Nothing but the blood part 5

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Christopher and his secretary go on a date

Published on
Booksie

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â So youâ d fuck a chick thatâ s mentally challenged?â Alex asked as he sat back in his seat. Me, him, Eric and Bryce was in a restaurant Sunday morning. Some new place called *Allenâ s.*

â Depends rather sheâ s ugly or cute.â Bryce replied.

â Are there mentally challenged chicks thatâ s cute?â Eric asked. I nodded.

â Yeah, Karen Hadler. Sheâ s hot.â I said. Bryce and Eric laughed. â Sheâ s not mentally challenged idiot, sheâ s just fucked up in the head. Thatâ s all.â

â Being fucked up in the head *is* being mentally challenged. Am I right?â I asked.

â Youâ ve got a point there but there is another version of fucked up in the head.â Bryce said.

â Explain.â Said Alex.

â Well the main version is retards.â

â Mentally challenged.â Eric corrected him.

â Mentally whatever the fuck. The other version is a sick person. Metaphorically. A man or woman who has the sickest fucking thoughts in the world. A fucking serial killer.â Bryce said.

â Thatâ s true.â Alex said nodding and he took a bite of his pancake.

â Very nice, Bryce. Very nice how you seem to know all about serial killers.â I said. I took a sip of my water and sat it back down.

â I never said I knew everything about them. But itâ s easy to spot one.â He said slightly smiling. Wipe that fucking smirk off your face before I cut your fucking lips off.

â That easy, huh?â I asked. He nodded and looked behind him pointing to a man with gray hair and sagging skin. â Heâ s a serial killer. I bet his face is just a disguise.â I pinched the bridge of my nose and closed my eyes. â Bryce, I would like to cut off your cock and feed it to you.â I said almost loud enough for everyone to hear. But nobody responded to what I said.

â Thatâ s stupid, Bryce. Heâ s going on fucking on hundred. I bet the bastard canâ t even get it up anymore.â Alex said. Eric laughed.

â Thatâ s what he wants you to believe.â Bryce said in an ominous tone.

â So while weâ re on the subject of serial killers, whoâ s your favorite?â I asked.

Alex raised his eyebrow. â You do realize that you ask us this question every Sunday, right?â Alex said.

â Shut the fuck up and just answer the question.â I said. Eric sighed.

â The Texas chainsaw Leatherface guy. â He said.

â Heâ s somewhat of an amateur.â I said. Eric shrugged.

â Patrick Bateman.â Alex said. Now thereâ s a real original serial killer. Patrick Bateman.

â But heâ s a fictional serial killer. I heard that Leatherface really did exist.â Eric said.

Alex shrugged. â Why the hell are we talking about this shit?â Bryce asked.

â What about you, Bryce? Whoâ s your favorite serial killer?â I asked.

â I donâ t have one. Can we talk about something else?â

â The food fucking sucks here.â Eric said. I placed an apple slice into my mouth and bit down on it. Alex placed a cigar in his mouth and was about to light it, but a pretty waitress told him he couldnâ t. He flipped her off and her feelings looked hurt. â Donâ t mind him, honey.â I said. She looked at me and smiled brightly. Almost as if seeing my face made her into a good mood. â Heâ s menstruating.â I whispered to her. She giggled.

â Fuck you.â Alex said.

â May I have your number?â I asked the waitress. Her head would look really good in my freezer. She nodded and grabbed a pad of paper from her pocket and a black and gold shiny pen. She jotted down her number and smiled while handing it to me. She walked off and I placed her number in my pocket.

When I got home, I called *Jamie.* I asked her what restaurant she wanted to go to and she told me my favorite restaurant. I admired her choice. At around nine P.M, I was waiting for her at a table in the corner.

Jamie was smiling as she walked towards me in a tight fitting cream colored strapless dress. She had on black pumps and a black necklace and earrings to match. She sat down across from me and smiled.
â Hiâ ¦.sir.â She whispered. I smiled slightly. â Call me Christopher. Weâ re not at work, *Jamie.â* I said.

â Iâ m sorry. I donâ t know why Iâ m so nervous. Itâ s just dinner.â She said. I nodded. She had no reason to be nervous. I had no desire toâ ¦â ¦hurt her.

â Jamie, can I ask you a question?â She nodded played with a random lock of her silky brunette hair. The action distracted me and made me want to fuck her but I snapped out of it. â Umâ ¦.doâ ¦do you have a favorite serial killer?â I asked. Her smile slightly vanished. But shortly returned after a while.
â Uhâ ¦..well. I donâ t exactly have a favorite one. But I do enjoy the serial killers that like to torture theyâ re victims before actually killing them. I think that makes them more original.â She said. I stared at her. My god. This girl is me.

She blushed and placed her face in her hands. â Okay. That sounded weird and itâ s not dinner talk.â She said. I reached over and took her hands from her face. â No. No. Itâ s okay.â

She looked at me and sat back in her seat. â What about you?â She asked. â My answer is the same as yours.â I said. She smiled. The waitress came and took our order. She ordered a salad with a side of french-fries and lemonade. I ordered a chicken salad and a bowl of tomato soup along with a diet sprite.

â Favorite movie?â I asked. She thought for a second. â I will have to say itâ s between The Notebook and The Texas Chainsaw massacre.â She said. I tilted my head to the side.

â Why?â I asked.

She took a sip of her lemonade. â The Notebook is unlike any love story Iâ ve ever read about or witnessed. These romance movies out here are getting more and more predictable. Itâ s getting irritating. But The Notebook, itâ s so different and the fact that I couldnâ t predict the ending correctly makes it all the more better.â She said. I nodded.

â And your reasoning for picking the Leatherface movie?â I asked. She ate two french-fries. â Iâ ve always been a huge Leatherface fan. Thanks to my dad. I hate that the killings happen so quickly but I still love it.â

â Interesting choices.â I said. I took a spoonful of soup and sipped it.

â What made you ask me out?â She finally asked. I wanted to be honest with her for some reason.

â Well, I saw something in you that I donâ t really see in any other girl. No. I see something in you that I donâ t really see in any other person. You donâ tâ ¦â ¦annoy me. You donâ t make me want to cut your fucking head off. Youâ re honest. Andâ ¦â ¦youâ reâ ¦..youâ re beautiful.â I quickly grabbed my diet sprite and chugged it. It burned but I needed that feeling. Jamie bit her lip while playing with her black necklace.

â Why did you agree to go out with me?â I asked. She ran her fingers through her brunette hair. So fucking hot. â Because there is something dangerous about you that I immediately became attracted to.â She said. This girl seriously interested me unlike anyone else.

â Whatâ s so dangerous about me, *Jamie?â*

â For one, the fact that you seem to talk about killing every few seconds.â She said. I laughed silently to myself. Very rarely do I ever laugh. Hardly even smile. And very rarely is it ever *real.*

â Does that scare you?â I asked. She shook her head. â Weirdly, no. If anything, itâ ¦â ¦.â She stopped her sentence and ate some more of her French fries.

â It what?â

â Itâ ¦â ¦..itâ s somewhat of aâ ¦â ¦.a turn on.â She finally said. I smirked, amused. â Talking about killing is a turn on to you.â This is definitely the future Mrs. Christopher Lonesly.

â I have fantasies. I am human after all.â She said as she stabbed her tomato with her fork and put it in her mouth. I stabbed my cucumber with the fork I had.

â Tell me a fantasy.â I said. She shook her head right away. â Too embarrassing.â She said.

â How about I tell you my fantasy? Then in return, you tell me one of yours?â I asked. She nodded.

â I would like to tie a girl up to my bed. I want to rape her while eating the flesh off of her face.â I said testing her. My real fantasy is that but ten times more detailed.

She stopped eating only for a second and tilted her head to the side. â Interesting and enduring.â She said nodding. Her tenseness disappeared. I leaned up in my chair. â Did you not hear what I just said, *Jamie?â* I asked. She nodded. â I did.â

â It doesnâ t scare you?â I asked.

She shook her head and ate a couple more fries. â No. Itâ s kind of interesting actually.â

â What makes it so interesting?â

â Justâ ¦â ¦the way you think. You donâ t think like other people. Youâ re different andâ ¦â ¦I like that.â She admitted.

â Interesting.â I said staring at her out of fascination. She drunk some more of her lemonade and then sat the glass down.

â Your turn, tell me a fantasy.â I said.

She bit her lip for a second. â Well the best I could come up with would be having sex in a puddle of blood.â She said. Yeahâ ¦I have to marry this girl.

â Wow. You seem likeâ ¦..well you look soâ ¦..innocent but deep in your mindâ ¦â ¦youâ re something else.â I said. She looked satisfied with what I said.

After dinner, we took a walk. It was pitch black outside and there was no one around. And if I wanted to kill this girl. I could. â Iâ m still trying to figure you out.â I said as we slowly walked through a field of grass.

â What do you mean?â She asked.

â Youâ re the only person who actually responds to my awkward remarks aboutâ ¦â ¦killing.â I said.

â Weâ re all different Christopher. Some of us are religious. Some of us are Goths. Some of us are nerds and some of us are interested in the aspects of killing.â She said. It sounded like she was smiling.

â Are you one of the people who are interested in the aspects of killing?â I asked. I can sense she shrugged. â Maybe.â She answered. She pulled me forward until we were against the wall of an abandoned building. She was against the wall Iâ m pretty sure looking up at me. I could feel her warm breath hitting my face. I looked down at her face and even in the darkness, she was beautiful. Her hands touched my face. I leaned down and kissed her lips. She moaned and immediately wrapped her left leg around me. I grabbed her leg and kept it up to my waist while I was still kissing her. I bit her lip with my teeth and she whimpered and wrapped her arms around my neck. I lifted her dress up and just about ripped her panties off of her. I then unbuckled my belt and pulled my pants down. When I pulled my boxers down, I was happy to finally let out my aching erection.

I now had both of her legs wrapped around my waist and I embedded my cock inside of her. When she got relaxed and it felt her to the hilt, I wasâ ¦.flying. She was the tightest thing I have ever fucked. It was almost as if she was a virgin. She kissed me again and moaned as I pumped my length in and out of her tight pussy.

â Oh my god.â She cried and moaned. I was panting harder than ever. â Youâ re so fucking tight you bitch.â She buried her face in the crook of my neck and continued moaning. I could feel my release approaching. I felt like I was hurting her for some reason. I didnâ t want to but hurting her would make this whole thing oh so much better.

She cried out and leaned her head back against the wall. I came inside of her and she kissed me and then sighed into my mouth. We stayed that way for a little while. I slowly sat her back down on the grass and slid out of her. I quickly fixed my clothes and as did she. We didnâ t talk. It didnâ t feel awkward. It felt normal. Good. The silence.

We walked through the dark streets. â Just for you to know, Iâ m on birth control.â She said. Thank god. â Yeah, I kind of figured that.â I replied.

â I donâ t normally justâ ¦â ¦â ¦.â

â Fuck a guy on the first date? Yeah, I know.â I said.

â Do you? I meanâ ¦.do you have sex with girls on the first date?â

â I donâ t go on dates.â I admitted. She looked at me. â So why did you take me out on a date?â She asked. I didnâ t answer because I truly didnâ t know why.

She stopped walking and looked up at her brick apartment. â This is me.â She breathed. She looked back at me. The street lights were glistening off of her face. â Eight thirty tomorrow. And tomorrow, youâ re my secretary. Not some girl I just fucked.â I said. She smiled and nodded. She kissed me and then licked her lips. â Bye, Christopher.â She turned away and walked into the door. She waved before closing it. I just stood there staring in fascination.

Out of every girl who has tried to get my attention, *Jamie* definitely got it.

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