



THE FULL NUDE TRILOGY OF TERROR

BARE EVIL

A NOVELETTE

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ASSESSING THE NIGHT

Dancing in solitude. As I do every night. My home office provides the right balance of coziness and floorspace. Purple walls appear black in the darkness. A four-foot blacklight gives off lowkey illumination from one end of the room adorned in Patrick Nagel prints. A blue glow emanating from the other. Topped off with the relentless carnal pulsations of a red beacon. Dark eighties music of the synthpop, industrial, and gothic variety surrounds me. Embracing my every move to its pounding beats and oozing basslines. Sinister minor-key melodies and baritone vocals fill the temperate air. Slightly cool yet increasingly comfortable with my elevating body heat. My black cowboy boots stomping on ceramic tiles. Flinging my long hair over the bandana tied around my head. Rocking kneepads and wristbands below my elbows. As I did in my stripping days. Only now I'm g-string free in all my naked glory.

My thoughts drift tonight while shaking my bare booty. Oh, I'm still watching in the mirror. But I can't stop pondering last night. Following that all-nude performance. Watching creepy videos online. Discovering, among other macabre subjects, a Ouija board phone app. Despite being a devout skeptic of all things supernatural, curiosity got the best of me. Next thing I knew, I was asking questions. According to the app, I was conversing with a female ghost named Melody. I asked if she was into girls, because I only ask the most vital questions. She said yes. I think it's safe to say the app was reading my data and answering accordingly. Still, the idea of a dead party girl haunting my home is fun. Perhaps a source of inspiration for writing projects. Especially as I shift further into writing erotic horror.

There's nothing horrific about my nude dancing. But it is darkly erotic. Losing myself in the moment to "Black Celebration" by Depeche Mode. The ever slightly cool air refreshing on my bare skin. Hair tossed back without a care in the world. I go down to the floor. Still like nobody's business after all these years. Ass to heels. Rising and spinning around in a single motion. Arms stretched above my head. Pose held briefly before moving to the chorus. One motivation behind my nightly ritual is dancing to music that never would've flown at bachelorette parties. As much as I enjoy 2000s crunk, it's liberating to break free from it. To express myself in different fashions. No, this is not typical male stripper talk. But I was never the typical male stripper. If only I had a harem of girls to share this with. Finding even one such girl, however, is looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

The spell is momentarily broken when I hear the Karen next door taking out her garbage. The sound of empty wine bottles being dumped into a plastic bin unmistakable. To be clear, this woman's name is Becky and not Karen. But that's perfect, so to speak, for me as I tend to have problems with Beckys. Or, more specifically, they have problems with me. This Becky is no exception. Angry with her stupid and ugly existence. Placing blame on everyone but herself. Giving me dirty looks every time we're both outside. Assuming my life is easy street. Nothing could be further from the truth if for no other reason than so many people like her assuming this

and doing me wrong accordingly. There's no need to be like that. And I don't deserve to be dancing alone night after night. Although that's light years better than dancing with a Becky.

Yet my frustrations kick in as they do sometimes. Despite my best efforts to hide and deny them. They haunt me, nevertheless, while thrusting and headbanging my way through "Testure" by Skinny Puppy. Motivated by the stresses of navigating a world that celebrates people like Becky. Branding them as moral for keeping up appearances. Regardless of their harming others beneath the surface. Either by their own hand or through enabling the hands of others. All while I remain a bastion of immorality. A dirty fornicator who enjoys dancing naked. But none of my hedonistic pleasures are achieved at the expense of others. Each of my party girls over the years has been a willing and enthusiastic participant. And that is the driving force behind every Becky's hatred of me. If they only knew how long it's been since the last time I fornicated. Something that admittedly is also responsible for my current tensions.

Tensions running so motherfucking high that I swear I can suddenly feel the soft touch of feminine hands caressing my bare skin. An electrical charge pulsating through my body from head to toe. The sensation of lips on my shoulders. Tits pressed against my back. A warm, wet pussy grinding on my ass. My balls tingling. Cock achingly hard and throbbing. Juices flowing.

"Fuck, I really need to get laid," I rationalize to myself.

"That's why I'm here, silly," giggles a playful female voice coming at me from all directions.

An icy chill cuts down my spine while a comforting warmth simultaneously envelopes my naked body. I don't know whether to fight or give in. Both seem like equally solid options. I spin around without warning to see no one there.

"Who are you?" I ask an empty room with a twinge of embarrassment.

"What do you mean who am I?" the voice asks with faux-offense as I feel soft kisses moving down my back, "Just how many dead girls were you communicating with last night?"

The music segues to "Lovely Day" by Front 242. I feel hands spank and squeeze my bare ass. Then spread my cheeks wide open. My body trembles at the sensation of a warm tongue slowly licking the length of my crack. Top to bottom. Settling on my asshole. Tracing it delicately. A face buries itself between my buns. Eating my ass with unbridled enthusiasm. A hand grips my now-massive cock tightly. Stroking vigorously. Opening my precum floodgates. All I can do is tilt my head back and take it all in. Colored lights fill my eyes. Rapid kick drum making my booty shake as a force of habit. Tongue responds by pushing deeper inside. Hand jacking me off harder and faster. My knees buckle as I struggle to keep standing. Shaking profusely. Body racked with orgasmic bliss.

And then, suddenly, nothing. Once again, I'm all alone. I convince myself that I always was. That my sex-starved imagination is playing tricks on me. Realizing that I need to end this carnal drought before I go insane. Or before, in a more terrifying thought, Becky starts looking like a serviceable candidate. I know it'll never get that bad as I turn out the lights and open the curtains. Continuing my nude dancing session to "Leave in Silence" by Depeche Mode in full view of the street outside. Gliding effortlessly between darkness and the dim amber glow of the streetlight

through my window. The muntin shadows draw grids across my bare skin. Going full exhibitionist. Although no one could see me from the street. Maybe if they came close and pushed their face against the window. But then they'd be breaking laws themselves. I'm not worried either way as I once again lose myself in atmosphere and thought.

"Hey, bad boy!" enthusiastically shouts the voice from a few minutes ago.

I turn to witness a petite, athletic, and naked female flipping towards me in a manner that violates the laws of physics. Landing upside down in my arms. Feet spread wide above my head. Instantly taking my still-raging cock deep in her throat. Her tongue swirling expertly around my head, frenulum, and shaft. Making my juices flow insatiably yet again. I see her sweetness flowing too. Pussy glistening with excitement in my face. Delicate pink lips invite my tongue to explore them. Invitation accepted as I throw caution to the wind. Kissing and sucking her clit and lips. Probing her sugar walls. Her otherworldly deliciousness is electrifying. The more my mouth wants, the more her pussy gives.

My new supernatural friend shifts her oral expertise to my balls. Lightly pleasuring with her mouth and tongue while giving me another hand job. I handle the oral backdoor action this time. Enthusiastically thrusting my tongue deep inside her tight pink asshole. Her taboo love tunnel sweet as candy. Holding her up with one arm, I finger her ass and return to eating her pussy. Growing ever wetter as my tongue dances on her clit and within her. Using her juices as anal lube for two fingers. She's deep throating me again. Her tongue stimulates every nerve ending. Gently inserting a finger in my asshole. Both of us shaking in orgasmic delight. Caught in the streetlight. The bare trees of winter bear witness to our outrageous behavior. I hold onto my undead lover for dear life. Manhood aching gloriously. I don't know how much more head I can take from her. But I don't want her to stop. Nor can I get enough of her intoxicating feminine sweetness from either hole.

And then, suddenly as before, she's out of my grip. Giggling as she races out of the room. Down the hallway. Into the infinite blackness engulfing the living room. Before I can contemplate what's happening tonight, I'm overcome with a new sensation. It's not the spooky erotic mischief of what is either Melody or my imagination off the rails. No, this is something evil. An entity in close proximity dripping with anger. Seething with hatred for anything good in the world whether it's naughty or nice. I see its hideous face when I glance towards the window to discover Becky's ugly mug pressed against it. I find myself frozen in her grotesque headlights. Contemplating my situation and options. Yes, she's a peeping tom. Criminally invading my privacy. At the same time, I'm in a street-facing window while butt-ass naked. Possibly while enjoying a standing sixty-nine with a ghost chick. And this is the bible-belt after all. I may have just fucked myself.

That's when I see Melody standing behind Becky. My party girl's supernatural qualities are in full effect. Pupils glowing bright red. Framed with heavy black eyeliner. Strands of long black hair blow across her face by an icy breeze. Blood red lips smirking at me mischievously. Her intense gaze cuts from my eyes down to Becky. My idiot neighbor is so taken in by my naked body, not that anyone can blame her, that she's oblivious to the she-demon hovering above. Until

a hand bearing long, razor-sharp nails cups around her mouth. Eyes bulging wide. Forgetting all about my nude glory as Melody drags her off with superhero strength. Before I can ascertain what's happening, Melody returns to the room with Becky. Dumping my shocked and frightened neighbor on the floor.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" my frustrations kick into overdrive with this dangerous situation now on my hands.

"I'm saving your ass, Stefan," Melody runs her tongue across her top teeth, "And what an ass it is," she giggles.

"I'm fucking serious," I start admonishing her, "This..."

"P-p-please," Becky interrupts me in sheer terror, "D-don't... h-h-hurt me. I beg..."

"Don't interrupt me," I scold Becky as the gravity of the situation doesn't make me forget that she's still a Becky after all.

"Relax. I remember how women like her treated me in my days at a mortal," Melody reminisces with a shred of human vulnerability that surprises me given she's still rocking her demon eyes and claws as she looks into my soul, "And I know you know exactly what I mean, Stefan."

I stand there at a loss for words. Melody is on point. Becky would gleefully wreck my shit if the opportunity presented itself. That's what Beckys do. It's what they've always done. I know who the real she-demon is in this room. And it's not Melody.

"Where do think you're going?" Melody laughs sadistically while kicking Becky back to the center of the room upon my neighbor making a pathetic attempt at escape, "I'm not done with you by a longshot."

P-please. I'm a wife. A mother. A grandmother for God's sake," Becky pleads for her life, "I'm... I'm a good person. I've always lived by the rules," she gets on her knees and a little bolder, "Can either of you say the same? I know for a fact you can't."

"And there it is. Polite society at its finest," Melody says what I'm thinking, "People who believe themselves entitled to lie, cheat, steal, and harm their way to anything they want, so long as they keep their clothes on," she leans down into Becky's face, "Of course, no one ever wanted to see you naked."

"Oh, honey. You just keep telling yourself that," Becky drops the mask and goes full passive-aggressive bitch, "I'm the only one here who's not on a one-way ticket to hell."

"Let's find out," Melody slashes Becky diagonally across her face with razor claws, "Hey! I think that's an improvement," she laughs at her handiwork.

Becky clutches her face. Screaming hysterically as blood gushes from the deep wound. Her right eye destroyed. Nose mangled. Mouth deformed. Tongue partially severed and hanging out. She's silenced when Melody slices her larynx with surgical precision. Reduces to anguished gurgling noises. Struggling to breathe. Choking on her blood. All I can do is watch in silence as Melody slashes Becky's fat gut. Splashing more of my neighbor's blood on our naked bodies. All over the room. Her steaming entrails oozing past a red Arkansas Razorbacks sweatshirt now

soaked in blood. She struggles to grasp at her multiple wounds with just two hands. Finally falling forward and rolling onto her back. Melody and I stand and watch as Becky, decorated in her own carnage, hemorrhages to her gory demise. It only takes a few minutes but feels like an eternity. Finally going out while giving us the stink eye. A total Becky to the end.

I glance at Melody. She's returned to human form. A sassy expression on her face. Before I know what's happening, she's in my arms. My hands gripping her ass. Her arms around my neck. Kissing insatiably. Our tongues explore each other's mouth. Growing wetter as our saliva mingles. Her pussy overheating. Drenching my stomach. I turn, press her back against the window, and slide her onto my raging cock. Not worried if someone else sees us. I know she can take care of them. Pumping her sugar walls mercilessly. Juices now mingling like our spit. Our blood-spattered bodies pressed together. Sticky from the combination of plasma and sweat. Her butt smashed against the glass. Fucking her viciously while pondering my absence of guilt over Becky's demise. Then feeling guilty about having no guilt.

"Don't feel bad," Melody whispers between love bites on my neck and ear, "She would've taken pleasure in any suffering you received."

Naughty demon ghost chick or whatever is right. I have the moral high ground over the Beckys of the world. My arms needing a break, I lift Melody off me, spin her around, and bend her over to the angry metallic rhythm of "Violent Playground" by Nitzer Ebb. Plunging my aching manhood deep inside her soaking wet love canal. So unbelievably tight. Hotter than hell. I fuck the absolute shit out of her with reckless abandon. Her round cheeks bouncing off my pelvis with every violent thrust. Making my pelvis tingle like crazy. I lubricate my middle finger with her sweetness and insert it inside her asshole. She relentlessly slams her rear against me. Aggressively taking her double penetration with animalistic fervor. Her warm juices stream down her legs and mine. My precum flows faster. Each of us greasing up for an explosive climax. Screaming as if our faces were just slashed in half. Shaking uncontrollably. Her pussy ejaculates all over my cock, balls, and legs. Pushing me over the edge. Unleashing a tidal wave of white-hot lava deep within her sugar walls. Overflowing and mingling with her cum, Streaking down our bloodstained legs. I remove my finger from her ass. Placing it in her mouth. Eagerly savoring her forbidden deliciousness. It's all too much. My knees too weak. I fall backward out of her. Into a pool of blood next to Becky's corpse. Too overwhelmed by this entire night to care.

"Aww... Did I wear you out?" Melody giggles while kneeling beside me and stroking my hair drenched in blood and sweat.

"Who are you, anyway?" I cut to the chase.

"I'm Melody," she playfully rolls her eyes, "I told you that last night, silly."

"You know what I mean," I feel exhaustion setting in and my patience running thin.

"Um, I'm a girl," she purposely evades the question before throwing me a bone, "Sometimes... Things just are what they are. What's there to explain? You know?"

“How long have you been hanging around my place,” I’m trying to get at least some piece of concrete information out of her.

“Only since last night,” she explains, “I was passing through when you contacted me. I stayed until tonight because I thought we could have some fun together. And was I ever right.”

I manage a tired laugh as the reality of my current situation dawns on me. The whole mutilated corpse in my home thing. Thinking I should probably do something about that.

“Oh... Don’t worry about her,” she answers as if reading my mind, “I’ll take care of it right now.”

A bright red glow fills the room for an instant. Overtaking everything. Then it’s gone. Along with the corpse. The blood. And Melody. This provides me with enough second wind to get back on my feet.

“Melody?” I call out unsure that any of what I witnessed tonight actually happened.

“I’m sorry, Stefan,” her disembodied voice once again comes at me from all directions, “I have to go. It’s just the way it is. I don’t control it.”

“Will I ever see you again?” I find myself pleading more than asking and not knowing why.

“Honestly? I... I don’t know,” she confesses, “But we all pass through many places all the time.”

“We?” I inquire.

“Of course. I’m not the only one, silly. And, FYI, the other girls also love a wild and crazy time,” she teases before adding comfortingly, “Now, get some rest. You’re going to need it.”

“Wait...” I stop myself because I know she’s gone.

Standing in a hot shower seems to snap me back into reality. The water streaming across my bare skin. Relaxing my muscles. Allowing me to regain my composure. None of what I saw tonight was real. It’s impossible. Right? Of course I’m right. There is no such thing as ghosts. Or demons. Peeping tom neighbors? Sure. But I’m thinking Becky, for all her nastiness, was merely a convenient plot device for my imagination running off the rails tonight. Fuck, I badly need to get laid.

I feel even more grounded in reality once again as I settle into bed. Looking up the current price of Bitcoin. Checking my stock portfolio for the umpteenth time tonight despite the market closing hours ago. It’s a bad habit. I see the Ouija board app on my phone and contemplate deleting it. But I don’t. Not just yet. Besides, it’s too late to be deleting apps lest I really fuck up something. I set my alarm, place my phone on the nightstand, and turn out the light. As I drift into sleep, I can hear Becky’s alcoholic husband calling for her outside. He’s surely in another of his drunken stupors. It’s not like his wife was just brutally murdered and then all evidence of the crime zapped into an alternate plane of existence. Just like there aren’t “other girls” drifting from place to place via the other side. Right? Sometimes... Things just are what they are.

CUTS LIKE BUTTER

Such a beautiful day if unseasonably warm for January. Mid-sixties. Puffy gray clouds hang low in the sky. Growing darker by the minute. Haunting. A fragrance in the air promising rain in the immediate future. I rush to finish replacing the steering gearbox on my truck. At least I'm on the homestretch. Repeatedly turning the wheel back and forth to bleed the system using the poor man's method. I could've pulled into the garage if it weren't a disaster zone in the middle of a mass reorganization. So, I'm resigned to the driveway. Parked underneath a pin oak tree. My hands, arms, t-shirt, and jeans blackened with grease. I top off the steering fluid a final time and close the hood. Locking up my old truck. Checking the mail. Thumbing through bills and other junk while strolling up the driveway and towards a hot shower.

"You need to turn down that racket," a shrill female voice barks, "It's disturbing the entire neighborhood. Don't make me shame you on Nextdoor."

I glance left to see Becky standing at the property line in her front yard. Having purchased the house next door after the previous owner, also an annoying bitch named Becky, disappeared one night without a trace not long ago. Not that I can tell any difference between them. This new Becky is also an odious pig with a dislike for me based on her self-loathing. Her ugly face and lumpy physique clad in an Arkansas Razorbacks sweatshirt and Lane Bryant stretch pants as she strains to hear the music playing from my garage. Music I can barely hear while standing in my driveway. She gives me the glare she's always given me. Perhaps it's the only facial expression she has. If she does clench her teeth nonstop, that could explain a lot. My passing glance aside, I ignore her existence while entering the garage and shutting the door behind me.

And not a moment too soon. Rain begins falling. Clouds now so atramentous the streetlights kick on at 4:00 pm. Spectral electricity in the air as I strip off my dirty clothes in the laundry room. Proceeding naked through the calm darkness of my home towards the master bathroom. There's a comfort I find in the eeriness enveloping my body. Filling me with a daring sense of libertinism. Part of me hoping that Becky is spying through my living room window and experiences an epic meltdown at the sight of my nudity. The other part of me content in the certainty that she's not watching me. But it wouldn't be a big deal if she is. Being naked before someone like Becky is like being naked in the presence of pets. Okay, I'm sorry. That's mean to animals.

The shower rejuvenates me further. Hot water relaxing my muscles. I wash my hair and scrub myself clean. I'm in need of manscaping, so I lather up my body one area at a time. Running a double edge razor over my skin. Making it silky smooth with expert precision. The steam enclosing me turbocharges the hedonistic energy in the air. The sensation of a stainless-steel razor blade gliding across my flesh fills me with a mysterious provocation. No, this isn't a new addition to my kink arsenal. But I go with it in the moment. Going with the moment itself. The high voltage surges across the premature night. If only I had someone with whom to blow off all

this figurative steam within the literal steam. I'm all stripped down and cleaned up with nowhere to go.

As I wrap up manscaping with my right calf, I finally draw blood after doing so well. Nicking the prominent vein on my inner ankle. It's painless. But it bleeds like crazy. A deep red trickle down my heel. Suddenly, the blood disappears into thin air. The sensation of a tongue sliding up my heel and calf. Soft lips pressing against the vein and sucking. An unseen entity feeding on my blood. Lusting for it. Drawing from my energy. But repaying me with some of hers. Definitely a her. The aroma of lavender fills my nose. This notion of invisible vampirism is a dark phenomenon yet feels comforting. Giving. As with the sensation of shaving, I have no better option than to go with it. Hands pressed against my fiberglass enclosure. So dangerous and taboo. Not unlike an encounter I had once before. One I'm sure was a product of my overactive imagination. Just like what I'm experiencing now.

Either way, it's time to get out while there's still enough hot water for shaving my face. The thrill of steel on skin nonexistent this time. Using a bath towel to dab my long hair somewhat dry before wrapping it around my waist. Its bright whiteness makes my bronze skin tone pop. Rain now pouring. I chill on my sofa with Jack Daniels and RC Cola. Checking the price of Bitcoin and stocks on my phone. Listening to Gary Numan's Telekon album. Darkness fills the living room through its large window. Every object cloaked in shadow. Barely visible only by the few UV rays managing to break through the storm clouds. There's a sensation of infinite space, of emptiness, that's both comforting and exciting. The electricity in the air returning. I can't explain how, but something is about to happen. I can just feel it. Anticipation building.

Anticipation emerges from the black void otherwise known as my hallway. Her shapely form struts towards me. Wrapped in one white bath towel while drying her hair with another. Along with the visual of me doing oodles of laundry tomorrow, another thought enters my mind.

"Melody?" I inquire with zero certainties that any of this is real.

"Really?" she responds with faux annoyance while revealing her platinum hair, "Do I look like Melody to you?"

"Sorry," I shrug, "I don't get many ghost chicks around here."

"Well, maybe you would if you spent less time with Bitcoin and more on the Ouija board," she mock lectures in a sassy tone, "By the way. I'm Marian."

"Marian?" I have no fucking clue what's going on.

"No. Marian," she sighs while snapping her fingers at my stereo and causing "Marian (Version)" by the Sisters of Mercy to play, "That's what I'm talking about," she nods in approval of her action.

"My mistake," I take another drink.

"She doesn't have tits like these," she drops the towel and reveals her spectacular DD rack, "I'm sure you'll be better at playing with them than she was."

"Ooh... Really?" my curiosity piqued by the suggestion of hot girl-on-girl action.

"Meh..." she shrugs, "I was bored that night."

Night has fallen along with the rain. The lighting strikes acting as a makeshift strobe light in the darkness. Otherwise illuminated somewhat by the light pollution of the neighborhood. Marian straddles me on the sofa. Delivering the full nude lap dance of my wildest fantasies. Which this surely is. A wild fantasy. Fuck it. I'll go along. Smothering me with her massive titties. Shaking them as I explore with my mouth and tongue. Every curve. The softness of her fair skin. The fragrance of lavender. She holds still and embraces my head. Allowing me to lick and suck her hard pink nipples. I take each in my mouth. Flicking my tongue at the speed of night. Cutting my eyes upward to see her smiling down at me. My hands explore the rest of her hot body. Every curve. The softness of her fair skin. Making their way to her firm round ass. Cheeks slightly spread with each shapely leg on either side of mine. I spank and squeeze them as she giggles. Not believing what I'm doing when I wet a finger in my mouth before inserting it in her asshole. So tight, warm, and silky smooth like the rest of her. Finger fucking her taboo love tunnel while I continue devouring her tits. We moan and tremble in mutual delight.

She jumps up. Removing my mouth from her nipples. My finger from her ass. "The Passion of Lovers" by Bauhaus kicks in as she opens my towel. Dropping to her knees. Lifting my right leg in the air. Licking the inside of my right ankle.

"It's good," she mock laments, "But better with blood."

"So, are you a vampire?" I suddenly contemplate the gravity of the situation.

"Oh yeah. Just like in the movies," she laughs and shakes her head like I should know better before remembering her manners, "I mean... No, not like that. It's just a kink I picked up since being on the other side. You can get away with lots of shit over here without consequence."

"That's some kink," I'm still taking that in.

"Hey," she stops nibbling my ankle and looks at me, "Didn't you just have your finger up my butt?"

"That's right," I slide that finger in my mouth and savor her yummy ghost booty or whatever the fuck she is, "Butt is thicker than blood."

"Are you calling me thick?" she looks down her nose at me to feign offense.

"What are you going to do about it?" I taunt her, "Suck my blood?"

"Not quite," she grabs my cock and licks off the precum, "But you have other delectable juices for me to consume."

I lie back as Marian goes to town on my throbbing manhood. Taking me deep in her throat. Tongue dancing on every nerve ending. Tracing up and down my shaft. Exploring my urethra opening. Unleashing a nonstop tidal wave of precum into her eager mouth. Making me so fucking hard that I ache in agonizing ecstasy. I arch my back and tilt my head as an intense orgasm cuts through my body. My passionate and otherworldly lover seemingly levitates, spins in midair, and lands her pussy directly on my mouth in a sixty-nine. I go full vampire on her delicious girl juices. Attempting to lick and suck her pussy dry. But that just makes her wetter. Squirting a little as my tongue dances on her clit and penetrates her sugar walls. Making her

moan and sigh while she continues sucking the nonstop juices from my cock. I tilt my head again. Moving my tongue to her tight pink asshole.

“Ooh, naughty boy,” she removes her mouth from my cock and guides my pelvis upward, “I can play that game too.”

She dives tongue first deep in my ass. So soft, warm, and wet. I continue pleasuring her butthole. Circling every delicate ridge. Thrusting deep inside. She does the same to me. A contest to see who can eat the other’s asshole the deepest. We share a muffled laugh over this. Finally coming up for air together. She returns her oral attention to my raging cock as I do the same to her pussy. Sucking on her delicate clit and swollen lips. Both of us aching for release. I once again finger her ass. She does the same to me. I up the stakes and slip a second finger inside her forbidden love tunnel. I feel her do the same to me. Gently yet without apprehension. Bringing ourselves to mutual orgasm. If she’s a vampire, then she sucks at it. Because she’s filling me with so much life right now. Shaking and sighing as the electricity we generate shoots through us.

Marian once again spins around. This time face to face with me. Her tits pressed against my chest. My hands instinctively on her ass. We kiss for what feels like an eternity.

“Aren’t you glad you invited me over?” she smiles.

“While I’m so happy you’re here...” I shake my head, “I’m pretty sure you invited yourself. Which I guess means you aren’t a vampire.”

“Well, let’s just say you did invite me here in your own way,” she rationalizes with a sassy tone, “It would be rude of me to just barge into your home.”

“I knew it,” I joke, “You are a vampire. Just like in the mov...”

“Sheriff’s department! We’d like to have a word with you, Mr. Diamante!” the pounding on my front door and shouted mispronunciation of my name obliterates the spell.

Marian jumps and slinks into the darkness as I wrap a towel around my waist.

“Can I help you?” I open my front door to be greeted by three drenched sheriff’s deputies crowded underneath the overhang above my entryway.

“Yes. We’ve been receiving noise complaints from your neighbors,” one of them rushes to judgment on me, “Saying that loud music has been coming from your home all day. Do you care to explain that?”

“Sure,” I fight to maintain my composure, “First off, you’ve only received complaints from a neighbor. Not neighbors. And second, that woman is a liar.”

“Well, she seems like good people to me,” he retorts with an attitude.

“If you lived next to her,” I school all three of them, “You’d know better.”

“Alright then. Just keep it down anyway,” he stares past me, “Do you mind if we come inside and take a look around?”

“Do you have a search warrant?” I respond without hesitation.

“Well, no. But...” he stammers.

“Come back with one,” I shut the door in their faces and lock it.

Returning to the living room, I grab my phone and text my lawyer a heads up on what just transpired. That’ll cost me. Thanks, Becky. And while Marian could be lurking anywhere in the darkness, I don’t sense her presence. Meaning she’s gone. Or, more likely, she was never anything more than a figment of my overactive imagination. Whatever. I head into the kitchen and fix myself another drink. Enjoying it as I stand in the darkness consuming my living room. Assessing the night. The dreamy melodies of “Dazzle” by Siouxsie and the Banshees float around me. I feel no need to turn on a light. The night is moonless. And I couldn’t see any more clearly right now. There will be missteps along the way for sure, but I’ve got my destiny by the ass. No one can stop me after all I’ve been through. Not odious neighbors nor cops overstepping their bounds. I absorb this moment of clarity with every fiber of my being. A different kind of orgasm washing over me. Let nothing break this spell.

Except for the pounding on my front door. Louder this time. “I can’t believe the cops got a search warrant that quickly,” I ponder while going to accept what could potentially be a huge financial windfall after I sue the fuck out of the county

“Who do you think you are, young man!” Becky uses her hefty mass to burst past me and into my living room as soon as I open the door, “I just got chewed out by the cops because of you!”

“No, you brought that on yourself with your bullshit noise complaints,” I remain surprisingly calm in the grotesque face of trespassing.

“No, you brought this on both of us by blasting your devil music all over the neighborhood,” she sticks to her lies like a true sociopath, “You could at least play some Luke Bryan,” she sneers in a saccharine tone, “Show a little southern hospitality.”

“Yeah, you would like him,” I shake my head, “Anyway, what’s the southern hospitality colloquialism for ‘get the fuck out of my house?’”

“How dare you,” she seethes with red hot rage, “Do you have any idea who you’re talking to like that? I’ll have you know that I used to work for Jim Guy Tucker. That’s right,” she nods with a sadistic grin, “Jim... Guy... Tucker!”

“Makes sense. You’re also dishonest as all fuck,” I can’t help but laugh at that pathetic nonthreat, “You can both go... to... hell!”

Before Becky’s head can explode, Marian explodes from the darkness behind her. Cupping one hand over my neighbor’s mouth. Using a razor blade to slash her jugular with the other. Becky’s pointless struggle causes her arterial spray to decorate my living room. A deep red fountain appearing black in the darkness. Raining down like the storm outside. Until Marian locks her lips around the wound. Sucking Becky dry. The spectacle is many things at once to me. There are logistical concerns about having a dead Becky in my home. Not to mention dreading the thought of this cleanup job. It’s a horrifying sight. Yet exciting. Satisfying. Possibly erotic if Becky weren’t such a gross fucking pig. My neighbor gives up the fight a little more with every passing second. After each drop of life lost to Marian’s voracious mouth. Finally slumping to the floor.

Barely upright as my vampiric new friend stands over her. Naked and proud. Face and titties covered in blood. I shouldn't be turned on, but I am.

"Uhh..." I don't know what else to say, "You've got a little something on your..."

My throwaway sentence goes unfinished. Marian bursts towards me. Pulling off my towel. Knocking me on the floor. Just as I roll onto my back, she's on me. Riding my cock as a blood-soaked reverse cowgirl. Pumping my manhood with her hot throbbing pussy. Gushing and squirting all over my balls and thighs. Making my juices flow like crazy. Milking every drop of my precum deep inside her velvety love canal. Her bubble butt bounces against my pelvis with reckless abandon. The cool granite tiles underneath me contrast with the fire above. Electricity tingling across my body from head to toe. "The Body Electric (1984)" by the Sisters of Mercy captures the mood. The light diffusing through the window lets me see her tight asshole inviting me to play. I wet my middle finger and slip inside her backdoor. Then my index finger joins the party. She thrusts faster and harder. Hotter and wetter from her double penetration.

I glance over at Becky. Propped against a wall. Weaker by the moment from massive blood loss. One hand grasping her neck is a futile attempt to save herself. Trying to point at us with the other. Struggling to shame us in her final hour. Even at death's door, she hasn't learned a fucking thing.

"Fuck yeah, you self-righteous bitch," Marian admonishes Becky, "I've got his cock in my pussy. His fingers in my ass. What do you think of that?"

Becky opens her mouth. No sounds come forth. But her expression alone is the lecture I'd expect from someone like her.

"Ooh, maybe I'll take his cock in my ass. Deep in my asshole," Marian taunts Becky, "I can't think of a better punishment than the last thing you see in your stupid life is two hot people buttfucking."

And, as Becky's pale face looks on with the most cross expression I've ever seen, Marian lifts up and plunges her ass all the way down on my cock. I know I'm slick from her juices, but I'm shocked at how easily she did that without any Astroglide. Or even without needing a few minutes to take me in completely. But then I remember she's immortal. And that all goes out the window as I focus on how otherworldly her asshole feels. So soft and warm. Clamped down on my cock. Now riding me as my reverse anal cowgirl. Lighting strikes outside and within us. So insatiable for each other. Our moans turn to screams of unbridled passion in the stormy winter night. Echoing through the darkness around us. I feel an epic sexplosion building within my balls. Inching closer to a massive eruption with every stroke of her ass. She's right there with me. Her pussy unleashes a tidal wave of warm girl juices on my legs. It's all too much. Arching my back as my white hot cum shoots forth. Scalding my manhood and her velvety taboo love tunnel in a brutal yet comforting release for us both. As my physical affection overflows from Marian's asshole, we look over to witness Becky taking her last breath while still looking down her nose at us.

"A Becky to the end," I observe with zero sympathies.

“They always are,” Marian is still facing away as she holds my cock in her ass.

“So, you’ve done this before?” I inquire.

“What? Fuck hot guys and kill Beckys?” she asks as if I should already know the answer, “Yeah.”

“Really?” I feel stupid the instant I ask that.

“Well, it beats killing hot guys and fucking Beckys,” she shrugs her shoulders and inadvertently squeezes me out of her, “Oops.”

“What a fucking mess,” I dwell on Becky’s frumpy, blood-drenched corpse.

“I’ll take care of that,” Marian spins around and looks at me, “Your job is to focus on how expertly I just fucked your brains out.”

“Yes, you did,” I compliment her, “And I’d like to think I made it worth your while.”

A bright red glow fills the living room. Only to disappear in a flash along with Becky and all her blood as well as Marian.

“Oh, you more than did,” Marian’s disembodied voice coos from all directions, “Good night, Mr. Diamante,” she pronounces it correctly.

I feel the sensation of soft lips pressing against mine. A kiss goodnight as I’m left in darkness on the living room floor. Wondering if I’ve gone insane.

HAUNTING BEHIND TREES

There's nothing like sunbathing nude in my backyard. A freeing and therapeutic experience for body, mind, and spirit. Sunshine and fresh air caressing my skin. The aroma of clean, cool earth filling my nose. Synthwave and a crazy squirrel nearby provide a magical soundtrack. A contrast from yesterday. The grayness that afternoon was bleak. More than a color. It was a dense matter smothering the sky. Held afloat by withered branches of bare trees swaying in a frigid breeze. And though today is warm, another unseasonably warm January day, there's a chill in my bones. I could label this a winter of my discontent but it's not. Nor are these halcyon days. Still, there is energy in the air. All around me. Things are happening. Changing for the better. Soaking up UV rays while stacking sats isn't nothing. Investing in myself while investing in myself. Yo, dawg!

Strange things remain afoot at the Circle K, however. My next-door neighbor, an odious middle-aged woman named Becky, disappeared without a trace recently. She was replaced by another odious middle-aged woman named Becky who also vanished into fat air. I may or may not have played a role in these mysteries. Both possibly murdered by rockin' hot she-demons I fucked back into oblivion afterward. Was the first Becky eviscerated by a ghost with whom I'd just engaged in a standing sixty-nine? And was Becky number two sucked dry of blood? Left to die on my living room floor as I penetrated the pussy and asshole of her vampiric killer. Or maybe my sex-starved imagination is getting the best of me. And perhaps there is no secret behind why each Becky is gone. Leaving on her own accord for bitchier pastures. Neither was a case study in happiness.

This is true of Becky number three. That's right. But not too surprising as Beckys are a dime a dozen. And this latest one wasted no time taking up the harridan mantle from her predecessors. Shooting dirty looks every time she sees me. Disapproving of everything about me while not knowing the first thing about me. The story of my life. I hear her waddling about her backyard right now. Doing fuck knows what. Becky stuff, I guess. Part of me wonders if she knows I sunbathe out here. If she ever peeks over the fence to further fuel her self-loathing via the sight of my naked body. I lie in a spot that isn't automatically visible to my neighbors from their windows. I hope she's not invading my privacy. But she does seem like the type to gather ammunition against others for a rainy day.

I push the thought from my mind as I soak up UV rays. Bearing down on my oiled torso and legs. Inner arms too with my hands resting by my head. Eyes shut and covered with damp cotton makeup pads. "Cold War" by Glitter Wasteland filling my ears. Surrounded by trees as naked as me. Not a single leaf to interfere with my tanning. It's fiftysomething degrees but feels more like in the eighties as the sun warms my bare skin. There's magic in the air. Not only regarding life's small pleasure in motion but surrounding my entire being. My energy recharged and more potent than ever following a few years of downtime. A reinvention of self now ready to take on the world. The excitement surrounds me. Watching me from behind the seclusion of tall black oak

trees. I swear I can hear muffled giggling. It couldn't be Becky. She's more of the chuckling type. Until the smoker's cough takes over.

My phone timer goes off after twenty minutes. It's time to turn over. But first, I must take a piss. I can't hold it any longer. And I see no reason to dress and run inside. So, here I am. Standing butt ass naked under the sun. A warm stream arching into the shadowy void towards the wooden fence. Spattering on dried leaves. It's a ritual at this point. Something I do at the midpoint of every tanning session. I no longer think twice about it. Until now as I pause halfway through. The sensation of someone watching crawls over my bare skin. I once again swear I hear faint giggling nearby. Coming from multiple directions. Like some playful and mischievous young woman is moving through the trees. I glance around to see nothing but bare trees. Just as long as it's not Becky. I'm not interested in watersports with anyone. But most definitely not with her. And that slice of levity allows me to finish relieving myself.

I set the timer for another twenty minutes. Lying on my back this time to sun my buns. The sinister melodies of "Hyper Alloy" by GraveSlayer cast aural clouds in the high noon brightness. A contrast that's more complementary than contradictory within my being. A representation of my complexity and that of the world around me. I suffer from a severe lack of confidence in others. Because they lack confidence in themselves. To the point that many would ridicule me for sunbathing nude on my own property. Attempt to shame me. Brand me as being somehow immoral. Why? For relaxing naked in the sun? It shows how weak they are. Unable to do what I'm doing right now. My problem isn't that I'm too wild and crazy. Rather, it's that I haven't always been as wild and crazy as I'm capable of being. I see that now.

And I feel it now. Like feminine hands caressing my bare skin from head to toe. A touch so light and determined at once. My body tingles with excitement and anticipation. Ready and willing to accept any adventure life throws at me. No matter how challenging. Or dangerous. Like a warm tongue licking the length of my naked physique. Along my calves and thighs. Across my back. Over the curve of each butt cheek. Between them within my crack. I feel my cheeks being spread wide by those hands. That tongue now circling my asshole. Pushing inside me. A delicate face pressed between my cheeks. Her tongue thrusting in and out. Licking deep inside my butthole. Tasting my taboo sweetness. Enjoying it as I once again hear light giggling. My juices flowing. Manhood raging underneath me. Eyes closed. Is this another of those ghost nymphs I've been encountering lately? Either for real or as a figment of my imagination. I'm not sure which it is anymore. Fuck it all to hell. I relax further and go with it.

Without warning, she's gone. That masterful tongue vanishing without a trace. I spin around and sit up to face a backyard that only I occupy right now. Nothing but fence and trees as I scour my surrounding. Standing to better glance through my personal forest. Nothing amongst the bare trees as naked and erect as me. Each a rhetorical symbol for me in the moment that's perhaps a little too on the nose. A representation of my current sexual drought. One that has my imagination running wild. My mind consumed with visions of erotic and violent encounters with gorgeous feminine entities not of this world. No matter how authentic they feel at the time, there is no way in hell any of it is real. Right

That's right. It's all in my mind. Even the faint sound of giggling. Coming at me from all directions, it seems. Passing through the trees. An aura breeze adding another layer of texture to "Overage" by Hymne. Making the song more sinister. But it's not just that. Clouds now filling the sky. The colors of my small nature reserve becoming saturated. Despite this shade, I feel the temperature rising. Enveloping my bare skin. Making me rock hard. I feel the electricity all around me. Haunting yet comforting. Knowing I'm alone. Yet knowing I'm not. Whether someone is lurking about, or my mind is playing tricks on me. I'm okay either way. The crunching of dried leaves. As if someone is sneaking up on me. Fuck it. I'll welcome any excitement I can get in this moment. Short of Becky, of course.

That excitement bursts towards me out of nowhere. Pushing me against a black oak tree. Hard dried bark presses into my smooth oiled skin. I place my hands on either side of the trunk. Frozen as excitement drops to her knees before me. Her naked skin as bronzed as mine. Whipping her bleached blonde hair while stroking my cock. Hard and fast. Simultaneously licking and sucking my balls with gentle loving care. My precum gushing onto her hand. Providing lubrication. Not that she needs it with expert grip. Just the way I like being jerked off by a girl. Absolute perfection. She tops that by taking me deep in her throat. Fucking my manhood with her face. Tongue twirling along my head and shaft. On my frenulum. Dancing on every nerve ending. My juices flowing nonstop into her mouth. I tilt my head back. Her saliva still tingling on my asshole. I dig my nails within the bark. She digs hers into my thighs. I ache so fucking much. My body trembling. A burning orgasm washing over me. She removes her mouth and resumes stroking my cock with reckless abandon. As if she's milking me for every last drop. I can no longer hold back and give in to her demand. Exploding white-hot lava in her mouth. All over her face and perky tits as I hang onto the tree for dear life. Struggling to not collapse.

"Well," she smirks up at me, "How do you like those apples?"

"Yeah," I'm still catching my breath and at a loss for words.

"Get it?" she glances around, "Because trees."

"These are oak trees," I'm still taking this all in, "And a pine tree over there," I nod to my right.

"It's a joke. Just go with it," she shakes her head and sighs, "I heard you had a sense of humor."

"Where did you hear that?" my body tingles at the notion of where this is going.

"From Marian. And Melody," she laughs, "You know them, right?"

"I suppose," I play aloof for no good reason, "And you are?"

"Oh... My name is Phoebe," she wipes my cum off her face and sucks her fingers clean.

"I thought your name would begin with an M," I muse.

"No," she laughs, "It's just a coincidence that you met those two first. They're lots of fun, though."

"Yes, they are," I play it cool for some reason.

"You should get them at the same time," she smiles seductively, "Let me tell you."

"Really?" my interest is piqued.

“Meh,” she shrugs, “I was bored that night.”

“So...” I try to get to the bottom of them, “Who are you?”

“Me?” her eyes grow wide, “I’m Becky’s niece.”

“Are you serious?” I don’t know what to believe anymore.

“No, Stefan,” she shakes her head, “That was another joke,” she pauses before changing tone, “Look, it’s hard to explain. Sometimes, things just are what they are.”

“Yeah,” I take in every curve of her athletic physique with my recharged libido as I throw caution to the wind, “I guess you just have to go with it.

“That’s the spirit,” she drops to all fours on my beach towel as if reading my mind, “Just go with it.”

I drop to my knees behind her firm round butt wiggling at me. Taunting me to spank her. It’s my pleasure as I slap both cheeks repeatedly. The haunting sensuality of “Magic” by FM Attack hovers among us. I squeeze and bite her sassy bottom. Her body trembles from my tongue running the length of her crack. I spread her cheeks wide open. Revealing her tight pink pearl within a bubbly shell. Circling my tongue along its delicate ridges. Covering her in my saliva. Planting my lips on her candy asshole and pushing my tongue deep inside for a taboo French kiss. Exploring the velvety texture and delicious taste of her soft tunnel. So warm and tight. She moans and trembles as I tongue fuck her ass. Rocking back and forth. Fucking my face in return. My thumb running along her soaking wet pussy. Picking up juices I use to massage her clit. I spin around and lie underneath her.

She sits on my face. Grinding her pussy back and forth. Saturating me with her warm sweetness. The sky growing darker. Like nightfall in early afternoon. Our eyes lock as my tongue dances on her clit. Sucking her. Filling her with one electrical shock after another. Her sighs elevate to moans. Girl juices flowing like crazy. Drenching my face. I take each of her swollen lips in my mouth. Slip my tongue deep within her sugar walls. Carnal heat caressing my face as I devour every drop flowing into my wanting mouth. I wet a finger and insert it within her asshole. Then a second finger. My tongue and fingers thrusting in and out of her tight love tunnels with unbridled enthusiasm. An enthusiasm matched by her rocking on my fingers. Grinding on my face. Her moaning now graduated to cries of anguish. Wanting so bad to let go but holding onto this moment for dear life. We both are. But it’s too much now. An orgasm washes over me while she screams towards the darkened sky. Her aching pussy erupts with a vengeance.

Phoebe hops off my face and races into the trees. Gone without a trace. So quickly that I’m convinced none of this is real. Not even the girl juices covering my face. Nope. I must be losing my mind. That’s the most rational explanation. Even according to someone losing his mind. Whatever. I’ll just go with it. Lying on my back to the sounds of “Epochal” by Icarus Project. Eyes shut. Soaking up the dark sky above me. Deep within my soul. Growing ever black. Or maybe white. It’s difficult to tell anymore. Regardless of whether that girl was real, she was correct about one thing, “Sometimes, things just are what they are.” I recognize and embrace the

moral ambiguity of the world around me. But this doesn't make the loneliness hurt any less. Knowing I'm moving towards bigger and better things is an exciting yet bittersweet prospect. But I suppose having imaginary she-demons to share my achievements with is better than nothing. Taking each victory. No matter how minimal it is.

"Oh... My... God!" Becky shrieks, "You're naked!"

I refuse to open my eyes, cover myself, or react in any fashion. Instead, I tell myself she's screeching at someone else. Despite that, her shrill voice is coming from just over the fence. Mere feet away from me. Death from above. Nope. I'm going to pretend that she's not there.

"Well... I certainly wish I knew I was moving in next door to a creep!" she admonishes, "That would've changed everything!"

"Believe me. I wish you had, too." I respond without moving or opening my eyes, "But this is what you get for being a peeping tom."

"Excuse me, young man?" she retorts, "All kinds of racket is coming from over there. Sounds like some hussy is with you."

"Really?" I open my eyes and stand while pondering the notion that I may not be crazy after all, "What can I say," I taunt within my shameless naked glory because it's all I can do in the moment.

"Don't you think you should cover yourself?" she sneers.

"That's right," I reference her obese husband, "I suppose you've never seen one that wasn't hidden underneath a massive fast-food gut."

"I'd like to see you say that to his face," she challenges.

"I would," I come back, "But his fat stomach prevents me from getting anyway near his face," I nod and double down, "Same goes for you."

"You just hold on there, young man!" she explodes, "I'll have you know that I work for..."

"Hey!" Phoebe reappears out of nowhere, "What am I missing?"

"Well... Don't you two make for a shameless pair?" Becky eyes our naked bodies, "Just wait until I post about this on Nextdoor."

"What are you going to post?" I challenge, "That you like invading the privacy of your neighbors?"

"I heard a ruckus. And now, I'm calling the cops," Becky flashes an evil grin, "Hope you two enjoy having to register as sex offenders from now on."

"Wait! Don't!" Phoebe approaches Becky, "I have a better suggestion."

"Oh yeah?" Becky snarks, "Well, I'm all ears."

Phoebe grasps Becky by her ears. Flipping her over the fence and into my backyard with superhero strength. I'm frozen in shock and awe as "System Outage" by Aes Deniz fills the air along with Becky's groans. Watching as Phoebe walks over to Becky, grabs my neighbor by her Razorbacks sweatshirt, and tosses her headfirst into the nearest oak tree. I hear the crack of a skull being fractured. Becky attempts to stand but can't make it any further than kneeling.

Glancing around in a daze. Blood flowing from her mouth after nearly biting off her tongue. Phoebe walks up behind Becky, grabs her by the back of her neck, and lifts her off the ground. Slamming my neighbors face into the tree trunk repeatedly. Phoebe's perky titties bounce in homicidal delight while beating Becky to a pulp. Her already ugly face becomes more grotesque with each strike against the tree. Bloody and disfigured. Red, black, and purple. Nose flattened. Eyes swollen shut. Teeth flying everywhere. Mangled flesh sticking to bark. Deep red hemorrhaging from every orifice. Tongue severed and plopping on the ground. Her arms flailing wildly. Trying to save herself but not knowing how. It wouldn't matter if she did. Because she's no match for Phoebe's otherworldly power.

Phoebe dunks Becky's chunky corpse on the ground. A blood-soaked mess topped with a mangled head minus a face. My she-demon lover eyes me seductively. Her bubbly blonde adorableness contrasted by the spatter she now rocks like evil body glitter. I don't have to look down to know how rock hard and ready to go I am. She turns away. Bending over while straddling my recently deceased neighbor. Wrapping her arms around the murder tree. Wiggling her ass at me in invitation.

"Come on, Stefan," she looks back at me, "I also need a pounding against this tree."

I feel no desire to say no. So, with "Armageddon" by Tokyo Rose filling my ears, I join Phoebe in straddling Becky's corpse. Ignoring its rapid twitching as I stand behind my murderous playmate. I place my hands on her butt. Sighing in anticipation of another release. Shivers race down my spine. Eyes closed, Head tilted back. Guiding my throbbing manhood inside her tight love canal. Clamping down on me. Pulling me deep within her. I'm a willing prisoner of her honeypot. Opening my eyes. The sky above me growing ever darker. Looking down at Phoebe. My sunny naturist girl capable of dark behavior. Albeit not as dark as the behavior of others. The softness of her skin. The shapely curves of her cheeks. Squeezing them while sliding my cock in and out of her pussy. Her juices flow like crazy. Running down her legs and mine. She trembles and moans. Vulnerable and submissive only moments after viciously killing someone. Morality so ambiguous that I find it intoxicating.

It's electrifying too. I fuck her harder and faster. Slamming my cock deep within her sugar walls. My massive girth competing with her increasing tightness. Saved by her floodgates being wide open. I worry about hurting her against the tree. Then remember who I'm dealing with. I grip her cheeks tighter. Burying my fingertips in her silky flesh. My pelvis smacking against her ass. She uses the tree for leverage. Thrusting back against me with every stroke. Extracting my nonstop precum flow. Demanding every drop. My knees grow weak, but I'm determined to stay standing. Fucking her with every ounce of strength in my being. Every muscle fiber contracts tighter with each passing second of vicious lovemaking. Her burning sweetness gushing and squirting on my balls and thighs. She screams into the afternoon darkness as our climax washes over us. Her pussy explodes searing juices all over me and through my legs. My cock responds with wave after sizzling wave of cum. Filling her full. Overflowing onto the dead neighbor beneath us. My knees finally give way as I fall backward. Lying on the grass. A spent force. Phoebe falls next to me. Gazing into my eyes. Sweet and deadly at once.

“Wow,” she whispers, “Those girls weren’t lying about you.”

“You all bring it out of me,” I shake my head, “Whoever you are.”

She gives me a long kiss that I know is goodbye. Taking one last look at me before turning away. Turning into a bright red flash of energy. Filling my backyard. Shooting like a laser into the trees. I close my eyes and lie back for what seems like an eternity. Attempting to process everything that’s happening to me. My world grows brighter as the clouds disperse and the sun shines through my eyelids. I stand to find that everything is back to how it was. No dark clouds. No dead Becky on my property. And no dangerous vixen from the other side. There’s nothing left but for me to grab my stuff and head inside.

To be continued...