



SING

THE BLUES

TINA COLLINS

Sing The Blues

Can you hear them sing or scream?

Tina Collins

Other Books by Tina Collins:

Game Play (an erotic anthology)

Reports

Too Busy? Try These Tips to Streamline Your Book Marketing

Why Writing Book Reviews Will Help Market Your Book

Front Cover Image: <https://thebookcoverdesigner.com>

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The Breeders

He wished that a feast of junk food and alcohol could be the something that would stop this hell.

He could hope that they would drop down dead because of it. They weren't protected from the diseases that blighted the Earth. Wherever and whatever they sought to destroy, they were vulnerable to its poisons.

The regular trips to the fast food joint, on the very planet they wanted to wipe out, had finally started to take its toll.

Now, every passing year had seen their shirt sizes increase until they were literally bursting at the seams. In just one board member's shirt (who had subsequently left) two guys' could have cuddled up. It would be hot, smelly and riddled with sores inside, though. When his member had 'gone off' so had his 'wife.' Sex, that is.

The bed and the room had to be astronomical to support and hold that big lump of foetid meat. Maybe they could all burn themselves and skip the 'middle men' so to speak. The Board had been their saviour. Otherwise, all would have ended up celibate and alone.

They sat in a circle like knights at the round table. But, they were far from honourable. They were the epitome of Lust. It was oozing out of their skin and radiating out into the room.

The girl, standing in the middle of the room, should have been blown away by the filthy stench. But, Louisa carried on doing what she was ordered. She didn't notice. She acted like she was drugged up to the eyeballs; deaf, blind, dumb and nose-blind to everything.

She teased them with her body, barely able to see who was there if anything at all. The dim lighting pulled a cloak over the lines and corners of the walls and the body forms. She needed to be sexy; moving to the music she couldn't even hear. However, she was disjointed. Her arms, hips and legs were totally out of sync.

Though, it was about the entire human race right now. It was contaminated and weak and was destined to die. So, their saviours had made their way to the planet as they always did. If a species was unprotected to attack then it was worth helping them on their way to annihilation.

The first wave of invasion would be to round up the useful things. Women. They would be stored, locked up in underground cages, for now, where they just...existed. In time they would stand in front of the Board and be forced to move. Some were truly awful, like this one. But, it wasn't about the movement per-se. It was about the desire and the willingness to perform. One final experience followed this 'dancing'; one that could see them die prematurely. It was the one they had to willingly endure and excel.

He stood in the shadows watching Louisa closely. Her devices weren't her own to use but she couldn't use them even she wanted to. These women had to be controlled.

Her movements became more...erotic. Her promiscuous personality shone out. She, along with the others, needed to be horny; to participate in everything that was offered.

Those who failed early were used as fuel; actually all would be used for fuel eventually, just some sooner than others. He truly believed that burning at the end of the natural breeding life would be welcomed. It would be a relief after all the pain and suffering. There wouldn't be many nerve endings left to feel the burning at all.

Fuel was the driving force of the Board as it was to many other life-forms. But they needed every aspect of it just to survive; the energy, the heat and the smell. Have you ever smelt pan-fried human flesh? Think of that prime cut of pork for Sunday's roast and then add just a touch of sweetness. Now, that is worth savouring. Or so they believed.

The scent of the 'bred' on fire would soon zap all the oxygen on Earth. Only pockets of the stuff would be left. He could envisage groups of humans (males and the youngest of the boys) shuffling closer to one another, gasping at what remained of the fast-dispersing air. It would prolong their agony, of course, then they would die.

But, that was a long time coming. First, they had to create a following to quicken up the process of the removal of the gas. They didn't need oxygen to survive but they needed to complete their work before their own fuel ran out.

Louisa was finger-fucking herself now, revealing all and sundry to the pieces of stiff Board in the circle. She was dripping wet, positively streaming by the time she had removed her dress. He stood in front of her. Her eyes, when she saw him, had a look of recognition; for His kindness and respect.

Whilst moving to the unknown beat, she lost her balance placing her hands on his chest. He didn't want to touch her intimately but, she'd forced his hand. His heart beat hard against his chest and his cock hardened.

“No, you mustn't. Not now.”

He pushed her away firmly. He hoped that the board had not seen that or his reaction. He didn't want to awaken something in her or them. He needed to be strong for both of them. He couldn't afford to be aroused.

He was her Guard, a shield of strength. He was a protection from the forces of evil and the surviving Breeders themselves. But, there was something else with them. He'd sensed it earlier. Parasites. It was inevitable they would pick something up on their journey but their numbers had to be kept in check. The Board had nothing on these malevolent beings. They weren't in control...yet. But, he knew that if they didn't finish their work here, the Board wouldn't be the ones to take over.

He covered her eyes with a strip of material, then he took her away.

It was time for her final test.

Louisa would be at the mercy of the Board and she should be willing to accept their offerings. She had to fulfil their needs to prolong her own life. It was possession in its truest form.

Her body needed to be ready for breeding, deep within her sex organs and her cardiovascular system. It was vital. He'd known of females reaching this penultimate stage, however, and failing miserably through lack of wantonness and energy.

Weak participants bred weak offspring.

It was a long and laborious process for them. The new breeders would replace the older ones who were wizened and empty. In time it was necessary to inject them with a blue, potent chemical (he never found out what) into their heart to try and keep them functioning. However, even that would fail eventually.

You couldn't push the human body passed its natural limit. Once dead or dying, that was it. The empty shells would be discarded on the mounting fuel heap outside the facility.

The second room didn't have much to it apart a soft and springy bed, built just for this purpose. He placed her gently down, and then he disappeared into the shadows. He couldn't bear to see the treatment she was about to undertake but he had no choice. He knew he wasn't the only one to care deeply for his charges. How could they not care? They were people not carriers of an alien race.

He knew her name but, in truth, there was no need for identifying tags; they were all the same. Breeders stopped being someone and eventually became something very quickly.

He would always know her, though. She held that much power over him. He knew it was likely to happen. No surprise there. These females formed attachments to their Guards but, this was only because they knew nothing else. The start of the process began shortly after their acceptance into the program and it never ended.

Shortly, after he had moved away, the Board took their place between her thighs, in line with her mouth and behind her. Louisa looked willing and able which boded well to the Board.

"Leave us." The command was sharp.

He obeyed, leaving with a nod but a little confused as to why they didn't want him there. It wasn't typical at all.

However He watched from outside the door.

She took delight in taking their cocks into her mouth. They were all over her now; each member taking his (or its) place necessary to gain optimal pleasure. It was all about them this time. She was only a vessel in which to carry their seed, planting themselves in her womb and fallopian tubes to prepare for the breeding.

Sex juice wept from just about everywhere, as they rammed their organs into places that weren't meant for violating.

No, this wasn't how it should be. Not this time. Not her. He had to take her away. They needed to leave this planet, urgently but for now all he could do watch and wait. He had no intention of losing her to the miserable existence in store. He'd been waiting for the right time to leave. Maybe now, maybe soon.

He continued to wait, heart hammering in fear and trepidation.

Lips were kissing her skin and the tips of all manner of organs and digits were brushing against her mouth. The persistent thrusting encouraged her to open her mouth. Now they were filling her mouth with their grotesqueness.

Then it was over. Just like that. He watched the Board slowly disperse. They'd taken their pleasure, done their job and had now left.

Bastards! They were nasty, degrading and evil aliens. They needed to be destroyed themselves.

He would have loved to have subjected them to the same treatment. He wanted so badly to see them squirm as cocks and tongues were rammed into their orifices. Would they feel turned on by these actions or did they only receive pleasure from watching?

He returned back into the room quietly.

Louisa had removed the blindfold and was looking confused and distressed. Time would have stopped for her from the minute she had started flaunting herself.

The total lack of control and the drugs did that to you. You could ask yourself if you were really anywhere other than hell. You wouldn't be able to remember anything so maybe it was best not to know. All she could do would be to allow her body to do what it needed to do. She would have felt the need to give herself to whoever wanted her. He'd seen it all before.

The feel of His presence in the room heightened her embarrassment and shame. Eventually, He spoke softly but, firmly, a hint of regret in his voice.

"I allowed you to be subjected to the Board's whim without intervention. I deeply regret this but, I had no choice. We must leave soon; away from all this." He gestured with his hand.

"Now you must come with me to somewhere safe."

Louisa thought she'd already done that, although, obviously, not with him.

He covered her nakedness and deftly picked her up in his strong arms. He made his way to the only exit. He would carry her to the cage she would spend the rest of her life in. But, he would be back for her. Very soon.

However, as soon as he had stepped through the door, he knew that it would never happen that way. Four of the Board's Guards stood on either side of the door as he opened it. They were there to take her away from him.

He desperately tried to think about where he had gone wrong. Had there been signs? Why had he'd missed them? He would never know anything now. His life had ended and so had the girl's. She would be kept back for just for the Members to use. She would have a tiring and abusive life.

They stood, now, ready to escort them away, their expressions one of disgust and betrayal.

Hell!

It was over. He thought back to the time he had been snatched from Earth as a child. Then, the Board's agenda had been different. They had been looking for young, strong boys to work for them. After training, the boy's life of hardship and control had begun.

He gripped Louisa tighter as if holding her close would stop them taking her away. But, it was useless. One set of guards relieved him of her, the other took him back to the execution

chamber. He watched Louisa disappear out another door. That glance would be the last time that he would ever see the girl.

The last chance he would have had to save them both.

Target Practice

(Except it wasn't practice any more)

In a part of London that lay right off the tourist routes, Serena prepared herself for the scheme she had planned years ago. Her modus operandi was similar to a Black Widow but, without the death and the money-grabbing. Okay, not so much a Black Widow but, she couldn't think of another name.

She needed to look good. Good enough to eat.

Her skin was meticulous, virtually un-blemished. Only a small mole on her jaw spoiled the view. She had contemplated going under the knife to have it removed but she'd backed out at the last minute. It had frightened her, almost to death, in fact. She'd bolted out of the surgery without thinking about where she was heading. Thankfully a coma had wiped everything from her mind from before the accident. It also meant she had not been aware of the use of scalpels to fix her broken body.

That didn't protect her from the dreaded things when she finally awoke. It ended up with her in isolation and the nurses complaining about the extra work she had given them. She'd been glad to leave.

She thought back to that moment when she'd collapsed at work and all because her co-worker was waving a piece of cutlery around as he talked. It turned out to be only a spoon but, that didn't become clear until too late. Serena had already wet herself.

The whole experience had been embarrassing and pathetic.

Knives frightened her. Those long serrated blades and the reinforced handles...she shivered. Ever since her brother had stabbed their mother to death she'd been freaked out. She remembered the glint of the cold steel, the blood and her mother's expression when she realised who was wielding the knife. Her son; her sick, ungrateful son.

The nightmares, were so real and so clear in her mind, she didn't sleep for weeks after. The family home felt different. No, it was the whole family that had felt different. She'd left a month later.

She could never forgive her brother for that appalling act. They were manipulators, destroyers of peace and relationships but, not in that way. Her brother now languished in prison right where he belonged. He'd been a complete and utter fool.

Serena continued to admire herself in the mirror. Years of target practice had made her over confident and vain. The mirror wasn't full length. It didn't need to be. She could close her eyes and see the whole length of her body in her head.

Her body was perfect; nipples on pert boobs and a bum to match but, without the nipples on. There had been once but, she had tattooed them away. Tattoos the colour of your skin was the future of cosmetic surgery, she thought.

Unfortunately there was also a side effect to her lifestyle.

Bit by bit little blemishes would appear on her skin. There was nothing she could do to stop them but, she could limit them. Only by succeeding at conquests could she stop new ones from appearing. However, she had messed up just the once hence the ugly black mole.

It was her face that she worried about. She'd seen what age and hormones could do to a girl. So could smoking but she had never wanted to try. Some of her girlfriends had but, it gave them bad breath and everything smelt of smoke.

She'd thrown one girl (an old school mate) out of her flat by her hair and flung the ashtray out with her. The smell, the coughing, the expense, it'd all gotten to her. The ashtray, heavy and made of glass with gold trim, had smashed in the girl's face. She had subsequently filed a complaint of assault against Serena.

Serena had promised the investigating officer sex if he said the crime wasn't a crime at all. It had worked too well. After that one grope, Serena couldn't get rid of him. In the end, she'd had to make threats against his marriage and career if he didn't fuck off.

Smoking had been seen as hip at school. But, she refused to get drawn into the girls' cliquy circles. She had been pushed to the outside but her confidence didn't waver. It just gave her time to gather her thoughts of getting her own back.

She'd done that alright. She had wheedled her way into the trousers of their boyfriends, right under their pretty little noses. How they must have hated her! After she had shagged them rotten, poisoned their minds against their former girlfriends, she would dump them.

So, there it was. Two relationships completely destroyed and neither of the parties even gave a thought about Serena. Well, maybe just at the beginning. They needed to let off steam. It was only fair that she let them.

The spreading of the lies came next; the lies about both parties. When she had finally finished her crusade, the whole school had been divided down the middle, girls on one side and boys on the other, each spitting lies and retorts at the other. It made for interesting viewing.

After she had left school, her work had continued. She had flirted, lied and manipulated her way into both, men and women's pants alike. She'd had fun, earnt a bit of money but, it had never been enough.

There was something she needed to finish.

There had been a girl at school; just this one girl that she had wanted to grab hold of and then to fuck men out of her system. But, there had been a catch, a tall, dark-haired kind of catch. She had plotted in her head ever since. It was the one couple that had eluded her at school.

The possessive, good-looking, son 'f a bitch hadn't wanted Serena anywhere near them. Could he sense her intentions or perhaps it was the smell of her snatch? Either way, she couldn't get a handle on him at all. So, she'd thought about it and waited. An opportunity to get back involved with Stevie had eventually materialised.

To Serena's dismay, she was still attached to the same damn guy. He was still a possessive little toe-rag, too.

What to do? What to do?

Okay, if she couldn't get in his pants, maybe she could get in hers!

First she had to be sure that the girl didn't recognise her. Serena popped up in shops, restaurants and even her place of work. It felt creepy but, it had worked. The girl's eyes were blank; no recognition. Perhaps there was nothing in that skull of hers at all?

But, she'd still hung onto that guy...

Glancing at the clock on the wall, she realised that she had wiled away too much time. Grabbing her jacket and purse, she rushed out the front door into a waiting taxi...

Just as she'd hoped, she was there well before her 'targets'. She needed that time to prepare and to reject any offers that may come her way. If an angrily hissed, "Piss off, loser," didn't work then she had a 'Don't come near me if you value your equipment,' kind of expression that did. She never had to do both.

She kept watch on the door. Most of the people there were so up themselves, they thought she was eyeing them up.

No, she thought, I quite like the door. Its opening will be the start of something huge.

Whilst waiting and watching, she'd caught sight of an old girlfriend, the very same one she had assaulted. She gave the girl the evils. Stupid slag; no change in her personality by all accounts. By the time, she remembered what she was doing, they'd already made their way to the bar.

She was there in all her innocent glory. Serena rubbed her hands together in glee. Oh, look-see! That flipping guy was still there with her, hanging onto every inch of her anatomy. He made killer eyes at every bloke in the room. Nice guy.

Serena watched them dance. They were very close to actually making love right there on the dance floor. She cringed. Get a room, please!

It was time to make her move...

She was surprised at how easy it was to persuade them that she should go too. It was almost as easy as it would be getting into Stevie's pants, she figured. She had introduced herself again to the lanky bitch, deliberately ignoring him. He would get the cold shoulder until she was satisfied she'd done her job right. The taxi ride was spent in silence.

At the flat, the guy disappeared through a side door. The squeaking of the tap gave Serena an indication of just how long she'd have to make the girl's acquaintance. Ten minutes should be ample.

Stevie was already half-lying on the bed. The wanton hussy was already giving her a look of 'come take me.' Serena pushed the girl down further onto the bed and slowly took off her own blouse. Her breasts were now partly free.

She leant down and kissed the girl. She found Stevie, wary but willing. They spent a few minutes just getting to know one another through their lips and tongues. Serena's kiss became stronger and deeper as little by little she kicked down the remaining bricks of Stevie's protective wall.

She could feel her pussy beginning to drip and she made thrusting movements with her hips. She wanted to be against the girl's own sex; mashing their clitorises and folds together. Serena knew that it would send her out the door and Stevie through the roof.

"You are so beautiful. Better than I ever imagined you to be," she whispered.

That was a lie. Serena had only ever imagined what it would be like to destroy the relationship. She was using her sex as a tool to accomplish that. It was a means to an end that was all. Of course, she got pleasure out of it. She always did but it was just one road she could take to her final goal.

Sex always yielded the best results. It made things so much more complicated but that was what was needed to really fuck with people's heads.

The sex-starved bitch now wanted her to take her camisole off. Lifting her arms over her head, she pulled it off. She then flung it over her shoulder to get it out of the way. She made a path that hadn't existed before, with her mouth, from Stevie's lips to the bottom of the silky fabric. Pushing it up with her mouth she propelled herself back up to one nipple. She sucked at the flesh, whilst running her hands down to start relieving the girl of her jeans.

By the time Alistair returned from the shower both, the girls were naked. Serena's bum swung provocatively in the air. She could imagine just how hard Alistair would be. Her hands continued to caress Stevie's skin as again her lips moved lower.

Finding the strength that even she didn't know she had, she lifted the girl and placed her further up the bed. Now, her rump was in a good position to be used and abused. Even though she was expecting his touch, she gasped in surprise. Whilst she sucked at Stevie, Alistair was doing the exact same thing to her.

She felt his hands on her hips as he primed himself to take her. Thrusting rhythmically, he drove himself onwards and upwards to his coming.

After they'd entered back into the room metaphorically, Alistair finally managed to introduce himself to Serena properly. As naively as she could she replied:

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

She knew, at the end, that the pleasure would be all hers.

Time's A-Wasting

He loved to watch her.

She presented as a picture of innocence and a destroyable one at that.

He had her sitting in the middle of the room. He'd intentionally kept the room dim, lit only by a few candles he had placed around. Darkness hid his sins and so did the location of the basement.

They were playing a metaphorical game. He sat across from her, arms lying either side of the board. The pieces were higgledy-piggledy. However, only he knew that they were playing different games. He had the advantage. He was certain he would win.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting for his move.

Seconds ticking by: almost a minute

It was all she did. But, would she be so willing to wait if she knew how her life would end? He, on the other hand, had plenty of time. He could afford to wait. Time was a precious commodity to him. It was something she didn't have and he revelled in that. The thoughts in his head now were shifting, swirling around and prodding him.

Do it! Do it! Do it!

'Patience,' he hissed.

Impatience saw the idiots in the morning rush hour, leaning heavily on their horns; draining the life out of their batteries. No battery, no car and blissfully, no bloody horn, either so maybe that wasn't a bad thing. Or what about the mass of bodies pushing past slower commuters just to get on the next tube? The last minute waiting for the next train felt the longest. But, that was all it was.

A minute.

He could do a lot in one minute. Clothing, skin, souls, all could be discarded in 55 seconds, his timing almost perfect; almost. He wanted the time to be eating the muscles for longer. He believed that they gave him strength and vitality. He'd been labelled as an odd-bod by many people. Well, everyone was peculiar in their own way.

He'd run his hands over their body, the feel of the muscles, so beautiful, so graceful, so strong. He discarded the tendons; too tough. He used some of the fat to lubricate the muscles. It gave them a slippery, soft sheen. The skinning part was the only time the voices in his head grew silent. He figured they loved the time between the playing and the eating just like he did.

Finally she had stopped waiting.

She was rubbing the juice of a melon over her skin. The thought of what lay beneath excited

him. The stirrings in his trousers mimicked the thoughts in his heads. His balls were fast catching up. He'd grown hard.

Bad timing.

She intrigued him. The others hadn't as much. She had been proud to tell him of her virginity whilst they drank in the bar a few years ago. How she'd only been kissed by family. He'd almost laughed out loud at that. She might have been a virgin in body but she wasn't in her head. She'd flirted with him and teased him all that night. Then, she willingly followed him all the way to the basement.

He wanted them to come to him and that's exactly what they did. Easy.

Throughout the entire time they had known each other she'd continued to misinterpret his excitement as sexual.

You've got the wrong idea, bitch.

He would be laughing whilst he worked methodically on her body.

"Place your feet up on the chair and allow your knees to fall to the side."

His excitement made his voice husky. She followed his orders to the letter. She was touching herself; running her fingers up and down and around her snatch.

"Take the banana and rub it all over your body."

The fruit had died long before she ever would. This had been something that she had wanted. The fruit had excited her as much as the thought of her death had to him.

Now, she was grasping the banana, his cock. So provocative and so deliberate.

A virgin, my arse.

The window was open. The wind had entered and with it the flies. Another of those things he hated. They puked over their food, liquidised it and then sucked it up through their mouth parts.

The corpses needed to be pristine. Had they already been contaminated with fly vomit?

A real cock was now pushing on the inside of his trousers.

Bloody hell.

Maybe his name could be immortalised in an expletive or something. Like Gordon Bennett or Sweet Fanny Adams.

But, he was still hard. He'd been thinking about murder for the last few minutes so he supposed that it wasn't that much of a surprise. Murder was sex for him. He turned everything back to death. Trouble was that meant he was almost always hard. A walking loaded cock lusting after all those bodies pounding the pavements every day; bodies just ready and willing to be de-gloved and eaten.

His murderous thoughts swung back in to the girl, back to the matter in hand.

He checked his watch. It was nearly time. Good. His cock was beginning to hurt in his tight trousers and she just sat there with her everything hanging out.

Fresh meat...no, fresh muscles...no, sod it.

That chant...where did it come from? Prison? Or another killer?

He liked it. It had a nice ring to it.

He hummed it silently to himself, going over his plan in his mind.

If nothing was right, he would have to start all over again. Lack of control was his nemesis. Those who could not obey him made bad victims, fighting against him and using his strength. It was so wasteful of time.

He took a long step forward.

She had her eyes closed. Perhaps she was longing for his touch? She would never see him naked, though. His body disgusted him; his particulars in particular.

He stood over her, his eyes dark and full of murder. He beckoned her to him and then moved his hand towards his groin. Oh, she knew what that meant alright.

But she didn't; not really. He was uncomfortable.

He leant forward and kissed her on her forehead. Her skin was soft and he wondered if her bodily fat was gradually oozing out through her pores; it certainly tasted like it. Ha! She was overflowing with the stuff. This might just be a satisfying one for him.

He carried on.

He would store most of her fat away for later. When it had hardened sufficiently, he would make candles to light the room with. The draft would bring the smell of human wafting towards him and his next conquest. He breathed in deeply. For now, it was the scent of her fallen, no, skinned comrades before her.

He continued on down. He wanted her to be putty in his hands and she would soon be that and more. He feigned pleasure as he carried on. The taste of the banana left on her skin, only slightly masked the salty taste of the perspiration on her skin.

“You taste divine...”

Smelled more like.

This was nothing like he had imagined. He knew from his mother that female skin should be soft and smell of perfume. His mother had cared for her skin more than she had him. She'd spent most for her waking moments bathing, washing and rubbing lotion in her skin.

It had become a ritual. It had overtaken her life and his. She took time away from him and his emotional needs. His father had left years before when he was just five years old. She had rubbed her husband up the wrong way and created a monster out of her son.

This skin, however, had the smell of fruit and sweat, much like his mother had when she died, midway through her cleansing. He was disappointed.

He decided he didn't want to go any further. What, down there?? He wasn't totally mad. Why would he want to go where 'normal' people played? However, he lifted her up so that her legs straddled his waist. His cock was still waiting to burst forth but he denied it its freedom.

Instead, he tried to relieve some of the tension by moving his pelvis forward. It didn't work, of course. He needed more than her to satisfy his urges.

She whispered in his ear, her hot breath gently moving the delicate hairs inside his ears. He tilted his head away in annoyance.

“Now it's my turn...”

He dropped her, flashed her an angry look and was gone.

He'd lost the game.

Up The Fundament

I saw him before he'd even registered my presence.

I knew he was the guy I was after. His arrogance exuded from him; it was an overwhelming stench of crap. I could see the steam radiating out from him just like a psychic could see auroras.

This guy was a textbook misogynist. I'd known about his life for weeks now. I'd seen things that no demon should ever see. His visits to the toilet after a night out drinking and eating kebabs and curries. His treatment of all women whether they were child or elderly. On curry nights, he'd ended up smelling even stronger of crap than usual.

It's a smell I never got used to.

Now my purpose? To destroy.

I'd been told of his personality flaws but I knew most of them already.

“His list of attributes include selfishness, immorality, hatred of women and so up-himself it's bordering on being yet another up-himself crime,” my Lord, had said.

Surely to be up-himself that much would effectively cancel the other out? Seems not.

In case you're wondering, not all demons are evil. There are some of us that want to save the human race, despite it being doomed from way back when.

In my previous life, I'd been a good person; to others and myself. But something had changed all that, and that something was right there in front of me. It seemed, to me, that it always ended that way; the good people got the worst in life from people like him. He was busy re-arranging his tackle. It made me laugh. Perhaps if he'd taken more time to give himself a bit of love than he wouldn't be so keen to spread his baby batter far and wide.

I wore my red hair loose and a sleek, red dress clung to every curve of my figure. That's the good thing about death; your whole persona can change for the better. I'd turned red (my skin had a healthy blush all over), in accordance with the punishment I would carry out.

I spent my spare time, just reflecting on what might have been, if I hadn't met Jason. What would have I become?

I twirled the cocktail stick in my Martini whilst admiring my red nails. Perfect. I just hoped dealing with the loser there didn't break one or two of them. I took pride in my appearance; it was often crucial to my errands.

Humming, I pretended that I wasn't aware of his creepy-eyed look. But, I watched him under my lashes as he ordered a lager. He looked contemptuously at the barman when he spilt his drink. The colour of his favourite tipple matched his smell. I half expected him to lick up the booze directly from the dirty bar.

I knew I would enjoy taking him back to my home. When I was alive, I, of course, didn't have a clue what the guy was really like. I got caught up in his charm and his generosity.

Until he had stuck the knife in.

“Busy in here, tonight, isn’t it? So, what brings a beautiful lady like yourself to a dive like this?”

So predictable.

I rolled my eyes. Classic. The line was simple enough but just plain cheesy. It hurt my ears. I found it offensive that he could even think that women would hang around for long after hearing that.

He was right, though. The bar was starting to fill up. It was Friday night and people were just beginning to flood in. Friday night is, 'I really must get pissed tonight' night. I knew it was time to move.

What I had planned for him couldn't, shouldn't be seen by anyone else. I felt a hand on my arm; I so wanted to shake it off. It felt cool and clammy, deadening the glistening look of my skin on my wrist. I hoped my heat would shift it but, no, the little tyke kept it there.

Most, if not all, bastards felt and smelt like shit. Every job had a downside, and this was mine.

His attention had then moved to my ample rack. I breathed in deeply to really accentuate them. Luckily, bras didn't exist in hell so I was walking around unfettered. I certainly didn't miss the huge welts under my boobs from those nasty under-wires. Didn't they give you cancer anyway?

Okay, intelligence had never been my strong point. It was why I relied on my body to get what I wanted. Actions definitely spoke louder than words.

A squeaking noise came from the side of the bar. He was talking to me again, his little rat-nose sniffed the air. I plucked a cigarette and lighter seemingly from nowhere. I blew a long stream of the ghastly smoke into his face. He had done that to me. He knew I hated it but he did it all the same. He waved his hand over his face.

“I have to say that you are looking stunning and I would love to get to know you a little better. Can I perhaps get you a drink? What do you say, honey?”

I kept silent. What was there to say? It would have been so easy to tell him to fuck off. I couldn't trust myself not to do so. Oh look, I thought, he's got a hard-on. He was waving it around like it was seven inches but I can assure you it was only three.

“How about a glass of Champagne, my shout? You deserve only the best, my sweet.”

I quite enjoyed listening to him talking to himself. However, I had to get things moving.

“How about I take you back to my place and show you a good time?”

I turned around and let the V-shape on the back of my dress tell him to, metaphorically, go and take a hike. Unfortunately, it didn't work. He was still there with his tongue hanging out, drooling all over the floor.

“Come with me,” I said.

I gave him a few seconds before I repeated my request.

He wouldn't need leading, he'd follow me as if he was attached. My little whiffy puppy. The only hot thing about him was his eyes as they burnt a hole in my back. If I had one, someone would have been walking over my grave. That's how it made me feel.

I slipped out of a side door that didn't really exist. I had to have some privacy; couldn't have all the losers making their way to me. I would never get any rest.

My 'home' lay within a hotel. The colour red adorned the place as far as the eye could see. The hotel itself appeared normal from the outside but hellishly beautiful inside. The road that led to it was dark.

It was the true colour of souls gone bad; the hotel not the road.

He followed me up the stairs, so I really wiggled my butt. His eyes were still burning into me but, they had moved ever lower.

My room was just as red as the lower floor. No light entered the room usually but I had to make an exception. The room was lit up but the light itself didn't really exist. I hoped it would give him a false sense of security. Most of the furnishings littered around the room were hallucinations.

I wasn't romantic even in life. I had gone to town, though. Red wine, candlelight, soft coverings over my bed. The red wine, for sure, wasn't required. There wouldn't be enough time to get hammered.

I pushed him onto the bed and straddled him. I pinned his arms above his head and clamped around his hips with my thighs. Then, I removed my dress. Now, my breasts hung free. His eyes lit up.

Oh, something was at home then.

“So many women, in so little time,” I whispered. “No rest for you then?”

He laughed. Arrogant sod.

“It's most certainly not, honey. It and I can go for years yet. Why don't you climb on and see?”

Eager he most certainly was, I thought. So I obliged. He must have wanted a quick conclusion to our coupling as much as I did. As I pushed down hard on his cock, I almost threw up. It was a very different feeling when I was with him in life. We had a satisfying love life and he could be charming...sometimes. The feelings of revulsion slowly passed and I began to ride him harder. His cock started to disintegrate inside me but, it wasn't enough for him or me. I wanted so much more.

I leant forward, placing my hands on either side of his chest. His hands gripped at the sheet. Ah, a display of pain at last. I felt him wiggle a bit. Not a chance, I thought. Just a wee bit longer.

Finally, I gave him a breather. I had harder things in store for him. I had found a duplicate of the sex toy he had used on me. I had made the suggestion that I should use it on him, too, but, he just didn't play that game at all.

Now he will, I thought.

I clambered off and retrieved it from...somewhere.

Turning back, I held the offending toy in my hand. His response was immediate. He scrambled off the bed and ran frantically to the side of the room. My cheap props smashed onto the floor, making a pretend mess, but, overall, it was a great spectacle to watch. Whilst he wasted energy trying to get out, I slowly fitted the dildo around my hips and waist.

Ironically, I agreed with him about the thing. It was gross. However, there was no other good way to violate males so I had to deal.

I was ready and I made him aware of it. Obediently, he made his way back to the bed. On all fours, he presented his rump to me. His balls and cock were swinging between his legs. Not quite hard as it was before but then it didn't really matter. This wasn't about his pleasure but mine. But, I was wrong.

I swung my breasts over his back, my nipples softly tracing a wonky path over his skin. Well, as soft as a demon can be, of course.

I glided my 'cock' slowly up his rectum. He gasped, whether from pleasure or pain, I didn't know. In response I thrust harder and faster. Yanking his head back so hard, I pulled some of his hair out by the roots, but he was enjoying it! Wanted it. His initial reaction of scrambling off the bed...was that just a game he was playing with me?

"Remember, all those girls you fucked and abused? Well, I decided that you should be paid in kind. Now, it's your turn to go to hell..."

I'd heard that back in the day, the 'punishment' carried out to Edward II, would have been a 'red hot poker up the fundament.' Well, I couldn't profess to it being a punishment per-se. You don't tend to enjoy punishments of a tortuous and unwilling nature. But this wasn't one of either. I had no doubts about that. His pleasure showed in his face and in his body.

Well, anyway, I think I'd just about executed that perfectly.

I would go down in history.

At Death's Door

I'd been waiting for her, chloroform-soaked cloth at the ready. My hand was so close to my mouth, I almost passed out myself. She'd become a pain in the proverbial, using the hotel's facilities to run her sordid whoring business. Finally, the management had snapped.

They didn't tolerate selfish people using their business for their own ends. Druggies, alcoholics, prostitutes or escorts, fraudsters and thieves. They'd all got a taste of pain.

The management kept quiet for a time; allowing them to continue 'doing' their business in peace. But, they watched, very closely. Then they'd struck; destroying connections, client relationships and people's lives all in one fail swoop.

Classic.

I, of course, wasn't someone you could rely on. You could say that I was in league with the management. All I needed to do was to wait for the final answer to their fail-safe formula:

Dickheads + an act of sheer stupidity and/or greed tends to = The Punishment of all gods and just a teeny weeny bit more for decoration.

That was what I liked the most; the little thing at the end right before they died.

My bosses relayed to me the punishment needed and I carried it out to the best of my ability.

She was due any minute. I'd set her up. This time I would be the one servicing her. Before I put her to absolute and eternal rest, I could have a little fun of my own.

She was a skanky whore. She thought herself as one of the best her pimps could provide. But, I knew different. I'd watched her conduct her services through the many holes in the walls, I'd created. I spied on her, in fact. She had the pick of the men in the hotel. Mainly businessmen, they were away from their wives for a few days and were happy to get down to a bit of naughty fun. No real great loss for the wives, really.

Okay, I admit, seeing her handle cocks did make me horny even though it was less than expertly. Who wouldn't be? I'd focussed as much as I could on her hands and lips, though. The sagging bellies of the men did nothing for me. God knows, how she even did it. If I'd been gay, I would have run a mile.

The door to the room was slowly opening. It creaked open actually. Nothing a quick squirt of WD40 wouldn't fix.

Shoving my hand over her mouth as she popped her head around the door, it didn't take long for the potent drug to take effect. As soon as she was out, I withdrew. It was very much like my sex life actually; I fucked them until they passed out then withdrew. It could take minutes or hours; I wasn't fussy. I still got my end away even if they didn't. But, then it wouldn't be a horror story, now would it?

I couldn't risk the bitch dying on me, though. I just didn't have the genetic make-up to be a necrophiliac. I'd read up about the properties of chloroform, before I used it. Ghastly stuff really as most drugs were. I'd fought to convince the powers that using a drug was necessary if I

was to get a result. They were so anti-everything it made my job extremely hard sometimes.

They'd reluctantly given in but I could tell they weren't impressed. Such hard taskmasters. I had to watch my step; too many pushes and I might just get called out for being a cocky little bastard.

I shoved her onto the chair just ready for her pretty little butt. Then I'd secured her hands behind the chair and her feet to its legs. She wouldn't be going anywhere from the start to the finish. She'd be under my control, a huge difference to what she was used to, for sure.

As she slept, I busied myself by the window, 'pretending' to work. I was such a good pretender, it even impressed me. I strained my ears, trying to catch a sound. All I could hear was her heavy breathing. I worried that I'd given her just a touch too much sedative.

I still had my back to her when a scrabbling noise off to my right told me she had woken.

I held back the urge to prance around the chair flicking the V's up at her. It would be like being back in the playground again.

'Na Na Na Na-Na.'

So immature, but, at times, I felt like a child. Often thought like one, too. Children in my mind, were evil. They had the right expressions; that smirk they had and the look of badness. Innocent, my arse. They were born evil, like I was.

She seemed to be thinking with her brow creased and her eyes cast downwards. I had no idea what could possibly be running through her empty head at this time. Not much to think about really. She was tied to a chair, half-naked and just right for the screwing, figuratively speaking.

Turning my thoughts back to her, I hadn't gagged her. She would think she was playing a game and she'd be correct. But, it would be my game not hers. Her game would give a favourable outcome. Dirty money, endless pleasure and returning of her duties as a 'chambermaid.'

Mine, however, would be completely different.

I caught her eye. She was yanking at the scarves. It was pointless but, they weren't that tight.

I placed my face just centimetres from hers and then blatantly ran my eyes over her body. I didn't want her to utter a word so I pre-empted her by placing my finger on her lips and mouthing 'Ssshh!'

I placed my hands on the back of chair. My arms lay across her shoulders.

"Now, what am I going to do with you? Can't let you go blabbing your pretty little mouth to all who will listen about what you've seen, now can I?"

I heard her moan.

I untied her legs and placed them over my shoulders. I bent, my lips seeking out her clit through her panties. I found myself wanting her so I ripped them off her. I covered two fingers with her sex juice by thrusting them into her pussy, then I brought them up to my own lips.

She tasted slightly salty but not unpleasant. Some of the girls' had been. Salty and used. It

wasn't unheard of for me to grab hold of a glass cold water after oral sex with them.

Returning my fingers from where they had just come from, I gave her double the pleasure by using my mouth as well. She could see how wet my face had become when I lifted my head to look at her. Then, I returned to my task until she came.

Now I undressed. The end was getting closer. I could feel the impatience from those above. The insistence rained down hitting me in the face, body and soul. It was a great way to control the minions who did their bidding.

Well, it was just me actually. I'd tried so very much to rebel against it; times when I felt my emotions getting away from me. I shrugged. Would it have hurt that much if I had?

Just to give myself that little extra 'help' I flicked the tip of my knob. It was necessary for me to do as I needed to get sufficiently hard to poke around inside her. I pushed the chair and her down so that it rested against the bed. I placed her hands at the front and to the side so I could position myself just right.

She was impatient. That much I knew already. She wanted to give my dick what for. Licking and sucking was what she did best. Then, I thrust hard. Not so hard that I made her gag but enough. Now what to do? Oh yes, it was time to enter one of the other holes she possessed.

But, first, I had to do something else. I released her boobs. I couldn't say they were the most attractive breasts I'd seen.

The aureoles were huge, so big her nipples were lost in the middle. It took an awful lot of sucking to get them out. Anyway, they'd never been for me. I preferred a woman's ears. So suck-able they were. Just right for biting off, too.

Now.

It came towards her, so did I and I'm pretty sure she did too, eventually. I untied her wrists.

I heard the rattling of the door-knob. Something was trying to get in. Oh dear...I'd taken far too long. But, it couldn't come in. It was time for the grand finale. She looked at me, worriedly. So you should be, I thought. I didn't reassure her, though. Grabbing her clothes, she made to leave, throwing some money onto the bed. I grabbed them, and quickly flicked through the crisp notes. Twenty quid?! Was that all I was worth?

The cheeky bitch!

No, even that was too much for what you were worth as a player, I thought. Yes, I'd hired her. But, I needed to be more in control than I would have been had she booked me.

By now, she was rattling the door knob frantically. When she looked at me again, then I smiled.

Time for an eternal rest, where nothing ever happened.

Whispering Bunnies

Time passed slowly, trapped within these walls.

The true purpose of the building had changed many times, but it was still my 'home'. I had lived and worked there too. I'd felt safer nowhere else. Life as a maid wasn't easy but, it could be much harder if the family didn't care for you. Those kinds of people thought themselves better than anyone else. Even disagreements between neighbours were more about class differences than anything else. Those you could rely on to raise their hand to you.

But, here at home, life had been different for me. For many years I lived a relatively comfortable life as a servant. My employers took me in and protected me. They soon became my family.

Before that, in my previous job, visitors to the house had no need to go so far into the house. They stayed where it was warm; near the living room fire. The structure of the buildings weren't safe enough for them to venture further into the depths; stairs creaked and rot had taken hold in places. You didn't want to break your leg down one of them holes. You would still be expected to work, maybe even that much harder. Your injury, you see, would slow you down.

I'd lived that way for a while but, then I became lucky. I was taken into another household. These new people cared for me as best as they could. I couldn't expect them to treat me as their daughter and I didn't. A daughter would rank far higher than me.

When I lost them, I lost my life.

So I wanted to give something back to them for all the help they'd given me. But, for a while that something eluded me. Then, I learned what had happened to my family. They'd left me because of persecution. Persecution from those who branded them evil. Evil?? No, it wasn't true!

It'd started again...the incessant chattering.

Gossip, gossip, whisper, whisper.

Oh the endless, whispering. It could be comforting when it was quiet. It meant I was a step closer to the end. But, at their loudest, it was excruciating.

It had been unsolicited, cruel and dishonest gossip that had driven my family out of their home.

They had soon left.

Their lovely home was put up for sale but, no one would buy. Who'd want to buy a house from evil people? Finally, it had been passed over to some undesirables for a pittance and my lovely parents had eventually died in obscurity.

The building had changed from a family home, my family home, to many other types of shops, bakeries and haberdashery's before finally becoming a sex shop. It had been that way for decades. All the while I'd been there, I'd wanted to join in with the sex games.

The 'games' had their rules but the players were different. Different but no less guilty of exploitation. The gossiping continued.

Gossip. Gossip, whisper, BOO!

That made me jump.

Very funny..

I was the ghost wasn't I? The voices were just remnants of a time long forgotten but, they still managed to get to me.

Years of abuse and whispering had infiltrated the walls, hurt my ears and hardened my heart that much more. However, I didn't target all that were mean. I went only for those who had murdered my family. I had the desire to destroy generations of families who had gossiped far too much and for far too long.

I had a great many painful tools in my repertoire; all of which I had used at one time or another. But, now, it was time to take one of those tools out to play...

Gossip, gossip, whisper, whisper.

I could hear a lot of shouting below me above the whispering. It made a refreshing change. But, it was far too happy and it had a familiar sound to it. This was breeding of a type I knew so well. There were two female voices but only the one interested me.

I wasn't adverse, however, to using an innocent to achieve my goals. You think that a woman scorned by a man was evil? Well, a female ghost who was deprived of her life was a damn sight meaner. I blamed the nasty gossipers back in time that had spoken of evil. It had been them that had pushed them out of their home into eventual poverty. My death was the direct result of beatings carried out by the new home-owners.

Oh, they hadn't been left off the hook but, it was the gossipers that caused me the most pain. But, I digress. It was time...

A pretty girl stood close to the door that led into the back rooms. She was the exact opposite to her girlfriend who stood much further away. I'd already changed into my corporeal form. No point in frightening her unnecessarily. The girl held a toy in her hand and the other half appeared to be lost in thoughts. That made things so much easier for me. Her face was so expressive standing there; laughing and then finally strangely concerned.

When I spoke, the girl startled like a rabbit caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

"I could show you how to use that, you know. I've had so much fun with it, I'm sure you will, too. I've got somewhere nice and quiet just in here..."

It was quite easy to lure her away. Lesbians seemed to be so much more...willing to play new games. I didn't need to say much more. We carried on with our conversation in private.

"I'm sure you love your girlfriend, dearly but you're clutching that toy as if it was the last remnants of a life you had before. Seems that your bird feels the same way." I smirked whilst I nodded in the direction of her girlfriend who was now admiring the strap-on dildos just hanging there.

Her expression changed subtly. To one of resignation.

“I gave all that up when I met Kay. I shoved it into the back of mind but occasionally it creeps into my thoughts. Often when I visited my parents at Xmas and holidays, they would start. My family have never approved of my decision to abandon 'normal' life.”

She made the sign of quotes with her fingers. Across the wall behind her, a pair of bunnies appeared. Cute.

“It's not so much Kay they don't like but, just what she stands for. Whenever I'm with them, they try desperately to get me to go with men of their choosing. They have never invited her. No doubt she would interfere with their plans.”

Hers was a tale I'd heard many times before. The bisexual woman lured to the dark side by her controlling partner. But, it struck me that this wasn't exactly the way I envisioned it. There didn't appear to be any problems within their relationship on the outside but this girl before me was obviously unsatisfied.

I wanted to help her but couldn't yet decide how I could do that. I didn't know her girlfriend at all to begin with but, gradually that changed. I sensed something about her. I now knew who she was. I had begun to feel just a bit fed-up with the racket in my head but, their chattering had lessened considerably as I spoke.

They would have to be patient, though. I had a lot more to do before I could get rid of the cow altogether.

I let the pretty one go eventually. I caught the odd word in their conversation but not enough to really understand the meaning.

“I... honey.”

I cringed at that endearment. I wondered just how much resentment was loaded into that innocent word.

The next words she spoke were completely indistinct but, she looked around indicating towards my direction and the back room. She held up her finger and came back to me. I just about yanked her into the back room, where we had spoken just a few minutes earlier. But, not before she indicated to her bird to follow her.

Shit.

I stopped time. That wasn't my initial plan. I wanted to manipulate Emma's mind; there could be no distractions.

I didn't hang about, after, and my intentions were quite clear.

Get your damn clothes, off NOW!

I positioned myself spread-eagled on a very convenient coffee table. Long and low, it just about managed to accommodate me lying down and her kneeling between my thighs. Emma, at this point, had switched the toy on and was thrusting it deep into my pussy. She didn't hang about!

Her body, I noticed, was fuller around the hips; a classic child-bearer. In contrast her top half was tiny, her boobs only just there. She compensated for that by having a set of prominent, nipples. Very useful, I thought.

The simple action of fucking me had begun the 'grabbing hold' process. It was a skill I rarely used but this time the situation had called for it.

Soon after, I restarted time. Kay eventually joined us.

The speed with which Kay had that dildo primed and ready for action, impressed me a little. Control wasn't her only asset, it seemed. I grunted. When I'd finished with her she wouldn't need it.

In time, I left them to it. I'd done what I needed to do. For now.

When I finally caught up with them again, I'd returned to my natural state. Listening in to their conversation the knowledge of my existence, or lack of it, had leaked out.

I may have only been 100 years old but, it meant I still had plenty of time to cause madness in a very controlling dyke.

For The Alpha

They stood in the shadows, watching the prey.

Hot, panting breaths disappeared into the darkness and there was a constant shuffling of feet. Only these footfalls weren't the soft padding of paws going out for the hunt. These were the impatient pacing waiting for the go ahead to harry the prey. Naturally, though, in normal settings the hunt would be conducted differently.

There would be immediate harrying of the prey after they'd run it to exhaustion; as wolves, they couldn't do the death hold. There would be no quick passing just the ripping of flesh as they hung on for dear life.

There was a risk of death for all of them; all hunts were a test of agility, team work and judgement.

But, most of the predators took the easy option. They didn't want the prey to run any more. That was way too exhausting and time-consuming. But, they weren't natural ambushers, either. They had only become that after many years of laziness. Wolves evolved quickly. Why waste valuable hunting time by chasing? The prey sacrificed themselves right there and then through stupidity and carelessness.

Easy; way too easy.

Where was their hunting ground?

Here. It was an irregularly shaped circle of trees and bushes, far from the centre of town. The wolves were not urban hunters. In the centre of the circle, the prey gathered, staying close to their vehicles. The wolves paraded around them in the shadows, looking for an easy victim or two.

The prey knew they had to stay alert if they weren't to end up as food. They had learned quickly to avoid that possibility, if they could. Only testosterone charged males became stupid, over confident and distracted.

It didn't always work that way; sometimes it was just bad luck. If you looked juicy enough and had a lot of meat on your bones, then your number was likely to be up. Humans had these weird dangly bits on the outside of their bodies, too, the bigger the better; they were considered a delicacy.

Only the Alpha ate them. This was the only time that males weren't proud of the size of their erections. Bigger definitely didn't mean a better chance of sex or even fulfilling. Other humans would avoid them in case it put them at risk of predation.

Males needed to be most aware at the watering holes. But, they jostled night after night for the best position. They argued and pushed each other around to try to get a chance to drink. In doing so, they weakened their resolve. The danger would always continue to lurk.

A steady stream of prey made the circle a reliable source of food. It worked very much like a waterhole in the Serengeti. Prey are thirsty for sex, they come to drink (from several holes if

they were lucky), singled out and then slaughtered.

Most of them already knew the rules. They stayed away from the dark; they stayed alert. But, the arrival of new prey always swung the balance back to the wolves.

This meant the hunt would be so much easier for them on that particular night.

Tonight the pack had caught up with two very attractive females. They were still inside the car so were relatively safe. But, the wolves peered inside, their breaths misting up the glass in the door frames, their green eyes reflected back at themselves.

The lights inside the car were not necessary for them to see. In the dark, their eyes were better than any other predator around. Each wolf could see and sense where they were in relation to itself and the prey.

The wolves ruled this part of the Serengeti through strength in numbers and abilities.

The prey were making that strange low rumbling noise again. Prey often did. They just couldn't help themselves. It didn't save them from attack so why do it? No good would ever come of it. If anything it drew attention to them. Maybe it was a warning to other humans to go away?

The pack retreated, nevertheless.

But, they became more frustrated. The hunt was taking too long. They wanted to get back to the den and to their Alpha. The Beta male kept them in place; he dropped his head and bared his teeth. The pack grew silent. They knew how far they could go. One bad move and it would be the wolves who became the sacrifice.

Oh, the prey loved that! It was a chance to get even; to show their contempt and their togetherness. The wolves often felt that way themselves but sometimes it just wasn't enough.

The prey inside the car had changed their position and were relieving each other of their clothes. Nakedness, mmm! The wolves licked their lips and they began to pant harder. The heat surrounding the pack had increased astronomically. The windows of the car misted up both inside and out. As the hot air hit the cold surface, tiny waterfalls formed before running down the glass to gather in small pools at the bottom. The cool water would have been a welcome relief for the hot, slobbering mouths, if they could reach them.

The wolves kept within the shadows; only their shining eyes betrayed their intention. The girls had no reason to think that they were anything but sad, horny men. Men who needed to brave the winter air just to get their kicks, like the disease-riddled smokers in all weathers. Such sad individuals.

The pack stepped back further when a door swung open. The girls clambered out; the dominant one pushing the other into the side of the car. But still she did not see.

The action hotted up, as they explored each other frantically. Legs were wide and lips were swollen.

The wolves moved closer. The scent of sex wafted around tantalisingly. Naked nipples stood proudly only to be smothered with a wet tongue curled up and around itself. Clothes were long forgotten, discarded throughout the car and around it.

The pack breathed out in unison, their expelled air hitting the part of the neck that hid the spine. Teeth followed, gripping and ripping into the flesh, delving in deep to access the spinal cord. Death would only come when the head was almost severed from the body.

The girl continued oblivious to the gaping hole in her neck. Blood began to pour from the wound. It seemed nothing could distract her. But it quickly disappeared. Only the Alpha would decide the fate of those taken back to the den.

The game's stage had moved once more to the front of the car. The addition of extra heat was welcomed by both of the prey. In cold winds such as these even passion and carnal desire gladly accepted a helping hand. The headlights of the continually arriving cars lit up the scene across the bonnet of the car. In the sweeping light, the solid surface morphed into liquid blood.

Still the girls' continued.

The wolves were not that far from the action, now. Their long snouts presented like cocks, hard and unforgiving. They were eager to take the prey. But, they knew better.

The car's rocking motions gradually increased in momentum, as the girls neared their climax.

When all seemed quiet, the sounds of groans and sighs finally dispersing, a clawed paw reached out. On the white skin beneath, a weal began to form.

A guttural scream was the only thing around left to hear.

Bonus

I Saw All (A horror story)

I watched the others slowly fade away. Then my attention was drawn back to the graveside. I was now alone.

The headstone was immaculate, in stark contrast to the grave which was not. But, it would soon look cleaner, neater, I was sure of that.

I mourned the loss of my child. I'd spend hours just staring at the ground. The 6ft of soil was all but a barrier to me, as I was sure it was to her, too. I so wished she was there, right beside me.

When I first saw the casket, it reminded me of the conversation I'd had with her.

'When I die,' she had said, 'I want the coffin to be as dark as the soil in which it will lie. Inside it must be as light and as soft as your complexion.'

I'd been angry with her at first.

'Never, ever speak that way.' The intensity in my eyes had frightened her.

Soon, though, we were laughing together at my serious tone. She agreed that we would never speak of it again.

I couldn't see her any longer. It was obscured by the darkness swathed around her. But I will always see her face. It wouldn't fade as easily as the other's had.

I wanted to reach out to her; to tell her that everything was okay. That we would be together again very soon. You, see, I knew something that she had not. The one thing she never could see. It was ironic really. The one person who could always see, couldn't that day.

It was time for me to leave. I could feel the tears building up but they would not come. I hid my face, anyway. I had so much to say but the words would not come either.

As I turned away, I tried to protect myself from the sense of loss, and the chill that settled in my bones.

My only solace was the knowledge that she would be here with me again, in my luxurious, bespoke coffin. I would make sure of that.

About The Author

Tina Collins is a published fiction writer and an experienced book reviewer. She is currently living in the most diverse city in Europe: London UK. She is single and is happy to stay that way for the near future.

After a long break, she is delighted to be back behind the computer penning stories in the genres of erotica, horror and the paranormal.

She publishes two blogs one of which focuses entirely on her favourite animal: the horse <http://thestrokeofthepen.blogspot.com/>. The other is Scribbles, my main blog at <http://tinacollins.weebly.com/blog>

Recently, she has published Game Play, an erotic anthology, an email course, AVOID THE TOP 8 BOOK MARKETING MISTAKES and the reports: Too Busy? Try These Tips To Streamline Your Book Marketing and Why Writing Reviews Will Help Sell Your Book

Her main website can be found at: <http://tinacollins.weebly.com/>

Game Play

Game Play is the anthology that inspired the stories for Sing The Blues. It is available for sale on Amazon. Even though one is based on the other, they are two completely different collections.

Game Play is 7 erotic stories telling the tales of how far a group of people will go to get their sexual kicks. Anthony Riddle livens up his everyday job with behaviour that will leave his boss reeling. A lesbian couple receives help in a sex shop from an unknown source. What about the misogynist who finally discovers the true meaning of 'fire in the loins'? What games would you be willing to play?

How far would you go to get the outcome you desire?

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