

Nothing but the blood part 4

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A look into christophers life



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Author's Note: This chapter deals more with his life outside of killing. I know this is hardly an erotica. More sick than erotic. That's kind of the point. Less blood in this chapter. Anyway, enjoy.

Have you ever had that feeling where you wanted to kill the one bitch that constantly keeps yapping in your ear? Like literally find that person and use a needle to dig their eyes out of their sockets? Yeah, I was feeling that right now. I was sitting at my office. My index finger and thumb were pinching the bridge of my nose and my phone was pressed against my right ear. "I don't care. I really don't. I'll be there later." I said.

"You promised me that!"

"I said I'll fucking be there later." I said and then I hung up. I wasn't going to be there later at all. I let out a low sigh and ran my fingers through my hair. That was Karen. Bryce's wife on the phone. Okay, I know it's against the "guy code" to fuck your best friend's wife but I say to hell with the guy code. She basically threw herself on me. And I guess it didn't take long for me to give in.

Alan Taylor, my old assistant, walked into my office with a brunette girl. She had brown eyes and...pretty lips. She smiled at me. She had on a tight black dress and gold heels with gold accessories. For some reason, I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

"Sir, this is Jamie Alison. Your new assistant. Don't worry, I interviewed her and she checks out just fine."

I didn't even look at Alan. I kept my eyes on her. *Jamie*. She smiled at me. I stuck my hand out and she accepted it while looking dead into my eyes. "It's nice to meet you, Mr. Lonesly." She said. I nodded. "You too, Jamie." I said. She bit her lip and pulled away from me.

"Well, I leave you two to it." Alan said as he walked out. He closed the door and Jamie you looked at me. There was a short awkward silence. "Have a seat." I pointed to the couch that was on the left wall. She nodded, sat down and crossed her legs. She cleared her throat and took out a small pad of paper.

"So, you already know what to do." I said. She nodded and smiled. "I've been an assist!"

"I didn't ask you anything. So until I do, just...just be quiet. Okay?" I asked. She looked offended but didn't say anything further.

I cleared my throat and my eyes slowly roamed up her body. "I just want to let you know what I expect. And what you should expect back from me."

She nodded never leaving my gaze.

"My last assistant, Amy, went missing. No one can find her. They suspect she's dead but...who knows what happened. Anyway...she was extremely attracted to me and it was quite distracting. So In a

Nothing but the blood part 4

way, Iâ€™m pretty happy sheâ€™s gone. From you, I expect you to be here at eight thirty every morning. I want my coffee ready. Decaf. I want two Xanax pills on my desk every morning. As soon as I walk into your office to get to my office, I want you to follow me and tell me all the messages I have. Also, I donâ€™t like you being unorganized. If I find one piece of paper out of place, youâ€™re fired. Orâ€¦I can just kill you.â€” I said shrugging.

Jamieâ€™s eyebrows pulled together. â€œE-Excuse me?â€” She asked. I tilted my head to the side. She actually showed a reaction? No one ever shows a reaction to my so called â€œInsanityâ€”.

â€œI said youâ€™re fired if youâ€™re unorganized. And I only want you to wear skirts and dresses. If I see you with pants on, youâ€™re fired.â€”

She tensed up but nodded.

â€œI know my rules are fucking retarded butâ€¦I guess I donâ€™t care.â€”

She shook her head. â€œNo. I understand them. I really do.â€” She said. I stared into her eyes. â€œWhere are you from, Jamie?â€” I asked grabbing a cigar from my pocket.

â€œFlorida.â€” She answered and ran her fingers through her brunette hair. Believe it or not, just from her doing that, it was a turn on. I closed my eyes for a second and breathed through my nose.

â€œFlorida. Never been.â€”

â€œYouâ€™d love it there.â€”

â€œI doubt it.â€” I said. She rolled her eyes and looked down at the pad of paper sitting in her lap. She wasnâ€™t afraid to show attitude in front of me.

â€œWell, I guess you should be off to your office. Any phone calls for the next hour and a half, Iâ€™m not here.â€” I said. She nodded and stood up.

As she reached the door, I called her name. She turned with an odd yet sexy smile on her face. â€œYes?â€” She asked. I leaned back in my chair. â€œAre you single?â€” I asked.

She blushed and nodded. Then I smiled a fake smile. â€œAre you attracted to me?â€” I asked. She blushed again. She walked out of the door and closed it without a word. I could still smell her perfume.

The weirdest thing is that, although she was pretty and I love fucking brunettes with a hammer, I didnâ€™t wantâ€¦Iâ€™d like to hurt this girl. I canâ€™t explain it. Yes, I wouldnâ€™t mind eating a fucking brunette for breakfast right now. But Jamie, I canâ€™t even think about hurting her.

When it was around five, I got my jacket on and sighed. I looked into the mirror, ran my fingers through my hair and narrowed my eyes at my appearance. I opened the door and Jamieâ€™s perfume hit me immediately. But I loved how it wasnâ€™t exactly strong. Just the perfect amount. â€œLeaving early?â€” She asked.

I nodded. â€œMeeting my friends for lunch. Iâ€™ll be back around six thirty, seven.â€”

She nodded and smiled. â€œOkay.â€” She turned back to her computer and I found my eyes lingering on her for way longer than I wanted. I slowly turned and walked down the hall.

Nothing but the blood part 4

Bryce placed a cigar in his mouth and lit it up. This restaurant was okay with people smoking. This was probably the only damn restaurant in New York that will allow people to smoke. I was sitting at a table with Bryce, Eric, and Alex.

â I saw that new chick. Your assistant. Are you gonna bang her?â Alex asked. I sighed and leaned back against the chair. â Weâ ll see.â Is all I said.

â Hell, if you wonâ t, I will.â Bryce said smiling. I rolled my eyes.

â You fuck anything that moves so Iâ m not entirely surprised.â I said. Bryce shook his head and his eyes stayed on our waitress.

â Iâ m so sick of these conversations about whoâ s fucking who. Or who is blowing who. Can we talk about something else besides fucking?â Alex asked. Bryce looked at him. â What else is there to talk about?â

Eric snickered. â Money is an option.â

â Fuck money. Fuck pussy. Fuck it all.â Alex said.

â You want to know what I heard?â Bryce asked. â Not really.â I replied. He gave me the finger and continued with what he was saying. â I heard that Whitney is cheating on me.â He said. A small smirk made it to my face. She is and if you canâ t see it, youâ re fucking retarded. â Thatâ s too bad.â I said. Bryce sighed. â If I find out itâ s true, Iâ m kicking her and whoever the fucker is-ass.â

â Want some help?â Alex asked. Bryce shrugged.

â I have a chainsaw and some knives if youâ d like them. Iâ ll be more than happy to help you.â I said. Bryce either didnâ t hear the comment or he ignored it.

Eric sighed. â When can we get some fucking food around here?â He looked around. The place was packed. â Calm down. Theyâ re busier than usual. â The hells going on with you lately?â Bryce asked.

â Nothing.â Eric said.

â If you need a tampon, Eric, they got them in the ladyâ s room.â Alex said laughing.

â Go fuck yourself.â

â Naw, I think Iâ ll just fuck your fiancée.â Alex said.

â If you want the bitch, have her.â Eric said angrily. We all looked at him.

â Whatâ s wrong?â I asked not caring really. I actually felt the need to call Jamie and just talk to her but I placed that thought away.

â Sheâ s fucking pregnant.â Eric said.

Nothing but the blood part 4

“Congratulations, Eric.” Bryce said taking a hit of his cigar. Eric glared at him.

Alex shook his head. “That’s not a congratulations. They’re not even married yet.”

“I was being sarcastic, dickhead.” Bryce said.

“Okay, yeah, my friends are!..what’s the word? Idiotic and!..shallow. But with them, I can fit in. Not have to let people be aware of the sick insane person I really am.”

“I have to make a phone call, gentlemen. I’ll be back.” I said as I got up. I went into the men’s room and dialed the number to my office.

“This is Paul Weiss’s firm. How can I be of your assistance?” Her voice was three octaves higher on the phone. “Hey.” I said.

“Hello. Mr. Lonesly?” Jamie asked.

“Yeah. I’ll!..I just wanted!..um!..did I get any messages?” I asked.

“Yes, a Whitney Hamilton called and wanted me to tell you to come over as soon as possible. She said it was an emergency. And a man named Craig Baker wants you to meet for drinks with him at that new restaurant, *Alice*, at around nine.”

I sighed. “Call Craig back and tell him, no. I will not meet with him and feel free to call him a faggot if you will.” I hung the phone up and looked in the mirror to make sure I was in perfect shape.

When I look in the mirror, right off the back, I see a monster. A man who kills and likes it. I enjoy what I do. It’s not about the materials I use. It’s not about the prostitutes or teachers or secretaries. It’s about the blood followed by the silence.

I walked out of the bathroom back to the table.

Eric looked irritated. Bryce looked upset and Alex looked tired. God, my friends are retarded.

“Back from jacking off?” Alex asked. I gave him a fake smile.

“No. It’s possible to jack off in the bathroom. Just go to the last stall no one ever bothers it. Can we get some fucking food on this goddamn table?!” Eric screamed to no one in particular.

A waitress came over and took all of our orders. I winked at her before she left and she blushed.

“I’ll do her.” Bryce said.

“Yeah, what’s stopping you?” I asked.

“Whitney.”

“Fuck Whitney. If you think she’s cheating, fuck someone else too.”

“The way me and you deal with things is extremely different.” Obviously.

Nothing but the blood part 4

“ Bryce, you’re telling me you never thought about stepping out on your wife?” Alex asked. He narrowed his eyes.

“ Of course I have. Who haven’t? But I am also a good man which means I can only store my sexual desires in Whitney.” Bryce said. “ It’s too bad that Whitney is using her sexual desires on me.”

“ She’s a great girl, Bryce. I think she’s being faithful.” I said smirking.

“ Who believes in the word ‘faithful’ what the fuck does that even mean?” Eric asked. I smiled and shook my head.

“ According to Mr. ‘I got a rat up my ass over here’ being faithful is truly a sin.” Alex said pointing with his thumb to Eric.

“ How the hell is being faithful a sin?” I asked.

“ God put us here to procreate with as many women as we want. He never said anything about monogamy. Say we’re with some chick. Committed to her. Unfortunately. God needs more people put on the planet. So while we’re with whatever chick we’re with, we should be helping god by getting other chicks pregnant. It’s in the bible.” Eric said taking a sip of his vodka.

“ That shit is not in the bible you prick. That doesn’t even make sense.” Bryce said. I smiled and just shook my head. “ That’s the only response I could give when it came to my ‘friends.’”

When we left the restaurant, we went back to The Paul Weiss law firm. I walked into Jamie’s office.

“ Any messages?” I asked. She nodded and followed me as I walked into my office.

“ Another message from a Whitney Hamilton. She wanted me to tell you ‘..um..’”

“ Tell me what?” I demanded hanging my jacket up.

“ That you’re ‘..prick for not calling her back.’” She whispered. I smiled. “ She’s off her meds. Anything else?” I asked.

“ Nope.”

“ Then thank you.” I said looking at her. She nodded and turned to walk out of the door. “ Jamie?” I asked sitting down in my chair.

“ Yes sir?”

“ Would you like to have dinner with me sometime?” I asked. She bit her lip and nodded.

“ Tomorrow? I have to pick up my nephew soon.”

“ Okay then. Tomorrow.” I said. She blushed and closed my door as she walked out of my office. I sat back and turned on some music while I continued my work.

As the day ended, I decided to walk home. Wasn’t that far. I needed to shed some blood to get me out of this ‘weird phase I was in. I wanted to take Jamie out to dinner but at the same time, I wanted to stick a rat

Nothing but the blood part 4

up her cunt and I wanted the rat to begin eating her inside out and maybe even birth some mice inside of her. I know. I know. Sick thoughts. But hey, Iâm a sick guy.

As I began walking down the street, I spotted a red head smoking a cigarette while leaning against a building. I smiled as I walked up to her. âGot another?â I asked. She looked cautious at first but then dug in her pocket and pulled another cigarette out.

She gave it to me and then gave me a black and white skull lighter. I lit up my cigarette and gave the lighter back to her.

I took the cigarette out of my mouth and blew out the smoke. âAre you a prostitute?â I asked. She shrugged. âMaybe. Maybe not.â She answered. She had a New Jersey accent.

âYou said maybe first so I take it that you are one.â I put the cigarette back in my mouth and dug into my pocket. I brought out seven twenties.

Her eyes widened. âItâs only seventy to fuck me.â She said.

âJust take it all. Seems like you could need it. You must be cold in that short skirt.â I said. She shrugged. I gave her the money and she placed it in her bra.

âWhere do you want to go?â She asked. I smiled. âMy place.â I answered. She bit her lip.

We walked and eventually I got tired of walking and we caught a cab to my place. When she walked in, she smiled. âWow. This is really nice.â She looked around and smiled.

âThank you.â I said. I closed the door and led her to my now clean room. I got rid of the teacher and the stripper and my old secretary. They were beginning to stink.

The girl sat on the bed.

âIâm going to call youâ !..Jenny.â I said.

âRole playing?â She asked. I tilted my head and thought for a second. âYeah. Role play. Iâm a rapist and youâre my secretary. Understand?â She nodded.

âWould you mind if I rip your shirt and panties? Just makes everything more dramatic. Iâll give you my shirt once you leave.â Sheâs not ever fucking leaving.

âOkay.â She answered.

âStay right here.â

I went into the kitchen and grabbed two knives and some duct tape from the drawer. I sighed and leaned against the counter looking down at the items that I had in my hand. I was doing this because I wanted to. But Jamieâs face never once left my mind since I got here. I sighed and got out a pair of scissors.

I got back into the bedroom and sat everything down on the dresser. She sat up a little.

âWhatâs with the knife?â She asked. She began to look scared. I shook my head. âNothing. Role play. Remember?â I asked.

Nothing but the blood part 4

She nodded but I can still see a twinge of fear in her eyes. For some reason, Jamie's face came into mind and I closed my eyes for a second. Thing was, I wanted to imagine that the girl lying on my bed was Jamie. But I wouldn't torture her. I'd just fuck the shit out of her. Fuck her until she couldn't breathe anymore. Fuck her until she cries. Fuck her until she bleeds. Fuck her until she stops breathing, cries and bleeds all at the same time.

“Ready to start the role play?” I asked. She nodded. “Yeah, how are we going to start?” She asked. I thought for a second. “I want you to slip out of your skirt and play like you're going to bed. I'm going to go outside of my house for a second and pretend that this is your house, and I'm breaking into it. Just play like you're asleep when you hear my footsteps. Okay?” I asked. She nodded and slipped her skirt down. “Wait. Safe word?” She asked.

“Safe word is blood.” I answered as I walked out into the hallway. Through the living room and outside my door. I stayed out there for a minute in a half with Jamie constantly running through my mind every few fucking seconds. After three minutes passed, I slowly and quietly walked back into the house and closed the door quietly.

I walked through the living room and through the hallway and stopped in the doorway of the bedroom. Jenny was lying under the white covers with her eyes closed and breathing slowly in and out. I quietly grabbed the duct tape and cut off a piece. I turned and noticed her eyes were still closed. I got the piece of duct tape and I placed it over her mouth and her eyes flashed open she looked at me in fear. She immediately screamed but I slapped her really hard and she fell onto the other side of the bed. She tried to slide off the bed to get onto the floor but I caught her ankle and pulled her back towards me on the bed. She screamed and began to fight me but before she knew it, I already tore her panties off.

I got her shirt over her face so she couldn't see. I had my hand grabbed onto both of her wrist above her head while I pulled my pants down. She still struggled to get free. I got my boxers down before I embedded myself into her cunt. She stopped screaming and moaned forgetting that we were role playing for a second. I ripped her shirt off of her body.

“Scream you fucking bitch.” I growled in her ear. And she did but as she did, she wrapped her leg around me. “Keep fighting me.” I grunted as I pushed in and out of her wet cunt. She began to kick and punch me but not hard enough. She moaned and threw her head back against the bed.

“Cry.” I said. She nodded and kept her eyes open while I fucked her. As soon as I saw her began to cry, I released into her pussy. But she hasn't cum yet.

I grabbed her hair and she whimpered. “Turn on your fucking stomach.” I demanded. She did as she told and I began fucking her in her ass and her screams seriously sounded real. Maybe she really was in pain this time. But her pain was my pleasure. She really did start fighting. But her ass was so tight and felt better than her pussy so I wasn't going to stop no matter how much she fought. I can hear her muffling the safe word over and over. But that safe word means nothing to me. Fuck the safe word. I reached underneath my pillow and grabbed my gun. As I pumped in and out of her ass I could feel her getting wet. Either that or she was bleeding. Either way, it made it easier for me to slide in and out of her. I held the gun to the back of her head and pulled the trigger. She stopped fighting and her head slammed down against the pillows and her breathing slowed. When I released in her ass, I felt so good. I felt good from coming and I felt good that she was dead. Release washed over me as I laid on the dead prostitute. I breathed in the scent of her hair. It needed to be washed. I didn't feel like getting rid of this bitch tonight. I'll do it some other night. I got off of her and looked down at my dick. Yeah, it was blood. Now there's blood on my sheets and headboard and a little on the wall. I moved the prostitute onto the other side of the bed. I slipped under the sheets and closed my eyes and of course the one and only face that came into my mind was Jamie.

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