Nothing but the blood part 1

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Sick story

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Author's Note: I love patrick bateman. The hot ass sex addicted serial killer. I know its weord that i like him but.....damn I want him. Anyway...this story is supposed to be sick. Don't know how you'll feel about it. Just comment on rather its good or bad.

She was my third fuck of the day. Yeah, sounds rude to put it that way, but she was. And nowâ ¦sheâ s about to become my third kill for the day. She moaned loudly as I kept slamming my cock in and out of her tight pussy. You like this you fucking slut? Youâ re not going to like it for long. I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled tightly. She whimpered in pain but kept moaning. I stared into her dark green eyes. You fucking look down at me thinking you know everything. This bitchâ ¦I forgot her name. She was a teacher. Elementary school. I approached her earlier this morning and used my charm to get what I wantedâ ¦which is her into my bed. She thought she was going somewhere after this. Yeah. To hell.

I came inside of her and she threw her head back on the pillow and let out a shriek of pleasure. I looked down at her ignoring the pleasure I got from coming inside of her. She sighed and looked up at me. She smiled. But I kept a straight face. The fuck are you smiling at?

â God, that wasâ ¦â ¦I have never felt soâ ¦..â

â You were a virgin.â I said. She wasnâ t ugly butâ ¦â ¦ Iâ m not going to even finish my sentence.

â I had sex only once before. That was about ten years ago.â She said. Ah, no wonder she was so damn tight. I stayed inside of her tight cunt. Yeah, it was still tight and warm but not warm enough for me to spare the bitch. I call all of my victims bitches. I didnâ t care for a name. Wellâ ¦â ¦as for the little teenagers, Iâ m interested in their names.

â Oh, Chris, that was so amazing. We should do it again, please?â She asked. Desperation was on her face. I glared down at her and shook my head. â No.â I answered. She looked confused.

â Your pussy isnâ t that good.â I slid out of her warmth and over to the side. I can feel my evil side tapping in. I held my head in my hands as I felt it take over me. â Ohâ ¦Okay.â She said as she slowly got up.

I removed my hands and got over on the other side of the bed to her. I stared down at her. â Are you okay, Chris?â She asked. I grabbed her arms with my firm hands and pushed her hard against the wall. All I saw was red now. My mind had taken a whole new spin. I wasnâ t thinking normal thoughts likeâ ¦â ¦What will I wear to work tomorrow? Or whatâ s on TV or is the fucking loch ness monster a myth or not?â All I was thinking now was how to kill her.

â What are you doing?â she asked. Her voice was shaking with fear. â Shut up.â My voice became deeper.

â Chris, I have to go home, okay? Let me go now, please.â I grabbed her throat with my hands and squeezed. She began to gag and cry. Fucking whore. I hope she chokes on her own tears. I grabbed her threw her into the side table. She fell onto the floor groaning in pain. I looked down at her emotionless, and expressionless. She slowly began to crawl away. I simply went to my bedroom door and locked it. I turned

back to look down at her. She was still crying making her way to the door. I sighed and looked into the mirror. I balled up my fist and punched it. I ignored the pain shooting through my hand and grabbed a piece of broken glass. She saw this and immediately backed away. I shook my head and grabbed her by her brunette hair. I pulled her onto her back and she looked up at me. â Please.â She begged crying loudly. I looked down at her hairy cunt and then back to her face which now was covered with smeared mascara. I leaned in close to her and slowly licked up her salty warm tears. â Donâ t cry.â I whispered. That didnâ t help though. She still had a scared expression on her face. Good. Without warning, I shoved the sharp broken piece of glass up her cunt and she shrieked loudly and closed her eyes tight. â You did say you wanted to get fucked again.â I reminded her. She didnâ t answer. She was writhing in pain and I enjoyed watching her. Well she wonâ t be able to walk after this. Not that it matters really. Sheâ s going to die within a few minutes. I got out my video camera and did a close up shot as tears repeatedly fell from them disturbingly wide green eyes.

â Smile for the camera.â I said. She continued to cry. I did a close up shot on her bleeding cunt. The piece of glass was still sticking out. Looks like it hurt. Ouch.

The woman looked dizzy. As if she was about to pass out from the pain. I shook my head and put the camera down facing her. I went over to her. â No, no. I want you awake. Stay awake.â I said pulling her hair back. Her eyes were red from tears and she slowly looked to me. â Kill.â â ¦..gaspâ ¦â Me.â I smiled at her. None of my victims have ever told me such a thing. How ironic this was.

â If thatâ s what you want. Who am I to turn down your lastâ ¦dyingâ ¦wish?â I asked. She gasped again and looked up at the ceiling. I got up. â So what will it be, sweetheart? Knife, hammer or gun?â I asked.

â Whicheverâ ¦â ¦â ¦willâ ¦â ¦..beâ ¦â ¦.theâ ¦â ¦fastest.â She breathed. Whichever will be the slowest. Gotcha.

I picked up the knife out of my top drawer that was buried underneath my socks and boxers. I turned to her and leaned down beside her. â You have a nice body.â I said looking up and down at her figure. She was shivering now. I ran the knife sideways over her skin. Should I cut off her tit first? Or should I stab her in her eye? I wanted to see her suffer. Tit it is. I straddled her body putting all my weight down on her. She looked at me wide eyed. â You know what Iâ ve realized?â I asked her. She shook her head. I raised my eyebrows and said, â Lifeâ s a bitch.â I quickly swiped the knife over her left tit and she screamed in agony and wiggled underneath me. â Youâ re fucking sick!â She yelled.

I smiled at the blood pouring out of her body. â Thatâ s going to leave a mark.â I said. She coughed hard and swallowed hard. â C-Chrisâ ¦â ¦.please.â That all she could get out before I pierced the knife deep down her mouth. Her eyes went wide opened. I could feel the knife deep in her throat. She wasâ ¦.speechless. A harsh deathâ ¦especially for a teacher who teaches elementary kids butâ ¦â ¦everyoneâ s time comes.

I felt her heart beat slowing. I felt no more breaths. I felt nothing. Her body temperature was slowly becoming cold. She laid down flat on my white floor and I stared at her. She was dead.

She was dead. She was dead. I smiled at the realization and a good tickling, happy feeling lighted inside of my body. I smiled and closed my eyes inviting the warm feeling in. Oh manâ ¦.this feels so good. She was dead. I opened my eyes and got off of her. So innocent she was. Only slightly. This bitch was not innocent. Just less experienced than other women. I opened my closet and went to the wall. I went to the calendar and marked my 77th victim on it. I smiled satisfied with my work and success. But I could feel that warm, happy feeling disappearing slowly but surely. Soonâ ¦.Iâ m going to need another victim.

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