tongue that could paint the Sixteenth Chapel."

"Sistine," I correct her.

"What?"

"It's the Sistine Chapel. Not the... nevermind. Either way, gross." I roll my eyes at her stupidity and just her in general.

"Oh, don't tell me you don't like to have that sheltered little coochie licked, Lilly Bean," she teases.

"Do not fucking call me that," I say with the utmost sincerity. My dry, flat tone lets her know that I'm not kidding.

"Jesus, lighten up. Anyway, did I tell you we met some psychotic guy in a clown costume the other night?" Good idea, Scarlett. Change the subject.

"Yup. We already talked about this." I say with a sigh. My annoyance becomes more and more evident the longer she keeps me on the phone.

"Wow, rude. Okay anyway, that stupid hauntedhouse thing is happening tonight, which brings me to the real reason why I was calling. Would you..."

"Absolutely fucking not," I cut her off. I know I had planned on going when she first told me, just to watch them squirm, but the more I think about it the more I can't stand the idea of spending the entire night in such close proximity to them. At least at

a bar I could venture off alone or talk to someone else if I really wanted to, and I don't even want to do that anymore. Plus, I'm not afraid of haunted houses. I just don't find them appealing really. They aren't scary to me. Everything is fake, and it's all an act. What's scary about that? Maybe when there's a haunt that can show me REAL fear, then I might go.

"Lilith, please. We really want to go, and we need a ride. I think it's free to get in, so you won't have to cover anyone!" She says like her telling me I don't have to pay for everyone is some kind of incentive. "We really want you to come too!" she adds, clearly an afterthought by how she stutters the words.

"I can't. I have plans," I lie. Though, I haven't heard from Osiris all day now that I'm thinking about it. I should actually text him and see if he's around to do something gross tonight.

"You've been having a lot of plans lately.... when are you going to tell me about him?" Scarlett questions with a seductive tone.

"I don't kiss and tell like you!" I snap back and she gasps. Please, phone battery just die so I can be done with this conversation. "BUT if you must know. He is amazing. We are so alike, and yet, so different. He's gorgeous. He does and says everything just right, and I..."

"Fuck, Lilith, it sounds like you love this guy," Scarlett says.

"I didn't say that! But... I... I also didn't NOT say that. I don't know. It's still new."

"Bring him! Yeah, call him up and bring him with us tonight!"

"I'd rather eat glass. You'll never meet him," I respond before realizing how rude I sound. Then, also realizing how much I don't give a shit.

"Lilith! Rude! Look, if you come tonight I promise we won't bug you for anything for... a week." I let silence be my response, implying that a week is not nearly long enough. "Two weeks?" she questions this time. Still, I remain silent. "Jesus fuck, ok fine! A month. We won't ask you to drive OR pay for us for a whole month!"

"You're too kind. Seriously. How did I get so lucky to have friends like you?" I finally speak up in a very condescending tone.

"So, you'll come?!" she squeaks. Either she's oblivious to how much I don't give a shit, or she gives even less of a shit.

"Yes. JUST me. You're not meeting Osiris." I slam my hand over my phone. Fuck. Why did I say his goddamn name?

"Oh, I like that. Osiris. Sounds spooky and hot," she teases back at me.

"What time am I picking you up?" Not a chance I'm fueling that fire.

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"You can grab us at my place around 8 p.m.. This is gonna be so much fun!" She lets out a bit of personality in her otherwise dry demeanor.

After hanging up, I sit the phone down next to me on the bed and stare at it. No new messages. He must be busy. If he was free, he would let me know, right? I don't want to come off clingy so... I won't reach out to him. I just hope he isn't still upset with me for touching whatever that box was in his basement. I've never seen him flip out like that, and I would be lying if I said it didn't scare the shit out of me. Maybe a few nights away will be good and rekindle that fire. I'll leave him be.

I sigh, remembering I now have to go to some stupid haunted house with my asshole friends and a crazy clown. I hope he kills them. My eyebrows raise at my own intrusive thoughts. That's bad, right? I shouldn't wish death upon my friends. Then again, they aren't really my friends. Just a bunch of leeches I picked up on my walk through the swamp of life. I chuckle. Real deep, Lilith.

Letting out another sigh, I stand up. "Well. Let's get ready to go out, I guess," I say to myself before I start searching for something to wear.

My car is now filled with voices as I start the drive to this mysterious haunted house. Scarlett sits up front with me while Alex, Jamie, and Rob line my backseat. By the burning fumes emanating from all of their mouths, it's very apparent that they'd been pregaming for a while before I picked them up. A bunch of drunken fucking idiots at a haunted house, what could go wrong?

"Ok, where am I going?" I try to cut through the laughter and conversation that, as usual, doesn't include me. Nobody responds. "Anyone wanna tell me where to go?"

Still, they continue as if I'm not there, and fuck do I wish that were true. I could be getting fucked down by my... well... I guess I shouldn't say MY man... but... it's just me up here in my head so... fucked down and creampie'd by MY man right now instead of this bullshit. I try again, louder this time, "HEY! Will someone please tell me where the fuck I'm going?" There's absolute silence for a solid three seconds, and it's the greatest moment we've ever had together.

"Jesus, chill out," Alex says. "We don't know where it is."

I slam on the brakes, and the car screeches to a halt. The car collectively groans and complains about the abrupt stop, but I don't give a fuck. "I'm sorry, did you just say you 'don't know where it is'?" I ask as I slowly turn my head and look at Alex like I'm going to rip their fucking head off. Because I just might.

"Someone's got her period," they grumble under their breath. "Look, the psycho clown's flier says to come way out here, and then we just need to follow the red X's that are on the trees. That's how we get there," they say as they slam the flier into my hand from the backseat.

I growl as I unfold the flier and look it over. Yup, just as I suspected, this is bullshit. As I scan the handwritten and hand-drawn designs scribbled on this piece of paper, I can't help but feel like I recognize it. Something about it feels familiar, and I just can't figure out what it is. I toss the flier up on the dash, put the car in drive, and keep moving. Deeper and deeper we go into the backwoods of town, putting an almost uncomfortable distance between us and any sort of civilization, any kind of help should something go wrong.

Something catches my eye on the side of the road as we come around a bend. My high beams hit a tree and, just like the paper said, dead center is a big red X. The tree is old and dying, like everything else in these woods. This is actually a perfect spot for something like this. I slow down as we get close to it and roll my window down.

"Well, I found your X," I say to the group as we come to a stop in front of the tree.

"Thick, always hard, and not a brain in sight? Yup. Sounds like my X, alright," Scarlett says with a smirk. I roll my eyes at her before turning back and seeing a small road on the other side of the tree. I turn down the path slowly, the darkness swallowing up the beams of my headlights and camouflaging where it leads. Only the sounds of breaking twigs and crunching leaves seep in through the window and whisp around the otherwise silent car. Another X. We continue to follow.

"This is fucking creepy," Rob chimes in before throwing back another nip.

Jamie hits him in the arm. "You said you were out! Give me one!" she demands, looking at him. When he continues to ignore her, she rolls her eyes before saying, "Please!" A smile spreads across Rob's face as he pulls another nip of alcohol out of the pocket of his hoodie and hands it to her. She takes the entire thing in one quick gulp.

We continue slowly, the car feeling like it's trying to tiptoe through eggshells as we drive over the death that has fallen from the trees. The road narrows, getting tighter and tighter on each side as the trees reach out their twisted branches. It's as if they are clawing at us, pulling us deeper into the belly of the forest. That's when the headlights shine on another car ahead of us. It looks like we aren't the only ones here.

"I'm just going to park here. Looks like there may be one other car in front of this one. Not a very popular haunted house, guys," I snark at them. The eyerolls look choreographed the way they all hit at once. "They can wait for us to be done, I'm sure." I throw the car in park and roll up all the windows.

As we all get out and stretch our legs, we can hear faint music in the distance. Slow and creepy circus-style music. Nothing terrifying about that coming out of the darkest forest I've ever been in. "He wasn't kidding when he said that it was really scary,"

Jamie says softly.

"Bitch, we aren't even there yet, and you're already scared?" Scarlett snaps back at her. "This better be really fuckin scary after the way he practically attacked us. I hope it's full contact and they separate us and shit. Tie us to stuff or bring us in different rooms and spray blood on us."

"Maybe you'll get lucky and he will fuck you with his clowney cock!" Alex shoves Scarlett with a laugh.

She sighs. "I could only be so lucky to have a filthy, dirty, murderous psycho pump me full of his cum."

The way I smile. She has absolutely no idea. But I do. I have had my cunt filled by a murderer and just the thought has me lining my panties with a slick layer of excitement.

Our feet crunch the decaying earth beneath us as we start walking toward the sound, all of us using the flashlights on our phones to illuminate the way. Another red X along the path lets us know we are heading in the right direction. I glance over my shoulder and squint, looking for all the cars that have now been consumed by the night. I swallow hard and turn back around, feeling my anxiety climb up my stomach like a sloth, slow and steady. I'm not worried about the haunt, I'm worried about finding our way back. The X's get farther and farther apart, and my brain is starting to do that thing where it questions if we even saw an X in this direction. The only confirmation that we are going the right way is the fact that the music is getting louder as we go.

"I think we should turn back," Jamie says as she stops, the light on her phone visibly shaking in her hands.

"If you want to be a scared little bitch and walk back by yourself, be my guest. But we're almost there, and the rest of us are going." Scarlett gets in her face. God, she can be such an asshole sometimes. Obviously, Jamie is scared, and she's definitely not the only one who doesn't want to be here. Before I can open my mouth, Scarlett glares at me. "All of us are going," she repeats, making direct eye contact with me. I scoff and roll my eyes, walking over to Jamie and hooking my arm through hers.

"I got you, come on. It'll be fine." My words of comfort are quickly disregarded as Jamie pulls her arm away from me and uses her shoulder to bump mine as she pushes past.

"I'm not a fuckin' baby, Lilly Bean. Please don't touch me. Let's just get this over with," she snaps at me, and my face flushes with embarrassment. The heat only intensifies when everyone looks at me and laughs before following behind Jamie, leaving me to be last in the procession.

As we near the end of the path, bits of the facade can be seen peeking through the silhouetted treeline. The music is crackling and muffled like it's being played through a loose connection on blown-out speakers. The dreary, almost slow-motion sounding carnival music pairs well with the architecture of the entrance, creating a very unsettling feeling in my guts. The odd shape and asymmetry definitely make me feel uncomfortable. It's constructed from scraps of wood, branches, and what looks like trash, creating a run-down house and front porch scene. Red and white stripes of different thickness paint the exterior. The lines are not running straight or in any kind of pattern. It genuinely feels like a crazy person put this together.

There are two groups of people already here waiting. Part of me is thrilled we don't have to go first, and that there are, in fact, other people here, but the other part of me wishes we could just get this over with so I can call Osiris. I miss him so much right now. I would give anything to taste him, any part of him. Every part of him.

A creepy voice yells from the front door, and the first group enters. I don't pay much attention as I pull out my phone and lazily flip through my texts from O. It almost slips from my hands when I hear the group of people scream from inside the walls. The screams get a little quieter as if they are getting farther away. I swear it sounds like fewer voices every time. Then, finally, silence. No talking, no screaming, no laughing. Just nothing. That's odd. The exit must be way behind it or something. I look at my phone again and think about what I'm going to do to O the next time we are together. If I was alone, I would definitely have something in my pussy right now. The voice yells again, and the people in front of us go in.

Like the group before them, they begin to scream as soon as they enter. I hear a bit more confusion and commotion this time though, accompanied by loud banging and maniacal laughter. My 'friends' continue to ignore the fact that I'm with them which works just fine for me. I just tune out their bickering about whether we should go in or not, how afraid they are or not, and of course the typical "if he gets in my face I'm going to punch him" tough guy routine. I haven't been to a lot of haunted attractions, but I've been to enough to know that my group is the one that most people who work there fucking hate. The ones that laugh at them saying, "You don't scare me; I see you; He's going to pop outright there; I'll hit you in the face if you touch me" and so on. It's so embarrassing.

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I notice again that the screams go from many, to only a few, then down to one screaming for help. It's faint, but I'm sure that's what it's saying. Well, that's what it said before it went silent again, and then, poof, gone.

"Hey, has anyone seen that first group walk by?" Rob asks while cracking open another nip. By now, he is plenty drunk. Mr. Tough Guy doesn't sound so sure of himself now, and it makes me smile.

"Nope. Or the second group. They both just kinda disappeared. Maybe they didn't make it out alive," I say from the back of the group with a smile. Everyone turns and looks at me with the same fearful expression on their faces. But before they can say anything back, the front door of the haunt busts open. The abrupt sound and motion makes everyone jump out of their skin and huddle together, turning toward the source. The clown.

As he walks toward us, steam rises from both of his clenched fists. They are soaked in a red liquid that's warmer than the cold night air. There aren't many lights coming off the attraction but enough to see his clown makeup looks dirty and old. The white is cracked and peeling and there are purple and blue smears down his eyes. A black painted smile, that looks like he used his fingers to create, gives him a gross look of demented joy. His eyes though. They feel... familiar to me. His stance and just... his energy. I tilt my head in thought as he approaches.

"Ahhhh yes, the bumbling idiots I found the othernight. Oh, how marvelous you could come. I was hoping you would." He giggles with a creepy voice that is having a visible effect on the others. He leans into Jamie, no doubt smelling her fear a mile away. She flinches and throws herself against Rob. "I made this for you princess.

You're going to have so much fun inside. There's games. There's prizes. There's no way you'll survive this. Behind that door is insanity at its finest. So, take my hand, little one; come see how dark my mind is." Tears blink out of Jamie's eyes as she contorts her body away from the clown like he is made of fire and hides behind Rob. He smiles as he looks everyone in the eyes until finally landing on me. "And you." He smirks. That face... I... "You weren't with the others. Oh, you're the one they hate! The one they were making fun of that night. Hehe, you got yourself quite a lovely group of friends. They are so grateful for your... money." He laughs again, and I feel a lump form in my throat. I knew they didn't care about me but to actually have confirmation that someone heard them talking shit about using me, hurts. I want to run away and fucking leave them here. My eyes never leave him because I will cry if I look at any of those fucking pieces of shit, and they don't deserve to see me break.

"Right this way my little fake friends, right this way. Come come come." He moves quicker than anyone is comfortable with and circles behind them, herding them like cattle toward the door. I stand my ground, looking off at anything but their faces. The clown leans over to me. "You too... my Little Corpse Queen."

Time stands still. Silence falls over me like a weighted blanket, and my heart starts trying to break through my ribcage. Did he just say... I look into his eyes once more, and I see him. The real him, behind the makeup. Osiris. He's the clown. This... This is what he's been working on all those times I called and he was busy. He smiles and throws a nod to get behind him, putting himself in between the others and myself. We stop at the entrance. Osiris sways side to side like a psychotic clown might do before screaming, "MOVE! Open the door, Rob, unless you want me to dismember you first, hehe." He giggles.

I stand closer to Osiris, breathing him in. He smells like... blood. Not fake blood from the Halloween store. That smell is... real... and it's human blood. My pussy clenches as I put my bottom lip between my teeth. O looks back at me and growls when he reads the arousal written all over my face. "There's nothing make-believe about this

place, is there?" I whisper to him. A slow smile exposes his blood-stained teeth as he winks at me and enters the house.

Chapter 15

Osiris

The door closes behind the last group of the evening; the only one that really matters to me. My Lilith and her worthless friends. "This... is who I am," I whisper to Lilith as I linger in the back of the group, moving everyone forward into the first room. A yellowish pin light and the glow from a static TV illuminate the living room scene. There is a male corpse on the couch, a woman strung up by her wrists against the wall, and a happy little baby doll in a high chair facing the TV. The room has been thoroughly distressed with torn wallpaper, blood-soaked and tattered couch cushions, broken household items scattered on the floor, and just filth everywhere. The rancid smell that assaults everyone's nostrils emanates from the dead and dying bodies in the room.

The man on the couch is holding his own eyes and has a carved smile that extends from the corners of his mouth up next to his empty sockets. The small pocket knife I used to draw the smile is still embedded in his skull at the top of the bloody grin. His decomposing flesh strongly contrasts the dark purple veins webbing across his body.

"Jesus, what the fuck is that smell?? Fuck..." Jamie chokes out with a gag as she continues at a slow but steady pace.

"It's just a scent you can buy and put on stuff to make it smell gross. I saw it in a documentary once. It smells but it doesn't even smell like a dead body," Rob scoffs and keeps walking.

"Like you can smell anything but the booze on your breath," Jamie bites back.

"What do you know about dead bodies anyway?" Lilith chimes in from the back, but nobody looks or responds to her. She rolls her eyes and looks at me. There's a hint of pain swirling around them despite her constant admission that she doesn't care and they aren't real friends. I can feel the anger in my belly growing, but still, I smile, knowing they won't hurt her for long.

The path takes us around the back of the couch and in front of the woman hanging on the wall. Like my good little actress, she comes to life and lunges at the middle of the group as they walk by. The first of many screams rip out of almost everyone's throats at the sudden movement. All but Lilith. She doesn't scream, or startle. I watch her eyes examine the woman on the wall. Her body is severely dehydrated and malnourished. I fed and watered her barely enough to keep her alive until tonight so that she would be so desperate for help, or for death, that she would perform for me just the way I wanted her to. Her skin is so thin that it is splitting apart at the wrists where rope has them bound together. The scratchy, almost unintelligible cries for help fall from her cracked lips.

"Ha! See, it's just an animatronic. It doesn't even look real. I've seen better props at the Halloween store," Rob mouths off again.

"You're right, you're right. Let me just unplug her," I growl as I place one hand along the front of her jaw and snake the other behind her head, twisting hard and fast with a loud snap. Her head lolls forward from the weight that her broken neck can no longer uphold.

"Heh.. yeah... see... you can't even just snap a person's neck like that." His confidence begins to fade in his voice as he looks into my eyes. I don't blink. I don't move. I just breathe with a bloody smile as I watch him lead the way for the rest of the group. Lilith glances back at me as they move past her with a look in her eye that makes me think she's figuring this all out.

As they enter a small dark hallway that leads to the next room, I slip through a secret door that gets me into the scene before they do. The confusion on their faces gives me a tickle as they look behind them and then back at me. A single white light shines on us as I stand, peering out from behind a naked man stretched out on a Saint Andrew's cross of my own design. The bottom half is bolted down to the floor, while the top half is connected to gears and a crank that can extend it upward about two feet. I think of it like a jack you'd use to lift a car up when changing a tire. The victim has straps around his head, wrists, chest, thighs, and ankles. If it wasn't for his shallow, ragged breaths, I would have thought he was already dead. I may have forgotten a feeding or two between getting the rest of the haunt built and fucking the living hell out of my Little Corpse Queen. It's been months since he has been able to move, and all of his muscles are atrophied. The slightest movement will no doubt send excruciating pain throughout his entire body. I can tell by his withering face that he has absolutely given up any fight for survival at this point. My cock gets hard just thinking about his desperation for the end, but it's not time for that kind of fun yet.

"Peek-a-boo!" I yell as I get behind the cross, stealing their attention and forcing them to focus on it. I grab the handle to a crank and begin turning. The sound of metal clicking along the teeth of the extender bar echoes through the room as I turn and turn, causing just the top half of the cross to begin lifting up. Bones start popping and cracking as they're stretched beyond their limits. The thin, tender flesh of his abdomen begins to pull taut, defining every rib in his chest. Crank. Crank. Crank. His flesh starts to split around his belly button and my excitement only grows with the sound of blood projecting from his mouth onto the floor. I can hear gasps on the other side of my little magic trick as I crank faster. A loud pop indicates the separation of his spinal cord, followed by the quick tearing of the flesh straight across his abdomen. I let go of the crank, the teeth of the extender bar holding its position. With pure joy slathered across my face, I punch both hands through the remaining flesh of his back, fully separating him into two halves. Leaning forward, I emerge through the waterfall of blood and guts spilling from his chest with a loud, "I SEE YOU!"

I smile, his insides pouring down my face as I hold my hands out and smile, taking deep, heavy breaths as I wait for their reaction. I'm met with silence. "...TA-DAAAA..." I add, extending my hands again like a magician finishing a trick.

"Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you?" Alex says as Jamie throws her face into their chest. Scarlett isn't looking at me, but instead looking at the floor with one hand on her stomach and the other cupping her mouth. My eyes search the group until they land on Lilith. She's standing in the back with one arm around her stomach and the other snaking around the back of her neck, biting her lip as she looks at me. She smiles as the group moves on into the next hallway. My queen likes my magic trick, and that's all that really matters.

I jump through another door and am standing in between two tables by the time they arrive. Each table has a new living prop in my horror show - a handsome young man to my right and a dashing young lady to my left. Both are tied down to a wooden table that will become their deathbed before long. I smile again as the group files in.

"So are you the only asshole that works here?" Rob blurts out when he sees me and scoffs.

"Dude shut the fuck up. Did you just see what happened back there?" Scarlett shoves her fist into his side and grumbles into his ear.

"Yeah, it's fake just like the rest of this bullshit," he says and shoves her back.

"I don't know, I'm starting to think it's not..." Alex interjects.

"I think we really should get the fuck out of here.." Scarlett's thought gets cut off.

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"Right this way, step right up, don't be shy. My pretty little friends here won't bite," I snarl out in my character's voice. "Show of hands, who here loves dead bodies?" I frantically raise my hand and wave it side to side, the blood from the previous victim flicking off like a wet dog shaking its fur. Lilith giggles in the back of the group and raises her hand. The others just stutter and stare. "Perfect! Well, today is your lucky day, my pets, because there's plenty more death to die!"

The man to my right begins to struggle and fight against his restraints. These two are in much better health than the previous bodies we've come across so far. They are by far some of the freshest. His wrists and ankles have been cuffed and secured to the wooden table beneath him. I boop him on the nose before walking up to Scarlett. "Let's play a game. Rock, Paper, Scissors. The winner decides how this strapping younglad meets his maker," I grind the words out of my mouth.

"What... I... No. No thanks. I don't want to play. This is kinda fuckin'..." Scarlett tries to deny my proposition, but I cut her off.

"Nonsense! I insist! You must play! You... You aren't gonna just stand there and watch me play with myself are you?" I giggle.

"I... please... no..." The fear in Scarlett's voice triggers some of the others to hide behind her. Rob steps up in between us.

"I'll play your stupid fuckin' game," he barks. My eyes shift from Scarlett to his, my toothy grin still on full display.

"I didn't ask you to play. Maybe next round," I say as I grab him and shove him

forcefully to the side, his feet tripping over a tree root in the ground, causing him to fall on his ass. I giggle and return my attention back to Scarlett.

"Ready?" I flatten my left hand and ball my right in a fist, ready to play.

"You motherfucker. You're going to regret doing that!" Rob yells from the ground as he starts to get up.

"Hold that thought," I whisper to Scarlett with a wink. Within an instant, I slam Rob back down onto the ground and pull out the knife that was sheathed behind me.

"What... what the fuck are you gonna do with that, huh bitch?" Rob spits at me, still trying to be the tough guy.

"Well, that's up to you." I smile. "If you don't cooperate and wait until you're called on like a good... Widdle... Boy..." I say in a mocking tone, emphasizing each word as I boop his nose with the tip of the knife. I lean in real close and drop my voice. "...I'll peel your skin like a fucking potato and make you watch me jack off with every strip of your warm flesh until I give you permission to fucking die." Leaning in closer, I give him a kiss on the cheek. "Got it?!" I switch back to my character's voice.

I jump back up and clown walk back over to Scarlett with my big bloody grin. Lilith is cupping her mouth, doing her best to stifle the giggles. I love how much she's enjoying this.

"Where were we... AHH YES. You were about to play with me so I didn't have to play with myself." My hands go back into the game's starting position. Scarlett doesn't move. "Whether you play or not, the outcome is still your fault." I lay the guilt on her in hopes that she'll participate, but she folds her arms over her chest and turns her head. The dim light in the room is enough to highlight the gloss forming in her eyes. I am breaking her and fuck does that make me horny.

"Rock.." I swing my fist down and tap my open palm. "Paper..." I bring it down again, each time slow and easy. "Scissors...." I swing a third time and get ready to reveal my weapon of choice. "..Shoot," I whisper, roughly slamming my fist into my hand with two fingers extended. "Oh... Scissors it is." My voice drops to amore ominous tone.

"Wait... No!" Scarlett turns back to me. "Please... just... let's just keep going. I... I really want to see the rest of the haunt. It's just... it's so scary."

I freeze. A pleading look washes over my face. "You... really think my haunt is scary?"

"Yes! Yes... it is so scary. I'm just... I'm dying to see the rest of it, please just, let's go," she begs. A single tear escapes her eyelid and swims down her cheek.

"I have something really fun to show you after this... maybe we should..." I say as I turn my back to her. I hear her sigh of relief, thinking she got through to me. I look down and watch the front of my pants dampen as I pee a little with how excited I am. Without her seeing, I pull a pair of shears from the oversized pockets of my clown pants. "AS SOON AS WE FINISH THE GAME HAHA!" I scream.

By the time Scarlett lets out a scream, I am on top of the man hacking and stabbing into his flesh. Maniacal laughter spills from me as I plunge the steel blades into his face and neck. Blood begins spurting from all the new puncture wounds I'm gifting him. As I shimmy down his body, the adrenaline of having an audience spins me further down the rabbit hole of insanity. I open the shears as I slam them into his gut and close them while still inside. Snipping and cutting everything that ends up between the blades when they enter him.

My chest heaves as I lean back and admire a job well done. Looking up at Scarlett, I smile again. "Good choice, sugar tits. But we got one more to go before moving on."

I smile and look at the woman on the other table. "But don't worry. It's not real... right?" I smirk looking at Rob as he's just now getting up off the floor. "Let's see, who's next to play... how about..." I tap my chin with my index finger as I look around. When my eyes find Lilith, she is practically vibrating with excitement, hoping for sure that I pick her. Why not, my Little Corpse Queen? "You... Lilith."

The group parts as I walk toward her, and she takes a few steps to meet me. "Lilith, please... what the fuck are you doing?" Jamie says through tears. I am genuinely surprised she hasn't passed out by now.

"It's all fake, remember?" Lilith says with sass, looking her in the eyes before turning to face me with a smirk. She knows god damn well that nothing about this is fake.

"Are you ready?" I ask, getting my hands in position. She copies my stance and nods. Together, we say, "Rock... Paper... Scissors... Shoot." My hand comes down with scissors, but Lilith comes down with rock. "Oh, rock wins," I growl as I take her hand and walk her over to the table. On the floor is a rock that's smooth, flat, and about the size of a five-subject notebook. I pick it up and hold it out to Lilith. "Would you like to do the honors?"

Lilith bites her lip as she thinks for a moment, looking at the girl crying on the table and back at me. The pleading of the group behind her is drowned out as I stare into her soul, watching it change before my very eyes. Watching it die and become disgusting and blackened, just like mine.

She takes the rock and stands at the head of the table looking down at her first victim as the new her. With no hesitation, she lifts the rock up over her head. No doubt the years of hauling dead bodies has made her a lot stronger than she looks. She finds me one last time with her eyes, catching me palming my cock over my pants as I watch her crossing the point of no return. With the scream of a warrior, she swings the rock down, and the sound of cartilage breaking and bones cracking bounces around the

room. The girl on the table immediately starts convulsing, her eyes rolling back in her head at slightly different angles. Lilith smiles and swipes her top lip with her tongue before raising the rock up again and bringing it down with the same force as the first time. A squelching sound gurgles in the woman's throat, and when she pulls the rock back, we can see that most of her front teeth have been smashed into the back of her throat. She starts choking on them as Lilith holds the rock over her head again, and I just can't control myself. I walk over and stand behind her, my hardened cock now pressing against her ass. She whimpers and lets her head fall back against my chest.

"Again..." I tell her. She brings the rock down hard. "Again..." She lifts the rock and swings it down. "Again..." Lilith starts to take deep, heavy breaths, pulling the rock back and slamming it down again. "Again..." She is getting wild now, peeling the rock off the rapidly deteriorating face of her victim over and over, no longer needing my command, until there's not a single piece of her face that's recognizable. Just a sloppy mess of bone, blood, and brains.

I slide my arm under hers, snaking my hand up between her breasts, and force her back against my chest. "I can only imagine how wet that little cunt is right now, and trust me, it's going to get used tonight. But not yet. You just soak those panties for me, and I'll let you know when you're allowed to cum." I growl softly in her ear. That message is for her and only her.

"Excellent. Are we ready to move on?" I cheer, letting Lilith go and stepping around her to go to the front of the group. "Right this way!" I say, pushing open a hidden door and holding it open for them to follow. "Now," I demand with a tone not as happy-go-lucky as my clown voice.

They all file into the room, cautious and weary, almost as if they are walking towards their deaths. Lilith trails behind and I take her hand, squeezing it as she squeezes back. She leans in. "Two things. You are more than welcome to use my friends in one of your sets, and two, your big fucking cock needs to be inside me immediately or I

might cum just from walking," she whispers.

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"Oh, don't you worry your pretty head off, I have a plan for those fucks. And like I said, you will cum when I say you can. I know what your cum smells like, so I'll know if you lie to me. And Lilith, you don't want to lie to me," I growl back at her, reaching my hand between her legs and swirling my fingers around her clit over her jeans. I can feel her dampness seeping through, and it makes me want to violently fuck her on the spot. But not yet. Soon.

As we all enter the room, I stand Lilith in front of a door as I announce, "Well, Ladies and Germs, boys and ghouls, we have reached the end."

"Good, get us the fuck out of here. Which door leads out? There's more than one here, and they all say exit," Scarlett blurts out. I glare at her.

"The way out is easy. All you have to do is pick a door and go inside. Once you're in there, you all just count to three and turn the knob on the other side at the same time and TA-DAAA." I smile, and blood-colored saliva drips out from between my teeth and off my lip.

"I don't like your fucking ta-da's... I don't trust you," Rob says as he examines the door he's standing in front of.

"Well, you can choose to stay in this room if you like; I'm sure I can figure out a way to haul you out of here... piece by piece," I grit.

"Rob just shut the fuck up and go in the room. Everyone, let's just do this and get the fuck out of here," Scarlett says, looking around at everyone and then back at me, just smiling in the dark.

"This is fucked," Alex chimes in as they place the door handle in their palm. They all take a deep breath and enter the doors.

I look over at Lilith and raise an eyebrow, smirking as I walk behind her through the door I placed her in front of. The cool night air whips us both across the face as we find ourselves outside. The wilderness is alive with the sounds of nature. It's kind of beautiful how blissfully ignorant they are of the horrors happening within their own kingdom. I doubt they'd care even if they did.

The silence is broken by the sounds of doors locking. The others are now trapped in confined, pitch-black spaces. They pound on the walls, screaming to be let out, begging for their lives as I walk over to the other side of their enclosures. Each one has a black curtain hung to hide the fact that there's no way out at all. One by one I pull the curtains, revealing the plexiglass boxes they are now trapped inside. First Rob, then Jamie, Alex, and finally Scarlett. I reach down and grab two wires, plugging one into the other, and turning on the lights shining into each box.

The realization that they are not going to survive the night hits them like a ton of bricks. It's fascinating to watch all the different reactions to the same epiphany. Rage, pleading, laughter, and crying. It's simply amazing, and it turns me the fuck on.

I walk over to Lilith and wrap my arms around her waist as she snakes a hand up my face and to the back of my head, pulling me into her neck as I pull her back against my crotch. As soon as my tongue touches her skin, my cock starts growing against her. "I know you said you've never crossed that line, cumming while watching people get killed. Tonight. You're crossing that line with me. Now take your fucking pants off," I growl into her ear.

Front and center of the show is a tattered old reclining chair. It's the best I could do with a budget of free. On the arm of the chair are four buttons, each wired to a specific tomb that houses her former friends. I pick up the first one connected to

Rob's and hand into Lilith.

"Take this and sit. I'm going to get on my knees and eat your wet little pussy while you watch him die. But you are NOT... look at me." I turn her face from Rob's to mine. "You are NOT to cum yet. You fight it with everything you have, even if it means hurting me to make me stop. Do not cum." The seriousness in my eyes makes her swallow hard and fall back in the chair.

I drop to my knees and grab her hips, sliding her forward so she can lean back and let her legs naturally open for me. The air that was once filled with the smell of nature is now filled with the sweet smell of her cunt. I lick my lips like a wild animal, nodding to her to press the button and begin lapping up her pussy.

Lilith moans, knowing she doesn't need to be quiet all the way out here considering all the screams of death that happened tonight. I hear the click of the button and begin swirling my tongue around her pussy harder. She is sopping wet, and I can tell by the way she's contracting that she's already close. Not yet, princess. Not yet.

I glance up and see her heavy lidded eyes watching Rob as his enclosure starts filling with water. My tongue dragging up and down the length of her pussy as the water rises higher and higher. His screams turn to gargles as he chokes on the liquid. Her eyes stay hyper-focused as she watches the last bubble of air burst from his chest and his body go limp. As soon as I stop hearing him splashing around, her hands slam down onto my face and head, prying my mouth from her cunt as her whole body shakes. "Fuck... fuck... fuck that was close...I... Holy fucking shit... that was..." She struggles to form coherent thoughts.

"There are still three more to go, princess." I smile, handing her the next button before standing her up from the chair and taking her place. I pull her down into my lap and spread her legs. "Press the next button while I finger fuck you and do not fucking cum, yet," I growl.

I suck all the filth off my middle and ring fingers thoroughly before I spit the vile concoction onto the ground and slip my hand between her thighs. My middle finger enters her as she clicks the button and settles into my lap for the show.

A slot opens at the top of Jamie's soon to be coffin. She looks up and is no doubt trying to figure out if she can get herself up and out through it. Before she has time to come up with a plan, a massive hive of wasps is rolled in with her. As it hits the ground and cracks open on impact, she throws herself to the floor, attempting to shield herself from them. Lilith bites her lip as my finger swirls around inside her silky smooth walls, watching as Jamie is stung over and over. Her screams are filled with pure agony as thousands of these angry insects stab her over and over with their razor-sharp stingers. The more she fights and tries to kill them, the more aggressive they become. I slip a second finger inside Lilith's pussy just as Jamie opens her mouth to scream again, but instead of sound coming out, a flood of wasps fill the open space and continue their assault. My fingers pump harder into Lilith's cunt as we watch her face, tongue, and throat start to swell. She drops to her knees as her mouth hangs open, the pests continuing their infestation of her dying body. Just as she slumps to the ground, Lilith groans out and pries my fingers from between her legs. Her juices visibly drip off them as I hold them up in the air. Light wisps of steam come off of each finger as the heat generated from her pussy meets the cold night air.

"That was close," I tease as I begin to remove my pants, my cock springing out with pre-cum coating the tip. Lilith's eyes widen as I stand her up and bend her over the arm of the chair.

"Osiris... I... fuck, I don't know if I can hold out if it's your cock in me... I swear I think I'll cum as soon as you put it in..." She panics, but still bends to my will.

"Oh no... You'll be a good fucking girl for me. You're not going to cum when I put this big dick in your pussy. You won't cum when I start sliding it in and out as another one of your friends dies. No no no. You're going to be my best fucking girl

and fight it with everything you got. Because after this one, my cock is filling your ass. Then, and only then, are you going to be allowed to cum." I lean down, wrapping my fist in her hair and forcing her head to turn so my lips can press to her ear. "And you're going to cum over, and over, and over again. Do you understand me?" I wait for her to nod before letting her hair go. She winces at the pain as I line myself up. I refuse to let her know this, but I too need to fight my orgasm with all my might. This girl makes me cum harder than anyone ever has, but mixing this with my sweet masterpiece of murder... fuck. "Press the next button."

I use my hands to spread her, her pussy opening to welcome my length. Lilith quickly presses the button, then tosses it before putting the meat of her palm in her mouth and biting down. She groans loudly as my entire cock is buried deep inside her, the sound a mix of both pleasure and pain. I glance around and see thin trails of blood dripping down her hand. I moan loudly as I retract my hips and thrust back into her, knowing she's hurting herself just so she can be a good girl and obey. Fuck. I have never met anyone more perfect.

A whirring sound grabs our attention, and we watch as the floor under Alex's feet begins to turn an orangey red. The massive heating element starts to quickly rise in temperature, almost immediately causing visible discomfort. They start stripping off their clothes, sweating and begging to be let out. Watching as my cock pumps in and out of Lilith, they know full well that there is no escape. The begging quickly turns into a look of defiance. The heat is getting so strong we can feel it where we are fucking. The smell of them slowly cooking mixes with all the other fragrances in the night air.

I dig my fingers into Lilith's hips and fuck her harder. Her bloody hand swinging back to grab my wrist as she cries out in the most exquisite pleasure. The head of my cock bottoms out inside her body as Alex continues to deny us the pleasure of their screams. The pleasure of their panic. Their flesh starts to blister, and as soon as one pops both of their hands slam over their mouth. Still trying to fight it. I have to slow

my pace because their disobedience is making me want to cum even more.

The heat intensifies as they drop to their knees. The inconceivable agony of being cooked alive finally gets the best of them. As they pull their hands from their face, we see that the heat has already started melting them together, peeling their lips and dripping like hot cheese falling off of a pizza. A flickering scream can be heard as the boiling temperatures sever the vocal cords in their throat. I thrust in hard and deep and hold there, unable to move because if I do, I know we'll both cum. Alex falls into a puddle of their own flesh and innards, bubbling and boiling on the floor.

"Fuck. Finally..." Lilith whimpers. "I can't hold out anymore, O... please.. make me cum with your dick in my ass. Make me cum while Scarlett dies," she pleads.

"Hit the last button, my Little Corpse Queen, and be mine forever," I demand as I pull myself from her cunt and wipe her juices onto her ass. "Here, sit in my lap and ride me backward. Let me hold you while I fill your ass, and we can watch her die together," I say as I sit back on the dirty chair.

Lilith spits in her hand and coats her asshole as she climbs on, allowing me to spread her cheeks and guide her onto my pulsating cock. The tip stretches her hole so tight she whines but lets gravity help pull her all the way down, her tight ring feeling every vein as I enter her.

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She picks up the last button, and I hold her hand, placing my thumb over hers as we press it together. I take her hips and start grinding her back and forth as she rises and falls. I can feel her cunt dripping down and onto my balls with pure excitement.

"Ok, Lilith," I moan into her ear. "You've been such a good girl for me. You're allowed to cum now. Do you hear me? Cum for me, Lilith. Let Scarlett see before she dies. Let her see that her death is what makes you squirt all over the fucking forest," I moan, still fighting my orgasm. "Show her that she's the one that doesn't matter. That you're now a fucking queen. My... mmm, Corpse Queen."

She cries out a scream that is filled with years of anger, hatred, pain, and because my cock is still pumping in and out of her ass, pleasure. I feel her hand slip down to her clit as she furiously massages it. "Fuck me O. Fuck me hard and make it fucking hurt. Hurt me, please. Hurt me as I cum." She sobs. I do as I'm told.

I lift her by her hips and start delivering punishing thrusts up into her ass. Fucking it harder than I was fucking her pussy as she works her clit with the same vigor. She wails as we watch Scarlett, tears pouring down her face. Clanking sounds add to the symphony we are creating with our bodies in the middle of the woods. Two of the walls begin closing in on Scarlett, moving slow but steady. Lilith screams as I feel her clench around my dick, squirt shooting out of her cunt as she cums for the first time tonight.

"Yes, babygirl. Fucking give it to me. Don't you dare stop," I growl as I continue hammering her asshole.

Lilith is not in a place to form words anymore. Her nails dig into my arms so deep

they all have found their place within my flesh. I continue fucking as Scarlett presses her arms out, fighting against the walls until one of her elbows pops and her arm bends in the opposite direction.

Lilith cums again.

Scarlett presses her back to one wall and her legs on the other, using all her might to slow her impending doom. She manages to stall the walls for a moment, but her legs straighten, causing both kneecaps to burst out the back of her legs, folding them up the wrong way, just like her arm.

Lilith cums again.

Scarlett contorts her body until her face is pressed against the plexiglass, crying and begging to stop. Tears and vomit evacuating her face from the unbearable pain. The walls gather her lifeless legs and crush them into her body.

Lilith cums again.

I hammer my cock up into her ass and growl out, "Fuck.. I'm gonna cum too. Mmm, give me one more princess, one fucking more while I breed your ass. While this fucking cunt gets what she deserves."

Lilith screams louder than before, her fingers practically punching herself in the pussy as I fuck as hard as I can from beneath her. The walls continue to close, her collar bones shatter and rip through her skin. The walls finally meet the sides of her head as they work diligently to finish the job. Her eyes never leave us until the moment her head practically explodes from the pressure. With a loud pop, what used to be her head is now a bloody mess all over the plexi. Lilith and I cum together for the last time tonight.

I let go of her hips and as she pulls her fingernails out of my flesh, I hold her. My arms wrap around her tightly as my cock slowly softens inside her, leaving it in as long as I can. This was the best season to date. For the first time in... I don't even know how long I can feel another person's pure happiness. I feel like I could actually belong to someone and that I have worth. I feel her... love.

Chapter 16

Lilith

It's been a few days since... that night. Osiris and I have texted, but I haven't seen him since, and I'm really starting to get anxious. There's a part of me that is in pure panic mode, terrified that he is just going to pack up and move away. My chest aches at the thought of losing him, of losing us. How can I feel this strongly for a man I hardly know, and what I do know should send me screaming for the police? Maybe it's because we are more alike than I used to think. I know what I do alone in my prep room isn't acceptable by society, but he accepts me. The thought of another human even knowing the true me, let alone accepting it, nevermind being turned on by the same things, has never crossed my mind. Not until Osiris came into my life. I'm glad it was my friends that I got off to while watching them die. It was a fantasy made real. Now it's just one of a thousand new happy memories between Osiris and I.

Lying in bed, I clutch my phone in my hands like it's one of his and hold it to my chest. I close my eyes and imagine the warmth from the battery pressed against my skin is his body heat. I let out a longing sigh... I love him.

As if he knew I was thinking about him, my phone starts blaring his personalized ringtone. The sudden break of silence makes me jump, and I giggle at the irony. That scared me, but the haunted house where so many people died right before my eyes didn't. I giddily kick my feet as I swipe to answer. Keep it together, Lilith.

"Hey, babe. I was wondering when you were going to call me," I flirt as soon as I answer.

"Hey, princess. You busy today?" he replies with a serious tone. Oh god...what if this is it? What if this is where he tells me goodbye? I immediately get a lump in my throat, and my stomach twists in a hundred knots.

"Ah, no, not at all. Why... what's up?" I drop the playful nature my voice had. Please don't be what I think it is.

"I'm in the middle of tear down and I.... well, there's something I need to ask you." His tone is still serious, but it feels like maybe this isn't the call I was dreading after all.

"Um...sure, O, you can ask me anyth-" he interrupts me.

"Not over the phone. What I need to say... what I need to ask... It's just very, very important to me, and I need to do it here, in the place that's also very important to me. The haunt means everything to you and I..." He cuts himself off, pausing for a brief moment. I let him gather his thoughts and don't interrupt. "Can you come down here? I need you."

My heart is pounding out of my chest. I can feel my hand shaking as I answer, "Yes... Yeah, of course. I'll leave right now," I say with a smile.

"Thank you. See you soon, princess."

The line disconnects and I just lay there, frozen, staring at the ceiling. This wasn't at all the call I was expecting, but... it very well could be the one I was hoping for. Oh my god. He's going to tell me he loves me. I mean what else could it be? He said he needs me, which oh my god I want to throw up that makes me so happy. But...he has

to ask me something and it has to be at his haunt? I know that place is his whole world. His life's work. His purpose. And he's having me go there to ask me a big question? Oh... my god what if he asks me to leave with him?

I roll side to side on my bed making a squeaking sound I don't think has ever come out of my mouth. Yes, Osiris. Whatever it is, the answer is yes. As long as I am with you, my answer will always and forever be yes. I kiss my phone and jump out of bed. I swear I could probably float there faster than driving with how happy I am right now.

I pull up to the path in the woods with the faded red X on it and turn the car off. I let myself be that silly girl who just blasted a playlist full of lovey-dovey songs the whole way here. As I get out of the car I fix my shirt, run my fingers through my hair, and try my hardest to wipe the smile off my face. Please, girl, he hasn't asked you yet so just breathe. I play tug of war with the corners of my mouth, fighting against my cheeks that are trying to pull them back up into a smile. Now, I just look crazy. I giggle at my reflection in the glass of the driver's side window and start walking down the path.

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As I get to the entrance of the haunt, I see the progress he's made tearing it down. Some walls are still up but a lot of the panels are stacked in neat piles next to where the front door used to be. I hear the power drill he's using to unscrew the walls, and I follow the sound.

Walking through, I pass various steel barrels that I don't remember seeing before. The smell wafting through the air is definitely death, but a new kind that I'm not as familiar with. I peek inside and see bodies dissolving in some kind of liquid. Human bones and a skull are partially submerged in a sizzling pool of melted-down flesh and entrails. Smart man, dissolving the bodies so there won't be anything for someone to stumble upon. I wonder why he didn't just ask me to bring them to the crematory. I smile again, thinking to myself that's because 'he's going to ask you to go with him, silly'. There wouldn't be enough time to cut them up and sneak them in little by little. There are a lot of bodies that need to disappear quickly. My man is so smart.

He sees me coming and puts the drill down, walking toward me with a smile on his face. Fuck, he's so goddam handsome. I smile back and try to walk quicker without it looking like I'm full-on running to him.

"Hey! Fuck, it's so good to see you, my Little Corpse Queen," he says as he takes me into his arms. His muscles flex against my body as he pulls me tight against his chest, leaning down and devouring my mouth with his. It's the kind of kiss that can only confirm what I've been daydreaming about all afternoon.

"Hello to you too, Daddy." I smirk as I lick his saliva off my lips and swallow it. I refuse to waste a single drop of anything this man gives me.

He smirks and takes my hand. "Come on, let's talk over here." If this were a cartoon, my eyes would be the shape of giant pink hearts.

He walks me over to where he has gathered a lot of the miscellaneous props and stuff that he filled each room with. Tables, chairs, the couch that dead guy was on, all together in one location. I notice on the table next to the couch is that box. The one I touched in his basement that made him absolutely freak out. I am dying to know what's in it. What if.... no. No, Lilith, that's crazy. There's no way there's a ring in that box. Ok, stop thinking and staring off into fantasy land before he thinks you're having a stroke.

"Lilith," he starts, taking my hands in his. I wonder if he can feel how hard my body is shaking with anticipation. I smile up at him and nod. "I have been trying to figure out the right way to say what I need to say and ask.." He swallows and takes a breath. "I have never felt this way about someone before. I can't remember the last time I have cared about anyone or anything other than the haunt. I'm a rotten, fucked up, broken individual who doesn't deserve a second of your time because... You... you are just so absolutely amazing."

"I think you're amazing too, O. Please, don't say those things about yourself, they just aren't..." He puts his finger over my lips, stopping me from continuing.

"Shh, baby, please. Let me spit this out before I lose my nerve." I gulp and nod, giving his finger a kiss. "Ok... ok, so..." he mumbles. "So... ok... fuck. I love you, Lilith. I love you so much and I just... I've never loved someone before. But I know that's what this is. I'm almost done with teardown and when I'm done I move on to the next place to start all over again. But... Lilith. I can't go without you. I need you with me, by my side while I continue my work. I need to keep you close... forever. Lilith... please.... Can I keep you forever?" His words are a warm blanket around my heart and every single worry I have ever had has simply just been blown away like theseeds of a dandelion. I try to find my voice as tears from both eyes race to the

bottom of my chin.

"I... I... I..." He raises a hand and cups my face. His touch immediately cures my stutter. "I love you too, Osiris. I can't explain it but, I think I've loved you from that first night I saw you watching me in the dark. I somehow knew we were two lost, tormented souls destined to be one." His thumb gently caresses my cheek as I continue. "My whole life.." I have to choke back that shaky voice you get when you're about to cry. "My whole life I have accepted the fact that I will always be alone. I know I'm not normal. I have always been self-aware. I've always known... no, thought that I was never going to be good enough for anyone. My insecurities are like rabid dogs, chained up in my brain just waiting for a single link to break so they can rip everything to shreds. But you.... You've put those dogs to sleep and I... Jesus. Yes. Yes, Osiris, I want to be with you forever!" I squeak out after realizing that I am just rambling like a crazy person.

Without warning, his lips are back on mine. This kiss was different than the last. This one feels aggressive like he is claiming what belongs to him. And I do, down to my core, I do belong to him. His hands hunt for the front of my jeans and pull hard, popping the button right off and forcing the zipper down in one motion. My pussy is an ocean of arousal just waiting for him to claim that too.

I take over the removal of my pants as he fights with his own, getting them down in record time. I manage to get one leg out of my jeans before he falls back onto the couch and pulls me with him. My legs fall open and pin his hard cock between us. His eyes pierce mine as he grabs my hips and makes me grind back and forth along his length, coating it in everything that didn't get soaked up by my panties.

"Put me inside you," he demands. His voice is ragged and filled with need. I reach between us and lift myself up as I pull his cock toward me, my clit riding up his length to the top like an elevator, then slamming myself down his length like someone cut the cables. Everything just feels different now that we've said the word.

Not just different, but better.

"I've never loved anyone either. But..." I stop to moan at how full my pussy feels "Fuck. I love you so much." He grabs the back of my head and pulls me in to kiss him again. That feral, consuming, unforgiving kiss to display, yet again, who I belong to.

His hands take my hips and pull me up, then slam me down. Showing me how he wants to be fucked right now, and I am more than happy to give this man everything. I put my hands on his shoulders and hold on as I continue to rise and fall on his length, showing him how good I can follow directions. He lets go with both hands and I feel his left snake up my back and into my hair.

"You're mine? Forever? You promise?" he growls through his moans as my pussy attacks his cock.

"Forever, baby." I pant as I feel my orgasm starting to build. "Now, take what's yours! Make me cum and take what belongs to you!" I moan louder as our bodies collide.

His hand in my hair grips tighter and pulls, forcing my head back. The pressure on my scalp hurts so good that it almost feels like he's pulling the orgasm right out of me. My eyes slam shut as my body starts trembling. I scream as I continue to slam myself down on his dick as hard as I can. "Fuck. Osiris, please. Don't stop. Fuck I'm going to c..." The word is muted, stopping dead in the middle of my throat. "C... c..."

The grip on my hair withdraws, and my eyes open as I tilt my head back down at O. His face is stoic, void of emotion, a polar opposite of the one just moments ago. My hand lifts up to my throat to investigate why I can't produce any more sound.

His eyes never leave me.

My fingers are wet with a substance I can't decipher yet as I glide them across my neck. The pad of my middle finger slips between my flesh, but I... I don't understand. I push my finger in a little deeper and feel the inner wiring of my throat.

His eyes never leave me.

The liquid is warm. It's rushing down my hand, and as I see it spilling onto his face underneath me, my brain registers what it is. But, this doesn't make any sense. Why am I bleeding? Air is now hard to come by as I tilt my head and see a knife clenched in Osiris's hand. I look back at his face.

His eyes never leave me.

The realization of what just happened settles. I can barely see him through my tears. The pain of having my throat slit pales in comparison to the mutilation of my heart. My eyelids begin to shut as I feel his thrusts become ragged. He's finishing. I rest my head on his chest. I was so happy once. So fucking happy.

I knew I didn't deserve it.

Together forever, he said.

Chapter 17

Osiris

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I have caused immeasurable pain to countless people over my lifetime, and I have watched them suffer, beg, cry, plead, and eventually die. Those guilty of evil to the innocent of any wrongdoing are all on the same playing field when it comes to my brutality. My blade doesn't play favorites. I will bathe in their blood, toxic or pure, it makes no difference to me. All that matters is watching the light snuff out of their eyes when I extinguish their existence. That's the climax I chase, the release, the high. I thought I had hit the ceiling as far as how good that could feel... until this very moment.

I can physically see the moment Lilith registers the betrayal, and I swear I can literally hear her heart break. She genuinely, to her core, believed that I loved her. That I was going to take her away from here so that she could be herself, with me, forever. Her pain radiates through her body as I watch her world come to an end. Not just her life, because the fact that her throat is slit open and she's expelling pints of her warm, sticky blood all over me is irrelevant. She surrounds herself with death every day, so I knew when it was her time there would be no fighting. There would be no begging. And my girl held true to that. What she gave me, however, was so much fucking sweeter.

The silence that surrounds us in between the squelching thrusts of my cock into her reminds me of domestic violence. The silence that I imagine a child would feel watching their father beat their mother into unconsciousness. The kind of silence that feels like it weighs a million pounds and it's all resting right on your chest. The silence is her utter devastation that's crashing down on me like a tsunami. That's when I breed her.

When she rests her head on my chest after I'm satisfied that I've pumped more cum in

her than I have ever expelled in a single session, I smile. Placing my right hand on the side of her head facing up, I squeeze her into me so she can hear my heart slowing down before hers stops. Hoping she can understand that I felt absolutely nothing for her just before she slips away. That everything, from the moment I saw her, was just part of the plan. It's what I do. Every year a new town, a new haunt, and a new fucktoy. It's true that I have never met anyone like Lilith, and maybe in another life, we could have been great. Maybe that's the life I just sent her to. Wouldn't that be a hoot?

I roll her corpse off me onto the couch and pick my pants up, stuffing my cock back in before picking the knife back up and licking her sweet rubies off the blade. I kneel down beside her, spitting on her chest and using the bottom of my shirt to clean off the dirt and blood covering her beautiful skin.

Gently, and with a grace I honestly learned from watching her, I dip the tip of the blade into the skin above her breast and glide it around until my incision forms the shape of a heart. Turning the blade and angling it down, I carefully cut under and sever the connective tissue until my trophy comes free. I hold up the chunk of skin, still warm, still her. My Lilith.

"I know how bad you wanted to know what was in this box, my Little Corpse Queen," I whisper to her body that's already attracting flies as I grab the box off the table next to the couch. I open it, looking at the skin, teeth, hair, and bones that I've collected from my playthings over the years. Physical reminders of the rot inside my heartless chest. "Right on top," I breathe out as I gently lay the heart-shaped extraction of Lilith's body over everything else in the box. Her death is my masterpiece.

"Together forever," I say.

The End.