

I could feel the wetness coming out of me. It was warm. It was sticky. And I fucking liked it.

I don't really know how to describe her hair. It was sort of, effortless. Like, shone in the light and every time she would take a step it moved like gravity didn't exist. Her grey dress, draped over her curves, held tight round all the right places. Wearing those heels made her legs look sturdy, strong and I kept imaging myself between them. I mean, I would. Look at her. How could you fucking not.

There was a look in her eye that meant she knew what she looked like. She knew she was turning heads. There was moment, I swear, where everyone in that room was picturing her sprawled out on that floor and everyone was taking a turn showing her a fucking good time.

I remember her looking at me and smiling. Holding out this perfect hand, I looked at it, imaging what my dick would look like in it before I gave her my hand in return. It felt soft, sleek. I didn't take my eyes off hers. I knew I would have her.

I'm not sure what time it was exactly that knock came on my door. I could smell her before I saw her. I'm not quite sure how she did it but she looked even more fuckable. I hadn't noticed before but the top of her dress was sheer. Her breasts were tightly contained causing her nipples to shadow against the different light. I knew she fucking wanted it.

I pushed my crotch up against her, preparing her for what I was about to do. I put my rough hand in that effortless hair and yanked it back making her gaze unavoidable. I forced her mouth onto mine, not taking no for an answer. I never wait for answers. A taste was all I wanted, all I fucking needed. Knowing I could have her. Knowing she was mine to fuck with.

So, plunging my favourite knife into her flesh, right under her breasts, felt like the release I had been waiting for as the thick, red essence started to drip onto my floor. I still had her hair in my hand as gravity finally took hold of it as she slowly left this fucking world. Another piece of meat, primed and taken.

I could see the wetness coming out of her. It was warm. It was sticky. And I knew she fucking liked it.