

Nothing but the blood part 2

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Sick story part 2



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I got on my black suit with a dark blue tie and looked into the mirror. In the image, was me, and behind me was my blood stained bed. I have to wash the sheets when I get back. My hair was perfect and as good as any guy's hair could possibly get. Last night, I had me a hooker in here. She was quite delicious. She choked on her own blood. It was quite enjoyable to watch. I got it all on tape. And I could watch it over and over again like a fucking porno.

I grabbed my suit case, which I take to work every day and packed everything I needed. An extra suit, money, a rose, a gun and a knife.

What is the rose for? I have this sexy secretary named Amy. She's deeply in love with me. I don't return the same feelings. I give her a rose every day. Little does she know that this will be her last rose. I might fuck her in the office today. I don't know. We'll see. I went to the closet door and opened it. The hooker from last night and the teacher I fucked a couple nights before, were both lying on the closet floor with their eyes wide open. They could be twins. I kicked the hooker's lifeless body to the side and grabbed my black jacket and put it on. I was missing that warm feeling of satisfaction. I'll be shedding blood soon enough. Amy Walters. Females. I never kill men. I have before but it was something about killing women that was more fun and more sexually exciting.

I closed my closet door and grabbed my suitcase.

â Hello sir.â My driver Alex said.

â Hello, Alex, how are you this morning?â I asked as he opened my door for me.

â It's Gary, sir and I am pleasant and yourself?â He asked. I shrugged. Shut the hell up and just take me to work, bastard.

â Ohâ! I'm living.â I said and slipped into the backseat of the car. I rolled the window down and heard Alex or Gary, whatever the hell his name was- get into the driver's side. He started the car and drove away. I saw women everywhere as we drove. Blondes, brunettes and red heads. I was more of a brunette person. And with red headsâ!â I torture way worse than I'd torture a brunette. The first and only girl I ever loved was a red head. Madison Henry. Our relationship ended in bloodshed. Selfless bitch. Are you down there enjoying hell, M? Are you downstairs sucking the cock of the devil himself?

We pulled up in front of my law firm. Paul Weiss. The driver opened the door for me and went into the building.

The door to my office opened and there she was. My beautiful brunette. Amy. She smiled as she came in. I immediately opened my drawer and pulled a rose out for her. She blushed as she took it. â Mr. Lonesly, you get me a rose every day and never tell me why.â I faked a smile. â Well the rose is beautiful, just like you.â She blushed again and I closed the door and leaned against it eyeing her. She looked slightly nervous. â Amy, would you like to come over later?â I asked.

Say yes you fucking bitch. You better say yes or I'll force you over my house and shove my cock into your blood filled throat.

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She looked up at me and placed the rose against her cheek and nodded. "Of course. That will be great." She said. I softly pushed her against the desk and her breath hitched. I pulled her skirt up slightly and felt the fabric of her panties. She moaned as my hand rubbed her clit. She was wet for me. I couldn't help but smile at it. "I go home around eight. So you'll just leave with me." I said. I removed my hand from her panties and pulled her skirt back down. She still looked to be in shock from what I just did. I just violated her but she moaned so she had to have liked it. She composed herself and blushed as she walked to the door, opened it, and then closed it softly. I smiled. I'd get a teenager some other time. Maybe tomorrow. Amy isn't going to last an hour in my house.

I've gotten miscellaneous phone calls and ignored them all throughout the day. I sighed and put my head down on the desk. I could smell her perfume from in here. The lust was deep, burning in my body. I wanted to kill her and fuck her dead face. And she was a brunette which made this oh so much better. I couldn't wait to get her alone. And into my Devil circle. That's what I call it. Every woman I've killed. Every person I should say. They were in a circle and I've killed them off as easy as 1, 2 fucking 3.

As eight o'clock spun around, Amy came back in my office still blushing a deep red. "It's time, sir." She said innocently.

"Amy, are you a virgin?" I asked. She looked surprised at my question. "No." She answered slyly. I bit my lip. I take more joy in fucking and killing virgins than non-virgins. Something about the twisted painful look on their face when I shove my cock inside them for the first time is quite a turn on to me.

"Sorry, it was a rude question." ***The fuck am I apologizing for? I wanted an answer and I got it. You should be a virgin. I would take ten times more joy in killing you.***

"It's okay, sir." She said smiling with the rose still in her hand. I smiled back at her and stood up. I turned my computer off and grabbed my jacket and my suit case. Once we were in the elevator, I lifted up her skirt and grinded my cock into her. She moaned loudly as I lifted her left leg and placed it around my waist and grinded into her body rougher than before. Just getting her aroused. Although I've had a feeling she has been since this morning. "Sir," She panted.

"Call me Chris." I moaned.

"Chris! Perhaps! We should wait until we get back to your place." She said. I silently agreed with her and put her leg back down. I went back to the other side of the elevator and looked at her as we got to the lobby. The door slid open and we stepped out. Gary was outside in front of the building with the backseat door already open. She smiled at him and stepped in. I stepped in after her and Gary closed the door.

Amy went on about how much she loves working at the firm. Well that's too bad because today was her last day. I smiled and pretended to listen when my eyes kept wandering down to her cleavage. She noticed and blushed. The car stopped at my house and I grabbed her arm tightly and made her get out of the car with me. I unlocked the door with my key and we went inside. We walked up three flights of stairs and finally got to the door to my house. I unlocked that door and she walked inside. I followed in and closed and locked the door. I turned to her. She was looking around my living room. Theme: White and glass. "Wow! It's bigger than I thought." She said. Then she blushed and looked at me. She'll be saying the same thing once she sees my cock.

She placed her purse on the couch. "You want some wine?" I asked. She nodded and sat on the couch. I walked into the kitchen. I sat two wine glasses down on the counter. I grabbed a knife, and a bottle of white wine. I filled up the two glasses and grabbed the knife and went back into the living room. She eyed the knife as I came closer to her. I handed her the glass and she took a quick sip. "What is the knife for?" She

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asked. I shook my head. "Mmh, decoration." She bit her lip and took another sip. I took the knife back into kitchen and cut up some fruit. I brought in the plate of fruit with the knife on the side. She smiled as I sat it down on the table. She took a strawberry and popped it in her mouth.

Soon, I'll be popping my cock in your mouth you fucking cunt. She smiled at me and I sent a fake smile back to her. "Chris! I'll love like you for a while. I mean I know I'm your secretary and all but I can't stop thinking about you." She admitted. I just looked at her. "It'll break her heart if she realized that I don't give a shit."

"Finish your wine." I said eating a grape from the plate of fruit. She looked disappointed in my subject change but picked up her glass of wine and continued drinking. She sat the empty glass onto the table and closed her eyes for a second. Oh god. Please don't tell me this bitch gets drunk off wine. It takes something sixty times stronger than wine to get me drunk.

She looked to the window and looked at how dark it was getting. "Mmh, maybe I should go. It was a bad idea coming here tonight, Mr. Lonesly. My sister will be waiting at my door soon. I can't believe I forgot." She said as she stood up. That other side of me tapped into my head. And I began seeing red. I grabbed her arm and squeezed it forcing her back down on the couch. "Don't. Leave. Yet." I said glaring at her. She swallowed and looked at me. "Mr. Lonesly? Are you okay? You look... different." She said.

"I want to show you something." I said.

"Oh, sir I really have to get home."

"Come on." I made her stand up with me and forced her to follow me. I was getting that warm tingly feeling satisfied that I had another victim with me. Alone in the house. She whimpered in pain when I squeezed her wrist tight. I brought her into the bedroom and closed the door. "Sir! please, I have to get home." She had a pleading expression on her face. Little whore was horny in the elevator and now all of a sudden she has somewhere else to go. "You'll be in hell soon baby. I'll make sure you get there." I pushed her on the bed. She looked fearful as she scooted back to the head board and then she noticed the blood that was on the bed and her eyes widened. My hand closed over her left ankle and I pulled her towards me off the bed. She hit her head onto the floor with a large thump and she cried out in pain. I placed my weight on the little whore and she began to fight me. Bitch wasn't bad really. She must have taken some self-defense classes. This, of course, only pissed me off more. I may kill her quickly just because she was irritating me now.

I pinned her hands down to the floor and bent them back, breaking her wrist. Another shriek of pain came out of her mouth. "Shut up, cunt." I said calmly. I looked down at her and smiled. She couldn't do anything more. I bent her hands back all the way. I pulled her tight ass skirt up and forced her panties down to her ankles and spreaded her legs widely. Something was missing. "Oh!..I know. I got up and of course she struggled to get away. I reached into my top drawer and grabbed silver handcuffs. Stole them from the woman cop that mysteriously went missing. Shame. Even the police was clueless. Knew these would come in handy. As she attempted to use her hands to crawl away, I could see part of a bone sticking out of her wrist. Isn't that interesting? I stepped on her hand and she screamed out. "Oh!..did that hurt? I apologize, Amy. I really do." I grabbed her by her brunette hair and brought her back over by the bed. I brought the short chain of the cuffs around the leg of the bed and then cuffed her hands together. It wasn't easy. They were swollen and red. Fucked up, right? She cried silently as I removed her panties from her ankles.

"Please don't do this." She croaked. "Shh!..I whispered and then pulled my pants down and took out my cock. It was hard and I know why. It wasn't her perfectly shaved pussy that got me hard. It

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wasn't her tits that got me hard. It was the sound of her painful screams that turned me on.

"Don't please." She whispered. I stuck a finger inside of her. Only slightly wet. I'm pretty sure me breaking both of her wrists was a turn off. I know what would make her wet. I reached into my second dresser and grabbed my beautiful silver machete. For special uses only. She shook her head as I came near her. I could see the dark red blood slowly trailing down her arms. The cuffs were getting tighter because her wrists were getting more swollen and I bet the cuffs were digging into her skin. "I'll get you wet, bitch."

I got on my knees and shoved the silver knife up her pussy eliciting a scream of pain. She wiggled and cried loudly. I placed it down a few inches away and placed my weight on her small fidgeting body. I was about to be satisfied once again. I immediately entered my cock into her bloody pussy. I moaned from the pleasure of her wet pussy and tightness. I closed my eyes and slammed into her repeatedly. I never wore a condom when I was fucking my victims. I just don't care.

Amy closed her eyes and continued to cry. Fuck it!..she was annoying. I reached for the knife, careful not to pull out of her all the way. I grabbed it in my right hand and raised it slightly.

"God, no! Please don't." She begged. She thinks god can save her? Well he can't but he'll see her soon enough. I shoved the knife into her chest. She gasped and her crying stopped. She looked up at the ceiling with wide open eyes. I continued fucking her lifeless body. This shit still feels good. "Fuck." I moaned out thrusting into her harder.

This is how I like it. Silent and dead. I yelled out as I came inside of her dead, lifeless pussy. I kissed her cold, dead lips as I ejaculated. I tried to catch my breath. I laid my head into her neck. God!..she was tight. I closed my eyes and then opened them back slowly. I could still smell her perfume. That smell was going to leave soon though and soon!..the smell of death will replace the nice tangy smell. But I didn't mind the smell of death. It was a turn on. I slowly got off of her and laid beside the body of a woman who use to smile at me and giggle like a fucking idiot whenever I complimented her. Now she was dead and I was responsible. I!..was responsible. Ha! I killed someone else. A woman who was cute but annoying. She's dead!..She's dead. That warm feeling I missed was inside of my body and I smiled to invite it in. It tingled over my body and I let it. But soon!..the feeling that I yearned so badly that it made my stomach hurt was gone. And that means!..I have to be on to my next victim.

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