

A Killers Lust

A Killers Lust

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A killers lust, his fate, judgment, the justice.

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At a bedside once again and peeling that sweat off from on his face with that pillow. She lies next to him untouched, breathing, and willing to seep that breath for bright eyes from in that rising shine of sun that has lifted that pale still stitch up from in those sheets.

Now after setting his death-defied thoughts, those descriptions that had him up from in his lay alongside her on that bed back down on it as they soak into that pillow, he lets his bone shivered corps lead him on in to the washroom. That feel of guilt drips off his face, the sink's water tends to the sounds for argument that are now there for him to judge.

"No." He spoke in to that mirror. He looks in to that eye of his own after seeing a clear shimmer of his reflection lift up from off the sink, it begins spelling his being for blood, that running water no longer innocent, clear. He is left with his eyes now telling him, letting him know that he is now hollow, a worthless soul before asking him if his questions have been answered. "Now." He questioned that reflection from in his being, from with standing it during a break for day.

"Oh lover." She called out from in the bed, had seen his shadow on the washroom wall, and heard that sink letting loose of its water. "Cold" She questioned with flirt and then moaned cuddling her self in under those sheets, and waits.

Her voice, he questioned before that image in the mirror laughed out on to him. It looks deep in to his eyes letting him know all that sweat of his from in that bed, those aches he laid to sleep with, that darkness he could not find is yet to be put to rest.

"You." She greeted him as he walked on out from in the washroom.

"Sorry." He whispered with sights of her in his mind, she was no longer the red head woman he had laid to bed with last night. Her innocence which he had guarded began to match with those of her now yet unaccompanied with those sights of her been bled, fleshed, lips bitten in to, that corps pulling for a pushed scream from in a panic that he too withstood during the long night he had spent at her side had tried to hide from.

"Hu." She questioned thought an apology was odd because she had already been paid for her pleasures and plans to leave from in a step from in the warmth of their bed. "What is it." She asked, seen that look in his eye, try's to see if she could have it describe from when she had first met with him.

"Ya." He answered her. He sees that angel from in her, the one he had placed her with, thought it could starve her spirit, guard her from what he is about to do to, for what he should have done in regards to that grin that had smirked out on to him from off that reflection in the washroom mirror. The same reflection that had answered him a curse from under his days break, its sun as he stared it on. It had revealed to him ½ how a night would have went ½ with out its kill.

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"What is it" She asked from in that slow breaking smile of hers. She watches him step in to his side of the bed and lean in to the night table. She lays her self out wide awake observing that heavy rumble of steel as his hand juggles it out from in that drawer of the bed's side table.

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"Ya like a refill" asked the waitress holding a coffee pot up in front of her breasts. "I know." She said looking down on him as he stared in to his mug after turning his sights away from on that newspaper spelling 'DEATH' for its headline.

"As always." He answered her, looking up in to those bright brown eyes of hers and then followed that spilling strand of her hair that leaks down in behind her left ear from out that hair net.

"The other girls haven't noticed," She said, leaned in over the table to tell him. "I know who you are." She whispered, smiled confidently. "Ya, you're like the only big one from in the city that comes in here for his coffee break."

"I am" He questioned, let's her take her time pouring that pot, give him that whiff of good old working girl sweat as her breasts rest from in that pink blouse set in front of his face, and to him, the way a set of naturals were tended to be.

"I read the paper too." She said after that last drip of coffee slipped off the lip of the pot. "Seen you," She cheered.

"I feel I should buy you a coffee then." He told her before she could turn that back of hers to him from in that swing she lifted in to her hips that now leave him to think of how he could match that round buffed backside of hers to those breast.

"This was my break for a break," She said holding that pot up under her face after turning her upper body back into the turning the table. "Have you tried our strudels yet"

"No."

"Oh you don't know what you have been missing," she yelped standing her self in to the table. "Apple, blue berry, banana, straw berry or custard?"

"Have what you're having." He told her, tended to that wink in her eye, andï¿½ now watches ï¿½as those hips swung that backside of hers out in to the isle before looking back down on to the daily news paper and continuing on where he had left off.

He read on followed those descriptions of death its murder from off that newspaper as he's done before during his mornings tending to those steam screaming mugs of coffee from in that little cafi¿½ that seems to have now caught, reached out and grabbed him from in the city's darkened corner, its shade that its towers and

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buildings provide.

"Cream cheese," cheered the waitress in a low and thrill spilled voice as she sets that pastry dish down on the table. She now sits her self in after sliding that coffee pot out in front of the pastry dish. "Their not on the shelves yet." She whispered grabs a hold of a napkin from in its holder pulls it out and sets it on over the plate.

"What's the red stuff." He asked lifting the coffee pot up off the table, and fills her mug.

"Berries." She answered, looks around the cafe 1/2, in to the booths and back on to him after confirming that the confidentiality of those cream cheese strudels is still kept. "Here" She whispered lifting one up off the dish from under the napkin and sets it down in front of his mug.

"Yes." He cheered after nibbling in to the corner of the strudel, sipping that berry sauce letting that cream cheese smear on to his tong.

"A dozen," she said after swallowing her bite. "I can eat a dozen." She answered to that look for thought in his eye. "Oh god." She moaned after looking up on to that television mounted on the wall in behind the counter.

"What is it" He asked calmly. He looks over his left shoulder, up in to that screen, and watches as pitchers of a red haired woman in a natural state of health fades in to images of a blood-spilled bed, her corpse, that hair, her paled skin trailed over with blood.

"Something's fishy" she said, grabs a hold of her mug, looks him in his eye then down on to the newspaper before tilting her head back for that sip of coffee from out of her mug.

He followed her eyes, questioned what it was she thought could be fishy. He looks for it from on the newspaper as she wets those lips of hers. He looks up off the paper, stares on to that mug she slowly leans back on to the table, looks up on to her face and now lets his sights drop down on to that stainless steel napkin holder on the table.

"I'm Lisa." She cheered, introduced her self from in a moment that has awoken her from in her break letting the sweet berry and cheese tickle her tong.

"No." He pouted from in a lightly released breath staring deep in to that reflection of his as it stared him on from off that stainless steal napkin holder. He waits, counted several breaths from in that one he had seeped after that plea of his for a release had cast those images of Lisa, his new friend, the brightened soul from in his day being raped, attacked, her screams filled in to his mind matching in orchestra as that voice of hers pleased it self introduced in to his ear.

"You're allergic to pastry"

"No, no." He answered letting that smirked reflection of his from on that napkin holder fall from in the corner of his eye. "Lisa." He quoted.

"That's me." She cheered, lifts that last mouth-filling piece of pastry up off the plate, winks, and lets that berry dripping cream cheese filled strudel fall on to her tong.

"I'm me." He joined in cheer.

"Mister five star." She said softly looking him in his eye. "Bachelor." she added with a wink.

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"Frank." He introduced himself, set his hand up over the table and let her grip hers in to it.

"Lisa." She said. "Two W's and two E's." She cheered meeting his smile with a smirk. "And thank you for the treat."

"Thank you." he insisted, let his hand fall over his pastry and slides it out in front of her, "The treat was all mine." he insisted.

"So what do you do for fun." She asked after setting that last bite size piece of strudel he had served her with in to her mouth, quenched it on her tongue, staring him in his eye.

"I sit in my kitchen and watch those strudels in my stove fluff, that cheese and berry sauce melt." He said softly with tease.

"No way." she mouthed with a deep breath.

"Ya." He cheered lifting his mug up off the table and sets it up to his lips.

"Ouh." She thought out loud, lifted her right hand up in front of her breasts.

"What is it?"

"The cook." She said looking down on her hand. "He catches me in around the stove eyeing those strudels and." She sulked.

"He used the wooden spoon." Frank said, went along. He reaches for her hand, holds it in his, and lifts it up under his chin before setting his lips on to it and he kisses. "Dose he care for his pastry" He asked, begins to massage her hand. "Delicately, roll it out softly." He questioned before letting that hand of hers softly fall off his. "Tonight." He said as she seeped for that breath of order, felt that uniform itching in to her skin, those breasts of hers perking and plumped from in their hold as she sat back in her seat.

"Us." She questioned then broke for smiles after he turned and stared a growling smirk over to the cafes counter, up over it, and on in to the back for a look in to the kitchen.

"I'll pick you up." He questioned staring her in her eyes.

"My number." she said reaching in to her skirt pocket, pulled out her pen and pad, and wrote it down. "Call me." She told him setting the paper on his side of the table. "I'll bring a can of sweet sauce." She whispered standing herself up for that step out from in the table. She looked both ways in the Isle before setting her finger on his lip, smeared that spec of berry sauce from on, and licked it off that tip of her finger before turning and setting those hips of hers in to that stepping swing leaving him to that view of her backside.

That mug pressed into Frank's lips, he looked down over his right elbow caught that reflection of his from off the napkin holder spreading a smirk in to his eye. He stares it right back, inhaled that coffee aroma up thru his nose and smirks right back before meeting it once again from in that mug $\frac{1}{2}$ from off that coffee before tilting his head back for a mouth-fill. He set the mug down on the newspaper, watched how that headline read off the side of the mug. He agrees and push's it out into the center of the table, and from in his head, his refusal, he voiced, "Get a life."

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