



Shelly

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: What he wanted, he couldn't have.

What he dreamed of, didn't exist.

So instead of waiting any longer, he made it.

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Connection.

It's a constant strain—something I didn't think I would struggle with as a young man, but here I am. The older I got, and the more the world changed, the more I became secluded from my own wants and needs. Putting everyone before my own happiness.

Women need to be respected, cared for, loved, looked after; the list is endless. They need this and want that. Don't ask their age, don't tell them they look fat in a dress, don't take control... let them lead. Fuck! Everything has become about them, for them. And while I'm happy for them getting the respect they deserve —and everything else they desire. What about me?

I'm a good man. I work hard and provide all the requirements a woman could need to live comfortably, yet I'm miserable. It doesn't matter how many beautiful women I have taken to my bed or gone on dates with; it all ends the same.

A multitude of misery riddled within my body.

Now, let's make one thing very clear so you understand my position. I am far from the term ugly. I take care of myself; I keep my hair cut and my beard nicely trimmed. I dress well, eat better than most people in New York, and on many an occasion, I have been told I am 'model-like handsome'. One woman even told me I looked very similar to Patrick Bateman.

You know, the character from American Psycho. But I digress. This is not about my looks because, for me, looks are not the be-all and end-all of a person.

Connection is. It's the one thing I can't seem to ascertain within my dating pool. Then one morning, I had an epiphany—an idea that has brought me months of excitement at the potential end result. It's why I sit here, now, at the opposite end of the table to a woman named Astrid.

Conventionally, she's absolutely impeccable, with all the attributes that would make a man fall to his knees and beg for even a slice of her time, a look, a breath of interest. Not me. What I'm interested in lies beneath Astrid's outer exterior of what men find typically attractive when they first look at a woman.

It's not her long auburn hair, or her colossal breasts. It's not the way her body is shaped like a figure eight, nor is it the fullness of her lips. No, for a man like me... it's her right hand. It's perfect, and I haven't been able to stop staring at it, thinking about what it would feel like wrapped around the thick expansion of my cock. All while it stroked up and down languidly, inciting my balls to constrict so tightly that it chokes the cum right out of me.

That hand is... everything.

“Atlas?”

I look up at her, forcing a smile onto my face. “Sorry, Astrid, what was your question?”

She releases a light giggle, her right hand lifting from the table to stroke at the blue heart necklace that dances just at the centre of her jugular notch. And what a beautiful one it is. The right amount of space at the bottom of the throat, sitting right between both collarbones and—

“I asked what you do for work.”

“Right... right.” I clear my throat behind my fist because my throat has all of a sudden become dry. “I, uh, I’m a morgue technician.”

“Oh...”

Most wouldn’t notice the slight twitch in the eyes of a person that is shocked or disgusted by a response, but I do. The twitch in the corner of her right eye tells me she wasn’t aware of my job, proving that she didn’t read the dating profile from Open Doors.

“It, uh, it was on my dating profile.”

“Was it?” The fingers of her right hand now moving to the ends of her red-toned hair.

“Indeed.”

“I’m sorry, you were just so—”

Handsome, I must’ve missed it.

“—Handsome that I must’ve missed it.”

Well... at least she’s honest.

“Thank you... I guess.” I smirk, releasing a breathy laugh. I’ve heard it so often that any and all responses to that are... fake.

Leaning forward, Astrid rests her elbows on the table—another pet hate of mine other than a woman pressing her breasts together... aaand that’s exactly what she’s doing. Predictable, they all are in 2035. Nothing shocks me anymore, and nothing interests me.

“So, like... what do you do as a morgue technician?”

Is this my open?

“Astrid, let me ask you a question.”

“Go for it...” She bites her lip, but God, I can’t stop staring at that hand.

“Have you ever seen a dead body before?”

Her brow twitches, and I wait for my answer with bated breath. This is it, this is where I’ll know if I have to leave and do what I need to another way, or, if she will willingly come with a man she just met. It’s the question I ask all of them. The ones before her and the few that will come after her.

“No.”

“Would you like to?” I clasp my hands together in front of my face, resting my chin on the top while looking into her deep brown eyes.

“What like...” she leans in closer, whispering, “a real as day dead body? Like totally on the slab and like... dead.”

“Totally on the slab... totally dead.” I mimic her, and she snorts. She thinks for a moment, obviously weighing up her options because, let’s face it, this isn’t really something you offer on a first date. Except I can see the cogs turning in her head. She wants to, but she’s scared; she’s intrigued but disgusted at the same time. She—

“Ok,” she whispers.

The curve at the corner of my mouth is real this time. It always is when they agree,

when they give over their trust so easily that I don't even have to fight for it. Those are the ones I love; those are the ones who will make for the perfect woman—one that won't fight or scream or... embarrass me.

With warmth in my heart, I stand from the two-person table, and the legs of my chair screech along the wooden flooring of the high-priced restaurant we just finished eating in. Decorated impeccably with Christmas decorations that I'm sure they paid a pretty penny for, but none of that matters in this moment.

I pull out my wallet and throw down a few hundred-dollar bills onto the table. That should cover the meal, tax and a generous tip for the waitress who didn't even care enough to call me 'sir'.

"Let's go." I hold out my hand.

"Now?" She tilts her head.

"Now, darling." And with the pet name leaving my lips, she slides that flawless right hand into mine. Even the skin on it is soft; nails a little longer than I would like but I can work with that.

Tonight is going to be perfect. I can feel it in my bones.

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Crimson & Son's Mortuary is a family-owned business. One that has been running within my family lineage since the 1700s and passed down from generation to generation. When my father passed away ten years ago, it was left to me and since then, I have kept this place running impeccably. I don't talk about it because it's not important. I own it sure, but it's not at all what defines me as a man in this day and age.

Astrid runs her delicate fingers along the cold steel of the cadaver table in the centre of the room, her eyes darting around to look at all the medical tools neatly displayed on the walls. Those of which are passed down from my family history and have been hung there beautifully.

"Wow." She smiles. "I've never been in a place like this before."

"Of course not, you're alive." I wink in her direction and a light blush creeps up her skin. I'm so close I can almost hear the audible sound of her beating heart as it pounds against her chest. Not in fear but excitement. "Are you ready?"

She nods, sucking the cover of her bottom lip between her teeth and chewing it. She's nervous now. Most are when they're about to see something morbid for the first time. Viewing a dead body isn't at the top of everyone's list, and most of the time, when it happens, you don't get a say in the matter.

I wander to the back wall where all the bodies that pass through here are stored, wrapping my hand around the middle handle of the second row and turning it down. Pulling it open, a cold rush of air bleeds out into the room, giving the illusion of smoke when it does. Astrid moves to stand next to me, just as I drag the cadaver tray

out into the open.

“It’s cold.” She states matter-of-factly.

What is it the teens say now? ‘Duh’ because obviously, it will be cold. First of all, the fucking body is dead. Secondly, it needs to be kept that way.

“It has to be to stop the body from decomposing while, let’s say... a criminal investigation is ongoing or to keep the body cold in preparation for the funeral. Otherwise, they would rot.”

Leaning forward, I wrap my fingers over the ice-cold sheet that covers the body. “This one came in yesterday.”

“Fresh then?” she asks, chewing on her nail.

“As fresh as he can be. Now, you cannot touch the body... ok?”

Astrid faces me then, lifting a single elegant finger from that unforgettable right hand and draws a cross over her chest.

“Cross my heart.” Her gaze filled with something unrecognisable.

“And hope to die?”

“And hope to die,” she repeats with a small smile.

If I was what society would class as a normal man, I would have easily fallen for Astrid within the first five minutes of meeting her, but I’m not. I’m a different creature altogether. Snatching back the sheet, I reveal the body to her in its entirety, and she gasps. Both hands come up to cup her mouth as it hangs open.

“Holy shit!” she exclaims, stepping a little closer and leaning over the body a little more to get a better look. “It’s so... grey and...” she frowns.

“What?” I step closer to her.

She looks at me, her brows pinched together. “Why does the skin look like glitter?”

“To preserve the body, we need to maintain the correct temperature environment which is for the integrity of the deceased. Temperature must be kept between 36 to 40 Fahrenheit. Roughly the same as a fridge. Decomposition starts from the moment of death, so my job is to slow that down as much as possible.” I point towards the face of the body. “So that ‘glitter’ you mentioned is just crystallisation from how cold the body is. It’s a very natural process that happens to anyone, dead or alive.”

“Huh.” She nods.

“And with the way that medical science has come along, we can keep the bodies supple and delay the speed of rigor mortis.”

“Rigor what?”

The corner of my mouth curves, remembering that she’s young. Almost twenty years my junior, and at forty-five, I tend to forget that most people wouldn’t know what it is.

“Rigor mortis used to be a thing where the body would seize up naturally after a certain amount of time, restricting mine and other medical experts’ work. Since The Sinclair Foundation funded the drug Ambutrol, all that is a thing of the past.”

“Well, you’re definitely different from most men I’ve been on dates with. None of them have ever shown me a dead body before. So—” Turning her entire body to face

me, she sidesteps, placing her body directly between me and the frozen corpse.

“So?”

“Ever fucked anyone in here before?”

Her question doesn't catch me off guard in the slightest, because I have, many times. But she doesn't need to know that, all she needs to believe is that I'm exactly what she thinks I am. Just a nice, well-rounded guy.

“No. It's never really led to something like that.”

“It's never really come up in a situation like this?”

Her fingers graze the black belt wrapped around my waist, keeping her eyes on me as they travel to the buckle, and she pops it open, snatching it from the loops of my black suit trousers.

“There's a first time for everything,” she croons, yanking the zip of my pants down and reaching inside for my cock. It's rock hard, and when she wraps my favourite hand around it, I release a heavy groan. One that I can't control because I knew—just by looking at it—that her hand would feel just like this.

When I chose her on the site, I'd hoped that she wasn't like the others and up until she agreed to come here, she was already more than they ever measured up to. My eyelids flutter closed as her warm hand begins pumping the length of my cock slowly.

“Fuck,” I groan breathlessly.

Astrid pushes me against the wall abruptly, and my eyes spring open just as she drops

to her knees in front of me, pulling my cock from the warmth of my slacks and without wasting time further, she engulfs it with her mouth. I watch as her plump lips glide up and down my veiny shaft as it disappears into the back of her throat. Her lust-filled moans vibrate against my cock while her hand strokes and twists it.

I thread my hands into her long hair and grip it tightly, almost enough to pull the roots from her scalp. I didn't think her hair would be this soft. I was always a man who loved blonde, but the older I've become, the better my tastes have grown.

Pulling her head back, her lips glide off the end of my cock with a wet pop. "Tell me, Astrid, how long have you been waiting to choke on my cock?"

"Since you walked into the restaurant," she responds, poking her tongue out invitingly and flicking it against the tip.

"Then keep your whore mouth wide open for me. While you're here, each of your holes belong to me. Do you understand?"

She simply nods, but that's not what I want. I want her to say it because Astrid may have ignored my profile on the dating app, but I read all of hers. I know what she likes, what she wants from a man, and how she wants to be treated, so I give her exactly that.

The sound of my palm cracking against her cheek echoes within the room. "Use your words."

She's going to cry, you know it.

I ignore the voice in my head. I need to concentrate and listening to it won't help me in the slightest. I don't care if she cries. Astrid is the last piece of my puzzle and when I get what I want, everything will be glorious... perfect, even.

“I understand, yes! That’s what I’m talking about!” Astrid cries out with desire.
“Fuck me up, Atlas.”

“I plan to, but first... stay.” I point down at her, tearing open the shirt from my body, the buttons scattering across the cold tiled floor, and she doesn’t take her eyes off of me for a single second. The situation that she is about to find herself in is... sad really, because what I’m about to do to her is unlike anything she thinks is about to happen. Astrid’s mouth may have felt good around my cock, but it’s nothing compared to Shelly’s.

I place my arms under her armpits and lift her to stand, pulling her close to my body and giving her a devouring kiss. Carval, forceful, what I know she wants. As she concentrates on the kiss I don’t want to give her but have to, she doesn’t realise my eyes are open or that I’m leading her into a position she will never get out of.

That’s why my cock is rock hard.

That’s why I’m filled with lust.

Because I’m finally going to get the woman I always dreamed of. Sure, she might have come later in my life but that doesn’t matter, and it never will.

When her back hits the steel table, she yelps on a giggle. “Fuck, that’s cold.”

I rub my hands over her breasts, squeezing them tightly. “Turn around and bend over. You’re going to fucking love this.” Turning her around, she doesn’t even pay attention to her surroundings or what she’s even bending over onto... they never do. It’s always the same thing and every time I always find humour in the fact. Caging her body against the T-Shaped steel table, I bring my lips to her mouth. “Don’t move.”

I lift the hem of her red velvet dress and expose her peachy little ass, tearing the white thong from her lower body and exposing her already dripping cunt. It's nothing like Shelly's, but it will do. I can't let her know what I'm doing in here—she wouldn't be happy that I was doing this without her, but... it's our anniversary, and I wanted to surprise her. Give her something I know she has wanted for such a long time. I had to wait for the perfect find and low and behold... Astrid crossed my computer screen.

“Stretch out both your arms,” I demand, my tone controlling and dominant, and Astrid follows those orders perfectly, which makes me think, it's a shame this has to happen. I think she would've been a good wife to someone one day.

There are three thick rubber restraints attached to the underside of the table. Taking her left arm, I secure her bicep, then wrap the next one just below her elbow. The final one sits just above the joint on her wrist, and when I'm finished there, I do the exact same thing with her right arm. Making sure to fasten that one a little tighter than the other.

“Ouch!” she exclaims, “that's a little tight... calm down there, big guy.” She giggles.

“Do you realise how beautiful you look right now?”

Astrid turns her head to the right, her cheek resting on the cold metal, and she smiles. Her eyes follow me the best they can as I walk behind her, kicking her feet wider and watching her push her ass out a little further for me.

“Please, Atlas,” she pleads breathlessly, “fuck me.”

Lining my cock up with her entrance, I run the crown and shaft through her dripping wet pussy, coating my cock in her juices before I finally give her what she wants and slam the entire length of myself inside her. Her reaction is less of a scream of pain and more a shriek of desire, as though she's been waiting for longer than the few

hours we have known each other.

I don't want her like this, but what I'm going to take from her needs to be done in a moment of pure sexual hunger because otherwise, it won't mean anything. She is a gift I never expected to find. I'd been waiting weeks for the perfect girl, and here she is, tied up on the slab like the piece of meat she is. They mean nothing to me anymore. What I wanted, I couldn't have. What I dreamed of didn't exist. So, instead of waiting any longer, I decided to make it.

"You feel so good inside me," Astrid mewls as I move my cock in and out of her tight cunt.

The warmth of her body is nothing new to me and not at all what I'm thinking about this moment. The thoughts that run through my head are filled with Shelly and how she will react when she opens her gift. I thrust faster, gripping her hips and pulling her into me with every sickening thrust I give her.

Beads of sweat begin to form on my brow from the hard work that I am putting in just to stay hard, because in all honesty, this feels like nothing more than my punishment. The end result, though, is my atonement for my current and previous behaviour.

"Look at you, such a desperate little cock whore aren't you, Astrid."

"Yes!" The word bounces off the morgue walls. "Oh my fucking God, yes, I am! Please don't stop."

Lifting my hand from her waist, I spank her so hard that the imprint of my palm reddens instantly on her alabaster skin. She doesn't even have the skin tone I need, but once I saw her hand and her hair, everything else fell away, and none of that mattered anymore.

I pile drive into her with unwanted ferocity, giving her exactly what she has been begging for this whole time. They usually come a lot quicker than this, but... as my mother always said, “All good things come to those who wait.” And if it means I can finally give the love of my life what she wants... I’d wait as long as it took.

This needs to go faster, I need her release before I can get my own. “You’re going to come for me, you fucking slut!” I spank her even harder before relocating my hands to her shoulders. Thrusting in and out of her so recklessly I could slip a fucking disk. I’m old, and I don’t need this kind of hard work. At least when I fuck Shelly, she gives me the pleasure of coming inside her sweet core, legs so wide I can watch the cum drip from her hole.

“Yes! Oh my God... right there!” Astrid cries out so loud. I’m glad this building is far away from anyone living or still working nearby. “Just like that! I’m... I’m so close!”

A manic smile spreads across my face, and I reach over to the medical tray, wrapping my fingers around the wooden handle and raising it above my head. With my free hand I grip her thick auburn hair into my hand and draw her head back.

“Come for me, bitch,” I demand of her through gritted teeth. “Come all over this fucking cock!” My desperation bleeding through every pore of my sweat covered skin.

Astrid pants furiously, and her walls begin to tighten around me. Her screams mirror that of a woman about to reach ecstasy at any given moment. And that moment... is now. She comes so hard that her pussy forces my cock from her hole, her release splattering on the white tiles below and as always, I thank God above for this moment.

Angling the meat cleaver high above my head, I grip her forearm to steady her

shaking body and slice through the air. The stainless steel carves through her wrist bone in one swift action, severing her hand from the wrist with a flawless finish.

Everything in the room goes quiet, almost as though I've gone deaf. I can only hear the thick beating of my heart as it beats ruthlessly against my ribcage. I watch the blood as it begins pulsing from the end of her limb, turning my once clean room a beautiful shade of crimson that I know my beautiful girl would love to see but can't. Holding the cleaver up to my face, I run my tongue along the side, collecting the blood on my tongue and groaning with pleasure.

This is the best money I've ever spent.

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A high-pitched scream pierces my ears, and I squint, wondering how long my brain checked out for this time. Astrid is absolutely hysterical, fighting against the tight restraints that still hold her in place. Putting the clever back in its original spot, I look down at her, and boy, what a mess she looks.

Black mascara streaks down her cheeks, the once purple eyeshadow and red lipstick so smeared I can't help but laugh. She looks ridiculous right now, writhing around like a fish out of water when there is no possible way for her to get loose.

"Help!" she screams over and over again.

"Astrid, I need you to calm down," I plead. "I don't want to wake up my wife."

"You fucking psycho... fuck you!!"

"Ok... first of all, there's no need to talk to me that way." I circle around to face her, squatting down to pick up her right hand and, as I do, place it on the space above her head. "Y'know... I thought you would be different. But you're just like the others. Why do you women always persist in scr—"

"Get the fuck away from me!! Help me!!"

"Astrid, please, I just need to—"

"Somebody help me!! Plea—"

"SHUT UP!" I explode, lunging at her and gripping the back of her neck tight enough

to choke her. Punching the table with all my might, I bring my head close to hers and shout in her face.

“You shut your fucking mouth, or I’ll kill you right now!” Spit flies from her mouth, landing in my left eye. “Perfect... that’s really fucking childish of you, Astrid.”

“Fuck you! You fucking freak! Help me!”

She continues to scream, the tone of her voice becoming horse with every elongated cry of the word ‘me’. I’m already tired of hearing her voice, Christ, I was tired of it the moment she sat down at the dinner table. I jerk the tray open from the neighbouring set of draws beside me and yank out a medical-grade mouth guard, pulling her head back and shoving it into her mouth.

“I told you to be quiet,” I growl, smashing her head into the table to pacify her as best as I can. “And look at you... ruining everything.”

Resting my forearm on the side of her head to keep it immobilised and lean over to pick up the forceps and scalpel. “If you would have just stayed quiet, none of this would be happening right now. I’d have been able to finish what I needed to, and we could’ve both moved on... well... you would’ve been put out of your misery a lot more gently than you will be now that’s for sure.”

“Please.” She chokes on her own sobs. “Just... please, just let me go.”

“I can’t, Astrid.” I cut her off, forcing the forceps into her mouth and pinching the thick muscle of her tongue between them. “You talk too much... and I have a better use for this after having it lick my cock earlier.”

I squeeze them so tight against her tongue, she shrieks, but that’s nothing compared to what’s about to come. The blade of the scalpel meets the side of her tongue, and I

watch her eyes widen seconds before I begin to slice through it. Forcing it back and forth through the thick meat and capillaries, the edge so razor-sharp, it glides through like butter.

Her legs kick and buck against my shins and feet, and while I work to remove as most of it as possible, the sounds she makes are reminiscent of a stuck pig. Blood pools beneath her cheek, enabling me to drown out her cries of agony.

When the tongue is completely severed, I step back and hold it between my fingers and shake it playfully. “I was only interested in your hand, but now... well, now I have that and your tongue. There’s one more thing I need before we are finished here, and I can go home to my wife.” I poke my index finger through the hole in the guard and pull it from her mouth.

Thick ropes of blood pool from inside her mouth, coasting along her jawline to join the rest of it on the silver table, her tears dripping into the crimson fluid as she sobs quieter than previously. I run my fingers through her soft hair, smiling at what a find she was. I’d spent so long searching that I almost gave up on finding someone that would make Shelly happy.

After all, she was the one who made me laugh, smile, and come like I never had before. She always made sure that my needs came first. Shelly was everything to me. And what my woman wants, she gets.

Last year, I remember her begging me for a new hairstyle. She persisted so much that I almost gave in, but there were other things that we needed to deal with before I could give her a new style. I didn’t even intend on letting her have a new hairstyle. I like her as she is with long, jet black hair... she looks absolutely statuesque with it. But then I realised what I was doing the exact same thing that I’ve been complaining about all these years.

Gazing up at the time, I realise it's later than I wanted it to be.

10pm... shit. She'll be wondering where I am.

Astrid's breathing has become laboured, her skin now a pale grey from all the blood loss she has sustained, and all I want to do now is put her out of her misery. I wouldn't treat an animal like this, so why should I let her suffer any longer than she needs to?

"Astrid," I whisper in her ear, brushing a few blood-laden strands of hair from her cheek. "It's time. Thank you for what you have given me tonight. Rest well in the understanding that you will be making my beautiful wife so happy."

And with those final words, I press the scalpel into her jugular vein and twist. With what little energy she has left within her body, she struggles against my hold for only a few seconds more. Eventually succumbing to the call of death and seeping into the darkness. As the rest of her life force squirts through the gaping hole, I wait on bated breath for a few more seconds before grabbing my favourite hunting knife from the leather sheath in my back pocket. Something that Astrid failed to notice as it was covered by my black suit jacket.

I slide my hand up the nape of her neck and widen my fingers into the thick mane, fisting my hand at the top of her head and lifting it up and back. I place the blade an inch lower than her hairline and begin to slice through her skin, working as quickly as I can to remove her luxurious hair.

Carving through the capillaries and fat with every incision I create, making sure to cut delicately around her temples, ears and nape. Giving myself enough skin attached to the scalp so I'm able to remove all of the unnecessary bits later when I clean it up in the bath.

I just know Shelly will be over the moon when she wakes up.

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I work tirelessly through the night and early morning, cleaning the morgue, making sure Astrid's body and all evidence of her time here is disposed of in the home-made incinerator correctly. Not that anyone will come here in search of her. I made sure to take great precautions when meeting her. Taking her to a place where nobody will recognise either of us, tilting my head enough to miss the cameras in the restaurant, and making sure that I am completely uninteresting to those who may have seen us together.

If that wasn't good enough, she has nobody who cares for her enough to miss her. So, in all honesty... I'll get away with it. Pushing the cadaver table into the operating room, I place it directly under the surgical headlights, giving me the perfect space to work my magic. Fuck, I'm shaking with excitement.

A huge smile covers my face as I make my way towards the black body bag situated at the far end of the room, slowly unzipping it. Every single time I reveal her from the darkness, I'm taken aback by my admiration for her.

Shelly.

My one and only exquisite creation.

The Eve to me... her Adam. Her creator and her God. Placing my hands under her torso, I lift her carefully from the body bag and carry her to the cadaver table, her body lying lifeless in my arms. Thanks to the creation of Ambutrol, I've had Shelly in my life now for the past ten years and we have never been happier.

She's everything I ever wanted, with all the parts I craved from the women I've

dated. I made her just how I desired and every single time I see her... I fall in love with her all over again. I was immensely lost before she came into my life. Desperate for a companion that could not only love me the way I deserved, but would accept my love and all that I could give.

Every single stitch, every cut, every additional body part she owns is all down to me finding the perfect specimens for her. Shelly has made me the happiest man in the world, and she deserves the best.

With great care, I elevate her head and drape it over the headrest, reaching back to pull the stool behind me so I can sit down and concentrate.

“I can’t wait for you to see what you look like. You’re going to be so happy, my love.” Smiling down at her, I delicately press my lips to her third eye and breathe her in as I kiss her sweetly. “We will be together soon enough, my love,” I remind her.

The clock reads 7am by the time everything is complete. I need a shower, some food and a good rest. My hands ache and my head is throbbing from the meticulous stitching of my wife’s new hand, tongue and hair. But I’ll take all the pain in the world if it means I get to make her happy because she looks like a movie star now, and I’m pretty sure that regardless of what happens, her smile will be payment enough.

I turn the tap and hose her down, cleaning off any remnants of gore from the new additions to her beautiful body, smiling down at her as I go. I clean and brush her new auburn hair and dress her in a brand-new silk negligee in her favourite colour.

When I’m done, I take a needle and fill it with the wonderful Ambutrol, pressing it into various areas of her body to keep her supple and soft, before grabbing a drug from the black market called R34NIM4T3. We have been using this for the past decade and it has always been absolutely sensational.

Pressing the sharp edge of the needle into the vial that contains the blue and white liquid, I draw it out and into the cylindrical container. Flicking my finger against the glass, I remove any air bubbles before injecting her in the heart, breasts, clit and inner core of her vagina. Using the rest for her face, lips, mouth and hands.

Then, once that's done, I insert eight metal prongs inside her body and pull down the blackout glasses. I stand by the wall and take hold of the large electrical lever, blowing her a final kiss before yanking it down and watching twelve thousand volts run through her body. I perform the shock three more times, moving the prongs to different places just to make sure everything is done.

By the time I'm done, the clock reads 9am, and I'm completely and utterly spent. Giving her a final kiss, I turn off all the lights except for a small desk lamp and leave the room. I'm one of the luckiest men in the world and I only wish I could allow others to see what patience and a little hard work will get you when you put your mind to it.

I really need to sleep before anything else.

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Everything burns.

My skin is damn near on fire when I come to. But nothing, nothing could prepare me for the ache behind my eyes. Fuck, how long was I out this time? I'll have to ask Atlas when I see him. I press my hand to the cold steel and smile—even through the pain because the fact that I can feel at all is such a pleasure for me.

Every time I'm brought back, it's always like the first time. I remember how it was when I opened my eyes and saw him. A man I had never met but a man I would inevitably fall deeply in love with. Atlas was the kind of man that authors wrote about—kind, caring, and oh so romantic. He taught me so much, and I'll forever be grateful.

I sit up and look around. Like always, he left the desk light on for me and dressed me in the most beautiful baby-blue silk nightgown. Steadying myself as best as I can, I slowly lower my feet to the floor, keeping a strong grip on the medical table, praying I don't collapse on the floor and hurt myself like the last time I woke up.

When I reach the floor-to-ceiling mirror, my jaw drops. A huge ball of exhilaration fills my chest, and I can't breathe—well, I can't breathe anyway... I don't have the lungs for it. Technically, in the medical field... I'm dead. But to Atlas, and the way he makes me feel... I've never felt more alive in my life.

The man who loves me more than I ever thought I could be loved, has given me exactly what I asked for last Christmas.

I finally have my auburn hair.

Turning to the side, I check the length, and wow, it's the longest I've ever had, reaching all the way down to my lower back and as straight as paper. I bounce up and down lightly on my feet and clap my hands. I have to see him. I squint at the clock. Not being able to see it from where I stand is relatively new.

I might need new eyes.

Maybe that's something I can ask him for tonight, I think as I pace to the desk where his medical files sit. Picking up the small bottle of clear liquid, the one that makes my insides tingle when I put it up there.

Widening my legs, I squat slightly and untwist the lid before lifting my leg up on the wooden tabletop and slanting myself back for the perfect angle. My whole body is tingling from head to toe and now that the burning pain has subsided, it's made way for the most beautiful sensation running through me.

I squeeze the bottle of lubricant inside my vagina and clench, holding it there for a few seconds before I toss the bottle across the other end of the room. On shaky legs, I practically run towards the door, pushing it open and bounding into the bedroom, only to be met with the most beautiful sight.

Christmas lights and decorations adorn the walls and wooden beams, with a beautifully decorated Christmas tree planted right in the corner. My hands fly to my mouth, the twinkling lights bouncing off of the walls so beautifully, it looks just like the midnight sky.

"Shelly," he breathes, standing from the bed.

If I could cry, my eyes would be blurred with tears right now because it's only when I see him that I realise how much I've missed him. I might not have a working heart, but whatever I am made of... Atlas and I are one and the same.

When I sprint in his direction, he catches me and I wrap my legs around his waist, smashing my lips to his in a ferocious kiss. His mouth opens on instinct, and I slide my tongue against his. Fighting for control of the kiss as we devour each other, making up for all the time lost.

“My love,” I murmur against his mouth, kissing him deeply. “How long has it been?”

“Too long, darling... far too long.”

“The room... the lights... everything is so beautiful,” I tell him, pulling back and grinning.

“Do you like your hair?” he asks me, turning us around and laying me down on our marital bed, caging me between the mattress and his broad, muscular frame. A body I will never get sick of.

“I love my hair, thank you. She must’ve really taken care of herself, it’s so soft.”

“Only the best for my Little Corpse,” he whispers, before descending his lips to mine again. Electricity flares over my bluish-grey skin, igniting a need for him that I haven’t felt for such a long time. His hands roam my body, seeking every inch sewn-up skin that he created for me. Taking from those who didn’t respect or value what they had until they were about to lose it and giving it to someone like me who can appreciate everything as though it were made of gold.

“Touch me... please, Atlas. I’ve missed you so.”

My hands grip the white cotton fabric of his t-shirt and tear it to shreds, throwing it to the wooden floor of the bedroom. Both his hands slide up my abdomen, rucking the silk as they travel higher up my body, and when I lift my hands, he pulls it over my head.

I notice I have a new smell now too. The formaldehyde has a lemon tint to it, my favourite smell, and yet again, this man proves there is nothing he won't do to make me happy. Turning onto my back I readjust myself so my head dangles haphazardly off the edge of the bed before I yank his grey sweats down.

His thick cock springs free from the confinements of the elasticated cotton and I grip it at the base with my pretty new hand.

“ Fffuuck , Shelly,” Atlas groans as I begin to stroke him with a medium pump, twisting my wrist up as I reach the tip. Just how I know he loves it. I open my mouth nice and wide, waiting on bated breath for him to fill my mouth and throat. And without hesitation, he slowly feeds me all nine inches of his fat cock, creating a moan in my chest that vibrates up the shaft.

I put my hands by my side, gripping the material of the thick winter comforter and widen my legs to as far as they will go, feeling the thick, tingly lubricant seep out of my cunt and down the crack of my ass. Atlas runs his hand through it, collecting clear fluid onto his fingers.

“You're so fucking perfect,” he moans, pulling his cock back nice and slowly, so I can glide my new tongue over every vein. His balls drag over my forehead at the same time. “Such a good girl, swallowing every inch of me down your throat.”

I don't choke, because I can't breathe. I can't suffocate... because I'm already dead. Atlas places his hand under my neck, arching it for support, and when two of his thick fingers force their way into my pussy, I release a muffled cry. My back curves off the bed and he viciously begins to fuck my throat without a single care, simultaneously fucking my pussy with two fingers before sliding in a third. Preparing me to take his dick in the tight pussy he made me.

“Yes, yes, yessss!” Atlas grunts over and over again as I lay there praying it never ends. “You're so fucking wet, Little Corpse.”

The deep pulsing within my clit is becoming too much to bear, so I lift my hand and press it towards my clit, pinching it tightly.

“Oh no you don’t,” he chuckles above, pulling all the way out of my throat and spinning me around. “I’m the only one who touches this pussy. Do you understand me, Shelly?”

“Yes, Atlas, please... It’s been so long, make me come.” I’m aware I can’t cum like normal women, but it’s the sensation of it that I crave, that I’ve become addicted to. It’s the first thing I crave when I wake up and the last thing I get on my hands and knees for as I leave the land of the living.

“Is that what you want, baby?”

“So much.”

“Anything for you.” He smiles, dropping to his knees and burying his face between my lips and devouring my pussy so deliciously that it brings a cry from my throat.

“Right there... Holy shit! Put your fingers inside me... please Atlas!”

Three fingers fill me, his tongue swirling in quick circles around my needly clit, and I’m gone. My body begins to shake as the pressure in my stomach begins to build so high I feel like I’m flying. I begin chanting the words ‘oh my God’ while he greedily brings me close to orgasm.

One hand finds my breast and he pinches the little nipple between his thumb and forefinger. “Please don’t fucking stop,” I squeal. “I’m right... fuck I’m right there!!!”

“Thaaat’s it, come for me, baby,” he demands, lifting his head up and thrusting a fourth finger inside me.

“More, fuck I need more.” I reach between my legs, wrapping both hands around his wrist and forcing the entirety of his large hand inside me. “That’s it... oh... oh fuck!”

“Such a greedy little dead body, aren’t you?” he chuckles, fisting me so perfectly that I scream my release out into the room.

“Will you come inside me?” I plead.

Slowly, he pulls his hand from my core, and I watch him spread the clear liquid over his cock. Looking down at me he smiles. “You know what to do, Little Corpse.”

I smile at him, tossing in a wink for good measure and then, as though it was second nature, I roll both my eyes into the back of my head and go limp. Atlas loves it when I play dead. I feel his cock swell even larger as he fucks me without restraint, grunting and moaning with every single thrust he plunges forcefully inside me.

“Good girl, Shelly. You have no idea how stunning you are when you play dead for me.” He grunts deeper with every push into me.

“Oh fuck...”

The sound of his voice is strained, and even though I want to touch him, to look into his eyes when he shoots his load inside me... I give him what he wants—what he needs—and I stay loose and still.

“Fuck, fuck... FUCK!” he bellows, and that’s when I feel it. Thick ropes of cum spurt inside my tingling core, the warming sensation against my cold skin feels so amazing that I can’t stop the smile that spreads on my face. When I feel his lips of mine, I roll my eyes forward and secure my arms around his neck.

I will never be able to get enough of the man that makes me feel more alive than I ever have before. I was nothing until I woke up and saw him for the very first time,

and I couldn't imagine my life without him.

"Merry Christmas, mon cher," he croons, rolling over onto his back so I'm situated on his chest.

"Merry Christmas to you too, my love."