



Dead Valentine (St. Valentine's)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: St. Valentines University holds a dark secret.

Apparently, so does my family.

I've known since childhood the dark and disturbing things my father was involved in. But it wasn't until later that I learned about my estranged uncle a man who inspired my ambitions and led me to St. Valentines University, the prestigious alma mater he shared with my dad.

I've heard about the things that take place here. Whispers of sinister events weave through its halls, feeding my obsession with death. There's so much I want to know, to learn, but I have to tread carefully among the elite who rule the school. I already have enough problems with those who wish they could be them. The bullying I endured at home hasn't stopped here, at least they don't touch me like he did.

Lately, I've been receiving strange gifts sketches and tokens of my favorite things. My stalker. My misfit. By all logic, I should be terrified. But I'm not. His presence is unsettling, yes, but it's also a kind of comfort I've never felt before. On Valentine's Day, he gave me something far more disturbing: a gift that revealed more secrets about my family.

Is this why I am the way I am? Nature or nurture it's the question I can't escape.

We're a psychologist's wet dream, after all.

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I always knew I was different. My fascination with death and the human body made me different. As a young teen, I was excited rather than sickened by the porn I found on the dark web. It started with unconscious girls getting fucked. It was hot, don't get me wrong, but the dead ones... fuck, that shit really got me going. I didn't lose my virginity until senior year. I pretended to get drunk with the girl as I force-fed her shots. People always say the first time isn't that great. I call bullshit. I almost jizzed in my pants as I dropped her deadweight to the bed and watched her eyes roll back.

I originally planned on going to school to become a forensic psychiatrist. That way, I could surround myself with people who thought like me, who pretend to give a shit about justice, while feeding my fascination. Hell, maybe some of them could even give me some inspiration. The knowledge that a mortuary science degree would have me swimming in dead bodies was too good to pass up. I was going to make my dreams come true no matter how difficult. I was able to get my mortuary science degree while attending St. Valentines University, while I had to move on with my schooling to complete the forensic psych degree.

Slicing into cadavers has always felt erotic to me. I quickly learned in school to keep myself pressed against the table at all times. It even got so bad, I had to invest in wearing a cup over my cock.

I heard about the perfect job opening a year before my fellowship was done. St. John's Damascus, a one-size-fits-all hospital in the tiny town of Damascus, Oregon. They were so desperate for someone with my credentials, they were willing to wait for me to finish my fellowship. For someone who's nowhere near a saint, I found it strange that I kept ending up in places with saint in the name. I was thirty-three when I landed my dream job and I was in pure bliss. I went to locations where people

succumbed to natural causes or someone snuffed the light out for them either around town or the hospital itself. Every last dead body came to me. My very own bloody gold mine.

When I finally got the position at St. John's Damascus and had the space to myself, I got to really play. I'd make sure to lock the door and jerk off at the cadaver's cracked open chest. I was a single man, and it worked for me, but co-workers started asking too many questions. Apparently it was strange to not only be single, but enjoy it – which is how I hunted down and found my wife, Denise.

There came a time when jerking off to the bodies wasn't doing it for me anymore, and neither was a conscious Denise. It wasn't enough, just like the porn of unconscious girls. I could get hard, but I couldn't cum anymore. I found it increasingly frustrating that it no longer worked. The only time I could cum these days was after Denise was knocked out from her sleeping meds, and I'd fuck her from behind and imagine she was dead. We had a loveless marriage, one of convenience. She found support for her and her daughter Sloane, and I had the perceived normalcy of being a "loving" husband and stepfather. Win-win. Until it wasn't.

My morgue is and always will be my sanctuary. Home was suffocating. Denise was suffocating. Things weren't too bad with my stepdaughter. If anything, she kind of reminded me of myself, just without the mask. She was always herself, whereas I kept my mask on and had to act like the concerned family man.

Over time, Denise made it more and more difficult to pretend. I had to play the long game and convince her that she was losing her mind. I made a plan. Set her up to look like the woman had let her demons win, while I remained the grieving husband. I came in my pants when I ran the blade down her arms and the blood spilled around us. I had to force myself to walk away so I could prepare myself to scream, shout and cry on the phone with 911. It's no surprise I became a killer. If anything, kudos to me

for lasting so long. Really edged myself there.

My name is Corbin Thaddeus Moriarty, and I believe that everything begins and ends with the heart...

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FEbrUARY 12, 2001

I stare down at my anatomy book and trail a fingertip over each picture of organs staring back at me. The pain of my hardened cock pushing against my athletic cup makes me wince. If people knew how to mind their business, I could let my cock tent freely in my dress pants. I mean, come on, it's not like St. Valentines University is a regular school.

Everyone knows the history of this place. Who am I kidding? It's an ongoing thing. We're surrounded by death here. I wouldn't have it any other way, honestly. The Divine Valentine really know how to keep a morgue busy around here. I wouldn't be surprised if there were other killers here. What better scapegoat than the ever-so-secret society?

Nobody ever questions them about what happens around here. It's a bittersweet pill to swallow that I wasn't given the honor to join. Pompous assholes. There's no i in team, but I don't think they got the memo. It's fine, I play better alone.

"Alright, class. Make sure to study chapters ten through fourteen in preparation for Wednesday. I'll see you all in the morgue, you're dismissed."

I put my textbook and notebook in my messenger bag and throw it over my shoulder.

"Men. Adjust your ties before leaving class. Ladies, your socks."

I adjust my tie while mumbling, “Fix your toupee.”

“What was that, Mr. Moriarty?”

I look at him with a fake smile, “I said see you Wednesday, professor.”

He narrows his eyes at me and nods, “Indeed.”

I adjust my tie as instructed and make my way out of the classroom. On my way to the cafeteria to get myself some coffee, I give quick nods and hello’s to everyone who greets me, keeping my pace quick to show I’m in a hurry.

I don’t give a flying fuck about any of these people, but I’ve learned it’s always best to keep up appearances. Blend in. Too many questions to be asked when you go quiet on people. It’s exhausting. Why do people feel the need to socialize? Maybe their minds are quiet and it gets lonely? Weak. I make it to the cafeteria and head for the back of the long ass line. I look around while waiting and shove my clammy hands into my blazer’s pockets.

I slow my breathing and try to push the images from my mind. Not now, not now, not now. Everywhere I look, I imagine each student dead. My cock twitches behind the cup I take deep breaths and try to focus on the movement of the line before me. It’s finally my turn and I step to the counter. The girl running the register is conventionally pretty, but she’d look far better tinged with gray. Lifeless. Cold on a metal slab.

“Corbin?”

I blink and look up at her awkward smile. “Huh?”

“I said, are you ready to order?”

I put on my winning smile and wink. “Of course, sweetheart. I’ll take an extra large black coffee, please.”

She blushes at the endearment and giggles. “Of course. Coming right up. Go ahead and scan your student ID.”

I pull my wallet from my back pocket and pull out my ID, scanning it. I watch her obviously dyed hair swish in its ponytail, and the overexaggerated sway of her hips. Hmm. She’ll do. I muss my hair and flash her a smile as she turns. I see the pink of her cheeks as she blushes again. I drop my elbow to the counter and lean in.

“Hey, Cara?”

“Yeah, Corbin?”

“What would you think about sneaking to my dorm after your shift? Maybe drink a little, watch a movie?”

Her eyes twinkle as her smile grows. “R-really?”

With a nonchalant shrug, I say, “Why not? We can box up some dinner here and bring it along. You pick whatever your little heart desires to watch, and I’ll make you this amazing drink I learned about. You don’t even taste the alcohol, so it goes down real smooth.”

Before I’m finished speaking she’s already nodding. “Yeah, I’d love that. My shift will be done at 5, is that okay?”

“Of course it is. I’ll see you at 5.”

I wink and turn away, my fake smile immediately falling. Fucking dumb bitch. I

don't feel sorry for her or any other girl like her. Zero self-preservation. Whatever.
More fun for me.

My breath fogs around me with every breath. I walk the snow-covered opulent grounds, my boots crunching against the snow beneath me as I make my way to the gazebo. Usually when people imagine these things, they're supposed to be bright and beautiful. Used for wonderful events like weddings. This one screams death. It's all black, frozen vines sprawled across it, obscuring the view of what lies inside. I listen closely to see if anyone else is here.

People like to pretend it's just a place to read or fuck, but the air is tinged with a scent of copper that can never be erased. I love it. I walk up the steps and peek my head in once more, checking to see if I'm alone. I find the space empty and go to the darkest space within, taking a seat on the cold, concrete bench.

I turn my body slightly so my back is facing the entrance and unbuckle my belt. I pop the button of my slacks and shove my hand inside, getting rid of the cup as fast as possible. Shoving my hand back inside, I hiss when my cold fingers touch my hard cock. I circle my thumb around the tip of my cock and smear my pre-cum around. The copper scent that swirls around me helps me imagine the slick feel of my pre-cum is actually blood that I'm using as lube.

I picture myself surrounded by bodies to play with. Fresh kills I've gifted myself and the chilled ones that I get to see when we work in the morgue. I stroke the length of my cock, slow at first. My pace increases the more I imagine touching each body. Playing. With their skin, their blood, their internal organs. Anything I can get my hands on. I want to feel it all. If I'd fit, I'd shove my entire body inside them. The only form of close intimacy I think I could handle. I grit my teeth as I feel the

familiar tingle up my spine. Yes. Just like that. So close. I stroke faster and faster, roaring in frustration as the images fade away. No. No. No.

“FUCK!” My chest heaves with my heavy breaths and I pull my hand from my pants, pushing my hair back. I glare around the space, making sure I wasn’t caught. Being caught is bad enough, but caught not being able to fucking finish, far more embarrassing. I shove my cup back in place and fix my pants. I zip up my coat and walk out of the gazebo, slightly stumbling when I see a few students headed this way.

“Hey man, you good? Heard you shout in there.”

I wave off his concern and give a fake laugh. “Note to self. Don’t listen to someone when they tell you to try closing your eyes and pacing while trying to recall facts for tests. Never again. Slammed my damn knee right into those fucking seats.”

The guy grimaces, “Yikes.”

I nod and shove my hands in my pockets. “Yeah. Well I should be going now. Have to go meet someone. Have a good one.”

I give a half-wave and walk away. I pull back the sleeve of my coat and check my watch. Shit. Not enough time to shower. Fuck it. I walk back to the cafeteria and take the seat closest to the register, dropping my messenger bag on the table. I open the flap and reach inside for my textbook, pausing. Decisions, decisions. I hear edging can be fun. Nobody will suspect a thing, they’ll all believe I’m studying. I open the textbook to the first chapter we’re supposed to study. The words blend together and I find myself drawn to the diagram of the stomach. I caress the ends of the esophagus and move down to the duodenum. My cock twitches behind the cup as I imagine how it would feel. Organs seem malleable enough, I think I could pull it off with either end. My cock throbs as I picture sliding inside the organ. My thoughts are broken by the sound of a chair scraping and the tell-tale scent of flowers. I look up and see Cara

smiling at me. I can feel the furrow in my brows and the glare in her direction and quickly change it to a bright smile, widening my eyes.

“Cara! Hi.”

A blush stains her cheeks and she tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. “Hi, Corbin.” She lifts a plastic bag with containers of food, slightly shaking it. “Are you ready?”

I stand from my seat, slowly pushing the chair in and sliding my bag over my shoulder. With slow, calculated steps I walk up to her. I put one hand on the table in front of her and the other on the back of her chair, leaning in to whisper in her ear.

“The better question is, are you ready, sweetheart?” I notice her shiver and smirk.

“Y-yes. I’m ready,” she stammers.

I stand up straight and put my hand out. She takes it and I suppress my look of disgust at the warmth of her hand. I limply hold the clammy thing and pull her in the direction of my dorm. The excitement of where tonight will lead has me practically dragging her there. She giggles the whole way, not realizing how fucked things are about to get for her. Stupid girl. I pull my keys out and unlock my door. I push it open and stand aside, “After you.”

She giggles again, the sound probably melodic to others, but it grates on my nerves. I want her silence. I close my door and lock it, walking over to my closet. I point inside to the mass amount of bottles in the top shelf.

“Do you have a favorite? Or did you still want to try that drink that doesn’t taste like alcohol or burn?”

She nods enthusiastically. “That one! I really want to try that one, please.” I pull

down the bottle of ready to drink Long Island iced tea. I bring it over to my desk and then kneel down in front of my mini fridge. I open it and grab a frosted cup from the small freezer shelf at the top. I pull out my small ice tray and pop in a few of my special ice cubes. Half of the cubes have half a pill of Rohypnol in them, the other half are regular cubes. It took far too much trial and error until I discovered the perfect way to make it work. Never try to add the pill before freezing the water. I learned you have to make the ice first, then scrape and dig an area big enough to push the contents of the pill inside. I pour the mix in and swirl it around. I pour the mix in a cup of my own and lift the glasses.

“I’m just going to pop these in the fridge for a little longer. Really give that mix a chance to chill.”

She sits on the edge of my bed, with her arms behind her so her tits stick out further, and she’s kicking her legs. I watch as her uniform skirt rides up higher on her thighs with every kick.

“Oh perfect. Thank you, Corbin.”

I look up at her face and wink. “Of course, sweetheart. Do you want to pick out a movie now? I’ll get the food all set up and by the time it’s ready the drinks should be chilled enough.”

“Yeah. Where are your movies?”

I point to the cabinets in my TV stand. “Right inside those cupboards. Pick anything you want.”

She gets down to the floor on all fours and crawls over to the cabinet, swaying her hips as she goes. Slowly opening the cupboard doors, she bends over further, which makes her skirt lift and reveal her red lace panties. In a blink, the red lace morphs into

dripping blood, covering her ass and thighs. Mmm. She looks at me and smiles. Shit. Must have said that out loud.

I turn and focus on the food, pulling containers out of the bag and splitting up the food between the containers. After tearing open the plastic cutlery, I put the forks and knives in each container and bring them over to my bed. I put them down and go back to the fridge to grab our drinks. She pulls out a movie and squeals, waving it around.

“I love this movie! Can we watch it?”

I look long enough to prove myself interested and nod. “Great pick.”

I have no fucking clue what she picked. That’s the last fucking thing I care about. She puts the movie in as I sit on the bed against my headboard. She gets on the bed and sits next to me. I hand her the drink and smile as she takes a sip while I pick up the remote and hit play.

“So? Is it as good as you expected? Doesn’t taste like alcohol, right?”

She moans exaggeratedly. “Mmm, it’s so good, Corbin. You’re right. It’s perfect. I think it’s my new favorite drink.”

“Perfect indeed. Drink up, I’ll make you another.” I grab her container of food and put it in her lap. “There you go. Comfy?”

I hear the crunch of ice and look at her. Shit. I gauge her reaction to see if she notices the difference. She continues chomping on the ice and watching the movie. Okay, then. Is there not a single fucking brain cell in this bitch’s brain? She takes a few bites of food and finishes her drink, crunching on the last of ice. I put my drink and food down.

“Would you like another?”

She looks at me with a dopey smile and drooping eyes. “Yes, please. Only one more. I’m already feeling pretty good.”

“No problem, sweetheart.”

I grab her cup and walk over to the table, pouring her another drink. When I return, her eyes flutter open and shut slower and slower. “Here you go.”

She grabs the cup with shaking hands and drinks it down fast. “Yummy. Sho good,” she slurs, giggling. Her breathing slows down and the cup starts to tilt further and further out of her grasp. I gently grab the cup and put it down next to mine. I can’t rush this and risk her still being just conscious enough to know something is up. After everything is cleaned and put away, I grab my laptop and pull up my favorite site. One of my favorite videos fills my screen and I pause it before placing it on my nightstand next to her. I grab my textbook from my bag and open it up to the last page I looked at with the stomach diagram, propping the book up behind her head and leaning in close. Drool pools from the side of her mouth.

I look around the room for something to test if she’s completely out. I pace around looking, annoyed it’s taking so long. I grab her plastic fork and walk back over to her. I peel her lip back and jab the inside of it with the fork as hard as I can. Blood drips from the cut, but she doesn’t make a move or sound from it. I lean down and lick the blood from her mouth, groaning. The desire to suck her lip until every drop is in my mouth is insurmountable.

No. I’ll get lost in the feeling and suck too hard. No evidence, Corbin. I unbuckle my belt and undo my pants, throwing them and my athletic cup on my desk chair. Cara’s skirt is now lifted, revealing those red lace panties. I carefully pull them down below her knees, looking up at her to make sure her eyes remain shut. Her thighs part and

her shaved pussy is revealed to me. Hmm. Not bad. With a barely-there touch of my finger, I graze her slit. I feel a bit of peach fuzz, and the warmth that emanates from within. Fuck, I wish it was cold. I pull away and open the drawer of my nightstand, where my blood-like lube is stashed. I make sure the volume isn't too high on my laptop and hit play.

I coat my hand in the red lube and fist my hand. The video plays for a bit, letting me build the anticipation. My breathing increases as I watch the snuff film play out before me. Unable to wait any longer, I look at the textbook propped up behind her head. My hand drops to the head of my cock as I stare at the diagram. I slowly push my hard cock through the small circle I've made with my hand and grit my teeth, groaning. Fuck, yeah. Just like that. Oh, it has to feel just like this. I pump my cock inside my hand nice and slow. My thrusts grow with intensity as my eyes flick from the video, to the textbook, to her pussy, over and over. Oh fuck, there's that feeling. Oh please let this be it. It's been so fucking long. Yes. Right fucking there. I watch as they begin to fuck the corpse in the video and I pant, my head nodding on its own.

"Yeah. Fuck that whore. Fuck her good. Mmm, I bet she's nice and fucking cold. Quiet. Still." Oh fuck it's happening. Fuck, yes, this is it. I get closer to her and stroke faster, pointing my cock at her pussy. "Take it, you fucking dead bitch. Such a good fucking whore. Urgh."

Cum spurts from my cock, painting her pussy perfectly. Sweat drips from my forehead and my heart pounds with the last spurt of cum. I swipe my thumb over the head of my cock, collecting the last drops of cum. The sensitivity makes me hiss and I bring my thumb to my mouth, licking the drop of cum.

I straddle Cara's knees and lean down. I watch her face as I lick my cum from her pussy and thighs. No evidence, Corbin. The salty, bitter mix of my cum explodes on my taste buds and I groan. I fight the urge to lick harder and faster. After forcing myself to grab a baby wipe from my drawer, I clean up the blood lube from my cock

and hand. Then, I carefully wipe her pussy and thighs, making sure everything is wiped clean. I toss the baby wipe in my garbage can next to the bed and shut my nightstand drawer.

I slowly pull her panties up and make sure they're perfectly in place. Making sure her skirt is fixed, I shut my laptop down and put it away along with my textbook. I make sure everything is in order before covering her with my comforter. I change into sweats and a t-shirt and sit at the end of my bed, leaning my head back with my eyes shut and smile on my lips. I think this will help the urges. Only time will tell. In bliss and contentment, I slowly drift to sleep.

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February 13, 2001

“Ugh, my head. What happened?”

I wake up to the sound of Cara’s groggy voice. I yawn and stretch, cracking my neck and back. I turn my head and rub my eyes with a fake sleepy smile.

“You don’t remember?”

Her hair is a mess and her makeup is smeared across her face. Rubbing her temples she shakes her head. “No. Did you sleep there all night?”

“I thought it would be best. You got pretty drunk and passed out. I didn’t want you to feel violated by me sleeping in the bed next to you.”

She drops her hands in her lap and smiles, tilting her head. “Aww, Corbin. That’s so sweet of you.”

“Let me get you some water and pain reliever, sweetheart.”

I stand up and turn, the smile falling from my face. I grab a bottle of water from my fridge and the bottle of pain reliever from my desk. I walk over, open the bottle of water before handing it to her. I dump two pills in her hand and gently push it towards her.

“Thank you, Corbin.”

She attempts to bat her eyelashes, the clumpy mascara making her lashes stick together. Obnoxious knocks come from my door and I already know by the beat of the knocks it's my annoying half-brother. Thanks a lot for creating this fucker with your mistress, daddy dearest. I groan and roll my eyes as I unlock my door and open it a crack. He pushes the door open and walks in. “Oh, please, come on in, Colson,” I say, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

He adjusts his tie and smiles at Cara. “Well, hello, there.” He turns his gaze to me. “I didn't realize you had company, Corbin.”

He winks in my direction and I glare in return. He stares at Cara and whatever she sees has her carefully getting out of my bed. I'm not surprised. Colson hasn't figured out how to mask his twisted ways. Idiot. She gives me a quick hug and kiss on the cheek, throwing her coat on and bag over her shoulder. “Thanks for a great time, Corbin. I'll, uh, see you around.”

She scurries through the door without a backwards glance. Colson stands by the door, leering at her retreating form.

“She's too old for your liking, Colson.”

His eyes glaze over and I can only guess he's imagining all the ways he can make her appear younger. I cross my arms and stare at his side profile. We're opposites in every way. I'm all dark hair, while he's light. I hide my needs, he doesn't. I'm smart, he's a fucking idiot.

“Settling down with that fiancé of yours not all it's cracked up to be, huh?”

He scoffs, looking at me, mirroring my stance. “What's that supposed to mean?”

“You thought picking sweet and innocent Emersyn would help you with your... needs. I told you it wouldn’t work. Sweet and innocent doesn’t mean young.”

He slams my door shut and jabs his finger in my direction, spitting, “You shut your mouth! You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about!”

I smirk. “If you say so, Colson. You should really control yourself better. I’m not sure what needs more work: your emotions or your facial expressions. They’ll get you caught one day. Be careful.”

He adjusts his tie and blazer, yanking the door open. “Fuck you, Corbin!”

I follow behind, laughing. “Now, that’s even more twisted.”

I shut the door behind him as he turns to throw back a retort. I rub my temples, feeling my own headache coming on. Oh joy, the Colson special. I open the bottle of pain reliever and dump a mouthful in, swallowing it down with the bottle of water she left behind. I grimace as I feel the pills slide down my esophagus, it feels like a traffic jam of pills in there.

There’s still an hour and a half before my psych class. I pull my garment bag out of the closet and toss it on my bed. Walking into the bathroom, I turn the water on until it’s mostly hot and strip out of my clothes. Everything fades to the background as I mechanically move through my morning routine.

I untangle my dirty clothes and put them in my laundry hamper. Stepping into the shower, I hiss from the temperature, forcing myself to stand still and adjust to it. After what feels like no time at all, I get out of the shower and wrap a towel around my hips. Back in my room, I notice that I stayed in the shower longer than I should’ve. I ball my hand in a fist and start punching over my heart.

“Stupid, stupid, stupid.”

I growl in frustration, unable to properly finish my routine. Running to my closet I yank on the ironing board. It gets caught on the hangers in my closet and I pull harder. The hangers tangle and clatter against each other, some remain stuck on the bar and others tumble around me and the ironing board.

“Give me it!” I yank harder and pull it free, quickly opening it up. Unzipping my garment bag, I put my uniform on the board before grabbing my iron from the closet. The cord is tangled in the hangers so I yank it. I plug it in and wait for it to heat up. My dirty uniform gets shoved inside the garment bag and I hang it over my hamper. I pull out one of the giant, clear garbage bags and wrap it around the hamper and tie it off, attaching my personalized name tag around it.

I quickly iron my clean uniform, getting as many of the wrinkles out as I can. When I’m done, I yank the cord from the outlet and place the hot iron in the sink of my bathroom. Sliding my boxers on, I grab my athletic cup and shove my cock inside. After putting on my uniform, I slide my dress shoes on and tie the thin, wax laces. I push my hair back from my forehead and tighten my tie. I look at the clock, the tick tock sound ringing in my ears like a fucking pendulum. Shit.

I shove my psych book in my bag and toss it over my shoulder, picking up my plastic-covered hamper along the way and run out of my dorm. I yank open the laundry chute and shove it down. Letting go of the metal door, it snaps shut with a clang. Shoving the strap of my bag further on my shoulder, I nod to everyone who greets me as I rush to class.

Rushing through the door just in time, my professor gives me a disapproving stare as he prepares to shut the door. I give my best apologetic smile, “Apologies, professor.”

The door shuts with a click as he sighs. “Take a seat, Mr. Moriarty. I suggest working on your punctuality. I don’t think you’re prepared for the hostility that some clients will send your way if you make them wait.”

I give him my best apologetic smile. “I understand, sir.”

I turn away and roll my eyes, making my way to my seat. A few students look in my direction and I discreetly point and make the motion for talking too much. They quickly cover their mouths to stifle their laughter and turn to face the front of the class. I unbutton my blazer before taking a seat and scoot my chair in, immediately pulling my textbook, notepad and pen out of my bag. While waiting for the professor to tell us what page to open to, I open my notepad and click my pen.

I start doodling a stomach, focusing on the esophagus and duodenum. My lips twitch, suppressing a smile as I stare at it. My doodles would seem strange if I had some basic ass major, but nobody can question them with my field of study. I feel my phone vibrate in my pocket and I drop my pen, scrunching my brows. Who the fuck is texting me? I look around the class and make sure the professor is at the front of the class. I see him shuffling through paperwork, so I pull my phone out and hold it under the desk. I unlock the phone and find messages from Colson. I can’t help but roll my eyes. I can only imagine the drivel bleeding into his messages.

PATHETIC BASTARD: I will be speaking to Father about you.

I can't help but roll my eyes, reading his message. So fucking pathetic.

ME: Oh, this will be good. Please do. He'll tell you to stop being such a pussy and man up, you sniveling weasel.

Starting to put my phone in my pocket, it vibrates again. I take a deep breath and try to rein in my anger.

PATHETIC BASTARD: All I've ever done is try to be a brother to you. Every step of the way, you have torn me down. You treat me as if I'm beneath you. I am not beneath you, Corbin. The same blood runs through our veins. We were both accepted into this school. You are not better than me!

I grit my teeth and smash the keys of my flip phone.

ME: All you are, all you have ever been is the mistress' child. You are MY father's bastard. Do you believe you got into this school based on your intelligence and merit? No! You are nothing more than a charity case. Father PAID them to let you into this school. You are here to no longer be his problem, I'm sure in the hopes that you will become one of the nameless who disappear. You will never amount to anything more than the byproduct of one night with a whore.

PATHETIC BASTARD: You will regret this. You are dead to me. I will end you.

I smirk at his attempt to intimidate me and pocket my phone. Fucking loser. I pick up my pen and get back to my drawing. The professor drones on in the background and I refuse to listen. At this point, I think I could teach the class better than him. If you can't get even your most passionate students to listen, then you're clearly doing something wrong.

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Walking back to my dorm after my last class, I find my hamper with my dry-cleaned uniform. Pulling my key out, I unlock the door and open it, grabbing my hamper before walking in. I kick the door shut behind me and lock it before bringing my hamper to the closet. Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I put it down on my desk and shed my uniform. I change into loungewear and grab my polishing kit.

Laying out the cloth on my desk, I place my dress shoes on top. Taking a seat, I start to open the jar of polish when my phone vibrates and bounces around on the hard surface. I clench my jaw, prepared for the aggravation I know will come. Flipping my phone open with a little more force than necessary, I click on the message. I lift a brow seeing the name on my phone. When the fuck did I add her number? Interesting.

CARA: Corbin, I really need you to meet me in the gazebo. Colson is here and he's saying really weird things. I told him I don't believe him, but he won't leave. Please help me.

I roll my eyes at Colson's attempt to fuck with me. Fucking idiot. Does he really think this bitch is my girlfriend? Pinching the bridge of my nose, I sigh and jab at the keys, responding. I honestly don't give a shit about helping this bitch, but I just can't pass up an opportunity to put Colson in his place.

ME: Of course, sweetheart. I'll be right there.

CARA: Thank you, Corbin 3

Grabbing my tennis shoes, I sit on my bed and put them on. I slide on my down coat and zip it up before heading out and locking the door. My fogged breath billows around me the moment I step outside. Walking towards the gazebo, I bring my hands to my mouth and blow into them. Warming them the best I can, I rub them together and shove them in my pockets. Once I step onto the grass, the snow crunches beneath me with every step. The snow fell quicker than I expected and I realize too late I should've put boots on instead.

Stepping onto the concrete path to the gazebo, I almost slip on the ice and catch myself after an embarrassing dance to keep from falling. I huff in annoyance and adjust my coat, walking into the gazebo. The sound of muffled shouts captures my attention and I look up. My cock twitches in delight at where this night could lead.

Cara shouts behind a gag and tears stream down her face. She claws desperately at the noose around her neck. Colson's hair is disheveled and sweat pours from his temples as he smirks at me. He holds her legs in place on the stepping stool.

"Nothing to say, Corbin?"

"If you plan to keep killing once you leave this school, you should probably work on your skills. Or lack thereof."

His smirk falters, twitching at the corner of his lips as he scrunches his brows. "What's that supposed to mean? This is perfect. I did everything right," he pouts.

"Seeing as we're at a school where death seems to be swept under the rug, yeah, sure. But look at her. She's clawing at the noose. And yes, some suicide victims will do this when they realize they no longer want to die, but not to that extent. And her marks most certainly wouldn't look like that with a noose strangling her." I can't help but laugh at his stupidity. "Sloppy. Does Emersyn have to wipe your ass for you as well? Are you really this incompetent, Colson?" His face turns red in anger, a vein

protruding from his forehead. “Uh oh, someone is about to have a tantrum.”

Cara continues to shout behind her gag, and I spare her a glance. “Cara, sweetheart? Please shut the fuck up. All that shouting is doing absolutely nothing.”

Her eyes widen and she whimpers. I tilt my head, smiling. “What? Did you think I’d be your knight in shining armor? Oh, you stupid bitch. If only you could remember the things I did to you last night. You would realize, if I’m any kind of knight, it’s a knight from hell. Only Satan’s minions could do to you what I did.”

She sobs behind her gag, tears cascading down her cheeks. The fresh tears start to melt the tracks of tears that have already frozen on her face.

“What the fuck?” Colson mutters.

I look in his direction, while his eyes ping-pong between me and Cara. “Y-you’re supposed to be upset about this. That I’m doing this to your girlfriend. What the fuck, Corbin?” He steps away from holding her legs and paces, pulling his hair. “This isn’t how this was supposed to go. Why? Why does nothing go the way it’s supposed to?”

“Because you’re too fucking stupid to make a fucking plan and follow through. You don’t fucking think, Colson. You just react. And that’s what will fuck you over every time. If you had thought this through, maybe fucking paid attention, you would realize that this bitch is definitely not my girlfriend. And I sure as shit don’t give a fuck about her or what happens to her. You were too caught up in your anger to even put this shit together properly.”

He’s trembling in anger and stares at me, his hair sticking up like a hedgehog. “Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! You always do this. You always talk down to me. I’m not less than, Corbin. I’m not!”

He sniffles and swipes away tears with his forearm. I curl my lip in disgust at how pathetic he is. “Jesus, get yourself together. Are you going to finish what you started or just sit there sniveling like a baby?”

“Oh, I’ll finish it alright. Everyone is going to see what kind of freak you are. You call me out for what I enjoy, but wait til everyone sees the shit you’re into.”

I lift a brow at his threat and cross my arms. “Oh, do tell, Colson. What is it that you know?”

He pulls out his phone and flips it open. The light illuminates his face and he’s now smiling, with his own tears starting to freeze to his cheeks like Cara. He points the phone in my direction and then towards Cara as he walks over to her.

“Everyone will see what a freak you are.”

He stands behind her and kicks the chair out from under her. A shocked scream is cut off by a crack echoing in the small space. Her neck snaps like a fucking twig, her eyes roll back and you can faintly hear ragged gasps leaving her mouth. I can’t tell if her body is twitching or if it’s just the way her weight causes her to sway around on the rope. Fuck, she’s beautiful.

“Ungh, fuck.” Oh god, I’m cumming. Shit, I didn’t wear my cup. I drop to my knees as the euphoric feeling washes over me.

“Holy shit, I knew you were a fucking freak! What the fuck, Corbin?”

My head shoots up in Colson’s direction as he stands closer with his phone pointed in my direction. I narrow my eyes in his direction and he laughs in response.

“Everyone is going to see that THE Corbin Moriarty gets off on seeing dead bitches.”

I stand up and brush off my pants, noticing the cold wetness of my cum started to freeze in my pants. Fuck, that is uncomfortable. “Yet again, your plan is failing, Colson Winslow. You’re planning to use this video against me. For starters, have you seen the quality of pictures and videos on our phones? Especially in the dark. All you have is a dark and grainy shot, more shadows than anything. Second of all, you may have said my name in the video to try and point out that it’s me, but don’t forget. I have said your name as well.

Not only that, but if there’s even a shot in hell of anyone being able to see anything in that video, they’re going to witness you murdering Cara. What will Emersyn think? Hmm? You’re dead set on ruining me, but poor, pitiful, Colson. It will be me that ruins you if you don’t tuck tail and run. Stay the fuck away from me. Out of my life, or I will implode your entire existence. Emersyn will be the first to know how much you love underage girls. How do you think that will make her feel? She certainly would never procreate with you. Emersyn is too fucking pure. She’d never allow herself to have your child and risk their safety around someone like you. And then, I’ll tell her how you were so jealous of me and my life, that you came up with a plan to ruin me.

I can act far better than you can, Colson. I’ll put on the water works and tell her that you killed my beloved Cara to break my heart. There’s a lot of shit this school sweeps under the rug and turns a blind eye to, but do you think they will when it comes to your preferences? I can’t even say you’re a pedophile. You’re more like an equal opportunist. Any of them will do, right? I mean, you’re with Emersyn, but you look at teens, pre-teens... little girls.”

“I DO NOT! THAT’S FUCKING DISGUSTING, CORBIN! YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!”

“Like I said. Your emotions will fuck you over every time. Such a visceral reaction to what I said. Seems more like an overreaction there, Colson. Maybe because I’m right.

And you are oh so very wrong.”

I step closer to him and snatch his phone. He stumbles forward and shakes his arms in my direction trying to get it back. I grab his shirt and twist it in my grasp as I push him against the wall of the gazebo. He starts scratching at my hands and gasping for air.

“Settle down.” He drops his hands and his eyes widen in fear. I loosen my grip as he trembles before me.

Pointing the phone in his face, I continue. “Tell me, Colson. Did Mommy and all her little friends play with you when you were little? Is that why you like them young, too?”

His eyes water instantly. “Shut up! You don’t know what you’re talking about! My mother loves me!”

“Mommy loved you a little too much.” I pat his cheek twice, the second one more like a slap. Snapping his phone shut, I shove it in his pocket. “Remember what I said, Colson. Do. Not. Fuck. With. Me. I will fucking end you. Now, leave!”

He shoves past me, muttering a tearful, “I hate you, Corbin,” as he runs out of the gazebo.

Walking over to Cara, I lean forward to press my face against her clothed pussy. The fabric is wet and I inhale deeply. I flinch back, cringing at the stench of urine and defecation. Rookie mistake on my part. “I’ll be seeing you soon, sweetheart.”

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February 14, 2001

While walking to the cafeteria, I feel refreshed from the best sleep I've had in awhile. The hushed whispers of Cara's death fill the halls, and I can barely stifle the pep in my step. My hands shoved in my slacks while I wait in line to get breakfast and coffee. I act oblivious to the news and add food to my tray. My eyes roll in exasperation when I see what they've done to the food to showcase the holiday. I grab a pink heart-shaped bagel and a few packets of cream cheese, making my way to the register. I notice the new guy who's taking over for Cara.

His bleach blonde hair is slicked back and he has a diamond stud in his left ear. He looks up and blushes when he sees me. Interesting. He would only be my type if he was dead, but I could make this work. Is flirting with men the same as a woman? Hmm. I look at his name tag and then smile at him.

"Hi, Turner. Could I get an extra-large black coffee, please?" He returns my smile, even his fucking teeth are bleached.

"Hiya, handsome. One extra large black coffee coming right up." I watch as he pours my coffee in a cup that looks like hearts vomited all over it, and puts the pink lid on. Grabbing a marker, he writes on the cup with a smile on his face. He spins the cup so the writing is facing me and I read it. Gazebo in 10? 3

Well, shit, I didn't have to do a fucking thing. I look up at him, schooling my stunned expression and smirk. His smile grows as I nod and turn away with my coffee and

tray. Taking a seat at a table, I bite into my bagel and sip my coffee, occasionally looking in his direction. I was looking forward to taking him to my dorm and playing like I did with Cara, but the gazebo is fucking perfect.

My cock twitches, remembering the night before. I grimace at the feel of my athletic cup pressing against my growing cock. I hope the gazebo isn't closed off. If it is, then my dorm is always a back-up plan that I'm more than willing to go with. It's not like Cara can give him a heads up to stay away now. I guess I can thank Colson for that.

I take a big bite of my bagel, and shake my head. No, fuck that, I'm not thanking that sniveling twit. I stand and discard my remaining bagel and coffee cup into the trash before heading towards the gazebo. Stepping outside, I soak in the small rays of sun peeking through the clouds. I shove my freezing hands in my pockets and walk through the light dusting of snow.

Getting closer to the gazebo, I tread lightly along the icy walkway. I hear footsteps crunching behind me and turn my head, noticing Turner trudging towards me. He hasn't noticed me yet since he's watching his footsteps along the path. Turning back towards the gazebo, I step in and look around, noticing nobody is in there. My eyes immediately zero in on the place that Cara died and my cock twitches painfully behind my cup. Turner stands in front of me, too short to block my view, but I realize I should probably focus on him. I look down and find him looking up with flushed cheeks, smiling. I open my mouth to say something, but freeze, I've never done this with a man before.

His smile softens. "Hey, don't worry. I know this is just a curiosity thing for you."

I look around as if someone, worse, Colson, will pop up and say, 'gotcha'!

"I know this is a secret. My lips are sealed," he smirks and looks down at my slacks. "Well, they're about to be."

I lift my brow. “Wha-” my words die off as Turner drops to his knees before me and starts unbuckling my belt. I choke on my spit. “What are you doing?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.” He quickly unbuttons and unzips my slacks. Curling his fingers inside my boxer briefs, I shiver at the feel of his frozen fingers. He winces. “Sorry.”

He quickly tugs my boxer briefs and pants down to my ankles and my cup tumbles out. He frowns down at it and back up at me.

“A cup?”

I tilt my head and shrug. “You don’t know pain ‘til you’re working in the university morgue and a cooler door clips your nuts.”

With a pained laugh, he grimaces. “That sounds awful.”

My laugh is cut off with a choked gasp, “Yea-oh whoa,” as he quickly grips my cock and swallows it whole. “Jesus Christ, ambitious much?”

He giggles around my hardening cock and I groan from the vibration. Without thought, one of my hands reaches out and grips his blonde locks. He moans around my cock as if to encourage the hold I have on him. My eyes focus on the spot where Cara hung and my hips thrust, shoving my cock further in his hot mouth. Flashes of the night before play before me, as I remember how she looked before and after she was hung. Bringing my other hand down, I grip his hair tight and thrust in and out of his mouth. I feel a growl rattle in my chest as if some primal need has taken over. Every image makes my cock throb more and a tingle zips through my spine.

Turner grips my hips tight, inviting me to continue my assault on his throat. Sweat drips down my temples and spit flies past my lips as I continue to grunt and growl like a fucking animal.

“That’s it, take it.” The moment I imagine the sound of Cara’s neck snapping and the subtle twitches of her body, I lose it. “Motherfuck!” I shout as I cum down Turner’s throat. My chest heaves with my ragged breaths, puffs of air surrounding every exhale.

Turner pulls back, wiping his swollen lips with the back of his hand. His hair is disheveled from my grip on it, and he laughs as he sits back on his heels. I shake my head, realizing I’m freezing my cock and balls off just standing there pantless. I pull my underwear and pants up as Turner quietly hands over my cup with a neutral expression. Nodding my head in thanks, I shove the cup in my underwear, close my pants and buckle my belt. At a loss for words, I spin and walk quickly out of the gazebo.

Turner giggles behind me and shouts, “Let me know if you’re ever curious again!” My eyes widen and I look around to make sure I’m the only one that heard him.

Realizing how late I’m running, I speed walk to the university morgue for class. Adjusting my garment bag over my arm for the fourth time, I grunt in frustration. Once I reach the door, I grab the handle and tilt my head back, taking a deep breath. Compose yourself, Corbin.

Opening the door, everyone halts their talking and stares at me. Some look bored, others with solemn expressions. I avoid their eyes and walk over to the clothes rack where we hang our garment bags. Turning around, I find them still staring and chuckle.

“Why does everyone look like someone just died?”

A few attempt to hold back laughs, while the women gasp in horror.

“You guys are gonna have to brush up on your morgue humor. It’s meant to be dark, ya know?”

The professor sighs and shakes his head in disappointment. “Mr. Moriarty, I understand everyone grieves in different ways, but are you sure you’re able to participate today?”

My brow furrows in confusion. “Why wouldn’t I be able to participate, sir?”

Walking closer to the body tray, he steps aside and I realize what he means. Don’t react, don’t react. Fuck, look at her. I knew she’d look better like this. My cock pulsates against my cup like it’s knocking the door down to be let free.

“Mr. Moriarty, as you see, we’re working on Miss Ray. I understand you two were... close.” Shit, I’m supposed to be mourning this bitch. I tug at the v of my scrub top and morph my face into some form of pitiful. I probably look like Colson right now. Gross.

“Yes, sir. I mean, Cara was a friend, yes. A l-lovely woman.” I shake my head and clear my throat, meeting his eyes. “I can do it, sir. I’ve learned in this field, there will come a time that we all have to work with family and close friends that have departed.” I square my shoulders and take a deep breath. “Today will be the day I learn this lesson.”

Professor nods. “Very well, Mr. Moriarty.” He turns towards the other students, “Alright, shall we begin?”

We each line up to grab our gloves, protective eyewear and face masks. Lining up around the table, the professor nods and says, “Mortui vivos docent.” The dead teach the living.

I’m amazed he doesn’t have a banner with that latin phrase hanging in here. It’s almost like a superstition for him, he says it before we work on every cadaver. I wonder if he started it, or perhaps a professor before him.

“Since we’ve already done lessons on preparing a body for autopsy, all of that has been completed already. Today we will be noting our findings on the body. Why is it important to note everything we find?”

Ignoring what the student answers, I look up at Cara’s body, slowly starting from her toes and up. I pretend to focus on a small bruise on her thigh, but really I’m staring at her pussy. Exactly how I pictured it when I jerked off over her the other night. God, I bet it feels so fucking good now. My gloves squeak with how tightly my hands are fisted.

“Mr. Moriarty,” the professor says in an annoyed tone. Great, he had to have called on me more than once. I clear my throat and stretch out my hands.

“Yes, sir?”

“Name something on her body that should be noted.”

“Note the medium-sized jelly bean shaped bruise near her left acetabulum. Looks to be approximately a week old bruise,” I point with my index finger. Grabbing her thigh, I manipulate the skin around it, as if still searching for answers. My cock hardens, and I suppress a groan by clearing my throat. “My guess is she smacked it against one of the counters working in the cafeteria.”

Professor points and nods with a rare smile, “Excellent note. This brings up an age-old debate in the medical field. Conjecture. When is it appropriate? Is it appropriate?” He waves his hands towards everyone standing on the right side of the tray. “You discuss.” Waving at us on the left, he says, “Note your findings.”

I wipe the condensation from my steamed mirror and finish the skincare routine that I started in the shower. Did I learn this particular routine from Patrick Bateman? I’d rather not say. Putting my face mask on, I pat dry my body down with my towel and then wrap it around my hips. While I wait the allotted ten minutes, I lay out my outfit

for the night. After peeling the mask off, I apply moisturizer and anti-aging cream. I open my pomade, put a dollop in my hand and run it through my longer hair on top. I try to tame the slight waves, pushing them back from my face. A few strands fall forward and I turn my head side-to-side. Hmm. I like it. Grabbing my deodorant, I swipe it on and then spray my PS For Men cologne. I point to the mirror and wink. “They’re gonna love ya.” I slide my watch on and listen for the click, securing it in place. Checking the time, I realize it’s almost time for my date. It’s a big night for a lot of people here at SVU. I may not be one of the Divine Valentine, but I do know something big happens every year on this day. It’s as if the entire campus shuts down. If you’re not one of them, stay the fuck in your dorm and let them do their thing.

I have to rebel a little for my date. They’re frigid as hell, but that’s how I prefer them anyway. We’ll be out of their way, it should be fine. Quickly dressing, I grab the stolen key card I need and leave my dorm. I quickly look around the halls and listen for a moment, making sure I won’t be caught. When I don’t hear or see anything, I lock my door and head to the stairs.

Staying light on my feet, I slowly walk down the stairs, making my way to the first floor. Cracking the door open, I peek out and listen again. When it seems clear, I push the door open and step out, carefully closing it behind me. I make sure that door closes quietly as well and silently thank the snow for muffling my footsteps. It’s darker than usual out here. Something tells me that’s on purpose. The sound of screams can faintly be heard out in the snowy trees of the grounds, and I press myself against the wall.

Squinting my eyes, I look around and make sure there isn’t anybody near. Finding it clear, I pick up the pace to get to my date on time. Pulling the key card from my pocket, I scan it until the indicator light turns green and the door clicks. As I open the door, I hear more screams and shake my head. You people will not ruin my night, dammit. I cringe when my shoes squeak against the linoleum. “Fuck,” I mutter. Finding the walkway rug, I rub my shoes against it, trying to dry them off.

Cracking my neck, I shove the key card in my pocket and push forward. Once I reach the next door, I slip inside and sigh in relief, locking the door behind me.

“I know, I know, I’m sorry I’m late. You know what tonight is, so I had to be extra careful in order to make it to you. I hope you’re not too upset with me.” Opening the cooler, I slide the body tray out and smile. “Hello, sweetheart.”

The wheels of the transfer cart squeal as I pull the tray out further. Kicking the locks on each wheel to hold it in place, I sigh in contentment while staring down at her. “As much as I want to take my time with you, time is of the essence, as they say.”

Looking her up and down, I realize I’ll need two things. Grabbing a tray trolley, I roll it over to the supply cabinets and drop medical grade tape and a scalpel on it. I walk over to Cara with it and rip off two pieces of tape and slap them to the tray. I peel back one eyelid and tape it to her forehead, then do the same with the other.

“Perfect,” I nod. I grab her tits and squeeze them like stress balls. I groan at the chilly feel of her skin and grit my teeth. “Don’t look at me like that, sweetheart. This is a date, I don’t need to be professional right now.”

Letting go for a moment, I brace myself on the tray and push myself up. I groan, feeling more of her cold body pressed against me as soon as I straddle her hips. My cock hardens beneath my scrub pants, the fabric stretching around it. So much better without that damn cup in the way.

“God, the way I need to immerse myself inside you. Fuck, there’s so many things I want to do to you right now.”

My pre-cum soaks through the front of my pants. Grabbing the top of my pants, I pull them down and settle them below my knees. I grip my cock and stroke twice, grunting before bringing it to her pussy. I hiss, rubbing the tip between her firm folds. “Fuck, I bet you’re even tighter now, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Tilting my hips, I push and feel her entrance resisting my cock.

“Yeah you are. Let me in,” I chuckle.

I grip the head of the tray for leverage and slowly push inside. For most, the frigid temps would shrivel their cock but for me, it's the opposite. I'm rock fucking hard and I love it. God, please don't cum yet. My teeth crack from the pressure of clenching my jaw as I continue to slide inside her.

“Fuck, sweetheart. You're so fucking perfect like this.” I have to be careful not to thrust too hard and tear anything. That would be my luck, rip the bitch's pussy and then it's noted during a class. Don't be an amateur, Corbin. I drop my forearms on either side of her and stare into her lifeless eyes. “You have no idea how much I wanted to do this when you were in my bed. It just wouldn't have been the same though. You understand, right?”

I rock my hips slowly, bringing my face between the opening of her Y incision. The familiar tingle zips up my spine and I feel my cock start to pulsate.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck.” I quickly pull out of her, aiming my cock at the floor, watching spurts of cum fly down with a splat. My breath comes out in heavy pants as I stare down at my cum. Fuck, that was close. I don't care what anyone says, the smell of a corpse is not putrid. It's fucking delicious and should be bottled as a goddamn cologne. I'd wear it everyday. Okay, maybe only if I was alone, because clearly I'd jizz in my pants all fucking day long smelling myself.

Pushing my hair back from my face, I wipe the sweat from my forehead with my arm. Pinching the flaps made with the Y incision between my fingers, I peel both sides away and stare inside her chest cavity and moan.

“Fuck, baby. Look at what you do to me. I just fucking came and I'm getting hard again. You dirty little slut.”

I had a plan to play with her stomach like I've been fantasizing about, but her heart catches my eye. My eyes flick between her heart and stomach, contemplating. There would be no hiding this. I will definitely have to be proactive in our next class and make a fool of myself. Probably push ahead, grab her heart and start cutting immediately. Say I'm studying the chambers from within.

I nod to myself and look at Cara. "What better symbolism than playing with your heart on Valentine's Day? You're like a ready-made meal, all cut up and prepared for me."

Picking up the scalpel from the tray, the metal clinks together and scrapes as I pull it away. With my other hand, I reach in and grip her heart. My cock throbs at the sensation, I'm hovering above her moaning and shivering in delight. "Oh fuck, I want it. I need it." Bringing her heart to my nose, I aggressively inhale and lick across it, leaving a trail. I whimper at the taste and texture, quickly pulling it away before I take a bite out of it like an apple. My hand shakes as I hold both her heart and the scalpel. I push the scalpel into her heart and make an incision.

Checking with my fingers inside to see how much space I have, I toss the scalpel to the tray with a clank and zero in on the movement of my fingers sliding in and out of her heart. "Oh fuck, oh yes."

I grip my cock and slide it inside, whimpering like a goddamn woman. My whole body convulses as my cock throbs at the feel of her heart tissue sucking it in. I collapse against her body and nuzzle into her neck, thrusting into her heart. I can barely stop myself from biting her neck and turn my head, chomping my teeth on her strands of hair. The intense pleasure reduces me to a sob and I curse at her.

"You fucking bitch. Look what you've done to me. Nothing will ever compare to this. How do I say goodbye to this? To you. Oh fuck, it's so good. Oh, you dirty fucking slut, you've fucking ruined me. I can't stop, can't stop. No."

I quickly sit up on my knees, and rip her heart away from my cock as spurts of cum join my last puddle on the floor. What is wrong with me? I'm sobbing just like pathetic Colson.

Putting her heart back in her chest cavity, I put the flaps of her skin back in place and pull my scrub pants up. Carefully, I climb down from the tray and lean in towards her face. "Why would you do this to me, Cara? You've just made this the best and worst day of my life." With a glare into her lifeless eyes, I sniffle and yank the tape from her eyelids before I clean up.

To this day I still think of Cara Ray. If I could feel love, she would have been my first. Well, her heart at least.