Chapter 5 - Failure to Plan

Having your kit with you is important if you plan on really indulging yourself or even just doing what you really want to do. When I first figured out what I was in this world and slowly sank into sanguine comfort with it I thought that everything I would need would just be there for my asking or taking. But I soon realized that if you want to do things right you need to put in some work. If you don’t sharpen the axe it’s just gonna pound and not chop, if it’s just an axe from a hardware store it’s not gonna have an edge near wide enough to properly remove a head, and if you don’t bring a spare set of clothes you’re gonna end up leaving blood stains all over your car. These were awkward little lessons I learned from experience to experience but the first time I ever really picked up on it was when I decided to accept an invitation. Shannon’s... (you remember Shannon right? My first girl ever. Tore her throat out with my teeth as she came all over me. I know I’ll never forget her)... anyway Shannon’s mom Denise had been wanting to meet me ever since she found out what I did to her little girl. At first she would just call my mom from time to time and ask about me. At that point I was depopulating and awakening at a rather fevered pace but in a very amateurish manner so I didn’t really fancy taking the time to go to someone when there was a virtual buffet of satisfaction hovering around me all the time. But eventually I slowed down and Denise’s calls became more and more frequent with my mother never failing to remind me each time. One night I figured, ‘what the hell? She’s been waiting an age, may as well go see her and see what she’s like?’

Shannon’s mom’s house was in a nice little neighborhood of medium sized dwellings. I remember that the sun was shining bright on a summer day when I rang the doorbell and Denise opened it. Denise was a very pretty lady and I could see where Shannon had gotten a lot of her features from. They had a similar arch of brow and the same sharp nose line. Denise had round plump tits which Shannon had lacked even before my mouth had torn into them.

“Oh good afternoon!” Denise trilled, “Please come in. I’ve been wanting to meet you for so long. Can I get you anything to drink? We have water, tea, lemonade, soda…”

“You know a cup of tea would be absolutely lovely. I haven’t had tea in ages.”

“Sure. Have a seat and I’ll get that for you.”

Denise scurried off to the kitchen followed by the trail of the light sun dress she wore. She was a pretty lady. I sank down into the folds of the comfortable sofa in their living room and looked about. Lots of tan and yellow accents about the room caught the sunlight streaming in through the windows and I noted the staircase that went up to the second floor and the little, almost balcony like area that would let someone get to the top of the stairs, take a left, and then be able to turn around and look over the whole of the living room with a railing in front of them and what I was sure was a hallway extending back into the rooms of the second floor. I also noted that this house was a bit big even for two people. I wondered if Shannon had had a sister

The light clink of tea cups alerted me to Denise’s return as she approached with two steaming cups. I took one and sipped cautiously, not wishing to scald my tongue.

“How is it?” Denise purred.

“It’s good. Is this some sort of blackberry?”

“It’s actually a blueberry and raspberry blend.” Denise unfurled herself down on the couch next to me with her own cup, the fabric of her sun dress spreading out to meld with the soft substance of the couch.

“It’s delicious, somehow tart but smooth at the same time.”

Our conversation went through the building stages of small talk, what a nice day it was, how things were going, how my family was, and in a very small amount of time I found myself thoroughly enjoying my afternoon as the tea sank into my bones, the couch assuaged my muscles, and Denise’s infectious pleasantness surrounded me. We talked for long hours and found out that we both really enjoyed that comedy series which was topping the charts on the streaming service we both subscribed to. I learned that Denise lived here with her other daughter Carla who had promptly moved into Shannon’s larger room after I killed her sister. Our cups were refilled and drained several more times. I was just noticing how far the sunbeams from the window had changed position since I had arrived when Denise popped the question that I knew she had been wanting to ask.

“So how was Shannon?”

I paused and thought about it. “You know. You can’t really categorize your first on the same scale as everyone else. She’ll always be my first, forever. It’s almost like a rainbow. You’ll see many over the course of your life but if you’re lucky enough to remember your first one nothing will ever replace that sense of wonder you got from it no matter it’s quality.”

Denise nodded sagely. “I think about it a lot.”

“You mean you think about her a lot?” I blanched, worried that Denise might have been overcome by a hidden sense of loss or sorrow that I had not picked up on since I had arrived. Nothing I had seen or sensed so far had given me that impression.

“No. I think about it a lot. You and her both, together....” a little embarrassed grin flickered over Denise’s features. “...fucking.”

“Ah.” I smiled. “Worried that your daughter got a one up on you in the end?”

“Maybe a bit.” Denise flushed red and moved her legs closer together. “I just… keep picturing it.”

“And how does it make you feel?”

“Really, really, hot.” She broke eye contact and let out a little giggle. “I can’t believe I’m saying all this to you. It’s so embarrassing.”

“No it’s not. Come here.” I patted my lap playfully and Denise flowed languidly over the couch and snuggled herself under my arm as she laid her head on my right shoulder. “There’s no need to be embarrassed.” My right hand came up and caressed Denise’s right breast through the thin fabric of the sun dress. She wasn’t wearing a bra and the slide of the fabric over her sultry flesh was delightful.

“Mmmmmmmm,” Denise hummed in approval with her eyes closed.

“I meet women every day with needs and without exception those needs coincide with mine. So it’s no shame that you might feel the same way too.”

“I saw her body,” Denise murmured. “I saw those big gouges you left in her breasts.” Her left hand slid down to her thigh and she slid her silky dress up to bare most of it. It lingered there, rubbing back and forth over the tanned flesh. “She was so pale, so beautifully pale from all the blood loss.”

My light caress of her breast was turning into a firmer grope, my fingers circling her nipple as she went on.

“And her pussy. It was so wet...” Denise’s legs spread wider but her hand stayed resolutely on her thigh as if she did not dare to touch herself in my presence. “I could see your cum, leaking out of her.”

My hand snaked under her collar and played over her flesh like a pianist making love to a keyboard.

“Unnnnnhhhhh.” Denise began a subtle and gentle writhing, rocking her hips gently to and fro as her right hand curled in running along the length of her inner thigh but still keeping clear of her cunt which I knew was beginning to moisten.

“Do you want it Denise? Do you want me to do to you what I did to your daughter?”

“Mmmmmm, yes,” her left hand dropped down and began to draw up her dress to bare her other leg leaving just a thin flap of material like a loincloth covering her cunt. “But I want it to be different. I want it to be something special, just for you and me.”

My mind cascaded over the possibilities of all the ways to end this lovely squirming lady. There were probably knives in the kitchen. They may have rope around somewhere. Maybe something electrical, I had never really played with that at all. I needed more time to think. Maybe…

And then my eyes flicked up to the little platform at the top of the stairs and I saw a face barely visible in the dimness of the upper hall. Little Carla was watching, watching me grope her mother’s tits as she moaned and ran her hands up and down her thighs.

“Carla.” I called. “Come here girl.”

Denise began to start up but my hand holding her tits kept her held down.

“It’s ok.” I whispered in Denise’s ear. “If you liked the idea of me fucking and killing Shannon then you’re going to love this.”

Denise’s lips trembled and her legs flexed as Carla came down the stairs toward us. She walked slowly, sensuously. Her nipples stood out like beacons under her white T-shirt and the nylon tights she wore did little to hide the damp cunt juice spreading from between her legs.

“Hi Carla,” I intoned with a gracious nod as she approached.

“Hi,” She shyly smiled.

“You know who I am right?”

“Yes.” She came right up to us. standing between her mother’s spread legs; her eyes fixed hypnotically on the pair of us.

“Carla we have a little problem. Your mother has asked me to do something special for her and I want to help her out. But, I think I need a helper for this. Do you want to help?”

“Mmmmmmmnnnnn,” came Denise’s moan as her thigh traveling hands came close to her pussy and shied away.

Carla bit her lower lip, and nodded.

“Good, kneel.” Carla sank to her knees in front of her mother. “Lean forward.” Carla obeyed. “Now, lick your mother.”

Carla’s tongue slid out and licked the now damp fabric sticking to her mother’s slit. Denise’s hands left her thighs as she gasped sharply at the explosively pleasurable sensation that pulsed from her clit to her brain. Her right hand found her breast and her left hand serpentined towards my cock which was already straining in my pants.

Carla did not wait long to brush the interfering flap of the sun dress aside before diving her tongue wholeheartedly into her mother’s pussy and Denise moaned ecstatically.

A little fumbling with my zipper and Denise was stroking my erect hardness gingerly. It was quite a sight to see them there. I had never had a mother and daughter screw each other before.

“How… uummmnnnn… are you going to do it?” breathed Denise.

“I thought it might be fun,” I whispered in Denise’s ear, “If I fucked your pretty cunt while we watch your other daughter strangle to death in a noose.”

“OOOhhhhhhhh!” Denise grabbed Carla’s head and shoved it hard into her pussy as she came.

I stood up. “I think I’ll let you two entertain yourselves for a little bit while I get what we need.”

And here I hit my problem. I searched that house for a good long while trying to find the things I was after. Ever try to find rope in a stranger’s house while the remaining family members fuck in the living room? You can’t exactly walk up to someone with their tongue buried in someone’s else’s snatch and say ‘Hey, sorry to bother you at an awkward moment but can you show me where you might be keeping some rope so I can hang your daughter while we get each other off?’

Thirty goddamn minutes as I searched the place. And with my mind being off sex my cock had wound itself right down. What a pain in the ass. I didn’t even find any rope either. Clothesline breaks ladies and gentlemen, and that’s no way to treat a lady fingering her clit as she gasps for air that will never come.

But eventually I returned to the living room, a little disheveled, but carrying all my things. I shucked the last few articles of my clothing as I approached. The ladies had evidently done so long ago, and slid the chair into position.

I admired the sight of them, mother and daughter slowly and sensuously scissoring their pussies together on the couch as I let my hanging line fall, my cock growing hard again. Sturdy orange extension cord swung at the right height above the chair and I pushed a loveseat to a position before the noose for uninterrupted viewing.

They had stopped to watch me, their sweat sheened bodies glowing. I pointed at Carla, crooked my finger, and beckoned.

She smiled and stood up, her hips swaying like a dancer as she made for the noose but I caught her shoulder.

“Hold on. I want to give you something first.” Her eyes lit up as I bent her over the arm of the love seat and slid my cock deep into her. She moaned, knowing that this was the only cock she would ever feel in her life.

Stroke, stroke, stroke. Nothing hard or fast as I warmed my cock on her velvety insides.

Denise came over then and watched lovingly as I prepared her daughter.

“That’s enough.” I slapped Carla on the rump as I pulled out. “Onto the chair with you.”

I flopped into the love seat, my cock pointing up along the line of the electric cord noose as I watched Carla’s shapely ass flex while she climbed onto the chair. I looked up at Denise who was stroking her breasts as her daughter prepared to hang herself for our enjoyment.

“Your seat is ready,” I said, nodding at my cock.

Denise smiled warmly and threw her leg over me as she straddled my hips facing her daughter.

“Uhhhh unnnnnnn!,” came her cry as she inserted my cock into her dripping hole, sliding into her, slowly, gently.

Carla waited patiently, the noose swaying lightly in front of her.

“Now,” I uttered to Denise as I gave her one slow strong pump of my cock, “Tell her what to do.”

“Unnnhhh…. Are you ready baby,” moaned Denise.

“Yes mom.”

“Unnnnhhh,” I pumped Denise again, “put it over your head honey.”

“Yes mom,” and Carlas hands drew the knotted cord over her head and around her throat. I could see Carla’s breathing getting heavier with arousal.

“Now… unnnnnnn… tighten the knot.”

Carla deftly took out the slack and stood there before us, pert breasts shining. And pussy juice glistening down her leg.

“Now baby…unnnnnnn,” Denise held her breath,”...jump.”

With a happy smile Carla hopped off the chair. The cord snapped tight and Carla’s first backswinging kick knocked the chair over and out of reach as my cock got to work on Denise’s pussy.

“Oooohhhhh yessssssss!.” she cried, arching her back as Carla swung in front of us.

Slap, slap, slap came the wet sound between us as I watched Denise’s beautiful little daughter kick the air around her as she spun.

“So fucking Hoooooooot!.” cried Denise as she convulsed in orgasm, tensing outrageously but keeping her eyes locked on the twisting form of her daughter.

I could feel my own orgasm building so I slowed down. I wanted the show to last.

Denise was now stroking me, her knees flexing to keep her cunt pistoning on me in a steady rhythm.

We watched as Carla’s mouth make little fish gasps, trying to suck in the air that wouldn’t come. Her dangling form was awash with sweat and her face was reddening fast.

“Oh baby girl,” moaned Denise as she rode me, “You’re so pretty. Die for me. Die for mama.”

Carla’s kicks calmed as she dangled, and remarkably, one of her hands slid to her pussy and started to weakly rub her clit.

“Uhhhhhh..., yes baby girl. Come for mama as you die.” I began to move again, Denise’s and my hips matched rhythm and I began to build.

The red was now a livid purple and the kicking had stopped. The hand at Carla’s clit held there but if it was moving I didn’t notice it.

Smack, smack, smack. I fucked with abandon before the dying girl and Denise shivered and groaned.

Closer and closer. The fish gasps were gone and Carla’s face was almost completely blue. I felt my cock twitch and my balls clench. Her hand, Carla’s pretty delicate hand, swung limply away from her slit trailing a line of clear pussy juice, which sluiced away and tumbled onto the floor.

“Urrrrrnnnnghhhh!,” came my own grunt as I emptied my balls deep into Denise’s womb.

“Ahhhh!,” came Denise’s accompanying cry as she felt the hot cum splash against her deep inner walls.

A little while later we lay there cuddling while staring at the beautiful hanging decor of Denise’s dead daughter. Denise had one hand on my cock, toying with it absentmindedly as her other hand played with the cum dribbling out of her well fucked cunt; spreading it around and occasionally swiping up a gobbet of it to bring to her mouth so she could suck on it and savor the taste.

“That was so nice,”she languidly intoned. “I have never, ever cum like that in my entire life.”

“Nor will you again,” I sighed as I leaned back.

“Mmmmmm,” she purred in agreement as she sucked another cum smeared finger into her mouth.

“Well it’s getting late and I’ll want to be getting home,” I said while sliding to the side to disengage from her.

“Shame,” sighed Denise as she slid to her feet as well. “Anything else I can get you before we go?”

“Yeah actually could I get the rest of that tea?”

“Sure I’ll go get it for you.”

I walked over to rummage through the items I collected earlier. “And a big black garbage bag!,” I hollered at the sounds of activity coming from the kitchen.

Denise came over a few minutes later, her breasts bobbing playfully, carrying a plastic shopping bag with the tea and a very large garbage bag.

“Oh that’s great.” I said as I took the bag with the tea, “Come on.”

I pushed the swinging form of Carla to the side as I went to the front door and opened it. Denise followed behind me with both arms in a V in front of her which pushed up her tits as she held the garbage bag.

The early evening sent ambers and oranges across the sky while the first stars began to poke out from the rising darkness to the East. We reached the mailbox at the end of the walk and Denise opened the garbage bag and shook it out.

“Well it was so much fun meeting you,” she said with a smile. “This has been the best day of my life.”

“I’m so glad you had fun,” I said as I watched her smoothly insert one leg and then another into the bag.

“So much fun,” She replied as she crouched down with her back to the mailbox post and drew the bag up around her.

“You know, if I had known before that Shannon…”

Denise gasped and arched her back.

“Are you fingering yourself in there?”

Denise’s eyes looked down innocently as she mischievously grinned and sqeaked, “Yes.”

“Oh you…,” I smiled as I drew out the kitchen knife I had taken and grabbed a hank of her hair to tilt her head back. “Good Girl,” and I slashed the knife across her throat.

She was still smiling as I drew the bag over her head and tied it off. Then I turned around, hearing the soft tush of the body falling to the side, and went home to have some tea and relax.