

Nothing but the blood part 3

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sick story of christopher lonesly



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Author's Note: If you ask me, this part is more gross than the other parts. BTW when you read this part, know that I truly have nothing against blondes. Comment please.

Nothing but the blood part 3

I licked the blood off of the knife. I had a girl tied to the bed. She was a stripper. Her eyes were red with tears. Her arms and legs were cut up. Her forehead was coated with sweat and her breathing was heavy. I looked at her through my bedroom mirror. Then I smiled and turned to her and leaned against my mirror. "You look so much better with that dark red color on you." She turned her head away from me. I let out a sigh and studied her naked blood covered body. Blood really did look good on her.

"You're fucking sick." She said. "That's not my first time nor will it ever be my last time hearing that bitch. But thanks for the compliment."

"You're just a fucking sadist!" She screamed. I rolled my eyes.

"I'm a sadist, I'm rich, I'm fucking alive and you're the stripper that's about to die and no one will miss. So who wins?" I asked. She bit her lip.

"Are you going to kill me?" She asked. God blondes are so fucking stupid. And pathetic. I'm okay with killing blondes but there are so fucking annoying that I have to kill them quickly and very rarely do I take joy in that.

"What does it look like to you?" I asked her.

"You don't have to do this. You don't. I'll give you money. You can have any amount of money you want." She said. A hopeful glint in her eyes.

"No. I have more money than you and your entire family combined."

The hopeful glint left her eyes. "What are you going to do to me?" She asked. I might as well let her see. I went to my closet and slid the door open. Oh. That's brutal. Two dead women in my closet. I grabbed a handful of hair of Amy, my use-to-be sexy secretary. Now she just looked like she was eaten by a shark. I dragged her dead body out and the women screamed, cried and shut her eyes tight. "Oh my god!" She cried.

"I've seen worst." I said. I dragged the body over to the side of the bed and lifted it up. The stripper already knew what was about to happen. I threw the rotting maggot infested corpse onto the stripper. She kicked and screamed while I leaned against the wall casually and watched. I never saw a girl so terrified. And

Nothing but the blood part 3

in her fear, all I felt was satisfaction.

“Please! Oh my god! Get it off of me!” She begged. I shrugged as if I couldn’t do a thing about it. I could have of course but watching people suffer made me happy and even through every ounce of rage I had left I had yet to kill myself.

My phone rang in the living room. I looked at the stripper and smiled. “Be right back, dear.” I said as I walked into the hallways and then the living room. Cold as hell in this apartment as always. Especially because I didn’t have shit on. I picked up my phone.

“What?” I asked.

“Get your ass down here. We’re having a sit down.” Bryce, one of my close friends whom I always come close to murdering said.

I pinched the bridge of my nose. “I’m fucking busy torturing this stripper. Can we have a sit down tomorrow?”

Of course because like everyone, Bryce ignored what I said. “No. We need one now. Eric is getting married and leaving to go to Cali.”

“Whoopee fucking doo for him. I’m quite happy watching this bitch perish. I’ll call tomorrow for details on this shit.”

“He’s going to be pissed you didn’t come.”

“If he’s pissed, I’ll take a chainsaw and shove it up his ass until it splits his fucking head open.” I said.

And of course, that remark went over Bryce’s head.

“Yeah, if he’s pissed then he’s just pissed. Got it.” He said. I nodded and hung up the phone. The bitch still didn’t stop screaming. Fucking whore. I walked back into the bedroom and stood in the doorway eyeing her as she kept kicking my dead secretary further and further away from her.

“That’s really unnecessary, I mean, you’re going to end up like her in a few minutes.”

“No I won’t! This is a sick fucking game and you’re to let me out of these fucking handcuffs right now!” She screamed.

“Oh! I wasn’t aware of any of that.” I said as I leaned against the doorframe and crossed my arms.

“Let me go! I have a three year old son at home.” She said.

“And you’re out here stripping like a fucking retard. Nice job to be proud of.” I said sarcastically.

“Yes! I am fucking proud! Now let me go you fucking yuppie!”

There goes that word. Yuppie! I’m somewhat like shallow. Was I shallow? Yeah. I’d be the first to admit it.

Nothing but the blood part 3

I was a fucking Yuppie but who wasn't? The reason everyone responds to my murderous threats and remarks with disinterest is because this town is filled with nothing but Yuppies. I truthfully didn't care rather or not I got caught. This was a free world. Did god say not to kill anyone in the bible? Oh wait! I think he did. Oops.

"You have no life. You go around killing innocent people like a fucking crazy person!" She yelled. I nodded. She was right. I had no life and I go around killing innocent people. Yep. Because the fact that I work at one of the largest law firms and know dozens of people and go all over the world proves that I have no life. And the fact that they're girls out there who are drug users and child abusers goes to show I take joy in killing the innocent. See? This is why you never stall to kill a blonde. Let's just get this shit over with.

I always seem to kill with my knife. Why don't I try something different this time? I looked around. I opened the drawer to the night stand. Guns. Well two anyway and yeah they were medium sized but death is faster with a gun. Half the time. I closed that drawer and just picked up my knife. Fuck it.

I straddled the stripper and looked down at her. "Hey beautiful." I whispered. I used the knife to move pieces of hair out of her face.

She gave me a pleading expression. I slowly dragged the knife across her cheek. Leaving a dark red bloody line. Across her face. She became pale.

"Please don't do this." She struggled to get out of the handcuffs. I dragged the knife down between her breasts slowly and down to her stomach leaving a trail of blood behind. I leaned down and licked it up. The bitch continued crying.

I lifted my head and looked at her. "Aww!..don't cry." I wiped her tears with my hand. Then, I got up and went to the bathroom and grabbed a bottle of acid. I walked back into the room and stared at her. "You have a very pretty face, sweetie. I'll just fix it up a bit." I took the top off of the acid and walked over to her.

"What is that?" She asked.

"Oh, it's acid." Then I poured it over her face and immediately, her flesh began to melt. She let out a loud shriek and squirmed around the bed. Her flesh began to slowly dissolve revealing the inside of her face. The maggots slowly crawled onto her body. I smiled and continued to watch the scene in front of me.

Now in her face, the bones were showing. Acid is a bitch. Her screaming stopped. I grabbed my knife and stuck it in her eyeballs. Well!..what was left of them anyway. I stared at the scene in front of me. She was dead now. There goes that warm feeling I felt that felt better than a fucking orgasm. The release I felt from this was just so unbelievable. This whore is now dead and at some sick degree, it turned me on. I slowly stroked my cock back and forth staring at maggots crawling into her mouth. I started masturbating and I moaned. The more I stare at what's left of this bitch's body, the closer I got to cumming. When I did release, it was powerful. Very powerful. More powerful than when I came from fucking the dead cunt that's on my bed. I let out a long sigh and went to my closet. I marked it on my calendar. Okay, the teacher was my 77th victim. Amy, my secretary was my 78th victim. And this stripper, I think her name was Jamie or some shit like that. She is my 79th victim. I smiled satisfied. But then the smile disappeared when I thought about that goddamn mess I have to clean up that's on my bed.

Nothing but the blood part 3

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