

Not Crazy..Just Suicidal

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mental patient gets raped but likes it.

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Author's Note: I was completely bored when I wrote this. It was something I just thought about when I was laying in my bed. So I don't expect it to be good. It's hardly erotica but it does have a sex scene. It's very short though. Comment or not....whatever.

I'm not crazy. I was just.....different. My family deserved it. They deserved to feel death. Especially my brother who constantly sneaks into my room every other night and holds me down on the bed while he slowly and deeply fucks me.

I didn't look crazy. I had dirty blonde hair. Brown eyes. Light skin. I looked like I should be a cheerleader. But you know what I say to cheerleaders? Go fuck yourself.

I was sent to a therapist. He didn't help. I wanted to kill him. To feel his cold body drop to the floor before he could even blink. That was just me.

I lost my virginity at age eight. It was in the woods with a boy that I liked. But then.....his friends joined in and ended up raping me. It was that day that I became fucked up. Lost. They sent me back to the therapist....SEE THAT WORD IN THERAPIST.....rapist. I never told anyone what happened during that session.

I hated my school and wanted to kill the people that were there. The teachers that called on me for an answer. I wanted to get up and slice their throats. To allow the blood to spill down as their eyes roll to the back of their heads. I was a fucked up kid. And still is somewhat. I'm nineteen years old and living in a mental asylum. Why was I here you may ask? I killed my entire family. I was sick of them. I even killed my little sister who was just a little girl. I had no remorse as I watched her gasping for air. Her color turned blue but it didn't affect me. It just made me feel better. And now because of that, here I was. It was raining. I was sitting up in my bed, carving words into the wall. They were dark gray and filthy. The floor was cold and hard. It was so dark but I was not afraid of the dark. I heard hard footsteps coming near my door. I placed my tool that I used to draw on the walls under my bed and covered myself with the thin sheets. The door unlocked and opened.

A man dressed in all white came in. I recognized him. He was one of the guards. His name was Vince. He didn't say a word as he closed the door. "What do you want?" I asked. He slowly walked over to me and pulled the sheet off of my body. His body laid on top of mine. "What are you doing?" I asked. My voice became teary as I knew what was about to happen. My pale white dress was being lifted up and I felt my underwear being pulled down. I screamed. Although I knew the rooms were soundproof. Why would they make this place with soundproof rooms? Wouldn't they need to be alert if something like this happened? Vince pulled his pants down and his boxers. He's never hurt me before, why is he doing it now? My wrist were being held down on the sides of my head. I cried as his lips covered mine. His tongue explored my mouth as he forcefully pushed his cock inside of me. I let out a painful cry.

His lips slowly trailed up my cheek to my ear. "Shhh." he whispered. One of his hands dug into my the side of my leg as he pulled it up and wrapped it around his waist. He pounded into me fast. I pushed him constantly but he was too strong so he just stayed on top of me. His lips kissed mine slowly as his thrusting became rougher. It wasn't hurting anymore. It was starting to actually feel good. I began to moan and grabbed his ass making sure he wouldn't stop. "Vince!" I moaned. I was close to my release. "Don't fucking stop." I said. He started grunting in my ear. It felt so unbelievably good. It was my first time ever enjoying being taken

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advantage of. I cried in pleasure as I came. I clutched the sheets in my fist. My toes curled up and I closed my eyes. Vince pushed in one more time and cried out as his release came. I couldn't see but I could feel him staring at me. "Did you like that?" He whispered. "Yes." I breathed. He placed his lips to mine and then got up. I heard him pull his pants back up. I pulled my underwear back up and pulled my dress back down. I couldn't see what he was doing but I heard alot of movement. I suddenly saw the door open and he looked back at me and gave me a small smile before leaving. I breathed deeply before reaching back under my bed to grab the tool tto continue drawing. But it was gone. I gasped and got up to find it, but it was gone. Vince took it. Even what just happened couldn't stop me from doing what I've been wanting to do since I got here. I sighed and got back on my bed facing the wall. I traced the carved words with my finger. TWENTY NAMES. There were twenty names on my wall. Names of the people I killed. I had one more name to carve into the wall..... Myself.

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