The Last Killer

Chapter 1 - the first blood

I am, to the best of my knowledge, the one and only of my kind in the world. I do not mean I am an alien or some strange being of science fiction or supernatural origins. I believe I am human but I believe something in the past has made this world either completely oblivious to my machinations or completely complicit in them.

After my change came about and the horror and fear of that first time passed I began to search for reasons why what I then imagined to be justice never came for me. Being young, television was my major source of culture and so it was to that screen I first threw my attentions. I knew that in the past there was crime. I had seen the action films with NV35 rating (No viewing for those under the age of 35) which were the delight of many older people. I knew my mother had some hidden in the cabinet under the television where I and my sisters were not supposed to go treasure hunting and I snuck in a viewing, or, did she just not have the will to stop me?

But I digress... when one watches the old films the first thing that comes to obvious notice, for me at any rate, is the absurd number of males depicted in the population. The population seems to be about a 50/50 ratio or more of males to females. It's absurd. I know the films are old but really. I think I saw more males in one shot of a street scene than I know are alive in this whole town. And then there is the typical character of the heroes in those films: bold and assertive in a way that just isn't seen anywhere anymore. I saw a hero type knock over a can of trash as he chased some robber down a dirty alleyway and not pick up the trash can. Good luck finding someone around here who wouldn't do that.

I can only imagine what it would be like to live in those times. To one of them my world would be as strange as some episode from their deep history. A modern person of their era thrust back in time or into a place with customs and concepts as foreign to them as a language spoken on a distant planet.

Of course, nothing brought about my certain knowledge of my difference to all the other people in the world as much as that first time. I am not a young man anymore, nor am I old, but she was my first in a time when adolescence was claiming my reason in a way that none of the other three boys in the school seemed to experience. Classes, sports, music, and the certain knowledge that there was something about girls that made me so imminently hungry in a way I could not understand. I knew about reproduction of course. Any male over the age of 18 was required to make a monthly visit to a clinic for a gene donation. But I didn't want to put my penis into the extraction machine and get that nasty little shock that made me convulse and release genes. I wanted to put it into one of the girls. I wasn't sure how or where but I know I wanted to shove it into them, hard, until their eyes rolled back in their heads and they screamed.

Her name was Sharon, beautiful, tight, curvy, and utterly oblivious of me from the tips of her toes to the top of her long auburn hair. She wore such tight clothes I remember. One day in a gym class she wore these tight black leggings that clung to every line of her long legs. I could see this dimple between them that I thought was odd. I knew women did not have penises but I had no clue what was there. I had a good idea on that day though because that was the first time my penis swelled up in my pants. I was scared to death and ran into the bathroom. This had never happened before and I thought I was sick or something. I hid in that bathroom until it went away. It seems funny now but as I sat there with this swollen organ I was running constant mental checks of my heart rate and breathing, ready to run to the nurse or call 911 at the slightest odd fluctuation of them. Coach Margaret came in and asked me if I was ok. I can't even recall what I told her. Probably something about being sick and she never questioned me.

An eternity later I went straight to the nurse's office, Nurse Carol. I told her all about my problem and she just told me to lie down and rest. She took my temperature, blood pressure, and listened to my heart but oddly enough she never tried to look at my penis. You know, my most vivid memory of that little appointment was when I was lying down and she bent over to put the stethoscope of my chest. I could see right down her shirt where her breasts parted and my eyes just wouldn't unfix from that delightful cleft until she stood back up and obscured it from my view. My penis started to stiffen again but it wasn't anywhere near as bad as before. Nurse Carol was so calm about the whole affair that I didn't worry about it quite so much. She made some calls in her office right next to me. The door was wide open so I could hear everything. She called my mom to let her know I was in the nurse’s office but she assured her that everything was OK. She then made another call. I think this was to a doctor because she described my condition in great detail. She listened and talked intermittently. With the odd 'Mmhm' and 'Yes,' and then hung up and strode back into my room and over to the cot where I was lying down. She took in a breath to speak and then, oddly enough, bent over like she had been before when she was listening to my heart so her face was a bit above mine. Her beautiful cleavage once more swam into view and my eyes unashamedly locked on it. Nurse Carol didn't seem to care at all as she told me that everything was fine and that I would be going home early today. I barely heard it. I was more and more lost in the swell and heave of those glorious breasts. I wondered... I wondered what they would taste like if I bit into them.

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My mom picked me up about 20 minutes later. She spoke to the nurse behind closed doors before coming to get me and was all fussy; asking me how I was and if I felt ok. To tell you the truth in those early hours I was more confused than anything else. I was awash in strange sensations. I felt... warm, flushed even, from time to time and my thoughts would just scatter and reform endlessly. There was only one constant thing in my mind that I kept coming back to, Sharon. Sharon and the way she made me swell and want her in a way I didn't understand at all.

The car ride home was highly forgettable. The dim buzzing of mom's incessant nagging from behind her brunette curls. 'I want you to go and lie down straight away.' 'You need to drink plenty of liquid.' It was like someone was reciting a health class manual. My mind wasn’t in a shape to think of her considerations anyway. I just sat in the vehicle watching all the objects in front of me approach, accelerate, and then flee beyond my peripheral vision. I think it was happening then on that ride. I felt nothing, totally empty, and then I felt hunger; not stomach hunger animal hunger. I wanted to dominate. I wanted to rip and tear and destroy. I wanted to inflict pain for the first time in my life and it felt… it was such a rush, such an incredible rush. The neighborhood flowing toward me darkened, drained into my eyes, and then I blacked out.

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A cool breeze woke me, the wafting sounds of my dark blue curtains agitated by the cool night air. Flecks of silver moonlight caught the undulating drapes to throw long lurid white scars across my first vision as I opened my eyes. Though the room was dark I felt more awake than I ever had in my life. I felt my heart beating strongly.

I stood up, practically vaulting out of the bed. I heard voices from down the hall and smelled a dinner cooking, onions, garlic, butter and steam. My stomach growled but it was not food I was hungry for. The voices, all familiar. My mother, my sister Sandra, and… Shannon.

The hallway light was briefly piercing as my eyes adjusted. I advanced toward the kitchen with vehement purpose.

“Oh you’re up hon. Feeling any better? I was a little worried when you fell asleep in the car. You were a little warm when I checked your head”

“Very much so mom.” The response was automatic. I didn’t even remember going from the car to my room. All I saw was Shannon. Her smiling face showed her concern even as mine reflected my burning need. A white undershirt with a pink top over it and khaki pants, and tumbling auburn locks framing her innocent, innocent, oh so innocent face.

“Shannon came over to see how you were. She’s been watching TV with Sandra and I just started getting dinner r…”

I pointed at Shannon, inverted my hand, crooked my finger, turned, and started stalking back to my room. Mother kept talking but paid no attention. Shannon’s head tipped to the side quizzically as she leaned forward and started to follow. My beckon had hooked her soul and now I led her like a lamb back to my room.

“I’m really glad you’re feeling better. Some of the other kids said that you had a problem in g….mmph!”

Just inside my doorway I had swiveled like a viper and locked her lips in a burning kiss. I didn’t know what a kiss was. I didn’t know how I even knew I wanted to do it but I wrapped my arms around her like steel clamps as I vented the very tip of my desire squarely onto her mouth. She had one sharp intake of breath, one stumbling loss of balance as her arms went wide and her feet back stepped in sudden shock and then after a few heartbeats she melted into me. Her arms returned my grip as vines feel their way up the tree that supports them and my tongue slithered into her mouth to dance with hers in a gyrating caress.

What started as calm breaths from our noses got deeper and more rapid as we clung to each other. My eyes, closed, began to fill with red. I wanted more, needed more, and I was going to take more, much more.

My hand in the small of her back slid backward, playing the cotton of her pink top like a fine instrument. Purposefully it coiled about her left breast and I squeezed. Her lips quivered in that instant. Her breath stopped and her tongue froze. Then her knees turned inward and her whole body trembled, twitching like a frightened dog.

Our kiss broke and my eyes opened. Her gaze was staring up and her mouth stayed delicately open.

“Yesssssss,” the ever so soft whisper escaped her throat.

I lingered there for one perfect moment on the precipice of my fate staring into her glassy blue eyes. My choices plunged beneath me to either side, one or the other. It was no choice as I leaned toward my destiny and began the long plummet down.

My hand gripping her soft breast raced up to her collar, grabbed a steely hold and tore down in a ripping violent stroke. Her acres of exposed flesh called out to me as her eyes, once so pitifully open, shut while her mouth ululated her desire.

“YESSSSSS!” came her shout as her body responded to me.

The world was gone as my hands became reaping hooks aimed at every scrap of her clothing that stood between me and the feast of her flesh. I seized the remaining flap of her collar not moved by my tearing and proceeded to split her top into rags. Shannon, sweet thing, did her best to try to wriggle her arms out of her sleeves as I flailed at the now sundered flaps of cloth. She had one arm out when I grabbed the center of her bra and wrenched violently.

Shannon staggered forward as her bra was torn off and thrown across the room like an offending obstacle. And there they were. Two succulent creamy breasts quivering in the room’s dull overhead light. I felt like I grew fangs as my mouth raced to grip the dancing nipples pinioned upwards in the air. Shannon’s breath sucked in loudly as I drew that appetizing aureola as far behind my teeth as I could, clamping but not biting. I felt her hands clasp the back of my head as my tongue explored every raised surface of her nipple, dragging back and forth across her sweet skin.

I could feel the bite of my pant’s zipper on my penis interrupt my voracious gorging. My head bobbed away from her breast and somewhere between her collar and the ceiling her mouth found mine for another kiss as my left hand raced to my constricting belt. There were clinks as my hands and hers struggled to free ourselves from our pants while our mouths acted like ephemeral tethers trying vainly to keep us attached to each other while we twisted to unburden ourselves of clothing.

My underwear hit the floor just as Shannon was bending over to drop hers. My reaping hand was faster, snaking under the elastic and as Shannon uttered an orgasmic moan I wrenched the fabric away with a ripping pull. Devastated white and pink speckled panties crumpled to the floor to join the torn rags already waiting there.

My right hand dove under and behind her legs slapping a gripping claw on on the soft folds of her ass as my left hand seized her about her right shoulder. Her breasts slapped against my chest as I whirled left and threw her onto my bed. The headboard slammed against the wall as Shannon bounced on the mattress, her hair tangling about her head.

I stood there at the food of the bed and looked at her. My enraged cock aimed at her languid body sitting there with legs draping slightly to the side as her head slowly lifted to meet my gaze. Our eyes locked, mine were mad with desire, hers glistening with submission and need above her agape panting mouth. We paused there for a few moments as I drew all of her image into me then I licked my lips as she ever so slowly and deliberately began to spread her legs wide. Her foot left its companion behind inch by inch as her leg unfurled itself across the dark rumpled bedspread. And as her legs cascaded open her shoulders rolled back heaving her breasts upwards as her right hand wound down to her slit.

Her unwinding leg reached its final destination while her breasts kept heaving with her panting breaths. Her fingers pressed down on the glistening folds of her cunt and with a barely audible wet slide she parted her cunt lips and surrendered herself to me.

I pounced. I pounced like a panther leaping onto a deer. My hands found her upper arms and shoved her down onto the mattress deeply as I let out a bestial grunt. Her eyes went wide as saucers as I buried my cock into her dripping cunt.

“Aaugh!” came the quivering cry from her shocked throat.

I pumped once, twice, rocking her hip bones with the impact. I felt her warm wetness clinging to me, unwilling to let me go even as I slid back to hurl again into her slick hole.

The rhythm began to take me and as I claimed her again and again my hands drew back from her upper arms and locked on her shaking breasts reveling in their fragile softness. My eyes were closed in the fullness of the experience, my cock gliding stroke by stroke along her very being igniting every nerve and sensation as it went for us both. But it was not enough.

I gazed downward and found her again, her eyes puppy dog pools of an as yet unfulfilled need. Her arms slid, over the sides of her body and upwards past her spread knees. Her touch was feather light across my shoulders, tremulous as her hands fell down my arms. My hands tightened on her breasts, fingers digging painfully into her soft flesh. She gasped loudly at the pain and tried to push her chest out to me more. Her slender fingers encircled my wrists caressingly and then with pleading pressure she began to guide my crushing fingers upwards, away from her mauled breasts, to her pulsing white throat.

The headboard of the bed slapped the offending wall. Punishing it for it’s obstruction. My hands twisted in anticipation as her gentle press dragged them further and further, amidst her shallow breaths, inexorably up to her tender throat. Gleefully my digits swarmed over her most vital junction, my thumbs interlocking above her windpipe.

Her hands slid away and downwards to grab her breasts, leaving my brutal grasp poised around her neck. Her eyes, still demure dark pools of need, swelled with anxious nervous tears as she begged.

“Please… ... hurt… me.”

For her impudence, I choked her.

Her head jerked as my hips continued their assault, my fingers tightening, and my thumbs pressing down onto her windpipe. It was glorious. Those pleading eyes widening along with her mouth as her cheeks flushed red and the soft sweet gurgle of her pitiful attempts to breathe. All the while her pulsing pussy continued to grip my cock.

Pink, red, and when her face turned ever so slightly purplish she squirmed fiercely once more. Her arms slammed down into the mattress pushing her tits up at me while her legs suddenly clamped me and locked me close as her cunt frantically convulsed around my cock.

I could feel a swelling surge in my manhood beginning to build but it was too soon. I paused, my back muscles flexing to keep myself as fully inside her as possible as she continued to shudder. Release would only leave me still hungry after the meal and I wanted so badly to be totally fully satiated.

My fingers relaxed their iron bands just as Shannon’s eyes were rolling up into their sockets. No my lovely. You wouldn’t escape so easily.

I slapped her sharply across the face and heard the raspy draw of a pitiable breath. I watched her expression for signs of returning consciousness as I held off on my pummeling of her cunt edging myself back down. I was not even remotely done with her.

A few more ragged breaths escaped her lips as her cheek color lightened to a blazing red again from its former violet. I moved my face to her throat and within a few inches sensing the heat radiating from her flushed skin.

My tongue snaked out to the base of her throat just as she let out a weak cough. Good girl. I want you feel all of it. I want to feel you experiencing all of it. I could feel the throbbing of her arteries under her skin as I slid my tongue up her neck tasting her sweat and excitement. Salt and roughness with an ever so coppery tinge. I wanted to taste her. To truly taste her.

My tongue ran back down her neck and over her collar to her right breast and there my mouth descended, talon teeth raking in for my first ever bite.

Shannon’s back arched again pushing her breast forward and I felt her hand on the back of my head pushing me down onto her nipple. My teeth continued to crush down in what I knew would begin as a pressure, soon became a pinch, and hovered tensely on just before what I knew would be rapt and penetrating pain.

But still her hand kept up its press, urging me deeper, and I heard her cracked voice.

“Take... me,... take whatever you want.”

I began to gyrate my hips, grinding my pelvis against her slick clit, and I bit.

“Auuuugh!” Shannon exclaimed as the snap of resistance against my teeth gave way. Warm wetness welled around my lips and I tasted the tang of blood in my mouth, “So…” she squeaked, “...good!”

I ground my teeth against the coppery flow, tearing further and further into the quivering flesh of her tit. Shannon’s raspy breaths turned back into panting gulps and the press of her hand behind my head gained strength as she aided me in her ruin. My teeth clicked together separated only by a thin layer of breast fat and gristle. I had one of the things I wanted most, a deep deep taste of her.

My hips drew back ... and slammed home.

Shannon moaned as I began fucking her again, her hand growing slack behind me as the fresh wave of pleasure washed over her. Deep within me once again I began to feel a distant building. This time I would carry it all the way.

My head reared, releasing the torn nipple hanging into her by the remaining threads of tissue, and just as quickly sliced into her remaining unmarred breast. There was no pause or hesitation this time. I struck like the adder struck Cleopatra. Biting, burying, tearing, and blood.

“Oh God!,” cried Shannon as her arms encircled my back.

My cock was slicing into her too with long smooth strokes. I felt myself getting closer. I knew how this would end. This would be perfect.

My jaws widened and my tongue ejected the mangled flesh from behind my teeth. A deep nasal intake of breath reeking of sweat, sex, heat, and blood accompanied my head’s rise from her mangled tit to her glossy throat. Still bright red from the throttling I had given her and sheened with her sweat from the fucking I had given her. I heard the wet slap of our meeting bodies, her juices having soaked everything in the area.

I felt the surge within me rising ever higher as my lips played out over her throat. Shannons little pants and moans urging me on. My lips locked, sucked, and nipped. She knew what I wanted and her encircling arms tightened as she whispered it ever so softly right into my ear.

“Do it…, use me…, take me… ... kill me.”

The first spasm ran up the length of my cock as my teeth tore into her throat. My cum erupted deep into her cunt as her life blood erupted deep into my mouth.

“Aauughhhhhh!” was her soprano cry accompanied by my basso groan.

Our chord raged as my manhood pulsed again sending a second tide of cum smashing into the entrance to her womb. My hips pressed full against her wetness as I fought to unleash my full orgasm into her weakening body, but the flow of my seed ebbing as Shannon’s gripping arms began to slide limply off my back.

The dulling embers of our coupling began to spread a warm glow back through me as I backed my head away from the ragged running tear I had savaged into her throat. Her face was so pale, so very very pale. Her wide eyes smiled at me with the twinkle of snow reflecting a flame as her mouth weakly curled into a beatific expression. Her trembling fingers reached over to delicately cup my blood covered jaw and temple.

“Thank … y…” and then her eyes stared beyond mine with her face holding that dreaming expression of contentment.

Chapter 2 - This World

Fear. Fear is such a striking emotion. It reaches up from the back of our minds to make anything from the threatening to the commonplace seem so compromising to our survival that there can be only two options, you must fight or flee. In that bedroom long ago as the remains of my first unforced orgasm leaked out of Shannon’s dead cunt and the bedsheets around her head began to blossom with a spreading crimson halo, I felt fear. Fear and surprise really. I lingered over Shannon’s beautiful devastated body for a few tender moments and then rolled off her only to see standing in the doorway one of my two sisters, Sandra, one hand down her jeans pants, the other grasping one of her tits under her shirt rubbing herself furiously. She certainly showed not the slightest wisp of surprise but just kept sweeping her eyes over Shannon’s corpse and my groin.

I on the other hand knew that even though I had never known a thing such as murder before and had no knowledge of it that somehow I felt I was going to be punished for what I had done. Shock, panic, fear, and certain knowledge that I was discovered all swirled into a tornado of confusion in my mind. My sister, still fingering herself slowly, only watched me with… desire? … as I picked up my clothes and escaped out the window into the night.

I will not elaborate on the time that followed. Suffice it to say that I ran, from what I didn’t quite know, but I felt as if I was caught there would be terrible consequences to my actions. I slept wherever I could find a roof to keep the rain off my head and I ate whatever I could find or take and I hid from… everyone I could whenever I could.

Several months passed. I grew rather skinny and very disheveled. My method of shaving was just clipping at annoying hairs with a pair of scissors I had found. And then, rather unexpectedly, I was caught.

It was at the food court of a local mall. I pieced together later that a security person had seen me taking french fries from a garbage bin and called a police officer, a once in a lifetime event for a mall security employee. The officer had looked up my face on her data pad and since there were very few missing persons she placed me immediately.

She called out my name and I froze. I sensed that this was somehow a complete turning point in my life and everything hereafter would be boundlessly bad. The officer approached me.

“What a relief to find you. Your mother must be worried sick. If you’ll come with me I’ll drive you home.”

“Home?” I inquired, “Not to the central security office?”

“Of course not to the central security office. The instructions are implicit. I’m to take you home immediately.”

She flashed me a beaming look and I, unsure of what to say just followed her to the patrol car and got in.

Mother was overjoyed to see me, and fussed over my looks. Sandra gave me a big hug that lingered and she leaned her head into my shoulder like she had never done before. My other sister Mary gave me a hug too The officer confirmed my identity with my mother and left after a few moments.

“Well,” my mother stated, “you need to go get cleaned up and have a good long shower. I cleaned up your room for…”

“My room!?,” I interrupted.

“Yes honey, your room. I cleaned it up for you and changed the bedding. That was some chore you left.”

“You… know?”

“Know what sweety? Oh yes your little friend,” my mother chuckled, “I threw her in the trash bin so you don’t need to worry. I mean I hope you didn’t need any of her because after this long she’s going to be far too rotted to be of any use.”

“And the trash collector?”

“What about the trash collector?”

“Did she see?”

“Of course she saw sweety. She helped me cut Sharon’s legs off so she’d fit into a proper trash bag right.”

“And Sharon’s family?”

“Honey I don’t know why you keep going on about this. I called her mother that night to let her know.”

“And?”

“And what? Oh, she did say she’d love to meet you sometime.”

“Um… thanks mom.”

“You’re welcome dear, now go shower. All that time away has really made you smell awful. Just put all those dirty clothes in the hamper and I’ll do laundry later tonight.”

“Ok.”

I walked confusedly down the hallway. No punishment, no… justice, I think that was the word. My old soiled clothes came off and with all the strangeness surrounding the current situation I simply strode naked across the hall and into the bathroom.

The shower felt amazing. I find that the longer you go without one the more intense the feeling of scouring joy as the hot water rushes over your skin and sinks down into your muscles and bones. The soap seems to shed your old skin and help you don a fresh new one and your sud filled hands massage new clarity into your scalp as the shampoo frees your hair of the oily filth that time places there.

I emerged from the swirling steam and heat feeling refreshed, hungry, and … horny. My dick twitched half erect remembering the storm of sensation that had claimed me not twenty feet away just a few months ago. I heard a gasp at the door and looked over to see it widely ajar. The ghost of Mary’s face vanished as it whipped away but Sandra’s remained for a moment biting her lower lip and staring at my cock before she too swiveled out of view. I remember thinking it was strange but I was somehow neither embarrassed nor ashamed. Both of my sisters were women now after all and not girls anymore and Sandra at least had been party to my ravening on Sandra. Doubtless Mary had seen that pale red ruin in the trash at some point too.

Everything was so strange. No consequence. A world simply given to me.

I shut the door to my room and collapsed into a clean bed for the first time in ages. The soft sheets seemed to swirl over my flesh and try to swallow me. I remember thinking before I dropped off that I could still smell the faint whiff of blood and it was so very very sweet.

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The gentle warmth of sunlight woke me up the next morning. I had slept so long that all the bedclothes felt extra fuzzy and smooth to my sleep cushioned senses. I lay there on my stomach acutely aware of the raging hard on beneath me rubbing against the sheet. It’s lightning sensations of carnal friction mingled with my growing desire to pee.

I tried to enjoy the comfortable sheets for a few more moments but I knew that the growing wakefulness would never let me slip back into my wonderful bloody dreams. I took an extra breath of the bedclothes and got up.

The urge to pee was starting to get uncomfortable so I headed for the bathroom. I noted that my previously shut bedroom door was half open though the carpet left no real hints as to who had opened it or if they had crept into my room. I paused at my doorway. The bathroom door was shut and the sounds of the shower running were audible. How we three people had lived in a home with a single bathroom for so long so amicably was a mystery I dared not think long on. But today was different. No consequence. I opened the bathroom door and strode in.

The room was awash with steam and I could hear a low girlish hum from the shower which halted abruptly with my entrance. It was Sandra in the shower.

I went to the toilet , opened my drawers and began to relieve myself somewhat awkwardly. Pissing out of the end of a full mast erection required some odd bending and I was unused to it. I knew what was going to happen before it even did and my eyes’ periphery registered the unmistakable movement of the shower curtain sliding back ever so slightly as I stood there pissing. I thought I heard more movement from the shower and before the last drops exited my dick I picked up a barely audible little gasping moan. No consequence, only desire, my desire.

I turned to see a form hazily hidden behind the shower curtain. A grasping hand pulling an eye view to me while the rest of the form leaned back against the shower’s rear wall. A flesh colored opacity of a left arm drifted down between the hazy figure’s legs and there made a blurry and indistinct motion.

Her right eye watched me from behind the pulled back curtain with the fragmentary face rocking in such a way to suggest heavy breathing. As we looked into each other’s eyes I heard her moan again, louder.

My right hand batted both the curtain and her own hand off to the side. She let her arm fall back and her glistening body was revealed to me in all it’s glory. Her damp hair with white wisps of suds still entangled in it clung to her body. Between her legs she had shoved two fingers into her flowing cunt which continued to pump under my gaze.

My cock stood proud, pointing up at her as if it had selected her from a line of thousands to be my next victim. Sandra’s eyes descended on it as if it were made of gold.

“You want this?” I crooned in a gravely voice.

She nodded up and down quickly but she made no move towards me. She just continued to slowly finger herself.

I let the moment linger uncomfortably long as I felt my lips curl into a smile. I can only imagine what it was like for Sandra. Standing at someone’s door expecting to be let in but the invitation never came. The awkward moment when you are afraid they will reject you. When that reasoning hit her I saw her eyes flash up from my cock and widen needfully as they met mine.

“...Please…?” she whispered.

I stretched out my left hand and placed it gingerly atop her head and then I bore down on it with a gentle pressure. Sandra’s legs bent like yielding reeds and she dropped to her knees before my towering cock.

“Open your mouth,” I commanded.

Sandra, good girl that she was, opened wide.

My hand atop her head balled into a fist, gathering her wet clinging hair into a gripping knot, and I pulled her mouth smoothly over my dick.

I had never had a blowjob before that, much less a throat fuck. It was odd feeling the nibs of her teeth sliding past my shaft as I glided along her tongue and pressed on towards her throat. I pulled her hair remorselessly toward me and I could feel the tip of my cock being forced downwards to follow the curve of her throat.

As I felt Sandra’s gag clench I moved her head back so that my dick was only filling her mouth. I felt her cough and sputter around it. Then, without a word, I pulled her onto me again. Back and rest, a third time, more coughing and she almost wretched. A fourth time, a fifth, and by the sixth invasion of her throat I saw her left arm moving again and I knew that her fingers were curling into her pussy to milk her cunt juice once more.

I gave in to my abandon and began to fuck Sandra’s face.

“Did you like what you saw that night with Shannon?”

“Mmmmph...” wet slaps echoed on the shower walls.

“Did you watch me fuck her?”

“Mmmm hhhmmph” and Sandra’s shoulders arched backwards as her left arm drooped allowing her to shove her fingers even deeper into her cunt.

“Did you know what I was going to do to her?”

“Mmmmmm”

“Did you cum as you watched us?”

“Mmmm hmmph.”

“Did you cum when I tore out her throat?”

“MMMMMMmmmm!” Sandra tensed and I could feel her hand in her pussy quicken its motions. I could feel my own orgasm fast approaching as I continued to use her mouth as a fuck sleeve.

Then, still slamming her face into my cock, I hunched over as much as possible and whispered, “Did you wish I had been fucking and killing you?”

Sandra erupted in orgasm. Her fingers lessened their mad dance on her cunt as her thighs clamped together and her muscles quivered. I pumped her face twice more and then slammed it down hard on my cock as I came in a torrent down her throat. My hands locked behind her head and held her there pinioned on my throbbing dick pulsing load after load of cum deep inside her. A heartbeat passed, two, as I emptied myself inside her. Then the start as she tried to pull back and couldn’t, my grip holding firm.

“Did you want this?” Her arms came quickly up to my thighs and for a moment, a very brief moment, she tried to push away, but then they fell back to her sides. I looked down then at her lovely face, buried to the hilt on my cock with her eyes beginning to fill with tears, gazing lovingly back at me. We stayed like that as I saw her color flush and redden on her cheeks. I felt her shift weakly and saw that her right hand had now moved to her pussy and had begun to gyrate on her clit. She never stopped looking at me as two tears ran off either side of her face. I felt her throat trying to contract madly around my softening member her ancient instincts doing everything involuntarily that they could to cough out the blockage to her rapidly depleting air.

“Do you want to be like Shannon?”

I felt Sandra nod weakly around my dick as her eyes began to roll up her head. Her hand fingering her cunt slowly slackened. I could almost feel the frantic beating of her heart as her eyes lost focus amidst the purpling background of her face.

My hands unclasped and her limp form slowly slid off my saliva slick cock and collapsed onto the shower floor as the steam swirled about. I leaned over and ran my hands along her still body, gripping her taut nipples, and sliding a finger into her sopping cunt. Then I pulled my arm back and slammed a vicious punch into her stomach.

Sandra’s mouth and eyes went wide as a gob of cum and brownish chyme erupted out of her mouth to splat against the inner walls of the tub and then she sucked in a coughing sputtering breath.

“It will happen when I want it to happen cunt. Not when you want it to happen. Do you understand?”

She coughed again, nodded, and weakly croaked, “Yes.”

“Good.” I stood up, angled the hot drizzle of the shower stream onto my recuperating sister, and went to go get breakfast.

Chapter 3 - Notice

It was left on the doorstep almost a month and a half after I returned home. A battered looking flat parcel for sending documents addressed to me. It had taken quite some time for several reasons. First off, whatever machine had printed the address had clearly been ill maintained to a point that it had barely worked. The text on the papers it contained was also barely legible. The parcel had been practically mauled by whatever mechanical conveyance had shipped it out, another machine at the point of complete break down I surmised. It was a wonder that whatever automatic system had sent this to me had even managed to cough out this sickly notice. I doubted it would ever work again for another. I had, at this point, already begun to explore my depravity and I, being young at the time, did not care from whence the fountain of my social invulnerability sprung. I had already tested its depths on two occasions more than I have already detailed and found them quite bottomless. I had already begun to suspect that my world had been crafted in some way to make my eccentricity and possibly other insane nuances possible. I had mused if I were in some computer simulation, in some bizarre alien psychological testing facility, in some reality show beyond the scope of budget or morality, but the simplest solution was that the wealthy and erudite of the globe had slowly crafted the world to their liking using all manner of cultural and scientific innovation to do so until they had made their perfect playground. Perhaps then they had all died off. Perhaps people of my particular malevolence were simply so spread apart in this place that we did not come into contact with each other. I didn’t know. I didn’t care, and the notice only spread a final layer of grounded material certainty on top of what I already suspected.

N\*ame: Mr. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Age: Err\*r

Emer\*gent Date: Error - \*alendar \*fflin\*

Autho\*rizati\*n Pr\*file: \*redator/Ki\*ler

\*egions of \*llowed o\*eration: Globa\*

Undul\*ence T\*reshold: Un\*imited

Congratulations \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* on your em\*rgence from au\*\*orized here\*ity Han\*\*\*4012, C\*\*\*oration Index 2\*. You are a\*\*orded all the privileges of y\*\*r h\*\*edity and are free to exer\*\*se them an\*\*\*ere in the world. Al\* chattel will be extre\*\*ly happy to res\*ond to any com\*ands and are c\*\*pelled to non inter\*\*ence and assistance with your play. Go \*ut and enj\*y your \*orld des\*\*\*dant of \*anson4\*\*2.

There were other papers in there detailing things I could do and things which were available to me. Some of which were so badly mangled that I couldn’t read them. Naturally there was no return address and our regular mail courier had not been the one to deliver it, or she had and was part of the same construct I was and thus simply had no recollection of it. Either way the result was much the same.

I was a sick psyche locked in a world designed for him to play with it. I remember reading the notice and having a good long think in my room as my sister slowly bobbed her head up and down on my cock. It was time to break some toys.

Chapter 4 - Deli Aisle

Chronology is pointless when you talk about a life like mine. Every day I awake to some new things, but as with any fire amidst the sparks is just a lot of warm air and void. And as with any life, when you think back and remember it, you tend to only remember those moments that were sparks and burned brighter than the rest of the night.

It was a grocery store and I had gone in to get eggs and some other sundries. I let my eyes wander over the women I saw as I walked through judging them much the same way I would the quality of the produce. Nice face, nice ass, nice legs. I hadn’t even planned on doing anything but shopping until I passed the deli aisle.

She was just so damn, cute. A big round face with gorgeous smiling eyes that looked like they came from a teddy bear. A bunch of golden curls that tumbled from under that little counter girl’s paper hat down the white collared shirt and spilled over the swelling breasts hidden beneath the red apron with the green border. Oh she had a glorious rack under there and I knew it.

Such a smile as she cheerfully helped customer after customer, wishing everyone a nice day and laughing at the little banter jokes. Her plastic sheathed hands were expressive when she wasn’t loading the meats into the large mechanical slicer and drawing it back and forth, back and forth; reducing the bulk flesh into tender succulent slices. I saw what I wanted, took a number and got in line.

“Twenty four please… Oh Hi! What can I get for you today?” her eyes gleamed brightly as she saw I was a male. There were, after all not that many of us in town and I, in particular, have an effect on just about every lady I meet which I noticed as the girl curled her lower lip under her front teeth after addressing me, her pupils widening.

Her name tag read ‘Hello my name is BRIANNA.’

“Hi Brianna. I was really after something special today.” Brianna’s eyes swept along the transparent chiller in front of her trying to predict which of the sale items I would want. But as I spoke I was already moving into the employee entrance to the deli area, a black hinged gate between two deli coolers. A quick slide of the lock and it was opening before me.

“Um… ok. Ham is on sale today for…”

“I wasn’t really thinking of ham,” I told her as I approached. “I was thinking,” I slid behind her. “...Of something,” I reached my hands over her shoulders and pulled her golden locks tenderly back behind her head, “...really special.” I slid my hands under her arms and grasped her full tits through her apron and shirt.

Brianna drew her breath in hotly and arched back ever so slightly into my erotic grasp while stretching her arms upwards to give me better access.

“I’m, not sure I understand.” She said through deepening breaths.

I leaned close, “I guess I’ll have to show you then,” I whispered in her ear.

My hands dropped from their clasp and went to the small of Brianna’s back. A quick tug and the apron knot gave way. I slipped the other end over her head and started to work on the buttons of her shirt.

Brianna was still confused about what I wanted but was no less turned on by what I was doing. She let out a soft contented moan and slid her hand back behind her ass to rub my hard on through my pants.

My hands continued to work the buttons on her shirt from top to bottom revealing a glorious cleavage heaving with her deep breaths. I kept working my way down and when I hit the bottom of her shirt I undid the top button of her pants and unzipped them.

Briannas friction on my cock was becoming almost unbearable at this point and her moans took on a frustrated edge as my straining pants continued to shield her smooth hands from my dick.

I seized her collar and drew her shirt off her shoulders. The pressure her hands could no longer keep up was immediately replaced by her ass as she ground into me. I could feel the heat from her as I pulled her shirt off of her arms and let it fall to the floor.

Brianna stood up abruptly. Her arms now free they dove to her pants and she strove to remove the offending obstruction between her flesh and mine. I did likewise and my cock sprang free brushing along her ass and leaving a clear coat of pre cum in a glistening line as I marked her as mine.

Brianna tried to turn to face me but I caught her shoulders to keep her facing forward toward all the other customers witnessing the show. Open heaving breathing mouths, smiles, and biting lips as they watched me strip the counter girl in front of them. Two women with easier access, one in yoga pants and the other in sweats, already had hands down their pants and one woman was grabbing one of her tits through her shirt as I led Brianna by her shoulders to stand in front of the meat slicer.

“Lean forward,” I commanded.

Brianna complied happily and stretched out her ass toward me. I could see her juices glistening down her leg. I grabbed my cock and slid it into her glistening hole.

She was slick. Her cunt was like pumping a velvet glove as I watched her beautiful curls bounce with each forceful thrust amidst the moans of a bitch in heat.

More people gathered to watch us and I watched two blonde cuties in the back of the assembled women kiss. I fucked Brianna hard for a few minutes and felt her pleasure and mine build. Then I slid my hands up from her hips and unhooked her bra strap.

Brianna’s voluptuous tits tumbled free as I threw the bra onto the floor. I leaned hard into her, pressing her breasts against the silent slicing machine as I continued to work her slathering cunt.

“Now,” I smoothly intoned into her ear while giving it a playful nip, “about my order.”

“Oh… ugh… I see ...ugh, sir,” she said in that same cheerful bubbly voice. Her pussy was clenching harder on me as she realized what I wanted and her legs tightened closer. “How … unh… thick would you like them … unh… sliced?”

“Hmmm,” I muttered between grunts. My hands came up and I started to grope her lovely tits. I slid my hands all over them, I grabbed them. I seized her nipples and twisted hard, eliciting a squeak of pain and excitement. “Put it on your medium setting.”

“Yes...unh… sir,” came the cheerful reply. Her hands adjusted the machine’s settings and slid metal parts out of the way to make room for what she knew was about to happen.

“Now turn it on.”

Her fingers caressed the switch for a brief moment, I could feel her pussy gushing, and then activated the machine.

Her legs were already beginning to tremble as she leaned forward on her own; mashing those beautiful mammaries onto the cold shining steel of the meat slicer.

“Serve me,” and she moved her body to the left, sweeping her tits onto the spinning razor sharp blade.

“Hhhhaaaauuuuggggghhhhh!” Brianna’s whole body bucked in orgasm as the steel sliced a cold cut layer of tit flesh off of her chest to plop wetly onto the little metal tray beneath. Two little impacts as her nipples came cleanly off.

Her torso moved to the right again as I buried my cock to the hilt in her throbbing pussy and began to gyrate my hips onto her clit.

“So…” she exclaimed, and then sheared to the left again, “GOOD!,” as the whirling steel took another layer of her beautiful tits and two more slices dropped into the serving tray.

Back and forth, “Uuuunnnnggghhh!,” back and forth, “Yes!”

More fleshy slices fell onto the tray as I kept my cock dancing in Brianna’s dripping cunt. I could feel my own orgasm build as the beautiful cheerful girl with the smiling eyes and expressive hands ravaged her own breasts for my pleasure. I couldn’t last much longer.

My eyes leaned to the right where another counter girl with dark hair and an aroused expression leaned against the counter with her hand in her pants and her fingers in her cunt watched us with heavy breaths. My eyes locked with hers adamantly and then mine moved to a large knife I saw on a rear table and then back to the panting counter girl. She nodded and moved to obey.

Back and forth, back and forth to the rhythm of her moans.

Brianna was moving more weakly now and I was growing ever closer to ogasm. Blood dripped over the gleaming steel of the meat slicer. Those once proud smooth quivering tits were now in a pile of delicate slices under the machine.

Brianna moved back to the right for the final time and stayed there, still moaning with each thrust of mine but no longer sweeping herself over the blades. There was no more meat left to take.

I reached down with my left hand and gathered up her golden curls into a knot tight in my fist, then with a gasp from her mouth, I jerked her sweat and blood sheened body back up into a standing position.

“That looks very nice” I said as she turned her happy eyes back to meet mine. She smiled.

“Is there anything else...,” she panted “...I can get you?”

I held out my right hand and the other counter girl placed the knife in it. Brianna’s smile went wider.

I thrust my hips hard. “OOoohhhh!” Brianna moaned as I started to fuck her again. I twisted the knife in my grip so that the blade faced upwards. I increased my pace and ferocity as I trailed the knife down from Brianna’s delicate throat, my cock throbbing, over the red ruin of her now bereft chest, her pussy clenching, over her belly, my balls tightening, and let the point stop just below her belly button.

“Please,” she whispered on the edge of orgasm, “do it.”

I exploded inside her juicy cunt as my knife dove into her tender flesh. My cum washed in hot heaving spurts into her twitching pussy as I sawed upwards, spilling Brianna’s glistening guts while she came all over me.

I stood there in the aftermath, the knife halted by Brianna’s breastbone and a line of savaged flesh trailing back down toward her cunt. My hand grasping her hair was the only thing keeping her from toppling. Brianna’s pale face turned toward me with a wan smile still decorating her bluing lips.

“Thank you… for shopping at…” and then the light behind those smiling eyes, went out.

I let the body slide to the floor and I saw the other counter girl getting out a large black trash bag. I looked out at the assembled women and noted my place behind the counter.

“Anyone else need anything while I’m here?”

All the women raised their hands.