



# Descent into Darkness

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**Category:** Horror

**Description:** manipulation, degradation, and pain. All the while sharpening his precious killing instrument—me. I was complacent and accepted that this was—and forever will be—my existence. Remembering that I’m nothing but a bringer of pain and death—and maybe an orgasm, if they try really hard before I eradicate their lifeforce.

Then, one day it all went too far. I snapped. There are lines that you just don’t cross, and Father crossed it. Making a choice to show Father a taste of what he’s taught me over the years, I set out on a downward spiral. Uncontrolled, unhinged, and unstable. That is, until I met her. The one that changed me forever. The one that showed me emotions I never knew existed in my hollow chest. The one that ended my descent into darkness.

**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.

**Total Pages (Source):** 9

## OSIRIS

Eternity of Horror Haunted House has been my home for quite some time. Every year, I choose a new town and fill my haunted attraction with pain, agony, and all new corpses. It's my passion, my obsession, and my purpose on this planet—to be the most brutal, cold-blooded monster anyone has ever seen. It's just how I was raised.

Father is the man that butchered my parents when I was a child. Instead of adding my body to the pile, he decided to take me on as his little pet project. This demon of a man spent decades doing everything he could to sculpt me into a ruthless killer, and, for that, I'd say he did a pretty good job. Give credit where credit's due, and all that. Don't get me wrong, I hate his fucking guts for what he did to me and my parents. For dousing my soul in pitch blackness.

But I wasn't always like this. Long before I met Lilith and her friends, there was a brief moment where I tried to be a regular human. A small fragment of time where I tried to suppress all my urges and desires.

This is my descent into darkness.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:16 pm*

### Chapter 1

#### Break in the timeline

#### 10 YEARS AGO...

The long walk back to this place I call home gets more painful each time. Father sends me to the store for food and any supplies we might need for our “activities,” as he calls them. He refuses to let me use the car because he says having to travel on foot will teach me the importance of only taking—and, in this case, getting—what is needed. I guess he’s right. My stomach immediately rolls at the thought of giving him credit for anything.

My feet slightly drag along the small dirt road leading back to our place. Dense forests line either side, filling the September air with the sounds of its inhabitants. I hate this walk. I hate him. I hate the fact that he knows he can send me off on my own, and I will always come back because I know no other way. He has been carefully crafting me into what I am since I was a toddler—a fucking monster that is petrified to be alone, even if it means living with something even worse.

Father is not my dad—a point that he reminds me of almost daily, even almost 30 years later. No, he’s the man that brutally butchered my parents when I was just a baby. I didn’t see him kill my dad; I just saw the aftermath. My mother, however, well... I watched the whole thing. I wish I could say that I have fond memories of them, or I can hear her voice telling me she loves me; however, all I can see in my mind is her agony-drenched eyes as the light faded from them before he turned her into a human meat puppet. Father likes to tell me the story of how he killed my

parents as often as he can. He's either intrigued or just enjoys the different reactions he gets from reminding me throughout the stages of my life thus far. Pair that with the physical abuse of being beaten until I blackout and the mental abuse of being reminded how worthless I am. How I'm such an absolute failure—such a disappointment that even my own mother didn't love me enough to save me. He tells me how wet my mother's pussy was when he was killing her—simply because she was just that excited to not have to pretend to give a fuck about me anymore.

This was Father. This was how I was raised.

The house grows bigger with every step I take toward it. The wind sighs in my ear as it passes by, crashing into the small branches that hold the dying leaves, causing them to shiver. It feels like a warning—like even Mother Nature herself knows this place is evil. You don't have to warn me, though; I'm part of the depravity that takes place behind those walls. I'm no saint. Slaughtering people is rather enjoyable to me. Father made sure of it.

I take the last few dreaded steps toward the door. The sounds that seep through have my head cocking to the side and my eyebrow raising in curiosity. I have heard countless people scream, cry, beg, and ultimately die through this door. Nothing has sounded like this. It almost sounds..... not human.

As I open the door slowly, I see Father sitting on the couch. It faces the wall I enter through, giving me immediate answers to the questions I had moments ago. In front of him on the coffee table is a pile of bones, hunks of meat, and tufts of fur. I hear the animal, a cat, screech again in his hands as he continues to tear it apart. Fury clouds my vision, and I see fucking red.

“Well... don't just stand there like a fucking idiot. Go put that shit down in the kitchen and get back in here,” Father bites.

My body is frozen for another moment with a rage comparable to when I was a child. My feet are cemented to the floor as the overpowering emotion consumes me. Father would make me kiss a framed picture of my mom's dead, broken, and gutted corpse every night before bed. He still makes me keep the picture on my nightstand as a reminder. My eyes darted around to the mangled chaos before me—their mutilated bodies reminding me of my poor mother.

“Move. Your. Ass. I have a job for you,” he says, tearing another handful of fur off and tossing it on top of the pile with a wet slap. “You get the honor of cleaning this mess up,” he says with a cheerful tone. His mood quickly shifts back to anger. “And if you take longer than I think it should, I’m going to fuck whatever's left up your dipshit asshole with a butcher knife.”

Something inside of me snaps. I lower my eyes and silently walk past him toward the kitchen, as I was told. Before I can cross the threshold, he turns to me, “And if you happen to die like the pussy that you are, maybe I’ll take a picture and frame it. Put it up next to Mommy Dearest.” He chuckles to himself as he turns back around, snapping more pieces off the now dead cat.

I put the bags down on the counter as a brief moment of calm washes over my senses—a calm that absolutely terrifies me. Images that I’ve painted in my mind of him killing my parents flash like slides on a projector—my father’s head split in half by an ax; my mother hacked open from the neck down with all the flesh peeled from her back. The images flip faster and faster, with nothing but the squelching sounds of bloody flesh and the snapping sounds of broken bones as the soundtrack. There is a zero percent chance that I’m letting Father survive what's about to happen.

Looking down at my hand, I notice I'm now holding a hammer. The drawer it lives in is open, and I have no memory of taking it out. Everything feels like slow motion. I blink, and I’m standing behind the couch. Father is twisting and pulling at the animal. There’s barely anything left. I blink again, and my arm that has the hammer is pulled

back. Every muscle in my body is on fire. I feel like I am swimming out of an abyss. The closer I get to the surface, the louder everything becomes. No, it's not me frantically swimming to the surface; it's my blinding rage. And it's about to fucking erupt.

I let out a scream as my hand swings the hammer at Father's head. The blunt end makes contact with his right temple. A zap of vibration thunders through me from hitting solid bone. It shoots through the handle of my weapon and into my arm, followed by the give of bone breaking and allowing the hammer entry into his eye socket. He falls. His arms and legs straighten and tense up like he suddenly went from being made of flesh and bone to being a solid statue that got tipped over. I've seen this before. Father said it's called the fencing response. I look at him, blood rushing from the hole now split into the side of his head. He gasps for air, fighting for this shitty life he has created. This motherfucker still thinks he's allowed to breathe.

I drop the hammer and kneel over his chest. My fingers curl into fists as I stare into his eyes; even though I know only one of them still works, I lean down close to his face. "I just want to thank you, Father," I say with absolute hate. "Thank you for giving me the strength and the stomach for what I am about to do to you. There's not enough pain on this fucking earth for what you deserve." I pull my fist back before swinging it down to his cheek bone. I alternate fists, each of my next words hitting in between strikes.

"I. Am. Not. WORTHLESS!" I scream as my knuckles begin to tear the flesh covering his skull. I sit back, my chest heaving with hot hatred. Father coughs, blood and bits of broken teeth seep out of the corner of his mouth as he whispers.

"You.... will always.... be worthless... just like... Mommy and Daddy," his laughter vibrating around the pool of blood in his mouth. The pleasure I gain from stifling his amusement with my fists fuels my rage—the rage I have held onto all these years. I scream. I scream so fucking loud I can taste blood in my mouth, not caring if it's mine

or if it's his splashing up into my face after every punch.

Over and over, my fists collide with his face. Every hit leaves evidence of where my knuckles landed. The sound of bones breaking as I bash into his face fills my ears, with no way to discern if they are his, mine, or both. I'm completely numb—void of all physical stimulation. Decades of hatred pour out of me through my fists, and it is all-consuming.

I blink. I'm still punching, but my knuckles are now hammering the blood-soaked hardwood floor underneath his head. The only barrier between my strikes and the solid ground is a pile of eviscerated flesh and squishy brain matter. It's interesting how pale it actually is and how it almost looks like chewed bubblegum. The remnants of what's left has been fanned out around where I delivered each impact—like an artist masterfully painting the rage I feel for Father on the hardwood floor.

I'm still angry. I'm still not done.

I get to my feet and place one foot just off-center of his rib cage, doing my best to keep my balance on his chest. Bending my knees, I lift myself up off the ground, using his body as leverage to jump and pull my knees up before firing them straight down. Both of my feet land on his ribs with a mighty crack, and I can feel his bones breaking, caving inward—no doubt puncturing all the organs they once protected.

I jump up and down, bouncing on his chest like a kid on a trampoline. I'm still screaming. "The murder of my parents, the beatings, the mental deterioration, the years and years of forcing me to kill until I acquired a taste for it," I roar out as I continue my assault on his corpse. " YOU made me this way! And now there's nothing that can quench my thirst quite like this. You fucking piece of shit!"

I blink. My feet are now hitting the floor, only separated by my steel-toed boots, the fabric of his shirt, and a few chunks that refuse to break down or get pushed away. I

can't stop, though; the sound reminds me of jumping in a muddy puddle, splashing his filth all around us. I burst out into a full-blown belly laugh. For half a second, I feel like a kid again. Or rather, I wonder if this is the kind of joy a kid would feel playing in the rain, traipsing through the mud. It's not something I was ever allowed to do. But that's fine, because, at this moment, I am finally free. I am finally happy. Fuck you, Father.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:16 pm*

### Chapter 2

#### Spiral

I swipe the keys from the wall hook where they hang, while I try to digest everything that went on in this house, everything I just did. They feel heavy in my hands now that I just inherited them and their companions—every dark memory, every sinister lesson I learned within these walls. I suppose everything here is mine now. Because now, I am truly alone.

As I open the front door, the fresh night air hits my lungs, and I projectile vomit all over the front steps. The splat it makes on the concrete sounds similar to dumping a pot of pasta and sauce out on the ground. Decades worth of pent-up hate, sadness, anger, depression—basically every emotion aside from happiness that's been festering inside me—is now rushing out of my body like a tsunami.

Looking down at my hands, I notice they're stained with blood and shaking. YOU MONSTER . My feet move on their own, taking me to the car. I need to kill someone. Stopping another person's heart is the only thing that can give me peace right now. FUCKIN' CUNT . I turn the engine on and begin driving. Anytime Father was especially brutal toward me, I would find a way to take someone's life, and it always grounded me. HAHAAHA .

I find myself driving down roads I've never taken, until I'm mindlessly putting along the streets of some quiet little town. The way a person looks when they have no idea who I am or why their flesh is being stripped from their bodies is like when someone applies medium pressure when scratching your entire back—such a soothing thing to

calm my nerves. I SHOULD HAVE ATE HIM just so he would be turned into the PILE OF SHIT HE IS .

I feel like I'm unraveling. HAHA fuck, I'm horny.

I'm at a stop sign. I must have been lost in the fucking whack-a-mole of thoughts in my brain because a truck horn, aggressively beeping behind me, snaps me back to reality. Wrong place, wrong time, buddy boy.

Flooring it through the intersection, I put a fair amount of distance between me and the prick that was behind me. Enough distance that I can take a right onto another street and make a U-turn. Revving the engine of whatever this car is that I'm in, I sit and wait. My light was green but turned to yellow, then red as his pickup truck approached.

I floor it again, this time hurling myself toward the intersection. Just as he is flying through, my front end collides with his passenger-side front door with a smash that echoes down all the empty, small-town roads. The sound of glass shattering and sprinkling across the asphalt has an almost shimmering sound to it.

The impact leaves me slightly dazed, but my sickening adrenaline forces my body out of the twisted metal of what was once my car... Father's car... fuck him and his car. I walk around to the driver's side of this asshole's truck and look inside. His nose is visibly broken from headbutting the steering wheel. It's an old truck, which is why I'm assuming no airbags were deployed. I lean into the car and inhale. The smell of his fresh blood sends a jolt to my cock, reminding me that it still works. Perfect. But not right now. I grab the back of his head and whisper into his ear.

"Beep beep, bitch." My flat tone mixed with my crazed smile twists a little bit of fear in with the pain I see in his eyes.

With all my might, I slam his face forward into his steering wheel. The collision causes the horn to blow. A growly laugh slips between my gritted teeth as I do it again, leaving blood spatters each time I peel his face back from it.

“Oh, I have an idea. You stay right here.” I pat him on the top of his head as I make my way back to my car. Popping open the trunk, I pull out a ratty, tattered old flannel shirt that Father kept in there.

When I return, the man is struggling with his seatbelt, groaning for help. His hands got fucked up in the crash, so when I peek in through the window again, I can see he is struggling a bit.

“I feel that, my man. I am pretty sure I broke a few knuckles punching Father’s face into the floor until it wasn’t recognizable anymore. That’s the only reason I’m not knocking your teeth into your throat one by one to see how many it takes to suffocate you,” I say to him with an odd calmness as I kneel down, gathering shards of broken glass into the shirt. Once there is a good, softball-size amount, I twist the shirt, forcing the shards to press out and peek through the fabric.

That calm quickly flickers out, though, as I take a quick couple of steps back to the door—just to swing my head in, bashing it against his. I scream, then proceed to smash my forehead into his ear. He tries to put an arm up to block me, but he’s even more disoriented from the compiling head trauma. I press my lips to his ear and scream again, as loud and long as possible—introducing a new kind of pain and disorientation. The blood on his face makes it hard to see his features, so my mind is filling in the blanks with Father’s. I see red again. Taking the shirt full of glass, I press it against his face, using my other hand behind his head for counter pressure and begin scrubbing. Leaning my body weight into it, I rip the makeshift Brillo pad up and down like I was cleaning stuck food out of an old frying pan. His flesh tears and flakes off from the aggressive scrubbing until I expose the bone underneath.

He's still alive. Good boy. Keep holding on for me.

I move down to his throat—the glass pressing more and more out of the taut fabric. Swipe, swipe, swipe. I continue my chaotic motion until his throat begins to open up. My deep breaths are laced in a mist of saliva as I shake, watching this man bleed out in front of me. I drop the bundle of glass and cross my arms, then pull a hand up to stroke my beard.

“You, sir, are not distinguished enough. No, no, no. This just won't do. You are a respectable member of this community, and you need to dress as such. Tsk tsk. Where is your bow tie?” The words spew from my mouth, and my brain feels slightly confused as to who put them there.

Before any more thought goes into it, I reach into his open neck, hooking my fingers around veins and arteries, pulling slowly until they detach from somewhere in his body and provide me some slack. I don't know how to tie an actual bow tie. I know how to tie my shoes though. Taking his arteries, I pinch them into bunny ears, then loop-swoop-and-pull into a knot in the center of the open wound. Blood continues to pour out down his chest.

“Perfect,” I whisper out loud. I trudged through the noise and chaos, and with this blissful murder, I have found enough inner peace to stop me from being so goddamn reckless. I am in public right now and could have easily been caught. Maybe Father was right, I am kind of a fucking idiot. I'm also realizing that, at some point during this man's untimely demise, I pissed myself. Lovely.

I blink. My feet have been moving during this internal struggle between peace and self-loathing. My knuckles hurt so fucking bad, and I really should clean some of this blood off me, but I need a source of water that isn't inside an establishment. Can't very well walk into places with my face, arms, and hands drenched in blood. I look around, and, as luck would have it, there's a small pond off to the side of the road.

Ask and you shall receive.

I meander over and drop to my knees. My distorted reflection looks back at me from the dark, rippling water. How poetic. This is exactly what I see in my mind when I look at myself. What I feel—dark, distorted, unstable, and fucking ugly. I spear my hands into the water and begin cleaning the evidence off. The once clear liquid now various shades of crimson with bits of flesh floating to the surface. Once I feel that it's good enough, I continue down the road.

Before long, I'm standing in front of a motel because I just can't go back home. Not now, not ever... That place was more a prison where I was viciously abused incessantly by the warden. Forged into this thing I am now. No, I can't ever go back to that fucking hell.

Who knew this little podunk town was so fancy? There's even a bar inside. Fuck, I could use a drink. I'm able to get in and pay cash for a room for the night. The dirt, scrapes, and specks of dried blood doesn't even cause the kid working the desk to bat an eyelash. He barely pulls his face out of his phone to check me in, which is just fucking fine with me. I will need some new clothes at some point.

After going up to my room and doing a little bit more maintenance on my appearance—taking a shower, getting the blood and dirt out from under my fingernails, washing some of the carnage off my shirt in the sink, then using the complimentary hair dryer to dry it—I make my way down to the bar.

I pull up a stool, take my wallet out, and pull out a 20 dollar bill. The bartender walks over with a smile, but it quickly fades when we make eye contact. Smart lady. “What're ya havin', hun?” she says, keeping her distance.

“The strongest thing this \$20 will get me,” I reply with utter exhaustion in my voice. She grabs the cash and slips it into her pocket.

“Rough night?” she asks as she grabs a bottle off the shelf and flips a glass over, pouring the dark liquid in slowly.

I turn my face toward her, my eyes carving out a warning into her fuckin’ soul. “Trust me sweetheart, you don’t want to fucking know. Because, if you did... well, let’s just say, that’d be very, very bad for you.” I turn back away, hands folded on the countertop. I had no bandages, so my bruised, cut, and swollen knuckles are on full display. I can feel her eyeballing me as she pushes my drink in my direction.

“Sorry to hear that, hun. Mama always told me when someone warns you to back off, do yourself a favor and back the fuck off,” she says in compliance. “Just flag me down if you find another 20 for a refill.” She goes to turn away but stops. Part of me hopes she doesn’t change her mind and continue to pry, because I am afraid that I might hang her upside down and empty every bottle of alcohol into her cunt and tap her like a fucking keg. “For what it’s worth,” her eyes stay down toward the bar, “I hope your night gets better.” Now, she turns and walks away.

Fuck you. No, you don’t. You don’t know me. You don’t know that I’m a worthless piece of fucking shit that doesn’t deserve to have a ‘better’ night. The absolute rage that fills me at her kind gesture almost makes me lose it again. Not only was I trained that kindness is weakness and is how you determine the easiest ones to kill, but I, above all else, do not fucking deserve kindness. I pause, put the glass of liquid fire to my lips, and slowly shoot the whole thing down. I want to feel the burn as it sizzles down my throat. I don’t want it to be quick. I want it to hurt for as long as possible. Because THAT’S what I deserve.

I muster up all the self-control I have and gently place the glass down. A very low, growly sigh floats from my nostrils as I have a look around the room. I’m being reckless. I should have already taken an inventory of the patrons here, where the exits are, and what all I could use to kill every fucking person in here. It’s pretty dead, though—a couple of old drunk guys at the end of the bar, a husband and wife at a

table dressed better than one would expect in a place like this, a man by himself in a booth reading the bible, as one does, and... well, hello there.

My dick perks up as my eyes drink in a gorgeous sight unlike any I've seen in quite a while—this beautiful woman, short, hair pulled up into a ponytail, sipping her drink as she leans against the jukebox. By the time my eyes make it from her feet to her face, I realize she's looking directly at me. The smile on her face says she wants to do a little more than come over and introduce herself. Maybe this is what I need—to fully get my shit together instead of recklessly murdering random assholes.

## Page 4

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### Chapter 3

#### Imprint

A flirtatious smile pulls at my cheeks as I give her a seductive look and turn back toward my drink. I can feel her looking at me, and I know that she is waiting to see if I look back one more time, to give her the confidence needed to approach. That double take that lets a person know that the first eye contact wasn't just coincidental, and that you want more.

Father taught me some stuff about being charming and charismatic. It has proved to be useful in disarming unsuspecting victims and making them feel safe with me, which they absolutely never are. My cock stiffens at the thought of her cum and her blood lubricating it.

Before I can finish my possible fantasy, she approaches. "Hey, whatcha drinking?" she says as she places her elbows down on the bar and turns her head toward me, resting her cheek on her clasped hands. She smells like lavender and berries—sort of a calming scent that has more of an effect on me than I care to admit or care to unpack at this particular moment.

"Whatever it takes," I say, glancing down at my glass, then side-eyeing her with another playful smirk.

"Whatever it takes for what, handsome?" she asks, her eyes studying the details of my face. There's a lust in them that, up until this point, I have only seen laced in fear.



“Whatever it takes to keep me warm until you can take over, pretty girl.” I drop my voice a little bit, knowing how most girls like that deep, seductive tone. I turn and face her, my eyes lock onto hers, searching them for any ulterior motives.

“And what makes you think I want to keep you warm?” she says in a bratty tone, removing one of her arms as she turns more toward me and places that hand on her hip. The smile that still lingers on her face tells me that this woman is mine to lose.

“Well...” I say as I stand slowly, her eyes follow me up as I am a good 6 inches taller than she is. “I made you come for me without even lifting a finger...” I lean in close to her ear. She doesn’t flinch or back away. “Imagine how much you’ll cum when I do,” I whisper against her ear.

“What if it's not your fingers I want to cum on?” she whispers back, and I immediately drip precum in my underwear. I feel her legs shift as she presses a thigh up against me, feeling how big and hard I am for her already. As soon as it registers in her brain what she's pressing against, she lets out a small whimper.

“Then you’re going to be a good girl and have a full glass of water before you go to room 7. I need you hydrated before I ruin that pretty pussy between your legs,” my deep voice rattles in her ear. I lean in even closer, my cheek now pressed to hers, “I’ll make sure I have some ice ready for you.” I give a gentle kiss on her blushing cheek before I step out of our little circle of sexual tension and walk to my room.

I strip my shirt off and toss it in the corner of the room on my way to the bathroom. Making sure there’s no residual blood lingering from when I cleaned myself up. Looks good. As I walk out, there’s a knock on the door. I moan to myself at how eager she is. Good girl.

As I open the door, she steps in and immediately drops her purse before wrapping her arms around my neck, pulling me down so that she can kiss me. Our tongues battle

for dominance as I kick the door shut and wrap my arms around her back. I lift her off the ground, hearing a few of her vertebrae's crack under my powerful squeeze as I turn from the door to the bed and throw her down.

"I'm Jess, by the way," she says with a cute little laugh, bouncing on the mattress.

"I don't give a fuck what your name is. Tonight, you're not Jess. You're mine," I reply with a bit of aggression as I climb onto the bed. My hands wrap around her wrists and pin them over her head as I settle myself between her legs, my throbbing hard cock pressed against her shorts. I stare down into her eyes, my large muscular body looming over her. "Mine to use however I please," I growl softly. "You made a mistake walking into the lion's den, little girl. Because I don't hold back, and I don't fuck gently. You will be in pain when this is all over. But I'm going to use that pain to change you—to rewire that pretty little brain into a mindless slut that needs me, and only me, to hurt you in order to make you cum."

"Hurt me, Daddy. I'm not scared of you," she declares with the bratty confidence of someone who has no idea they're being pinned down by a murderer.

"You should be," I say with a coldness that temporarily wipes the attitude off her face. There's that hint of fear. My dick throbs against her as soon as my brain consumes it.

I let go of her wrists to hook my fingers into her jean shorts and pull in opposite directions, popping the button off and forcing the zipper all the way down in one motion. A whimper jumps from her mouth before putting her bottom lip between her teeth, biting down as I yank her bottoms all the way off and throw them unconcernedly across the room. She pulls her legs back, showing off just how pretty her cunt is.

I moan with need as I shimmy myself down the bed. "See. I knew you had the

prettiest pussy. All wet and drooling for me.” I lay myself down, hooking my arms under her legs and wrapping around her thighs, pulling her to me. My eyes focus on the wetness between them. “Don’t worry, sweet girl. Daddy’s going to clean you all up,” I speak slow and soft to her pussy before I dive in.

Immediately, my tongue is out of my mouth and gathering her juices from all around the source. Slow, hard licks from her asshole, up her lips to her clit. I swallow her perfect taste as my hands let go of her legs and snake back around to the inside of her thighs. I roughly force them apart wider, pushing them back so her cunt opens a little more for me.

Using my top lip as a barrier for my teeth, I press down on her hood, exposing her clit. Tensing my tongue, I begin batting her sensitive bud up and down, hard and fast. The rush of intense stimulation makes her groan out and arch her back. I feel her legs push against my hands, but my strength far surpasses hers, and I force her legs back to where they were, keeping her hips pinned down as I feast.

I lick her pussy until the overwhelming pleasure has her pleading with me to stop. Her cries getting louder as I ignore them and keep up with my masterful tongue fucking. Her hands unclench the sheets and clamp down on my hair, desperately trying to push my head back to give her poor pussy a little bit of a break. The sound of her begging mixed with the visual I get when I look up and see her crying makes me want to bite her clit off and chew it to dust right in front of her, consuming her most precious body part.

But I don’t. I like the disregard for her own safety. She’s careless and dirty. Her need to get fucked surpasses her sense of self-preservation, and that’s certainly a very attractive quality in a woman. I finally give in and pull my mouth away from her aching pussy. Her head falls back onto the pillow as she heaves for air. There’s a thud on the wall, and I immediately glare at it. Waiting, hoping for another. But all I hear is this girl catching her breath.

“Jesus. Fucking. Christ.” she says in between the desperate intakes of air. “You weren’t fuckin’ around, were you?” she says, looking down at me. I just smirk. She smirks back. “Be a good boy and get on your back. It’s my turn. But I’m not gonna use my mouth,” she says, applying a dominating tone. “No, you gotta earn that. I’m gonna use this tight little pussy to milk you dry,” she says matter of factly.

She swings her leg over my head and stands. “I’m not playin’, baby boy. Get the fuck up on that bed and take those pants off. That dick better be ready for me.” Is this bitch threatening me ? I don’t think my cock has ever been harder. Nobody has ever threatened me unless it was one of many attempts to get me to spare their lives.

I don’t say a word as I slide up the bed and pull my pants and underwear off. The large oblong-shaped wet spot in the middle of the bed is now ice cold on my hot skin as I watch her reach into her bag and pull out a string of condoms. Normally, I wouldn’t use them, but this girl is making me feel things, and I want to see where it goes. Plus, I have been trained to destroy anything I fuck my cum into by... him.

“ You’re worthless, disgusting, and pathetic. Nobody would ever want your seed in them. To breed them. That’s why after you spill your poison into a whore’s meat bag, you destroy it. There isn’t enough room on this earth for two worthless versions of you ,” Father would tell me. My blood boils, and before I realize it, I slam my head back into the small, wooden headboard in between me and the wall. The thud is accompanied by the sound of splitting wood. She stops.

“I know you’re eager, baby boy. But I am going to need you conscious if I’m gonna use that...” she looks down between my legs, swiping her tongue across her top lip, “... beautiful dick.”

Pulling off one of the condoms from the strip, she uses her teeth to tear into it and remove the lubricated rubber. I reach my hand out for it, but she slaps it again. “Uh uh uh, I’ll take care of this. You just focus on not cumming too quickly. That’d be

really embarrassing after all that game you were talkin’,” she smirks. This girl is trying to push my buttons, and it's working. But not in the way I'm used to. I want to please her, as opposed to ripping her into even pieces and decorating my bedroom with her dead parts.

I fold my hands behind my head as I watch her take my cock in her hand. The way she looks at it, I know she wants to shove it down her throat, but I can tell she has enough restraint to make good on me “earning it.” She unrolls the latex down my length, carefully, all the way to the base. I watch her face as she gathers spit in her mouth; her eyes turning toward me as she spits it all out onto my tip. A smirk tugs at the corner of her mouth as she lets the spit rain down my shaft, swinging her leg over and using her hand to line me up with her opening.

I feel the heat of her cunt as my tip presses to it, but she pauses to look back up into my eyes. “Remember, it's my turn. I don’t want to feel you thrusting into me. You stay still, or I’ll pack my shit and leave,” she warns. In my head I think, if you try to leave, I’ll use my cock to pack your actual shit until you fucking die. But ok . I smile

“Let’s see what you got, little girl. Don’t leave Daddy waiting,” I brat a little back to her. This role reversal is new, but I have to admit, it feels kind of good. It feels... really fucking good. This girl wants me . I don’t think anyone has ever wanted me in my life. And up until now, I was convinced nobody ever fucking would.

Without anymore fucking around, she slips the head in and proceeds to impale herself on my length. Her warm juices remind me of blood, and my cock is throbbing already. I keep my hands behind my head, but my arms are flexing hard. She drags her nails down my biceps, over my shoulders, settling on my chest. Digging into the tight skin of my chest, she starts to fuck herself on my swollen cock. She was not kidding either—this little slut is tight as a snare drum.

She matched my aggressive pussy licking with the way she pounds herself down on

my dick; her lips clapping against my body with every complete stroke. Hard, fast, and with no slowing down. Fuck.

The cries that she is making with every brutal impact sounds like I am literally stabbing her to death, and it's slowly becoming apparent that I'm not going to last long. Over and over, she fucks her pussy up and down my length, pulling me closer to the edge when we hear another thud on the wall. "Can you knock it off? Some people are trying to sleep over here!" a man's voice rumbles through the wall.

I tilt my head back with a monstrous growl, "Don't worry, when I'm done with her I'll come over there, cut your fucking head off, and fuck your neck hole, you stupid piece of shit."

I tilt my head back down and look her in the eyes. Hers soften with the tinge of fear that rolls through her. There is not a doubt in my mind that she can feel the rage pumping through me—my cock swelling even harder with the aggressive thoughts of murder. She shakes it off and leans down closer to my face.

"You're not fucking him; you're fucking me," she spits out in between moans. "Now, focus because I'm so fucking close to cumming. Be my good boy, and make me cum."

Her moans start to ascend into that same euphoric sound I heard earlier, and her assault on my body only grows more intense. She wants me to focus on her... to be with her in this moment... I'm midthought when my balls remind me that I, too, am close to exploding. Not yet. Not fucking yet.

Swinging my arms down to grab her hips with all my might, I pull her down onto my dick. Her nails move from my shoulders to my biceps as she slowly digs in and rakes down, feeling my skin splitting as she creates a path of fresh blood; I demand her orgasm through gritted teeth, "That's it, little girl. Cum for Daddy. Don't you dare

hold back. GIVE IT TO ME!” She screams that she's cumming, and fuck, can I feel it. Her contractions around my cock are so hard that her pussy is inching the condom up off my dick with each of the last few bounces. My hands grip her so tight I'm almost concerned I might tear the meat from her bones.

I have no time to waste, though, because my own orgasm is seconds away. I lift her body off me and place her on the floor, forcing her down onto her knees; I pull the soaked condom from my dick with that familiar latex snap sound. There is an abundance of precum that I don't even need to spit on my hand as I pump it over her face.

“Open,” I demand. She glares back defiantly. “I'm not going to fuck your face. I know I haven't earned that yet. But you didn't say anything about catching my seed. Now fucking. OPEN!” The same threatening tone returns from when I yelled at the man, and she quickly obeys, opening wide. Good girl.

“Catch. But don't swallow, not until you've earned it,” I growl out between moans. My cum rushes toward the tip with an urgency to be released into this pretty girl's mouth.

After just a few more strokes, a massive white stream of cum spurts out like a bullet from my tip. It hits her top row of teeth, splashing down onto her tongue, quickly letting me know I need to adjust my trajectory downward. I make the adjustment as the next blast fires out and lands directly into her mouth with an echoing squelch. I'm watching with diligence as she catches it all, making sure she isn't swallowing a drop. As soon as I finish, I drop to one knee and close her mouth before wrapping my fist around her throat.

“You're going to hold this load in your mouth while I finger fuck your pussy. And you're only allowed to swallow it when you squirt across the fucking floor like the pretty little slut you are,” I instruct, applying slight pressure to her throat. “I'll feel it

if you try to disobey me. And trust me, little girl..." I squeeze a little tighter, making her eyes widen. "...you do NOT want to disobey your Daddy."

I slam my hand between her legs, slipping two fingers between her pussy lips and curling them inside her. My hand begins a small circular motion, like I was rolling a ball over and over in my hand. My fingers swipe at her g-spot as my cum sloshes around in her mouth. I continue to increase the pressure of my hand on her throat as her breathing fires out of her nose more rapidly, telling me she's close again. My hand picks up momentum; my palm smashing against her clit with every rotation. A gargled whine reverberates in her mouth as I begin to feel the gush of squirt from her cunt. The more I continue to finger fuck her, the more the motion splashes it all over both of us.

I rip my fingers from her pussy, allowing a final heavy blast of squirt to shoot straight down onto the carpet. I release her throat, and before I can tell her she could, she swallows my load and moans out loud.

Her body starts trembling, and I can't tell if it's a good thing or a bad thing. Something instinctually takes over, though, and I stand, hooking my hands under her arms and lift her right off the ground. I hold her to my chest as I get us both back into bed.

She doesn't fight me. She isn't begging for her life. She isn't butchered or in the process of dying. She's actually... holding on to me. Tightly. And the energy I feel from it isn't the tight grip of someone slipping away into the darkness of death. Rather, it feels like she's genuinely pulling me closer to her heart. Like this is her body's way of saying that I'm not worthless, I'm not a piece of shit, and I'm not unloveable. I'm not all those things Father has taught me to believe were true.

I said she was mine before, but I was wrong. I am very, very much hers.



### Chapter 4

#### Sinner

My eyelashes slowly let go of each other as I start to wake, producing short, thin blinks. The sun assaults me through the half-opened shades of my hotel room window. Great. I woke up . Just as I was about to swirl into the delicious toilet bowl of self-loathing, I remember her. I softly moan as the memories of her perfection flush the shitty thoughts away and leave me with a growing hard-on that I would really like to impale her with again. She's the first thing—living or dead—that I haven't wanted to slowly dismantle piece by piece after emptying my balls into them.

I slowly slide my hand across the stale hotel sheets, anticipating the warm body that fell asleep next to me last night. When my hand continues to slide without interruption until it reaches the edge of the bed, my eyelids rip open in a panic. I sit up so fast my brain hurts from the sudden movement, and I analyze the bed. I'm the only one in it.

No, no no, NO. Fuck. No. Please... . I feel a pain in my chest that reminds me of my childhood. This can't be happening.

Launching myself out of bed, I look for any evidence of her other than her scent still lingering in the air. She was real.... Right? I dart to the bathroom. Maybe she's just taking a shit—wishful thinking. But my hopes are again crushed when I find the only other closed off part of this hotel room is empty.

Just as I'm about to scream at the top of my lungs and punch a hole into every thing

my fist can go through, I see a note stuck to the door. Deep breath in..... Deep breath out....

I pull the note from the door, which is stuck to it by a chewed piece of gum, and read its inscription.

Hey big boy. I had an amazing time last night. I wanted nothing more than to stay in bed and let you wake me up by putting your dick in any hole of your choosing, but I got called into work. Here's my number though, just in case you want a rematch. I have a feeling there's A LOT more fun to be had with you and I am ready to fuck around and find out.

P.S. I already can't stop thinking about you.

3 Jess

I press my back to the door and slide down until my ass hits the floor. I smile and bring the note to my face, breathing it in and hoping it smells like her. It does, making my heart and cock immediately fill up. I bring the note down to my chest where my heart is beating so hard you can see the vibrations in the paper with every thump. I can't stop thinking about you either, my love.

My eyes widen. My.... love ? I know I'm alone and didn't even say it out loud. But come on, man, it was one night. Let's not get too attac— fuck it. My love, it is. I feel so passionately about hate, anger, and the thirst to peel people's flesh from their bodies while they're still alive, so I can use a handful of it to jerk off and cum in the wounds while they scream into their own oblivion; why can't I feel just as passionate about love? I can. And I will. End of discussion.

Carefully folding the note, I locate my knife and the rest of my clothes; I get dressed and tuck the evidence of our love into my pocket. I need to check out and find her.

The only other alternative is to stay here and fuck myself until my dick skin is so raw I'm flinging more blood than semen. We can't risk injuring my new woman's favorite toy, though. Oh, this will be a great story to tell our kids one day. I smile at how I'm already planning our future.

Stepping out into the hallway, I hear the door handle next door to me rattle as it's being turned. This fuckin' asshole. It'll be nice to get a good look at who had the fucking audacity to try and interrupt me and my love. I stand there, waiting.

Who steps out is not what I expected—black pants, black-collared shirt with white across the neck. What the fuck is a priest doing in this seedy motel? With the reputation they have, I'm sure it wouldn't take me more than three guesses.

I lean against my door, one leg crossing over the other as I look at him. As soon as his door closes and he adjusts himself to walk down the hallway past me, our eyes lock. I raise one of my eyebrows, giving him a slow once-over before taking my middle finger and putting it in my mouth, audibly sucking the last of her flavor off my flesh. He scoffs and rolls his eyes with a mumble, "Sinner."

"I beg your finest mother fucking pardon, father. Did you just call me a sinner?" I snap, puffing up my chest as I plant both feet on the floor and cock my head to the side.

"You need to consider letting God into your life. The deplorable things I heard through that wall last night..." He physically shudders, and it makes my dick smile. "...If you keep going down this road of premarital sex and debauchery, it will lead you but one place—eternal damnation!" By the end, he is raising his voice, making me question if he's actually talking to me or himself. My muscles tighten as I take slow steps towards him.

"Ya know what, padre, on second thought, I do have a few minutes to talk about our

Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.” I smile, grabbing the wrist that still has his hotel keycard in his grip. “Let’s discuss how, through the power of prayer, I can be saved.” I force his hand to swipe at the handle. As soon as it gives me the activated chirp, I open the door and force him inside.

I wrap both fists in his shirt just above his nipples and use his body to push the door shut hard. Releasing him with my right hand, I pull my arm back and send my knuckles straight into his gut. My powerful strike sends my fist deep into the softness of his belly and causes him to immediately gag as he folds in half over my arm. I spin both of us around so that my back is now facing the door and let him go, allowing him to take a big step back away from me. With all my might, I Spartan kick him square in the chest. The force causes audible cracks as his feet are lifted off the floor on his way down to the ground.

Before he has a chance to move, I’m on top of him, my weight on his gut as I grab his wrists and pin them down above his head. Every struggle elicits a scream of pain from his heavenly mouth. “So, you think I’m going to Hell?” I let out a dark chuckle. “I don’t think so, holy man.”

“Please, it hurts. Please, I...” He begins to cry. If only I allowed his palms to press together, maybe he could stop me with the power of prayer. The thought makes me laugh out loud. “I have a family... I have a wi—” I cut him off.

“No, no, no. I can’t go to Hell. You wanna know why?” I hiss as I lean in closer to his ear, dropping my voice down to a whisper, “Because the Devil isn’t stupid. He’s down there beating his dick to the things I’ve done.” I tighten my grip on his wrists, feeling his weak bones start to crunch, rendering any attack he might try ineffective. “Do you think the Devil prays, padre?” My right hand lets go of his left wrist and reaches into the pocket that houses my knife. His eyelids are pressed shut in agony, so he’s unaware of my little friend that just joined the party. The priest doesn’t answer my question; he just mutters a prayer as he sobs in pain. “I do. I think he

prays that he never meets me. Because he knows that if he does...” With slow deliberation, I slide the blade up into his throat, finishing my words as the steel enters his flesh. “... it’ll be his last day on the throne as the King of Hell.”

The tip enters just below his Adam’s apple, immediately severing his trachea, then through his larynx, until I feel the tip scratch against his spinal cord. I let go of the other wrist as I adjust my grip on the knife handle. Bringing my empty palm up, I quickly hammer it down onto the butt of the knife and send the blade right through the bone that keeps his skull attached to his frame. I tilt the handle towards his face allowing the entry wound to open below the blade, so I can feel the air in his lungs poof out onto my fingers while he struggles. It is only for a moment, but, fuck, does it make my dick hard. I can feel it growing in my pants against his broken chest. I smirk. Can’t let this go to waste, now can we?

I take my left hand and grab his scalp at the top of his head. With his hair tightly in my grip, I pull upwards, creating tension on his neck as I begin to pump the blade in and out like a hacksaw. Cutting away all the veins and arteries from one side, I turn the knife to hack away the other—until his head finally comes free of his body.

As I place his severed head next to his twitching body, I grab at my pants to free my cock that is almost as hard as Jess made it last night. Almost... that's how I know it's love. If a living person can get my dick harder than a severed head I'm about to use as a fleshlight, it has to be love.

Once my cock is free, I dismount his body but remain on my knees. Holding his head up with both hands, I bring him nose to nose with me—the contents of his skull still pouring out the bottom of his throat. “Look, holy man, you already have me on my knees. Maybe there is a God after all.” I chuckle as I lower his head, tilting it upward so his face is looking up at me, but the warm, squishy, freshly cut neck is welcoming my big cock.

With a guttural moan, I find his throat with my salivating tip and push it inside. The blood works just fine as lubrication, allowing my length to easily enter. I will say, it's quite a different feeling being deep throated in reverse. The way the underside of my cock curves along the roof of his mouth when I'm fully submerged feels incredible. With every thrust up his throat and along his palate, my body presses his jaw closed. It almost feels like a game—how close can I get the tip of my dick to his teeth without him biting me. My steady fucking creates a rhythmic chatter of his teeth, and it makes me smirk a little. The sound is oddly satisfying.

My need to cum like this while his headless torso drains onto the floor beside me is growing by the second. I fuck his severed throat harder; the clank of his teeth sounds like scraping porcelain on concrete. And just like porcelain, his teeth start to chip and break the harder my body fucks his mouth shut. The crunching and shattering of his pearly whites is tugging at my orgasm, making my balls ache for release. I stare into his dead eyes while I continue slamming my hips into the squishy loose skin of his neck. They stare back at me so empty and familiar. The squelch from my dick destroying the severed innards echoes in the hollow of his mouth. Fuck . I can feel that it won't be long before this man of God makes me cum.

I tilt his head away from me as I still my hips and slam his decapitated head onto my cock as vigorously as I can. I don't want his mouth chomping shut anymore because I want to see it. I need to see my load.

"I'm," Slam.

"Fucking," Slam.

"Cumming," Slam .

My warm load begins its travel through my shaft. "Fuck, that's it, holy man. I'm fucking cumming! Drink this wine, for it is my blood," I grit out as I watch my seed

spew out from between his dead lips. Ropes of cum hit the back of his broken teeth, sending it all over both of us. Whites and reds mixing together in beautiful harmony.

I withdraw myself from him as I look down at all my cum still pooled on his face—mainly around his nostrils. Swiping it up with my finger, I use my tinted nut to draw the sign of the cross on his forehead. “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.” But my fun little game is stifled quicker than blowing out a match. One word boomerangs in my brain and comes back like a dagger through my chest. Father .

Just saying his name triggers why I am even here in the first place. My chest heaves as pure, maniacal rage surges through my body. I am on my feet in a second, slamming the head onto the ground and stomping on it just like I did to Father. Crushing it under my feet until it's nothing but a pile of human mud... with a little cum.

“There...” I say out loud to myself, now trying to catch my breath again. “... much better. Time to go get my girl.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:16 pm*

### Chapter 5

#### Cupid's Arrow

Pacing around one of those pharmacy stores, I pull my phone out to check if she's texted me back. Nothing. Just my text:

Osiris:

Hey. It's me, Osiris. From the hotel. Missed you this morning. What are you up to today?

I grab a soda and candybar before heading to the register. When the kid rings me in, her voice shakes as she tells me the total. "Th—that will be... ah.. f—four dollars and sixty-two cents... Please." The fuck is her problem.

When I look down to shift my shirt and reach in my pocket for my wallet, I notice that my shirt is completely covered in blood from the priest. Oh... yeah, that makes sense. I grab my wallet, pull out a five dollar bill, and gently glide it across the counter. "It's not polite to stare," I deadpan. Her hand shakes like she has spiders in her hair before grabbing the five and fumbling with the register. "Keep the change," I say and walk out. I'm not in the mood to kill anyone right now. I'm waiting for my baby to text me. I smirk at myself. This is wild.

I crack open the soda and let the carbonation burn my throat on its way down. As I twist the cap back on, my phone dings in my pocket, and I nearly drop everything trying to rip it from my pants.



Jess:

Hey big boy. I was hoping I would hear back from you. Last night was fucking amazing.

Other than work, nothing. Why? You want a rematch? ;)

Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea how badly I need you back in my arms, how much I need to feel my cock raw, buried in a hole that I didn't cut into you myself. Fuck. Play it cool, O.

Osiris:

There you are. I was beginning to think I texted the wrong number or maybe you thought I was bad in bed so you gave me the wrong one...

Jess:

OMG NO. Not at all. I... I had an amazing time with you. Honestly, I was really hoping you weren't going to do what most guys do and wait a week to message me. I would really like to see you again, if that's ok?

I don't know what most guys do, but if that's it, they are fucking idiots. This girl is incredible. She makes my heart actually beat, which is something it hasn't done in decades. I can feel weird tingles in my stomach up to my chest. What... is that feeling? And... am I smiling??? I am... I am smiling at my phone. What the fuck....

Osiris:

I would love that.

What I meant to say was... you.

Jess:

Yay! I haven't been able to stop thinking about you, O. Something about you is just so... dark and mysterious.. so captivating. Also you fuck like a bull and my pussy misses you too!

I love how she can be sweet and filthy in the same message. Can this girl be any more perfect? There's just no way. Murder used to be my obsession. It used to be my purpose. Not anymore, pretty girl. You're my new reason for existing on this earth. And even though you don't know it yet, I would happily slaughter the entire human race just to be next to you.

Osiris:

Send me your address and I'll come over right now to remind you who that pussy belongs to.

My cock throbs as she sends me a bunch of water emojis followed by her address. I want to hurt this woman but not in the way that I've done for years and years. I want to hurt her in the most pleasurable way—a way that leaves her gasping for air because she came so hard, not because I was stabbing pin holes in her lungs until they fill with fluid. I want her scratching at my back because it feels euphoric, not out of desperation to survive. I want the warm, juicy walls wrapped around my cock to be her willing cunt, not a fist full of her bloody entrails. In fact.... as delightful as all the brutality sounds, I actually want the other stuff more. I shake my head to try and bring myself back to reality. My reality. But... maybe this can be my new reality? Fuck. Father was so fucking wrong. I am capable of loving something other than death. I am not fucking worthless. She likes me, maybe even loves me. I smirk at my phone before I hit the lock button and tuck it back into my pocket. After tonight—the

way I am going to fucking ruin her, smash her into a million jagged shards, and then piece them all back together—there will be no maybe about it. You will love me, my darling.

\* \* \*

The crickets sing their song as I walk the route to her house. Making a pit stop to get a new shirt along the way, I can't very well show up soaked in the blood of a holy man. That'd just be silly. While I am in the store—I don't know the name but it has red dots everywhere—I am able to use the bathroom to wash my hands, face, cock, and ass. Imagine the surprise on the guys' faces when they walk in to see me with one foot up on the sink and my long, flaccid cock resting on the cold porcelain as I get myself clean and ready for tonight's adventure. If I hadn't just stolen a brand new shirt that wasn't covered in blood and murder, I would have meticulously ripped their eyeballs from the sockets and fashioned a string of anal beads out of them—just a little romantic gift for my darling to say 'I love you.' But my reflection in the mirror—as I wash the priest off my cock—says maybe not just yet. Next year .Maybe I'll make a whole theme park out of people like them. A boy can dream.

I stand on the sidewalk, the moon reflecting light down onto me, as I analyze her house. Rarely ever do I travel so exposed like this. This woman is changing me. And I am about to return the fuckin' favor.

As I approach, I make mental notes of the windows, trees surrounding the house, and neighbors. I even take a quick walk to the back to locate any side or back doors. I may be smitten, but I'm not fucking stupid. I need to know all points of entry, just in case.

Once I get myself acclimated and commit the visual layout of the exterior to memory, I walk up to the door and give it a gentle knock. There's only a moment of silence before I hear footsteps making their way to the door. Even her footsteps are cute. I

smirk as I hear the lock flip and the handle twist.

As the door opens, the moonlight paints her flesh in the most gorgeous, pale light—illuminating her in a way that makes her look like a living work of art. I’ve created many masterpieces of pain and death, but all of it falls flat in comparison to her immaculate beauty. How am I worthy of this? Her smile syphons the greeting I had been rehearsing the entire walk right out of my throat. Her hooded eyes demolish my walls like two gorgeous wrecking balls, and all that dominant, tough-guy, big-man bullshit I was thinking when I made the plan to come ruin her pours out of me faster than blood from a bullet hole.

“I.... um... Hey.” Nailed it, Osiris. Jess giggles, clearly witnessing my mental collapse at the mere stunning sight of her.

“Hey.” She giggles before pinching her bottom lip with her teeth. “Come inside.” She takes my hand and guides me over the threshold and into her home. This is quite literally the first home I’ve ever entered with a knowing invitation. The first one I haven’t broken into just to mutilate the occupants and see how many fresh wounds I could fuck before I came in one, because what the fuck else is there to do on a Tuesday night?

“This is the living room. Kitchen is over there. It’s not much, but... it’s cozy, and it’s mine so...” she smiles as she gives me a slow tour of the place. I continue drawing my mental map of her home as we wander around. “So...” She breathes out, simultaneously patting the sides of her hips with her hands.

I tilt my head to one side a little, raising an eyebrow and giving her a smirk as she looks up my body and rests on my eyes. I take a step toward her, invading her personal space, and the air she sucks into her mouth is a mix of excitement and fear. She sidesteps a little, placing herself between me and a nice clean wall.

“I ah... Sorry. I don’t know why I’m a little nervous. Maybe it’s because I don’t have the liquid courage in me that I had the night we met. Do you... Do you want a dri—” My hand clasping around her throat pinches the words off as I force her body back against the wall with ease. The thud her body makes sounds like thunder in the quiet house. The look in her eyes tells me that it also brought heavy rain down into her panties.

“The only thing I came here to drink is you, darling. So, you have five fucking seconds to show me where the bedroom is before I spend all night teasing you so bad that I’ll be able to wring out your panties into my mouth,” I growl in her face, and her neck suddenly feels heavier in my hand. My aggressive tone must have weakened her ability to stand for a moment, and my cock swells. Tiny gasps and faint whimpers are all that can escape from those fuckable lips.

Once she is able to find her legs, she leads me to the bedroom and stands at the foot of her bed with wide eyes—my precious darling, waiting for instructions. “Everything off,” I command as I watch her. My heart beats harder in my chest as she becomes more and more naked before my eyes, slowly unveiling a work of art. Her nipples are two pebbles mounted perfectly on her round breasts. Her skin practically begging for my touch. Her thighs are ready to be ripped apart to expose that perfect little pussy she has hidden between them. I feel my hunger take over. I just need to remember: fuck her, don’t kill her.

I charge towards her vulnerable body and wrap her in my arms as we collide. Crouching down, I slam my lips against hers as one arm hooks around her lower back and the other snakes up her neck into her scalp. Lifting her off the ground, she wraps her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, returning the passionate kiss. A kiss that screams at my heart that I am wanted. It begs my darkened thoughts to lay down and die because I am no longer worthless. A kiss that says I mean everything to her, the way she means everything to me.

A mighty growl rolls from my chest and off my tongue, echoing into her mouth. She returns my call with the sweetest whimper and a tightening grip of her arms and legs. Fuck... I need more.

The hand I have wrapped in her hair tightens and forces her mouth off mine. We both gasp for air like the idea of breathing was an afterthought to our passionate embrace. With all my might I slam her down onto the bed, her tits bounce from the impact. The force hiccups an adorable squeak out of her mouth followed by a giggle. This is the strangest yet best feeling—throwing someone around that isn't screaming for help, isn't bleeding from multiple stab wounds.

Before I can do it myself, she grabs her legs and pulls them back. “Please, Osiris... I need you to taste me. I fucking need that tongue in pussy. Please?” Her begging gives me a rush of horny aggression, and it takes everything in me not to hurt her. I shake the image of me sitting her ass on my knee and forcing her legs open so hard the bones pop out of their sockets and dangle from her broken body. No. Stop. We love her. That's not what we do to people we love. Right?

Kneeling on the floor in front of the bed, I slap my hands on her inner thighs, eliciting a hiss of pain from her lips as I drag my fingernails down her tender skin. Slowly continuing their descent, my hands make their way under her ass cheeks where I lift her a little bit. I lean in and slowly inhale, starting at her asshole and working my way up her center. I need to breathe in her scent and commit it to memory as the most delicious fragrance to ever grace my senses.

Another giggle trickles out of her mouth as she feels my beard gently brush against her slick pussy lips. Her arousal is not only in the air but very visibly coating her. I move back down, but this time, instead of inhaling, I extend my tongue and press it to her asshole and begin to drag it up. Licking her slow so my tongue can identify the different textures of her skin—from the tiny folds of her asshole to the wet, silky smoothness of her pussy as my tongue dips inside her, her lips hugging my tongue as

it climbs up her clit feeling the skin get thicker on her hood, and then ending at the light squish of her mound. I let out a moan as I pull my tongue back in my mouth and swallow her essence. “You’re the most delicious fucking thing I’ve ever tasted,” I moan as I look up at her from between her legs. “But I know you have more in there to give me. So, I am going to lick and finger fuck this perfect pussy until you give me everything you got. Don’t you dare hold back on me. Do you understand?” I wait for her to acknowledge, and when she nods, I smile and go to work.

My tongue whips her clit—quick lashes up and down, giving her varying degrees of pressure until her body tells me just what she likes. Pulling my right hand out from under her asscheek, I brush the middle knuckle of my middle finger up and down the length of her pussy, saturating it in her natural lubricant before I turn my hand palm up and glide my finger inside her hole. Her whimpers quickly ascend to moans as I slide my finger in and out, curling inside to massage that smooth fleshy spot that makes her clench around me.

I suck on her clit a little, delivering that little bit of pain that I can tell she likes. My darling is so fucking perfect for me, even if she doesn’t know it, yet. Switching back to flicking my tongue on her, I begin hammering my finger into her pussy hard. As her moans get louder so do my growls against her. My rough beard scratches her soft cunt as I lick her with unwavering ferocity. “Feed me. Feed me your fucking cum,” I demand. Her back arches, forcing her pussy down on my hand and pressing her clit harder against my tongue as she wails.

There is a split second of silence before I taste the rushing flow of warm liquid spurting from her body. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” she cries out. The liquid stops, and I use the hand still under her ass cheek to dig my fingers in so hard they most definitely will leave bruises.

“NO! Don’t you fuckin’ stop. Don’t you fuckin’ dare. You give me EVERYTHING.” My tone is more than threatening as I go back to feasting on her pussy. I hear her take

in a deep breath, followed by the feeling of her pushing so hard my finger is almost forced out of her slick cunt. The rush of liquid is far more substantial—a blast that would make most shower heads jealous. My tongue flicks the stream like a lawn sprinkler that distributes the water everywhere. Her squirt is not only filling my mouth and splashing my face but also spraying back onto her and up her body. The force with which she pushes just so she can obey me, also comes with the most delicious-sounding fart from her asshole. In one fluid movement, my finger pulls out of her as my tongue swipes down in time to feel the tail end of it on my tongue.

Her legs slam together as she tries to roll away. “Oh my fucking god, I’m so—” Her sentence is cut short as I grab her hips and pull her down the bed like it’s a slip ‘n slide. “I’m so—” she tries again, but my hand grabs her throat, pressing her into the mattress. Her eyes fix on mine as her lips attempt to mouth the words. My eyes are like razor blades cutting through her; her squirt drips from my beard down onto her face.

With my free hand, I unbutton my pants and rip my cock free as I get between her legs. I press my rock hard cock against her cunt, so she can feel how unbelievably solid it is before I speak. “If you were thinking about apologizing, don’t. Can you feel how fucking hard I am because of what you just did to me? The only thing you can apologize for is if that doesn’t happen again,” I growl in her face, forcing her deeper into subspace than she already is for me. Leaning my body weight against her, I press my cock against her clit even harder as I reach into my pocket for a condom. “Now, you’re going to slide this condom down my cock, so I don’t have to let go of your throat. Then, I am going to fuck that pretty cunt really, really fucking hard. And you’re going to be my good fucking girl and push for me everytime you cum. Blink once if you understand.” Her eyelids flutter a little before making one confirming blink.

Taking the condom from my hand, Jess tears into the package and clumsily tries to get it on to no avail. I squeeze her throat, picking her up off the bed by the neck to



bring her face closer to me. Her eyes widen as I tighten my grip. “Slow down, my darling. You’re shaking. Focus and sheathe my cock, so I can fucking destroy you.” I feel her hands stop, take a second, and, in a slow, more fluid motion, begin to roll the lubricated casing down my length. “That’s my good girl,” I whisper to her. “I’d hold on to me for dear life. I promise that this is going to hurt so fucking good.”

She tilts my shaft down, and I can feel her warm entrance around my tip. I reach my hand to my mouth and gather as much saliva off my tongue as I can create and coat the latex, giving it just a little extra lubrication. Her eyelids slowly close, her brow furrowing in anticipation as I take one final, deep breath. Then, like a bolt of lightning, my cock is ramming the full length into her tight pussy as hard as I physically can. Even my powerful grip on her throat isn’t enough to mute the scream that comes out as I begin driving myself into her.

Her clit has to be on fire with the sheer force that my body is crashing into it with every thrust. I can feel my cock leaking uncontrollably within its confines as I maintain the brutal fucking. Her hands wrap around my neck and hold on like she is falling out of a moving airplane. She doesn’t have the sharpest of nails, but what she does have is digging into my flesh so hard I can feel the blood tickling its way down my spine.

Thirty seconds into the slaughter of her precious pussy, and her chin begins to lift up as the veins start to resurface on her temples. “That’s it. Fucking cum for me. Do as you’re fucking told and push.” My words blow from my mouth and straight into her body, instantly feeling her pushing around my cock as I fuck through it. I feel her juices, but no other sounds are made.

I stop my thrusting completely, almost causing us both to go a little dizzy from the abrupt halt. Her eyes shoot open as I let go of her throat. I kneel in front of her, my cock still nestled inside her silky channel; I shoot her a look of disappointment. “I... I’m sorry. I... I’ll try harder.” The sadness in her voice nearly breaks my heart into

pieces.

“Will you?” I cock my head to the side a little.

“I want to please you... I want to make you happy... I just... I’ve never really...”  
The embarrassment flushes her cheeks again.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, my darling. Look at me.” I pull my cock from her and sit her up in front of me, taking her face in my hands. “You are the most gorgeous creature on this wretched fucking planet, and I want to make you feel beautiful in every single way possible. That very much includes the things that you might not feel beautiful doing.” I press my forehead to hers, causing us both to close our eyes. “But I promise you, it is. Every sound, every word, every act, every fluid—no matter what hole it comes out of—is a fucking gift to me that I will cherish. Because I cherish you.” I kiss her lips, and I can physically feel the resistance and apprehension lift from her body. Fireworks explode in my chest as her tongue scribbles on mine, signing the agreement written by my heart for hers to be mine forever.

She breaks away and flips over onto her knees, laying her face down as she reaches back with both hands, filling them with the meat of her asscheeks as she spreads. Her pussy audibly gasps as air fills the hollow of her cunt that my fat cock has just carved out. I smirk as I get behind her, glancing up at her face to see her eyes closed and her bottom lip in her teeth with her own little smirk to match.

Just as I go to press my dick back inside, her right hand lets go of herself, and she stops me. “Wait... can you...” she starts.

“What, my darling?”

“Can you... take the condom off... please? I need to feel you raw inside me.” The

shy innocence of her voice makes me drip one last time in the condom before I rip it off my cock and throw it behind me. I spit down onto my dick—but, honestly, with how much precum had accumulated in the condom, I truly don't need it—and press the head to her entrance. A groan rumbles in my chest as I feel her true heat for the first time. But I hesitate.

As if she could read my mind, she says while grabbing her ass cheek again and spreading, “Please don’t pull out... I want you to fill me. I need all of it, Osiris...”

My eye twitches with how unbelievably fucking sexy it is to hear those words from her mouth, but not only that... this is a big fucking deal. She wants me to breed her and make her mine—using my seed to claim her womb just like her existence has claimed my heart. She may not have said the words, but by telling me to do this means more to me than if she had simply said ‘I love you.’

I slide my length in; her slick juices soak my flesh immediately as my dick forces all the air out of her. The loud queef tickles its way past my length and out against me, making me throb inside her. “Grrrrr fuck,” is all I can grumble out before I pull my hips back and slam into her again.

“Please, O. Fuck me... Please...” she begs as my pace remains painfully slow—a bitter contrast to the railing she was getting a minute prior. This is just as sweet though.

“You don’t sound desperate enough. I want to hear it in your voice that you might actually fucking die if I don’t fuck you harder. That you will slip away into eternal darkness if my cum isn't inside you soon.” I spank her ass with a mighty slap. “Fucking. Beg. For me.”

Her eyes slam shut, and I catch a glimpse of a single tear being forced out and down the side of her nose. “PLEASE, Osiris. Please, I feel like I’m suffocating. I’m so

empty, so barren without you filling me.” She whimpers and takes a big breath to deliver her next words with even more intensity. “The fire inside me is burning out, baby, and I need you to fuck it back to the inferno that I feel when you don’t hold back. Make me yours, Osiris. I need to be yours.”

She lets go of her own ass and grabs the sheets above her head that's still resting on the mattress. Good fucking idea. Because those words just sealed her fucking fate.

The pounding my unprotected cock is giving her pussy makes what I did earlier look like she was getting fucked by a faint breeze. Both my hands grip her at the hips and pull back into every agonizing thrust. Each impact fucks a scream right from her throat and makes her holes just as noisy. At this point, I can’t tell which hole the sounds are coming from, and it doesn’t fucking matter because I am losing all control. I have never felt my orgasm build so ferociously in my entire life. In time with my thrusts, she screams, “I’m...” Thrust “...gonna...” Thrust “...cum!” Thrust .

And that is all it takes. My cum starts speeding out of my fiery cock like it is running from the cops. Despite how hard she is pushing for me, I rail my way through the counter pressure. Those beautiful sounds coming from her perfect holes again continue to make me even more feral. Feeling my seed inside her as I continue to fuck it deeper into her womb makes my orgasm last even longer. This is the single greatest experience of my entire life.

We collapse in our mess. The bed covered in squirt, cum, piss, and who the fuck knows what else, but absolutely neither of us cares. I yank her small frame against my chest and hold on tighter than I’ve ever held onto anything. Her hand clutches mine as she presses it to her chest, and my knuckles can feel her heart beating. It’s beating because of me. It's beating... for me. I can feel myself starting to get emotional... What... Tears? I can’t remember the last time I felt tears of anything, nevermind happiness. That isn't a thing for a piece of shit serial killer like me. My eyes start leaking, and I make sure that she stays oblivious to that fact.

Fuck, I wish you were still alive, Mom. I think you really would have liked this one. Maybe Dad would have been proud of me, too. Because she absolutely is... the one.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:17 pm*

### Chapter 6

#### Lit Fuse

Jess has no idea about the horrible things I've done in my past. I very much plan on keeping it that way considering most of my past is brutal torture, murder, and lots of rape—before, during, and after said torture and murder. I know that I am the vilest of vile. This girl, though, she's my fresh start. She is my rebirth. All those horrific things that used to define me are now a thing of the past. Well, almost all of them.

One thing I love, and I honestly don't think it's that big of a deal, is stalking. Only people with something to hide would be really bothered by it. Which is why I would use my toenail clippers to snip off as much skin as I could before they lost consciousness and then jerk off into the open wounds until they fucking died—if someone did it to me. Luckily, I am a nobody, a ghost, not in any system, not on any radar. I was presumed dead a long, long time ago, which is just fine with me now.

There are lots of reasons why stalking someone tickles me. One of them being that you get to see a person for who they really are. People are more themselves than when they're alone and think nobody's watching.

I know I am.

Up next on my list to follow is the beautiful love of my life, Jess. The one that's shown me just what it feels like to be an actual person and not this creature of death. And so far, she lives the cutest, most ordinary life. Perfect.

It's 8am and time for her to go to work. The cool morning air licks my skin as I stand far enough back that she couldn't make out who I was, even if she could see me. Little miss pretty face is a waitress at a local diner. With the way she can talk to people in combination with how attractive she is, it makes sense that she would choose a job that involves tipping. Lucky for me, she also walks most places, since I kind of wrecked the only car I had.

A shiver shimmers down my spine, but it's not from the cold. I need to fucking kill something soon. My body gives me a very specific warning when it's been too long since I've eviscerated the life force from someone's little meat suit. I will have to rectify that soon. I do want to quit feeding the worms, but I can't do it... what's that stupid phrase? ... Oh, cold turkey.

I haven't had the fuckin' stones to go into the diner while she's working and get something to eat or drink. Partly because I am afraid I'd rip that cute little skirt up and fuck that juicy little pussy right on the counter. All the locals watching the girl they probably saw grow up in this little town get slammed onto the counter by her throat, legs spread wide open as I stuff her cunt with my hard cock until I fill her with my seed. Maybe she'll cumfart out my load into a cup of coffee and use it as a creamer. I wouldn't put it past her, my filthy wild girl.

As the hours tick by, I smirk at the thoughts. The amount of times my dick has gotten hard and then soft just thinking about the endless amount of dirty, filthy, nasty sex we are going to have. What if I get her interested in killing too? She definitely seems like she would try anything once. Everytime a new fantasy grows in my mind, my balls swell with the primal need to empty them inside her.

In between those fantasies, I think about her life and how... basic it is. She really doesn't do much, and from what I've seen over the past week, she doesn't have any other guys chasing her. Which leads me to wonder, why was she at that hotel bar? Maybe someone stood her up?

I'll fucking kill him.

Maybe the date went sideways, and she told him to fuck off, but she hung back to drink the shitty night away, upgrading herself from a creep to a fucking psycho.

I'll fucking kill him.

Maybe it went well, and he had to go home, but she stayed to bask in the afterglow with another drink.

I'll fucking kill him.

It's becoming clear that—whatever the reason she was at the bar—I have to kill someone because of it. I wish I was wrist deep inside someone's screaming body right now. Listening to them beg to be let go, just so I could laugh at them. Watching the realization that survival is not in the cards is just so fucking funny.

Either way, it was fate because—whatever happened to get her there—she found me, and I found her. The love that we have is unlike anything on this wretched celestial dirtball. A bond stronger than granite, a connection that's..... She keeps checking her phone a lot tonight.

I'm not super technologically inclined, but I wish there was a way I could see what's on her phone. I need to know who is making her smile like that, so I can rip their throat out and use their esophagus as a fleshlight. My blood is starting to boil as I clench my fists, checking the time.

4:55pm

Time for her to go home. Ok, it's ok. Everything is ok. Tonight, after we get home and I fuck her until she's unconscious, I will go through her phone and figure out



who she's talking to. Maybe it isn't as bad as I'm making it seem. Could be a friend sending funny cat videos, or whatever the fuck people do these days. I will find out who my love is talking to. My love. I smile at even the thought of that word and how easily I found my person. I can't help but feel that tingling feeling everytime she crosses my mind.

She finishes cleaning her little area and says her goodbyes to the staff before stepping out the front door. Another look at her phone with another smile. This smile is not in response to something cute, there is something wicked about that one. It's... almost like the way she smirks at me. I have a very weird, sick feeling in the pit of my stomach that I've never felt before. It isn't the awesome feeling I get when I'm with her; this one makes me sad and very, very fucking angry. How bizarre.

I follow her while still keeping some distance, just not as much as this morning. It doesn't take long, however, before my love is not taking her usual path home. In fact, I don't think the way we are walking leads to where she lives at all. Where are we going, little one?

The urge to step off to the side and call her and see what she's up to pulses through me. If she wants me to come over and give her the mind bending orgasms that only I can give her. But... I need to see how this plays out first.

The sun is setting as the dark claws its way up the sky. This is a much longer walk, and it's giving me too much time to spiral. Where the fuck are we going?

After a few more minutes of walking and a couple more turns later, we end up at a house I've never seen before. I watch her as she walks up to the door.

My eyes never leave her.

I watch as she knocks, hoping maybe it's her sister's house or friend's house or.... A

man opens the door.

My eyes never leave her.

The blood drains from my face as he leans in and kisses her, an arm around her lower back as hers twist around his neck to pull him tight to her mouth. Now, the blood drains from my heart. No.... No.... How... I... We are...

As she crosses the threshold with that little laugh that I thought was all mine to swallow in between stolen kisses, I feel my stomach spin tight. All the contents of my gut get forced up my throat and out of my mouth like someone stomped on a tube of toothpaste. Thick, chunky strings of vomit dangle from my lips as another wave of puke rushes out of my throat—bouncing off my teeth and caught in the powerful current I'm spewing out of my body. A bit of the acidic mixture finds its way out of my nostrils and causes my eyes to water.

I stand and look down at the mess I made... the mess that she made me make. So many chunks of unidentifiable solids from however long the food has been rotting in my guts. The slop I just ejected is like a visual representation of the feelings I have for her—messy, mangled, and forcing its way out of my body.

As my stomach settles, I'm drawn to the pain behind my ribcage. I don't understand. The image of her kissing him rapes my heart repeatedly, stealing its beauty, crushing its momentary lapse of innocence, and butchering what I thought we had in such a brutal way that I'm actually a little jealous. I swear I can hear my heart shattering in my chest, but it could also be my teeth cracking in my own mouth with how hard I'm clenching them.

My eyes are still leaking, and I'm realizing that it probably isn't from vomiting. I walk through the yard to one of the windows on the first floor that doesn't have the blinds drawn. I cup my hands on the glass to shield the glare from the moon and

street lights.

I hear Father laughing and can see his face smiling at me. All those times he told me I was worthless, I didn't want to believe him. When he said nobody could ever love me, I yearned for that to be just another way he kept me broken and obedient. And then I found her. The one that made me believe, like a fucking idiot, that Father was wrong.

Tears leak out of my eyes as I close them, trying to wash away the imagine of this stranger sliding his little dick into my girl. I can hear the muffled sound of her moaning. The same moans she fed me. The same lies. If I had anything left in my stomach, I'd throw up one more time. But there's nothing left inside me. No bile, no love, no compassion, no sympathy, no hope, nothing. Father was right. I'm a worthless fucking monster.

### Chapter 7

#### Hard to Swallow

Self-preservation is no longer high on my list of things to worry about as I step around my regurgitation and make my way to this motherfucker's house. Walking straight through the yard and to the front door, half of me wants to ring the doorbell and fucking end him as soon as he opens it. But where's the fun in that? Fun..... I thought I had found a replacement for this kind of fun. Fuck.

I try the doorknob, hoping that maybe, in the throes of passion, they forgot to lock it. No such luck. I walk with purpose around the house, looking for another entrance to try before I have to make my own way in. The night air licks my face as I come upon the back door. Looking at my reflection in the glass, I swear I can see steam coming off my face with the amount of homicidal fucking rage I have boiling under my skin. I turn the knob of the back door. Would you look at that, unlocked.

I walk inside, close the door, and turn the lock. Just in case. We wouldn't want any more uninvited guests sneaking in.

The sounds of sex can faintly be heard. Every thrust, moan, grunt, and squeak of the bed feels like someone piping broken glass into my ears. My head throbs as the noises turn into Father's laughter echoing around my skull. It's taking every ounce of self-control not to take a spoon and hammer it into my fucking head—scooping the pain out like the last bite of ice cream in the container.

Looking around the room I'm in, I quickly recognize it as a kitchen. The pain in my

skull quiets a little. That's it, Osiris. Focus . My eyes scan the countertops until I see a big knife block. The pain quiets a little more as I make my way over.

"I'm going to cum again, baby! Don't fucking stop," Jess moans loudly, and my knees almost give out. My hands slam down on the counter, gripping it in time to keep me from collapsing. The pain is back with a vengeance, and it almost feels like my vision is getting dark at the edges. That's odd. I've never experienced this before. It almost feels like the world around me is in slow motion. Or rather, frames are missing from the reel of film my eyes are recording for my brain to process.

My hand is pulling knives out of the block before I realize I've told it to do that. Filet knife ? Naw. Steak knife ? Naw. Chef knife ? Naw... ohh... here we go. The thickest of the bunch. The meat cleaver. Yes . The pain quiets down again, and I feel like I can actually squeeze in a deep breath without wanting to throw up. Which is good, because now that I have my paint brush, it's time to make some fucking art. To do that, I need to follow the fucking sounds these low-life, scumbag, heart-breaking, two-faced, cunt-fucking meat puppets are making.

It's almost over, I tell myself.

Carefully placed steps follow the disgusting sounds. Something inside me yearns for me to leave and get away from the source of this pain as quickly as I can. What an odd feeling. Why would I run from it when I could butcher it instead? So many new emotions swirling through me with no one to offer explanation or guidance on what they are or how to process them. So, I will do what I do best, fucking kill it.

The door to the bedroom is open. The hallway I'm in is bathed in darkness, hidden from the moonlight that's shining through the window next to the bed they're on. Hearing the sounds of betrayal was one thing. Seeing this man ram his cock into who I thought was my fucking girl, is a whole other thing. My knuckles crack under the immense pressure from squeezing the handle of my killing instrument. Thrust after

weak thrust, I watch him thump into her. Every single part of me wants to swing this blade as hard as I can at the back of his neck, severing his spinal cord and watch his body collapse on top of her. Maybe she would drown in his blood. That'd be fun. But yet, my feet remain frozen in place. Every puff of air from their lungs makes the already weakened flame in my heart flicker. The twinkling light shivering in fear, knowing that it, too, is about to die. And with it goes any possibility of love. Snuffed out. As he empties his balls into her cunt, I, too, am emptying myself of all emotional connection to another human being. Like sand in an hourglass, their time is up.

“Hi, Jess,” I speak as I step from the shadow and into the light. A panicked shriek rips from her throat with the little air she has left after that pathetic excuse of a pounding she got.

“What?? Who the fuck are you?? Dude get the fuck out of here!” the guy yells at me as he rolls off of Jess’s naked body. She quickly covers herself up with the disheveled sheets that she can grab.

“Oh darling, we’ve all seen you naked. I don’t think you need to cover up,” I grit out as I keep an eye on both of them. They look like cockroaches frantically trying to hide.

“O??? Did you... fucking follow me here??” Jess sounds angry. That’s cute.

“Ya know, I really thought we had something special.” I make the weapon in my hand known as I speak calmly and concisely. “Really... really special.” I gently check the sharpness of the blade with the pad of my thumb as I look back and forth at both of them.

“I mean... yeah, you were fun. But Jesus. You’re a fucking psycho!” her frustration mounting in her voice. I can tell she's trying to act like she's not scared of the knife in my hand. But that angry face can’t block the sweet smell of fear in the air.

“Ya know, you’re not the first person to call me that today,” I say with a smirk.

“You know this fuckin’ guy??” Douchebag says as he swings his legs out of the bed and stands. His naked, sweaty body looks more and more like he wants to attack me. I hope he tries.

“Yeah, we hooked up a couple times. It was nothing,” Jess spits out at him before returning her glare back at me. I raise an eyebrow.

“Nothing?” The embers inside my chest are dying out with every word she says. “You’re going to honestly say that I meant nothing to you?” I take a step toward the bed and squeeze the knife handle again.

“Not a thing, you fucking loser,” she barks. I wish I wasn’t so attracted to the anger in her eyes. My dick pulses in my pants despite the fact that I know I won’t see that look again after tonight.

“Loser..... That’s what you think I am?” I narrow my gaze at her, my eyebrows pinching down on the top of my nose.

“Look at you! I’d have more respect if you stood outside the window with a boombox professing your pathetic love for me!” she says with a little chuckle at the end. I feel a low rumble in my chest start to rise as I remain stoic. Also, what the fuck is a boombox?

“Jess... shut up.” The guy’s two brain cells finally alert him that they are in much more danger than this fucking cunt realizes, “... there’s something not right about this fuckin’ guy. Can we please just get him out of my fucking house?” His voice is shaky and weak. What a waste of flesh.

“I’d listen to your little fuck boy. Not that it matters anymore.” I smile at them both.

Full teeth, wide-eyed, psychotic smile. I dunno why I did that, but... it feels good. It feels natural. But also not exactly like me. Another version of me, maybe. I wonder. "Hehehehe," I giggle. Ohh, that feels good, too. Huh. Mental note to explore whatever that is later.

"Ya know what, fuck the both of you. I can get better dick in 10 minutes if I wanted it. I'm out," Jess declares as she gets up from the bed and starts to walk toward me. I step in her way. "Move!" she shouts at my smiling face.

I see the slap coming from a mile away, but I don't move. I want her to hit me. I want her to hammer that final nail into her fucking coffin. And she does it beautifully. In one big swing, she pulls her hand back before using her hips to swing it hard, connecting with my cheek and knocking my face to the side.

And that is it. The last grain of sand exploding like the Big Bang. Giving birth to a new universe. One filled with nothing but hate, pain, and death. An existence where the ones that live simply do so because I let them. Thank you, Jess. I feel like I am me again.

With my empty hand, I press my palm to the middle of her chest and shove with all my might. Her right leg hits the end of the bed, causing her to spin as she sails through the air until her flight is abruptly halted by the nightstand. The top of her head smashes into the wooden piece of furniture, crumpling her onto the floor in a haze.

"Stay!" I smile at her droopy eyes, heavy with confusion and pain.

"You motherfucker!" Ya know, I almost forgot he was here. Bitch boy tries to put on his tough guy pants and charges at me, fist back like he is going to pummel me in the face. I won't give him the same courtesy I gave my ex.



As I lean out of the path of his fist, I swing the meat cleaver towards his hand. The force of the collision drives the sharp, smooth steel into the flesh between his pinky and ring finger, gliding through the tendons and even cleaving the bone until the meat of his forearm eventually creates enough friction to stop the blade.

And he screams. Oh, does he scream. Fuck me, that sound makes my cock as hard as cinder block. Utilizing this agonizing distraction, I raise my right leg and fire off a kick to his knee cap. The loud pop of it breaking and sending the bones out in the other direction gives me such a tickle.

“Stay.” I smile at his hysterical face before making my way over to Jess. She is a bit more alert now and stands up in a frenzy, knocking over everything on the nightstand.

“Get the fuck away from me!” she sobs.

“Get on the bed,” I say as I stand with my hands together in front of me, my left over the right that's holding the cleaver.

“FUCK YOU!”

I charge and get in her face. So close that the spit from my words spatter her lips. “Get on the fucking bed, or I will cut you from cunt to collarbone.” Our eyes are locked as the agonizing cries can be heard from bitch boy on the ground behind us.

Tears fall from both of her eyes as she climbs into the bed. She sits, back against the wall and knees pulled tight up against her chest with her arms wrapped firmly around them. “Good girl,” I say. Once said with sexual praise is now said out of spite.

I walk over to the fuck head on the floor. His head keeps lifting, then dropping back to the floor, weaving in and out of consciousness. Awake or not, it makes no difference to me for what's about to happen next. I reach down and grab the ankle of

the broken leg, twisting it completely around until his foot is facing the opposite direction than it should. Then, I stand and drag his body over to the side of the bed. Screams are shuffled together with gags and groans as his body fights to stay alive. It's kinda cute. I guess I can see what she saw in him.

I look up and see Jess focused on what I'm doing.

Her eyes never leave me.

I grab the head of his cock and pull the flacid appendage tight.

Her eyes never leave me.

I swipe the blade and, with ease, sever the squishy tip from his shaft.

Her eyes never leave me.

I return to the bed with the bloody piece of him. "Open," I instruct.

"Wha..... what?" she says with a confused sob.

"You want him inside you so badly, open your mouth," I calmly try to clarify.

"Fuck you. I.... No... I can't... Please..."

"Open, or I'll hunt down every single person you've ever cared about and make you watch me fuck them as I cut them into pieces—one by one—until everyone you love is dead and gone. And THEN I will fucking kill you," I seeth before clearing my throat to regain my composure. "Now. Open."

I can feel her tremble through the mattress as her bottom jaw slowly drops, parting

her lips as she closes her eyes. I smile as I push the meat into her mouth.

“Chew.”

She screams around the piece of dick in her mouth as she forces her teeth to grind up the spongy flesh until it's just small enough for her to choke down.

“Atta girl. I knew you liked to swallow,” I say with a bit of a laugh as I lean down and grab his broken leg. To hold his body still, I press my foot into his bleeding cock and apply counter force as I pull the twisted leg—bending and ripping until it finally comes free. Jess sits there, eyes closed, still sobbing.

I swipe the knife along his calf, cutting another piece of meat off of him.

“Open.” She does. I shove the next slick, warm sliver of human flesh into her mouth and watch her chew and swallow. This time she gags hard. “Uh uh. Don't you dare...” Before I can get the words out, she vomits all over herself, spreading her knees and unloading between her legs. Her weight in the mattress causes the chunky vomit to pool on her cunt, and, for some reason, that just makes me happy. I can see the pieces of him mixed with whatever she last ate and the multicolored bile. “Oh dear... this won't do. You wanted him inside you so bad, and that's where he's going to stay. We can't be over here making messes with our dinner.”

She opens her teary eyes, pleading with me silently as I smile again before reaching down and scooping up a handful of her puke. “Open.”

She shakes her head. “My offer still stands. Now, open. Your fucking. Mouth.” She gags again as she opens her lips and accepts my handful of vomit that I force back into her mouth. My cock is screaming to be released from the confines of my pants. “Swallow.”

As she struggles to force it down, I go to work cutting more bite-sized pieces off of... what the fuck was his name anyway? Eh, it doesn't matter anymore. She gags again, and I lose my self-control. My cock needs to be set free. Besides, I think she needs a little assistance getting these nuggets down.

I stand on the bed, pull my cock out, and stroke it with my blood-soaked hand. I watch her chomp the mouthful of her own vomit mixed with pieces of her precious lover as tears stream down her face. The terrified mewls that slip out—as she mashes the warm, squishy solids in her mouth—make my dick drip the biggest bead of precum.

She tries to swallow, but I can see she is having a really hard time. “Here, my darling. Let me help force that down,” I say as I step closer, her eyes finally taking notice of what I’m doing. She violently shakes her head no.

I let go of my cock and lunge at her with my filthy hand, like a snake snatching up its prey, grabbing a handful of hair on the top of her head. My other hand presses the blade to her forehead as I tilt my head to look around the blade and into her eyes.

“I will cut your skull open like a fuckin’ watermelon. Now, you’re going to be a good little fucking whore and open your mouth, so I can fuck the pieces of him down your throat,” I grit, growing tired of not having my cock inside of her.

She screams around the muck in her mouth as she opens. “Good fucking girl. Remember, no teeth. I really want to let you live, but if you bite me, that’s just not going to happen,” I lie, doing everything I can not to laugh out loud at how funny I am. Let her live? Not a fucking chance, babygirl, not a fucking chance.

She gently nods in compliance, and I use my hips to place my cock head on her bottom lip that’s slick with vomit. “Mmmm,” I moan out loud as I push in a little. It’s already so full in here. Who knew I liked fucking messy holes like this. I wonder

what else I could get into. Something to explore later, but for now...

I thrust my hips forward, using my hand in her hair to keep her head from pulling away. I feel my dick ram chunks of human meat down the back of her tongue and into her throat. I have to give an extra hard shove to cross that tight threshold in the back, and I feel the pieces start to go down.

Quickly, I pull my entire length out and let go of her hair. Her head pulls back and slams against the wall. Perfect. Stay right there. I grab another chunk that I had cut up and push it in her mouth, then quickly ram my rock-hard cock back in, forcing that down her throat, too. Pulling out, I grab another piece and repeat the process. Everytime I slam my cock down her throat—pushing more of this mystery man into her—the back of her head hammers into the wall.

I repeat this process—over and over—fucking the hunks of butchered meat into her throat until her neck looks like a bag of grapes. The squelching sounds, as the meat stacks up to the back of her mouth with nowhere else to go, fill the air. I can't control the sounds coming out of me—a mixture of moaning and laughter as I continue to fuck her face. Harder and harder, I slam into the warm, squishy mess inside her mouth. The drywall behind her head is dented and cracked with bits of blood in the center. I grin wider. I've never seen her blood before, and it rips my orgasm from me. I fuck her face just as hard as I fucked her pussy, shooting my cum into the dumpster of someone else's flesh in her throat. Creaming the flesh and puke that just can't go down any further. I growl like a wild animal as I finish cumming. But I'm not finished here.

I have no idea how long ago she stopped breathing. I suppose, with her throat swollen up twice the size from the bits of her mutilated fuck buddy, it probably didn't take long to suffocate. I take my cock out of her mouth and look at all the different colors and textures left over that cling to my skin. So cute. Choosing to not clean it off, I put it back in my pants. The filth is like a warm hug in my underwear. I think I like warm

hugs.

I put the cleaver down for a moment and kneel, staring at her dead face. “Oh, Jess. We could have been so great together.” With both hands, I pinch the thin skin of her eyelids and pull with a twist, ripping the flesh away. “Let’s keep them peepers open, shall we? Like I said before, you want him inside you so badly, then let me help you.”

Sliding down the bed, I grab her ankles and pull until she's laying flat on her back. I grab my trusty blade and slam it into the middle of her breast plate before dragging it all the way down to and out her pussy. Setting the knife down again, I reach into the fresh incision with both hands, curling my fingers inside and begin pulling her apart—ripping her wide open.

One by one, I pull out all of her organs to create a nice little beddy-bye for the other corpse on the floor. Once cleaned out well enough, I grab the knife and get to chopping the guy on the floor—fingers, hands, arms up to the elbow, then to the shoulder. Each piece gets stuffed into her hollowed-out body until there's a pretty little pile. Had I known this was the plan, I would have brought more supplies in order to sew her up and make for a shocking discovery at the medical examiner's office but... this will still be quite the work of art.

Once the last of him is cut up and forced into her body, I place his severed head on top. “Ta-da! He can’t get anymore inside you than this, my darling.” I lay down next to her—well, next to them now that they are one person—and turn to look into her lidless eyes.

“We all got murdered here tonight,” I say in a soothing voice as I trail my fingertips down her blood-covered chest and back up to her neck. “I just get to keep breathing. And, honestly, I don’t know who the lucky one is in this scenario.” I kiss her shoulder softly. “I want to thank you, though. I had a moment of weakness. I thought for a split second there that I was capable of love. Like I could feel something other than

nothing for someone else. I know better now. You showed me who I truly am, and, for that, I thank you.”

My eye catches a smooth piece of her skin that isn’t scratched or saturated in blood on her breast, a few inches above her nipple. I grab my knife and carefully cut around until my incision connects. Using my fingers, I gently pinch the skin and pull, separating it from the tissue underneath. I hold the slab in my hand and gently pet it with my thumb. “Yeah... I think I’ll keep you. So I’ll never forget.”

I roll out of the bed feeling nothing—an empty shell void of light and happiness. Nothing but a fuckin’ monster. As I walk toward the door, I notice a small box on top of a dresser. Grabbing it and emptying the contents on the floor, I put the piece of her skin inside and close it. Turning back, I smile at the dead man's head atop the pile of his own pieces. “Thanks, man,” I smirk.

Back into the night I go.

### Chapter 8

#### The Road

My feet crunch the sandy pavement as I walk—step after step—down the quiet streets of this shithole town. It's the dead of night, almost as dark as my soul. The pulsating muscle behind my rib cage bears no resemblance to what it was 24 hours ago. It's not even the same as it was before I met her. What lies beneath my flesh and bones is a new flavor of hate. One I haven't tasted yet, and fuck, am I thrumming with excitement to take a bite. I need to put some distance between me and my latest work, though. The few people I see as I stalk these streets all look like dinner to me. In a cartoon, their heads would turn into steaks. My mouth and dick both start to salivate at the fun possibilities my mind is conjuring up.

I begin replaying all the things in my life that got me here as I veer off down a dirt road that goes into some woods. The twisted branches grow dense and block out what little light the moon provides. The temperature shifts dramatically the deeper inside I go, cooling down my hot skin. A place like this is home to a man like me. I watch the movie I have created of my parents' deaths in slow motion. Then, how I was swaddled in my mothers warm flesh and taken. I remember the scraps I was given to eat, barely enough to sustain life but somehow I pushed through. I developed survival skills before I could speak in full sentences.

Then, I skim through the countless memories of people I fucked, murdered, murdered while fucking, fucked after they were murdered, and so on. I remember—each time feeling the tickle of guilt inside me—that this person was someone else's baby. The anger I felt at the fact that I'm just repeating the cycle. A smile pulls at the corner of



my mouth. Not anymore, sir . Not anymore.

I don't know how long I've been walking. Could have been an hour, could've been eight hours. All I know is that I am paying just enough attention to the world around me to keep on moving along the narrow dirt road. Warm-colored lights kiss the earth in front of me, and I feel drawn to it. The tree trunks are catching the glow as well, defining the bark's design in each one. I raise my head and blink a few times to make sure what I'm seeing is real.

Tents made of tight fabric with dirty cream and red wine stripes. Round lights that look like the same color as fire. Rides, facades, popcorn stands... What the fuck...

A circus? Out here? Still open in the middle of the night? All of that seems wrong, which pulls me harder towards it. There's something not right about this place. The air is blessed with faint screams sprinkled in between music and laughter.

The sign out front, spiked into the ground reads: Cirque's Du Grotesque .

Alright, I'm game. Let's get fucking weird.