

# Realization of a Murderer

By : **Ian Dawn**

This is a tale born of my own experiences mixed in with how I see a serial killer coming into his own based around Power, sex and murder. I have infused my own life to a Novel about a man who over his life has had trauma, hurt and dark thoughts but its not until he is 48 years old that he realises his full true potential in life.



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## Chapter 1 - Getting to know You

Don't get me wrong, I am not at all happy about what I just did! But hey sometimes you're thoughts get the better of you.

I don't even know her name but she was a pretty little thing if a little messed up on drugs and a shit upbringing, and she is now number one. Blonde cute and the oral sex if rushed, was not bad, except I now have my DNA all in her mouth and throat.

But I do get ahead of myself. My name is Charles Davies I'm forty eight years old white male of moderate upbringing nothing amazing about me except I have great job and a beautiful wife and two amazing daughters. I have been successful so far in my life, in many ways. Sport, love, family, all fairly modest and nothing stand out. Maybe that's the problem! I have had such an average life so far. But again I am getting ahead of myself, let me try and explain what my life has been like up to now. That way we can get to know each other before the real horror begins.

I grew up in a new suburb in Adelaide, and was born on the sixth of July nineteen sixty four. My father was a hard man, nothing like the mild old fella he is today. My mother god rest her soul was my soul mate and came from a quite disruptive upbringing with her mother and then her grandmother passing away at the tender age of just sixteen and she had to make her way forward in a small country town with little or no prospects. It's no wonder she latched onto the old man and was engaged at nineteen and married just a year later.

I was born into a middle class family the younger of two boys, but from day one I was different. I was a large child in size and stature and by the time I could run around I was being honed by my father as a footballer. Not your American Gridiron or Soccer, but Aussie rules football. Woops, I should slow down again I am going too fast. At age four I realized that I had a penis and would rub it on anything, the carpet under my bed was the best place but I would love it so much I would sometimes rub my little fella raw and I had to try and explain to mum what happened. Mum wasn't stupid but she was confused as to why I was so active at such an early age. I fell in love with girls panties in grade one at school and still to this day have the fetish that has seen me through all these years. I was sent to the headmasters' office at age six for lifting girls' dresses at school, he too was perplexed but had seen almost everything in his fifteen years at the school as a teacher and now headmaster and he let me off with a warning not to do it again.

I think it was at this time I had my first real dark thought about women in general, tying them up so I could lift up the dresses and look at my leisure. It would be another five years until my first wet dream that I still remember fondly.

By now I was playing football and being a tall kid for my age I was always a ruckman, the guy in the centre that jumps for the ball. I was pretty good at it too, and I continued for many years to come, winning multiple premierships and best and fairest trophies in my teams. At twelve years of age and being six foot tall and weighing eighty kilograms I was an adult. I was masturbating at a rate of knots and my mother could not clean my sheets enough. I always had dark thoughts of sex and control more passive at this stage as I had never seen a naked woman only the scantily clothed babes on "The Benny Hill Show" which was on before I went to bed, which was a bonus for me.

I was a large shy gentle boy good at school and sport but no real luck with the ladies, I was a fat kid and so overbearingly tall and intimidating to the teachers let alone girls my own age. At ten years of age I had one of the grade six boys tease me and he tried to kick me showing off to his friends calling me a freak and fatso,

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well, I cracked, five years of teasing and bullying hit a climax and I grabbed his foot as he lashed out and flung him in the air until he hit the ground. Once he was down I jumped on top and punched him over and over, grabbing his head and smashing it into the ground. It took two teachers and three students to get me off him and I really can't remember much after that except my trip to the headmasters' office and the phone call home. The neatly dressed master looked at me and shook his head then took my hand and said, "It's done now, you have that out of your system, let's not do that again, ok Charles?" I smiled and I knew what he meant and promised him I would do my best to not hurt anyone again. When I got home my father greeted me with a five dollar note and said "well done son, I hope you hurt him good?" Mum was just worried that I had turned, and I would use my size for evil but I promised her I would not.

My one girl friend and friend being the operative word was an amazing creature called Lisa she was beautiful and would let me touch her arse and boobs when we were mucking around but we were mates so nothing ever happened. I would follow her home on her bike and watch her dress flap around in the breeze and reveal her flower print panties, go home and jack off so hard it hurt in the shower. When soap gets in the eye of your penis it hurts girls!

High school was an amazing place there were short skirts and boobs everywhere it was the seventies and hems were high. But alas I was still a fatty and now at just over six feet tall I was taller than all my teachers. I blended in well a good student and on the football and cricket team I was a valued member of the sporting fraternity within the school. It didn't seem to matter that I was fat or large it was almost revered by some that we would win matches and ultimately premierships at the end of the year. Still no luck with the ladies but hey I was too busy with sport and then something happened to me on my fifteenth birthday. I shot up and hit six feet three and lost a stack of fat and had muscles all of a sudden. My hair was long and amazing and girls wanted me. I was all of a sudden a "Hunk" as one girl said to me.½ This is about the time I started to really go to town with the dark thoughts, never hurt anyone but masturbate about holding three of them in my room and fucking them when I wanted to. I was moving into my teens a quietly depraved individual, but no-one but me had any idea what was going on.½

I had a steady girl but she dropped me for a guy with a car and I went back to fantasy and sport my two life staples. It was around this time I met other mates through my football and I was playing for a local league team in their junior ranks, and it was here I was introduced to drugs and "gangys" as they were called girls that didn't fit in anywhere and they would let boys do whatever to them so they could be a part of the group. I had my first hand job with a girl called Cheryl, she was average to look at and very easy to forget but she dressed like a slut and she would get free dope and acid at the parties so she was always there. She fumbled with my fly and took my already large member out and gasped as she held it. I was a big boy in more ways than one! She smiled and stroked me while I rubbed my hands all over her body but mainly her panty covered ass. She kissed me and I shot into her hand a gusher of jizz, and one pulse saw a glob hit her face just on her lip. She didn't make a sound, just licked her lip and bent down to clean the rest off of my now receding cock. She lifted her head and kissed me and I went off, my head spun my mind went into overdrive and my cock went ridged in her hand. Cheryl laughed and I pushed her face back on my cock and fucked her mouth hard. She tried to get away but I just held her there until I felt her teeth on my rod like member. I didn't flinch but savored the moment; I lifted her off and threw her aside like a doll. She cried and said she was going to get someone to sort me out but I laughed put my little man away and went to get another beer.

I still recall that image in my head at times when I jerk off even now all these years later, but now I know it's the power as much as the sex that drive the erection.

Now It was a couple of years later when I finally settled with a girl and thought I was in love because she was sucking my cock on a regular basis and I was a star in my chosen sport. By the time I was eighteen I was a star, fit tall and handsome, with an air of vulnerability about me that chicks dug. Little did they know it was all just a rouse, I remembered what my old headmaster said, "Keep it under control" I loved to manipulate

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people, or should I say, I love to manipulate people and their fears and emotions! I use comedy to annihilate people in a fun way and learned to be the centre of attention but deflect the meaning behind it. I could come and go easily but never really be memorable for any of it.

½

I was engaged at nineteen and married at twenty, I was in heaven, I was getting as much sex as I wanted and I was in control. My sporting career ended abruptly at eighteen when I blew out both knees and had reconstructive surgery, but my chosen job was starting to show signs of advancement so I put all my energy into my work. I worked my ass off twelve hour days and Saturdays as well to pay off my bank loans and by twenty three I was debt free!

I owed nothing to no-one and it was at this time my dark thoughts surfaced yet again. My wife was working nights and weekends even though she didn't need to and I became closed off and I put some weight on which spiraled into my a depression and ultimately Bulimia. I would hire videos, yes VCR's and masturbate myself raw while crying and then after eating because I was lonely I would purge and do it all again. My pain was evident to me but not to anyone else. I was becoming sheltered and resented my wife for not being there for me. She was obsessed with money and worked to save and save and save. Me I just wanted to live.

Then one day it happened, a knock at my door and a beautiful young blond who was selling paintings or something, I can't really remember because I was looking at her. I remember because it was stinking hot and she looked beat. I asked her inside and if she wanted a drink and she said that would be great. I watched as she walked past her odour the first thing that hit me a sweet, musky smell of hot woman that sent a spark to me ball sack. She sat and I found out her name was Olga, and she was an art student back packing around Australia and she did this to pay for her travels and accommodation. She took the cold glass of water from me and some spilled down her front over her breast and her nipple reacted immediately to the cold water and air rushing past it from the evaporative air-conditioning. We started talking and I asked her some inane questions when she said smiling, "If I blow you will you buy one of my paintings please, I need the money"

My answer was thus "How about I give you two hundred bucks and we shower and fuck like rabbits. She smiled again and took my hand as we walked to the shower

Let's just say the sex was great I don't need to go into details here because it is only part of the story. She was so pretty naked and only a couple of years younger than me and her northern European skin was so white and pure, like porcelain. I could have looked at her for hours naked she was just that amazingly hot. We chatted after and she went on her way back into the now almost darkness that had fallen and to her backpacker hotel a couple of hundred bucks richer and satisfied. I never saw her again but the memory fueled another fiction in my mind as I fucked my wife that night when she came home late. "Wow your hard tonight" she had said to me. I remember because my cock actually ached as I was remembering my meeting with Olga but in my mind the outcome was completely different. The fantasy was much darker and sinister with me knocking her unconscious and ripping her clothes off, raping her in every hole and then using her panties to strangle her as I was inside her. I exploded in my wife just as my fantasy came to an end and I was literally spent. Laying next to her I started to talk to myself internally about what I was feeling and thinking, I could not hurt someone could I? The feeling was overwhelming and I could feel my organ filling with blood yet again. It was the thought of the power over another human being that was the turn on, the sex really was just a means to an end. What was I thinking, could I do it, I can't I just can't this is wrong, I should have a stop valve to not allow me to think of these things. I laid there contemplating life as I moved my left hand to my wife ass and gave it a little rub; she made a noise but then drifted off again. My sanity was prevailing but for how much longer!

## Chapter 2: The Middle years

Let's just say that my marriage was a great platform for the rest of my time from here on in. I was divorced some years later and it was at this time I hit my darkest days. Suicide was on the table for a period because I could not console myself against the things I did to create a feeling of love lost in my relationship. I knew deep down I was a big part of why the marriage failed, but never the less I felt deep heart ache. I had thoughts that transcended humanity and apart from work I spent my time smoking and drinking myself to an early grave until one night I had a dream that turned my life around.

The dream was me floating in a tank suspended in fluid with drains and pipes attached to me a device on my face that was breathing for me. I felt useless, utterly un-empowered and a husk of a man, that could not even breath for himself. I awoke a different man, I shaved ate, dressed for work and bounded in to my workplace a different man from the one that existed for the previous six years. I was confident and assured of myself and I was coming to terms with who I was as a person. My demeanor on the outside was charming and I reverted to my manipulating best. I became the best I could at everything I touched but with an air of aloofness that saw me the man in charge but still one of the team. I used this knowledge and inbuilt attribute at night as I frequented the Adelaide casino. A tall empowered but vulnerable twenty seven year old man with a baby face and a dark glint in his eye. I befriended many and knew none; I was a quick study in the way of people and used my time here to hone my techniques. Money was tight but not elusive and to a player of people I was a master of the lonely wife or aging single woman. I sat at the roulette table with my customary one hundred dollars in chips and lost most of them in a ten minute bad luck streak. I huffed and went to move on when a tall leggy brunette, well dressed and in her mid forties passed me a stack of her chips, looking straight in my eyes she said "here babe play with these and if you win, keep the winnings all I want is my investment back." I nodded and held my hand out to her, "Charles is my name and I am more than flattered but I can't accept your offer" I held the line of dialogue open waiting for her to finish my sentence which she did with "Stephanie, my name is Stephanie, you my dear boy can call me Steph if it pleases you, and this is not a request it's an order!" My heart missed a beat she was amazing, beautiful and confident beyond belief. To cut a long story short I used Stephs' money and made myself a full three thousand dollars profit from using her money. Needless to say I left her house at six am for work in the same clothes after an amazing night together. I let her feel as though she played me but I got everything I planned for that night and continued to do so with varying women for the next three months. I would play with their money win pocket the difference and then please them in such a way as they would then pimp me out to their girlfriends, sometimes I would have two together which was fun.

I had to stop this after the three months as I was becoming that which I did not want, I was visible and not the ghost I started out being. I started a relationship and needed to consolidate myself as a family man, and at the same time was offered a position with work in the United Kingdom.

Marriage and a move later, I am a thirty something in a new country with a whole set of new people to learn about. Sex over there was as easy as being an Aussie in the UK. All I had to do to get laid was speak, and I could not keep up with myself as I tallied up my conquests. They were all inadequate and not worth much except a place to enjoy the bodies and flesh of some beautiful English roses. I also found out they loved my fetish and some would parade in their panties for me before sex, or keep them on for me during sex, gotta love the English girls. Then one day it all changed, my wife was pregnant and I was going to be a father so I needed to buckle down and disappear again back into an invisible life of the normal.

The next few years were so compliant from me it wasn't funny, I was a dad and a husband of such equal measure no-one could have guessed my inner thoughts at night and on the new thing called the internet, on chat rooms like ICQ was quietly feeding my burning inner addiction for power and sex. I had three slaves who would do anything I asked and they would take pictures and post them back to me showing all sorts of

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depraved acts. One had a beer bottle in her ass while she was using a dildo, and another sent me pics of herself being abused anally by some guy, while handcuffed to a frame. As I say it's not the sex that was enticing but the power I held over them to do my bidding.

This kept up for a further two years before I met up with Jenny.

I had met her through ICQ and she was a beautiful African American girl of twenty one who was studying in Cambridge for three months as part of her studies. I met her in a hotel just outside of Cambridge and her special fetish had me intrigued, she loved to reach orgasm at the same time as she was being gently strangled. I found this totally stimulating we had all the upfront foreplay and she started with the "do me now" speak so I moved behind her and using a scarf gently pulled it tight as I was fucking her, she went mad and I could feel her getting worked up more and more telling me, "Tighter, tighter" so I did just a little and I could hear her struggling for air but she told me more so I did and just as her pussy tightened and she came she collapsed on the bed, passed out, or dead I did not know. I reached around looking for a pulse and sure enough her heart was still beating fast, I noticed my cock was rock hard with the excitement and I entered the now unmoving body and used every hole I could, her vagina, ass and mouth, I didn't last long and before you could say bingo I let a huge wad of semen loose in her warm yet unflinching vagina. She came around moments later and noticed I had cum in her and she smiled and said, "Get off on that did we baby". I looked at her and said "yes I did but not until you were out to it sorry, I didn't think you would pass out!" and with that she got all upset and started to put her clothes on. I looked at her puzzled, "what did I do wrong" I asked with genuine unknowing. "You fucked me when I was out of it you sick fucker! That's what's wrong." She yelled at me. "I don't get it, I screw you and strangle you, and that's ok! but if I finish after you pass out then I'm the sick one?" I yelled back. She looked at me and said "I have a fetish, not a need to be a fuck toy for a necrophiliac!" and she stormed out of the room and slammed the door.

I sat unknowing and thought about what she said, and yes it wasn't the sex or the feeling of her warmth around my cock that did the job, but the fact that I could use her for whatever purpose I wanted. My dream from when I was ten years old flooded my mind and I smiled a ten year old smile filled with wonderment and naughtiness. "Now that's what I like" I said aloud to myself and I looked in the mirror on the wall. Looking back at me for the first time in over thirty five years was a man who knew what he liked and it took a twenty five year old memory of a dream and a stupid bitch to realize it.

I had found my love in life and there was no way my loving wife would play dead for me even though our sex since the birth of my daughter Jessica has pretty much been roll on roll off. I wondered and then shook my head no! I needed her, I loved her but she could never give me all I required that was now plainly obvious to me.

My return to Australia and six years behind me in the UK had opened my eyes to so much about me and my life. I was now for the first time actively looking for submissives so I could live out my fantasies. My job saw me travel extensively to both Melbourne and Sydney with overnight stays so I sought out a network of women that I could have power over and do what I liked. In the mean time I had another daughter Louise and a sex life at home that was so rudimentary that it was border line hardly worth it at all. All of this brings my up to now and yes ten years on from there I have a great job a thriving family a unique fetish with willing participants and now at forty eight I find myself with an amazingly dead blonde young corpse in my lap and a raging hard on!

## Chapter 3: The Knowing of Self

Shit I killed her, she made me! No I made me! Damn this is what I wanted all along now I have my toy. Damn I better move quickly though her body is starting to leak the fluids of her life from every orifice. Shit I have nothing to use.

*(Panic is setting in, breathing getting fast and erratic, slow down son don't lose it now not after all these years, this is what we have been working for)*

Ok the drive to North Haven is only a short drive from here; I'm in the back streets of Mansfield Park just behind the football oval. I drive my foot is shaking and the car is starting to stink up a tad of dead girl. Shit I came in her mouth before I strangled her, my DNA is all over her. I can't keep this one; she has me all over her maybe even hair and skin plus seamen all in her mouth. Those little bastards stay alive for hours and are probably having a field day with the fluid in her throat.

Ok a white cliff, that's where I need to go its still light! Gotta ring the wife before she gets suspicious, where is my phone.

"Hey babeâ !Yeah I am working late tonight on that tender should be back by no later than eight ok?" "Ok, I'll get some milk from the servo on the way homeâ !â !..Love you too"

Ok that's done.

*(Damn she was sexy; I might just have a play with her while I drive)*

Radio on let's get some music here; I can't believe I killed her, did I kill her, yep she's dead. Wow I feel electric, iPod that's what I need some Slipknot or Manson. Ok, Manson it is the new CD, awesome stuff.

*(What are you looking at dipshit, never seen a guy sing to himself in a car with a dead chick before)*

He can't see her anyway she all slumped down in the foot well of the passenger side just like a bag of shit. Speaking of shit damn she is getting smelly.

*(How do I get that smell of death out of the car? Clean it, yes there is a car wash up the road from where I'm gonna dump her.)*

Darkness is staring to settle in now, good ok pull off here and drive to the end then turn right, "I'm running from the bloodless for all of my crimes, Shun the light, shun the light" I love this song.

Almost there now don't panic son keep it together, remember what the old man told you breathe in through the nose out the mouth in steady breaths. That's how you maximize your oxygen intake, she's not, *(ha, ha)* I made myself laugh. Now I gotta get her up so I can lift her out of the passenger seat, shit this is what they mean by dead weight, fuck she's only fifty kilos but it feels like a tone.

*(Noise, outside, what was that - I'm getting paranoid)*

Nothing there dickhead, ok out the car move we gotta get her out and dumped before someone comes. Ok under the arms, Oh Yuk what's that bile dripping down her chin, oh god that's disgusting. Right get her clothes of, trainers first, socks, undo her jeans and pull them down, oh pink panties.

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(Do I want to one last time?)

I undressed her and wiped all the excess fluids away with some toilet paper I always keep in the car a habit my father got me into.

As I entered the lifeless orifice I laughed and thought of my wife this is pretty much our sex life minus the raging hard on I have now. I ended her life and she is no more, I did that, and I emptied the contents of my balls in her dead muff.

(Shit lost control, gotta get on with the task at hand dickhead)

Petrol I need petrol, the five litre can in the back for emergencies will do just fine. Make a pile with her clothes and douse it good, Now I need a depression so the body will burn, piece of timber in the boot, I'll drag that and make a shallow depression and put her in m hey I know, dry grass and twigs lots of twigs, This is hot work, I might just lose some weight if I keep this up. Ok that's enough kindling, now the timber on top, douse it good.

(Shit what am I doing?)

Ok place her on top, where is that funnel I had, that's better now pour some down her throat and fill her stomach and lungs, fill her pussy and ass as well so it will go up and destroy all DNA I may have left behind.

(Use the fishing knife you have in the back)

That's it I'll make an incision in the stomach and fill her up as well.

Damn I stink of petrol how am I going to explain that.

(Easy fill the car up on the way home and tell her you spilled some as you overfilled it)

That's it, easy she will believe that, this is so much fun.

Ok now a match, my kingdom for a match. I'm hungry maybe I'll pick up some maccas on the way home and a Sundae for the girls.

Whoosh, up ya go darling, and thanks for the fun.

Car, drive gotta get out of here before they send someone to investigate. Take the back streets, no stick to the main roads they will be searching the back streets once this hits.

(What I didn't see was the body burning, the body of the lifeless girl explodes in flames fueled by the petrol I had filled her with, flames exploded from every orifice and it wasn't long before she was starting to disintegrate with the generated heat. Such a lovely little thing she was.)

Fill the car up and stay calm, pull into the shell and act normal, pop the tank and fill it with unleaded, forty two thousand three hundred and twenty seven kilometers was on the odometer that I would have to remember, over and over I reap it to myself.

Click

Full ok now spill some on purpose so the attendant can see you clean it up.

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"Oh shit" that's it make a scene "damn all over my trousers and shoes". They are all watching good.

"you ok buddy" a young P plate driver asks me.

"Yep but I'm gonna stink now, the wife is going to be upset with me" I laugh with him and walk in the servo to pay using my petrol card. I remembered the odometer as well.

"Sweetheart, yes I know its seven twenty loveâ lã lã lã lã lã lã, yepâ lã hay you will need to soak my clothes when I get home I had a spill with the petrol as I was filling upâ lã lã lã yep socks as wellâ lã lã lã of course, oh do the girls want a sundae? I am stopping at maccasâ lã lã lã lã lã lã lã lã lã lok two chocolate fudge, see ya soon babeâ lã yea I love you too."

Phew that's that now just to get the stuff on the way home and take a shower.

It's a balmy night thank Christ I can leave the windows down, I need to wipe the seats too I forgot, hand towels, baby wipes, late night woolies is open until nine pm, it's on the way. The radio is on "I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride, I'm wantedâ lã lã wannteeedd dead or alive" I love this song; don't care much for Bonjovi but this song is a classic.

Ok park pop in and straight out, mmm doughnuts one ninety-nine for ten, ok for later when I'm watching the walking dead I taped. Pay now leave, let's move next stop maccas, I wonder if shes all gone or if they found her yet, it's only been twenty minutes.

Sirens in the distance maybe they found her, late news will tell me.

"Welcome to McDonalds how can I help you" the fresh voice said from a speaker as I pulled up.

"I'll have a Big Mac with cheese large size, diet coke and four chocolate hot fudge sundaes please" I finished

"Drive to the first window that will be twenty one fifty thanks" she finished

Driving up pay cash not receipt transaction that way.

"Fifty cents change, drive to the next window please" the spotty fifteen year old said to me.

The items were passed to me and I placed them on the back seat.

Now for the drive home, and clean the seat as I drive. It's not that bad and the car smells like babies bum instead of dead teen which is a bonus.

I am starving, I'll eat some fries on the way. Phone ringing.

"hello mate haw are you? â lã lã lã goodâ lã lã lã nup just heading home nowâ lã lã lã the weekend, no problemâ lã lã coffee Saturday after the gymâ lã lã lã same place, cool ok buddy see you then."

He is such a nice guy a tad geeky but he is a fab friend is Simon.

Punch the garage door key and up she goes, glide in and shut off the engine, mmm how to get all the stuff inside now. The door opened from the house to the garage, "Lou how are you baby" I said.

She eyed me up and saw the chocolate sundaes and said. "I love you dad, can I carry them please."

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"I suppose but be very careful there is one each and if you want you can have a couple of my fries" I finished as I handed her the tray with the gooey goodness and I slipped some fries in her open awaiting mouth like a father Magpie feeding his young.

"Fanks Jad" she said as she led the way inside the house.

I kissed Susan my wife. "Damn you stink get those clothes off this minute." She said as she took my brief case and burger bag from me. Getting undressed I had an air of normality hit me for the first time in a couple of hours, the previous three hours were so surreal to me as if I watched a movie of me killing and fucking a corpse, then burning the evidence away. Gotta love five years of watching the CI channel to give me all the information I need to not get caught.

I slipped into a top and some shorts and went back to the kitchen and sat eating my burger, watching my family devour the ice treats.

"Busy day love" Susan said smiling.

I looked at her thinking, she knows something, but the puzzled look on her face told me otherwise. I smiled and a mouthful of half chewed burger spilled out into view which made Lou laugh out aloud. "oh dad Yuk" she said.

Life is good!

## Chapter 4: Getting away with murder

### Chapter 4 - Getting away with murder

"A body was found just after eight pm tonight in a shallow ditch, one kilometer south of Outer harbor, the body is being taken to Adelaide forensics building to hopefully identify the victim."

"On a lighter note the handbag affair that has local offiâ ã ã ã !."

Turn that down, so they don't know who did what, but they wouldn't say yet anyway, the cops would have it all under wraps until they work the scene and look for any evidence. Shit! I didn't try and hide the tread marks on the tires! Oh well I need new ones anyway, I'll do it later though not just yet if I act too early they might trace the tire back to a car make and find me. *(No they won't, they have no motive and no suspect)* that's right I'm not a criminal I don't exist on any data bases anywhere.

"You coming to bed babe." My wife asked me quietly from behind.

"na I think I'll just sit and finish watching the news first hun" I replied back to her, but I won't be watching the TV for long. Door closed, right start up the computer, check emails, nothing, face book, a few likes and shit but as usual it's a load of crap. Anyone who can tell me otherwise is a demented teenager, Face book is crap and just a way for people to stay out of arms reach coz you're never anonymous on the net!

Ok Porn, Xvids yes full a facial teen, that's more like it. Hello daddy, the little fella is ready and willing, and the open air feels good around my shaft. Slowly don't be in a rush now, but fuck she is cute, take it bitch, oh yes that's it, concentrate Charlie, don't unload yet, but she is so hot, oh that's a girl take it all, make her gag on it, OH fuck yes that's it take it all over your face baby.

Always a mess, but always a release.

Ok turn it off and get ready for bed big day tomorrow, I might start a new novel about a serial killer who is just an average Joe. That's it my writers block has left the building, I will start tomorrow, and maybe I can use my escapade from tonight as a start point. (Yawn!) oh well there is always more where she came from.

*Eyes opening, the face of that young girl she's looking up at me, got my meat in her mouth. That's it baby take it all. My cock is getting hot, what's going on, her face is melting the heat, my cock is on fire, I scream!*

Jolted awake I am trembling and sweating.

"Are you ok love" Susan asks as she pats my arm.

"Yep all good love" I whisper back to her.

Damn that was weird, I have never had such an intense feeling in my dreams before, and this is new. Guilt I wonder, conscience maybe? I don't know which but if I can relive the murders in my mind like this, who needs porn, my knob is the size of a babies forearm, and tight like its fit to burst.

Back to sleep with you Charles you're up early for the gym remember, that's it drift off and remember.

"BEEP,BEEP,BEEP" slap

## Realization of a Murderer

That stopped it. Five thirty am up and dressed. Drive to the gym, and get on that treadmill you fat bastard. On the drive I remember what happened the night previous. A smile blooms over my face. It was so easy, so damn easy, I bet I could do one in the morning as well if I plan it right, have to be random though, no plan or pattern or they will trace me. No sex either no chance of DNA to catch me with, just the thrill of power. A young girl was in the gym already, no not her to obvious, needs to be away from here and quick so I can get to here and have an alibi between home and here. Age sex does it matter, yes it matters the young ones are so cute. They run and walk early all the time. Tomorrow? Maybe? We'll see, keep walking fatty.

Drive back is so good wet and cool in the summer morning, a bit stinky, need a bath, drive home quiet, park up and go inside no-one up yet. Tiptoe in the bathroom, turn the water on and slide in the tub, the warm water washes away everything. The door opens its Susan in her nighty, she sits takes a piss and removes the flimsy material as she walks to the shower. I grab her and pull her close to the bath edge. "C'mon babe jump in with daddy"

"Leave me alone you idiot, I gotta get ready for work and your all smelly, and you are not my daddy" she snapped back at me as she pushed my advances away.

"Fuck you then" I said aloud.

"What so it's my problem I don't want to jump in the bath with you so you can stick that thing in me and satisfy yourself, bla bla bla bla bla." I switched off as usual and just said, "Whatever you stuck up bitch"

She showered and got out while I made her watch me masturbate in the warm bath, calling out other women's names, as I came.

"Feel better now you psycho" she said

"As a matter of fact I do you cold hearted bitch! God forbid you get horny at all and if it's not on your back in bed with a fucking mask on your eyes we don't do anything, GOD forbid you ever suck me off what's it been twelve years!" I spat at her.

She started to cry and ran out of the bathroom, I wanted to show remorse for what I had said but I just couldn't, I wanted to bash her face in truth be told.

I drained the soapy water and dried off, dressed and left for work as soon as I could, I kissed a sleepy Lou on the head and yelled up to the other one still getting dressed. I stole a glance at Susan and my lip curled and I went to the car and drove to work. Stupid bitch! Who does she think she is if she doesn't like it then she can piss off? I earn all the cash anyway her measly pittance wouldn't keep her in gym clothes and shoes for a week. Now I'm annoyed I need to subdue my senses for a while, radio that will do it, inane comedic morning radio. Humming some old eighties tune in my head, that finishes.

*"This is the seven o'clock news. Police are investigating a murder last night when the body of what we know now was a young woman was found burning in a shallow ditch north of Adelaide, there are no details at this point and police are not saying what the cause of death isââ..More on the driver who ran a red ligââ.."* Ignoring the rest I drifted back to the comments and the fact that I knew it was me almost made me smile.

The day went off without a hitch, phone calls meetings, people I would rather kill than listen too, maybe I might do one of them at work, that could be interesting but too close to home, that would be like doing the missus, they would look at me first, they always do. No random need to keep it random.

## Realization of a Murderer

Driving home just had a fag I managed to talk out of Paul, nice guy one of the originals, him I wouldn't kill. Better not let her catch me with smoke on my breath, ok gum in the console, two sticks, that's better. Sing along home.

The evening passed without a hitch its now five fifteen, I have my gym bag and a small rope I found in the garage in my bag, its about a meter long with short fibers sticking out of it and it's a three ply from what I could tell last night. I knotted it about three inches apart in the centre to dig in the esophagus when I tighten it, and I have a half inch dowel tied about eight inches around from the knot to use as a fulcrum to twist tighter.

Ok take off the house is quiet, go left not right and don't do anything stupid, my mind is racing, my palm sweaty, and my cock is bulging in my shorts. The weather is balmey so they should be in lightweight clothes. I drive for a couple of minutes and pass a woman to the left, too old; you could see the cellulite in her thighs through her tights, Yuk. A little further on a little brunette, jogging with headphones, I drive past not glancing sideways, up ahead is a new housing development and that black covering on the fence so you can't see behind it. This is it, drive around to the right, my heart is racing, stop, turn it off and get out, my hoodie up and the rope concealed in my gloved hands. There is a gap in the fence and the black covering makes it almost a perfect spot. A car the other way, ducking now to keep out of sight, lucky she has the iPod going can't hear a thing. She jogs past, now, its gotta be now! I slide out and grab her by the mouth and upper chest, she fights but I'm too big too strong, I drag her back behind the blackness and in the dark I can see the fight in her eyes the determination she will fight me off. I move behind her and place a knee in the small of her back keeping her off balance and my hand on her mouth. Her neck is almost at full extension, she fights but the lack of oxygen is slowing her down. I reach back and place a tennis ball in her mouth and the rope around her neck, my adrenaline was pumping my left hand was fondling her all over under her top in her shorts and finding every hole with my deft fingers. I had her out cold still a pulse though, good I had a condom in my pocket ready and as she falls I pull her shorts down exposing her expertly trimmed and waxed vagina, as I slide in she starts to breath heavy so I place my left hand on her throat and with all my weight push down her eyes popped open and she saw my face in the throes of my final slide inside and out her body, fear looked up at me as she pleaded with her eyes but as I exploded in her warmth she stopped breathing and her eyes rolled back into her head. A shudder came over me and the thrill of the act meant I was a happy camper but I also felt cheated that it was over; I had to get sorted and leave before the sun came up and she would be discovered. I left the rope behind and the condom on my penis pulled up my pants and got into the car. Drive slowly, no lights not yet, I move into a side street and flick on my lights and take the back roads around to my gym the other direction. The condom was falling off my withered member so I grabbed it and tied it off and left it under the front seat. Ok go inside say hello to everyone.

"Morning Bruce, how are ya mate" I said to an aging man in his fifties. Morning Charlie early isn't it mate?" he replied. "No it's only five forty" I said back smiling and denoting the time so it was stamped in his subconscious if he was ever asked. As far as my wife was concerned this morning I awoke at five thirty as usual because I put the clock forward in the bedroom as well.

I worked out for an hour and then went home for a bath as usual and dropped the condom out the window on the way home, it would be road kill in a hour anyway as cars drive over it so that was ok. My bath was hot and uneventful and I didn't even react when Susan came in naked for her shower. "What not going to try and rape me again this morning" she said with a scowl on her face. I just looked at her and said. "No need, I got all I needed at the gym this morning" as I smiled she frowned but let it go.

## Chapter 5: Life, Love and Murder

The sun was shining, some beautiful high strata clouds overhead, some Wily Wagtails dancing like two finalists on 'So you think you can dance', to some interpretative routine, and the thoughts in my head leading me to stop doing what I had started, How pathetic am I!

The coffee I am drinking is so aromatic it's almost dream inducing. I love my Cibo coffee and cake on a Sunday morning while watching all the pretty young things walk past in the Mall. This one coming is ok, Oh my god look at the arse on that one.

"Dad can I have another bite of your chocolate cake, Pleeese!" Lou asked with her eyes wide and beckoning.

"Of course you can" I said and passed the spoon to her. It always looks better if I am with her as I scout the landscape, coz she is cute and I look less threatening. A blond walked over turned and sat down across from me in a small skirt and top. I love short skirts and I glanced at her thighs with the anticipation of a flash of her panties underneath, ah there ya go pink under denim is always a favorite with me, heart racing, pounding the blood downstairs.

"Dad I want an ice cream, can we get an ice cream after you're finished?" Lou interrupted my train of thought.

"What, yeah sure babyâ..you can have ice cream" I replied back to her as I tried to steal another glimpse of that amazing sight but she had crossed her legs and the opportunity passed.

As usual the coffee was great and the cake good, my leg was playing up a little and I was replaying the radio report from this morning in my head. They didn't find her until today that's two days, and it was only because of the smell as someone walked past that they found her. Cops don't have a clue totally different mo to that of the other murder, so I hope I have them on the run. It doesn't stop me from hoping I didn't do something wrong and they know it's me, no talk of anything but the cops keep stuff back and don't tell everything. The more I act normal the more I fit in.

The sun on my face is refreshing but there is only so much heat a man can bare, but it does bring out the miniskirts and see through dresses.

"can we go to Toys R Us dad" Lou asked with a hint of I always get my way in her eyes.

"I suppose we can, but only to look, your mother will kill me if you come home with more Leggo!" I replied to her with a fake scowl on my face that turned into a smile.

The rest of the day went easy and I dropped her home and took off again as it was only one pm and the wife was at lunch with the girls from the gym, and Lou will be fine with her new leggo and her big sister to look after her.

I am anxious and I feel it in my stomach, I want to drive past where I left the body but I don't dare in case someone sees my car and points to me, I know I'll go to Peep a view in the city. I was playing it out in my head park up walk in, get change and then head for a booth. I listened to the radio on the way their just to see if anything was going on but hey its Adelaide nothing happens. I park up the coolness of my car is forgotten as the heat from outside hits me and I sweat almost instantly on my brow. I walk slowly to the front stairs next to an Italian restaurant, never know its name as my head is always down at this point as to not make eye contact with anyone outside. The walk up is stifling and I can feel the cold air coming down to meet me and I

## Realization of a Murderer

am reinvigorated as I hit the landing. There are a couple of guys in there all not looking at each other and the young guy behind the counter said hello and I ask him for twenty dollars in two dollar coins. He complies and says just give her a minute as she's in a private show. I look at the DVDs on the wall and walk fast away from the gay section as I walk in, homos! I can't stand them, but for some reason I want a tranny to suck me off, go figure! Ok walk in a cubicle and close the door behind me, make sure a latch it shut.

Ok get some tissues out of the dispenser, drop my shorts and a drop ten bucks worth in the coin slot that should be enough to get me off. The smell of wasted seamen fills my nostrils and I look down at the waste basket and see a mountain of lost children absorbing into the paper towel.

The window un-frosts and there is a tall red head strutting around looking directly at me as she sits and opens her legs showing her perfectly bald vaginal lips. My breath is starting to labour already and she reaches for a huge black dildo by her side, and she uses it to part her awaiting lips. She bites down on her bottom lip and flicks her hair and then she stands turns and opens her legs toward my window, my hand is almost a blur in my peripheral vision as I watch her slide a smaller device into her ass at the same time. My eyes are closing, knees going weak, tissue in place, I can feel the heat and moisture from the gushing substance as it makes my hand sticky and now the cold is hitting my head as it relaxes and slackens in my hand. I look up and she is satisfied as the window flashes and turns frosted again. Wow that's better, get it all, wipe it clean and drop it in the waste bin with the rest. I could almost hear the screams of children unborn as I pulled my shorts up and got myself together as I unlatched the door and moved out into the awaiting room full of DVDs and perverts.

Keep walking Charles don't engage that's it the stairs are up ahead, good keep going that's it almost out in the street, head down now walk to the car. "What are you looking at bitch" stupid fat mole stop judging me for having a wank over a chick fucking herself coz my sex life is about as interesting as your face.

Don't get upset now, you should be happy you just had the release you were looking for. That's right I am happy now, I was whistling some tune in my head and my mind drifted back to the heat, damn it's hot in here, turn the air up to arctic blast, that's it much better now, It's time to go home, why? Why go home to my dull existence, coz I have to!

Another day over with another night to endure, the kids are going homework and the wife is ironing, bitching the entire time as to why she has to do it, for fuck sake I work all week she does twenty hrs a week and spends the rest of her time at the gym or out to lunch with those skinny wannabe bitches, and she always wants me to be friends with them and their husbands, what a joke, apart from Marcus the rest are a bunch of sterile and ineffectual wankers, Kate his wife is lovely and enjoys the sauce, tall blond and always friendly, I don't know why but I can't bring myself to thinking of her in that way, maybe it's because she is nice. I am watching Sues ass move side to side as she irons in her underpants and a tank top because it's hot. I still love that phat ass of hers its why I fell for her in the first place, wasn't the blowjobs that's for sure. I laughed aloud not meaning to. "What's so funny" she turned and said as I chuckled, oh don't tell her she'll go off, "I was watching your ass move and thinking about giving it a smack like I used to" I said in reply. "Well if you're a good boy I might let you later" she said back at me. What am I a dog now, if you're a good boy "GO FUCK YOURSELF BITCH".

"Oh look who's horny" I said instead, and she smiled back at me. Oh yay a dead fuck again tonight, that's if I'm lucky because she normally says this shit and then says she's tired. We'll see.

The news is on soon, "can I turn the TV over honey" I cooed. Oh good she's handing me the remote. Chanel nine news, that's the one for me, they are the best by far. Ok sit down and act calm Charles.

*"The body found off of hackney road at Northfield was that of local woman Lindsay Lewis, the nineteen year old went missing three days ago and was found by a local woman who was walking her dog. Police have yet to release a cause of death, but did indicate the attack was of a sexual nature" - in other news"*

## Realization of a Murderer

Oh so they are not going to release it all, keep it back in case someone is caught and says to much that wasn't leaked to the press. "That's terrible and it was only around the corner too" sue piped in with. "it was miles away and babe you don't go walking in the morning so your safe" (*smiling but laughing inside*) "And what does that mean?" she came at me. "Nothing darling I am merely stating a fact; (*no one wants an old bitch like you anyway*) that's all" I said back, I should add in its because your such a dead root I go looking for them, but hey, now is not the time.

It's strange I know now as I am laying here in bed waiting for my wife to finish her ritualistic cleaning of the pussy, brushing her teeth and putting on sexy underwear that makes her feel twenty years younger, but see through nylon is not a magical material. Shhhh the doors opening, my hand is instinctively on my meat.

Damn she actually looks ok; maybe this will be ok for a change.

The next few days were uneventful and I won't bore you with the details needless to say I had the urge to kill again, but not like you see in the movies or these sensational dramas, I am a serial Killer! I understand now, it's not the voices in my head, it's what I want to do, it's not the sex, I don't think it is anyway, it's the thought of holding someone as they expire, it's just intoxicating, powerful, almost god like if I believed in a god that is. All know is I can't remember shit from before I was born and I am not going to know shit after I'm dead. Right so now I need to kill a male, not a woman, and no sex involved, and a knife this time, random, from behind, what knife can I use, shit I don't have one and I don't want to keep it after. I'll have to steal one from somewhere, I can't risk a shop, a restaurant, that's it I'll take the family to the Oriental for dinner and steal a knife and sharpen it up and tape the handle to get extra leverage. This is exciting, I might just do some work now I have it planned.

Dial, Sue, mobile, "Hello what do you want, you never call me unless it's an emergency"

"Well I was thinking and I want to take you and the girls out to dinner at that place on main northeast roadâ .yep that's the oneâ .do I have to have a reason, I love you isn't that good enoughâ !..good ok be ready I have reservations at six thirtyâ !â !..that's ok I'll be home in time to change don't worry, ok bye" ok that's done I have a knife on the way and now where that's me next problem, oh shit I'm baring up again, it's the killing I am sure of it that makes me Horney not me being Horney that causes me to kill. Ok think where, can't be close by has to be away from here, what about on my trip to Melbourne on Thursday, yes its only Tuesday I have two days get the knife send it by courier to the Melbourne office addressed to me and that way I'm covered with getting through the airport, and I can take out someone at night while I am supposed to be in a hotel.

I need to masturbate!

## Chapter 6: The Plan

Ok driving to the airport what time is it four fifty in the morning, ok parcel was sent last night so the day ahead is meetings and a presentation then back to the hotel and find a victim. It's balmy this morning, wallet do I have my wallet, yes ok good. I am so excited I don't know how I am going to do this but hey keep calm that a boy.

Park up, place the ticket in my top pocket, other business men and women on their way, through the scanners, laptop out and belt off no beeping good, nod to the guy at the scanner, smile. "Excuse me sir can you bring your case over here please for testing." An Indian voice asked politely. Smile "no problems you can check me while I pack up everything." Stand still let him go over everything.

"You are all clear sir thank you" he says. Ok to the lounge, get some breakfast, check in and my seat is up front because I'm a platinum member, I fly way too much! A pancake that's what I'll have. Nice ass on that old duck, she would be a goer. Nod to a guy that's always in there with me, he travels too much as well. I wonder if he has a hobby on the side like me. Back to my table eat sit and wait.

The flight was ok no problems, head to the rent a car place; have a fag before I get there. I don't smoke much; travel allows me to without putting up with shit from the wife.

"Mr. Davies nice to see you again your car is in bay C3, now take the keys drive to the office, no drama. Meetings all went well, customer presentation was a hit, and I did well. Wait for five o'clock and go to the hotel, package in my brief case.

Checking in was a dream as usual they know me, up the elevator to my room; "can a book a table for seven tonight please for two peopleââ.yes Davies, thank you" ok alibi is set up now wait.

Ok its six pm, got my jeans on and a pair of dyed black disposable overalls in my bag, a gimp mask I bought with the view of the wife letting me wear it while we had sex, the whole rape thing didn't ignite her at all what a shame it was, now room key, car keys, wallet, check ok down stairs, use the stairs that way they won't remember me using the lift with a bag, all good so far, outside now it's cool and dusk, no real wind but a little nip in the air, just the way I like it, if it's too hot I don't care much for it.

Ok concentrate, drive west along Dougherty road, now head for the old sector in West Heidelberg, always nuffs walking along there and it's a rough neighborhood. There's a young lad sitting on a fence, no too close to home, pull into a park car park and wait.

Ok get out my heart is racing, in the trees, waiting, all in black I'm hard to make out amongst the shadows.

"Hey mister" Fuck a voice from behind me; shit I'm made, fuck!!!!

Ok stay calm and smile, that's it. "You talking to me son" I look at him with a grin like Wallace when he eats cheese.

"You looking for fun mister" he said in a whisper. "Fifty bucks I'll suck you off right here." He said again looking at me sniffing.

He's a junky but he is only about sixteen, what the hell is he doing out here, think, oh well at least this way I don't have to go looking for one. Wallet, I did around looking for the cash and give him a twenty. "You get the rest when you finish ok." (*That way you won't run off when I give you the notes.*)

## Realization of a Murderer

"Ok sure I spose" he said as he led me to a clump of bushes and trees, on his knees I undid the overalls and unzipped my fly and my already hard penis hit the cool air awaiting the warmth of his mouth. The knife was a blur I slid it under the bottom of his jaw on the left side and angled the blade up into his brain. It scraped on bone and sinew as it pressed home and I slid it out slowly as he started to slump ready for another strike. He was looking at me his drugged up sight not believing what had happened to him and his blood and vita was all over my right hand making it warm then cold and sticky, copper, a metallic smell hit the air and I knew he was bleeding out. Leaning down I looked him in the eyes and said "Number Three" and his internal lights went out. As I watched I felt a shiver of pure pleasure wash over my body and I realized my penis had slipped back inside my zipper and I was ejaculating in my pants. Fuck me what was that about, move, now, the knife inside the bag I had, walk to the car hide the hand in the removed blood splashed overalls, ok bag, fold and push, stay calm fuck you, ok breath you just killed him, I smiled, my breath was starting to even out, the baby wipes got rid of most of the blood on my hands. Bag it all up, another plastic bag, more ties, and another for good measure. Slide it in the boot from the back seat that way they don't know your putting something in the boot if they are watching, who's watching! No-one calm down, nearly out, car in drive moving away, head west still away from the hotel. Shit what am I going to do with the bags of clothes' and the knife, didn't think that through too well! I know, ok find a woolies, the shops are shut now and most of them have industrial waste bins. There is a Coles that will do, steady don't rush it. Park up next to it. Right slip it in and back in the car. The knife under my seat, wiped clean and bleached with white king, not here no way, to close together. Just ditch it on the way home out the car window, won't find it for days and even if they do there is nothing of me on there not my blood and no prints now. Should be back in about fifteen minutes, walk up and put my trousers and shirt back on.

Hands clean, no real smell about me the quick shower worked well.

"Ah yes my Davies table for two sir" he motioned me forward. "Alas my dinner quest is indisposed so I will be by myself tonight" that's it look at your watch, he did the same time stamp done.

I think I might treat myself to a steak tonight, life is good.

## Chapter 7: Playtime

*"Breaking news this hour - a sixteen year old youth was murdered tonight in the West Heidelberg area in an area known to be a spot frequented by male prostitutes, the police have not yet released a statement at this time but it is believed they are interviewing possible witnesses at the scene".*

Turn it off, that's it shit did someone see me, damn that steak was nice, medium rare just how I like it. Who saw me someone in the houses, another homo maybe, shit, stay calm, the hire car they can find me by the car, track me, and trace my whereabouts. Torch it! That's it I'll torch it and that way if they do know its me they will think my car was stolen, but why would u murderer drive a murder suspect car back here why not dump it somewhere else?

Think, cameras, they will know anyway there are cameras all over this place, shit I'm fucked now. My Head is thumping. They can't know too much or else they would be here by now. Deep breath, stay calm what sort of killer are you! Ok let's get some sleep gotta spend two hours in the gym tomorrow morning.

Dark and she's snoring again! Ah well roll over, shit the cat knows I'm awake, damn she can purr loud, never mind I'll pet her till I fall asleep again. She is such a loving little thing; she needs a brush, hair all over the place, getting up my nose. I'm a serial killer and no one knows!

Thank god daylight, I'll shuffle over and cuddle up and see if I get a rise. Damn I love her arse! She can be a bitch but she has the best arse in the world and she knows I love it to. I'll Massage her cheeks and run my hand up her nighty, that's it don't flinch, oh my heart is pounding and my cock is a rigid as a steel bar. That's it baby, just relax her nipple is reacting and I can hear her breathing starting to increase slightly. There it goes the thighs are starting to move which means she's getting a tingle. Kiss her neck that's it, face full of hair but hey what you going to do. She's rolling over; her tongue is running softly around my mouth. Pinch the flesh softly, that's it her legs are opening. Her hands on my cock, oh this is nice slide my hand inside her panties and tease her clit out into the open air; damn that thing is ready for a sucking. Wet your finger tip from her vagina that's it now gently rub the nub, that's it open up baby. What's this hand on my head pushing me down, oh Sally you love the tongue don't you baby! Now slowly just touch it with the tip of your tongue, now blow on it, and the tip again, gentle that's it now take the whole thing in my mouth and lick towards her hole. She's moaning now.

"Don't stop Charles I'm almost there".

Then a shudder and the taste of exploding pulsating pussy fills my mouth as the second, third and fourth wave of orgasm fills her senses.

"Stick it inâHurryâI want to masturbate while you fuck me"

Who am I to offend the lady, now get between her legs that's it and slowly inch it inside, damn that feels good it's like a warm velvet glove sucking on your cock, now in and out, lift up so she can get her hand in there. Build it up don't rush it Charles, that's it keep it steady and hold the rhythm, her pussy is tensing won't be long now. Thrust it in out faster, faster, that's it her pussy is pulsating oh shit that's it "I'm Cumming baby".

"Fill me up baby fill me up"

Oh yes that's better empty balls and a soaked pussy.

## Realization of a Murderer

Well that was sex over and done with, damn what come over her this morning, must have had a hot dream or something, maybe she just horny, either way I can go to work and be a happy man.

Ok so it's been a couple of weeks now and I haven't killed anyone and no police have been knocking at my door. I must have done ok then, now what's next I gotta keep it fresh and new a different way each time new type, can't do another hot chick or young poofa! Has to be original, something new never the same. Torture, No not yet I don't think! Oh maybe I can actually, not now though, I know a couple, like that guy did in the states what was his name, Berkowitz, and that guy they never caught in Florence he murdered seven couples and they never caught him. That's what I'll do but I need to get a gun shit, noise, mess I better plan this well. First I gotta get through today its Friday so out early and I might even treat myself to a quick blow job down Hansen road.

Ok day over good riddance, need petrol first, ok fill up then troll down Hanson for a while and see what's out and about on the side of the road. Fifty bucks is all I need, check the wallet, yep just enough. Cars hot put the radio on and some crap from 1982 will play so its Manson on the iPod gotta love iPod connectivity in your car, awesome, ok new album song one play, apt song Cruel world!

Ok pull out and get moving that way the air will kick in faster, oh c'mon you slow bitch move it, fucking Toyota piece of shit! That's it move over and let a man through. Ok, "Hey Cruel world" singing out aloud always makes me happy if only I still smoked, oh well one day soon. Now pull in petrol, unleaded, dollar fifty one a litre fuck, thank god I have a petrol card for work. That's it full, walk in slide the card, "How are you buddy" good he's ok and I'm good to, sign on the line and away we go. Ok air on full, music down so I can concentrate and find a nice little walker to suck me off. Ohhh look at that, damn should have stayed behind it, oh god she's had a tough life, ok turn onto the main road, cops everywhere, gotta act normal no creeping drive on the limit that's it keep your head straight ahead no outward appearance you're looking for fluff. Lights ahead shit its cops and an ambulance, accident well that explains the cops here, um ok turn off the main strip there won't be any girls out in this parade of police vehicles. Damn I was looking forward to a hang on what's she doing she's looking with that "dju wanna fuck me for cash" look, mmmm she's Sudanese, or African, young, that's it drive past smile and yes she is pretty, and she'd look better with a mouthful of kids. Ok turn next right and come back around, there she is ok stop let her walk over.

"You want some fun baby?"

""yes please I would love for you to suck my cock for me"

"Fifty or you can fuck my black pussy for eighty"

"mmm lets see no just the blowjob will be fine, you're a pretty little thing aren't you"

"tank you mister, I'm twenty two"

"Yes you are now, where do we go sweet"

That's it you direct me while I look at your panties under that short skirt of yours, damn never had one with such beautiful dark skin. Ok over there and park up. Pass the fifty to her, good, she's getting the condom ready, oh that feels better my little heads out and ready to play. "Can I pull your skirt right up baby, I want to see those panties of yours while you suck me off." That's it open those legs oh nice tight ass and smooth pussy. Oh damn I could just slide a finger in her ass and see what happens, no I better be good, don't want to kill this one she is so nice and pleasant as well. God she's good, what, oh condom off, ok take it in the mouth then. Her ass is so sweet and these pink panties are such an amazing contrast to her skin oh my god she is gonna get a mouthful, reach behind feel her pussy through the material and bam there we go swallow my load

## Realization of a Murderer

baby. She's opening the door, awe she spat it out, I was hoping shed swallow, never mind. Clean up and tuck him away.

"You like baby" damn what a smile and her tongue covered with my jizz.

"Oh I like sweetie, I will be back, and maybe you will be number seven or if you're lucky number ten."

"What"

"Never mind you are so damn cute."

Ok she's gone pants a little moist but what the hell, now music to full notch and home we go. Gotta figure out how to shoot two in a car fast and efficient, shot gun will make a fucking mess cant miss and should take only seconds to achieve, but where. How about where I was maybe they all go there, its secluded off the main road and easy access to without being seen from a walk way. Park up! Walk, bang, walk back, drive off. Hire a car, no they will track it, steal a car, never done that before its getting too hard. I know dinner, a bath and a good night's rest, tomorrow is Saturday a good day to plan a murder.

## Realization of a Murderer

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