

# **BoyFistGirlSuck**

*a collection of 28 sick & twisted stories by*  
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## FACE SEVENTEEN

They were more important to him, those seventeen different faces, than the exquisitely tailored garments he wore; more important than the bottomless pit of his inheritance, the vintage cars of his forefathers he drove to destruction and the endless line of flesh-covered pulses he fucked.

Each face draped over the buffed skull of the original owner, he lingered over selection each morning, remembering all seventeen of them so far, each living flaying, in minute detail. Choosing a face was a choice one didn't make lightly when such a superb array of cock sheathes presented themselves. That's what he called his little hole masks, Cock Sheathes. It always brought back the memories of the moment he first owned them, sweet, sweet remembrances of the time they were procured, that special time he shared with their owners and how he had tried to keep them alive for as long as possible. An art is an art by any other rose stem of arse ripping.

He was proud of how skilfully he sliced around the edge of the face, witnessing that scarlet gash opening in time with the tune-slanderous flexibility of his blade. He would ease the muscle away from the skin, sinews sometimes coming away strand by strand, loving muscle that he thought flexed for him even in death, the live tonguing his only colour trap of memory, the taste of nerve firings his elegy. He would have to scrape out all the lingering flesh from the underside of the bruising, putrefying face before preserving the skin, lovingly curing the stolen identity.

He smiled as a mother to a child; today he would wear the face of the beautiful Esmerelda - Face Seventeen. He loved this one so much that he never, until today, had the balls to strap it on; he'd cut it so carefully so as to keep her full head of long

black curls intact. He loved to feel her silky hair falling about his shoulders, lubricated by coconut oils and smelling of his rank arse where he sometimes kept it, warming his cockles. He set about attaching Esmerelda to his own face, a task that took him two hours to achieve perfection. He had the muscle groups of the last owner's face sketched out in red non-permanent marker on his face. Then he would apply the glue to the contours of evil, hoping that this time, his face would ride the entire night intact. More than once, he had done an unprofessional job of his make-up work and the damn blasted thing had slipped off mid-kiss.

In fact, it rarely dawned on him, but all he wanted was love. And that love was directly connected to his ability to stay in character. If he would look back through his seedy one-night stands and chance fucks in back alleys stinking of dog litters and chewed off umbilical chords screaming in the basket, sucking on manky teats the colour of old, dry turds he would see the connection. As long as the part-time lover didn't make the mask dislodge, he or she would live - and that was a promise he tried to keep. Damn his humanity.

Oh, haven't I told you? Mancunia, that's what his mam called him, in honour of the great players of the great and perfect game. He got known as Manc in his growing up days before all the senseless murdering and pipe choking. Plain and simple, just like his doglust sex-drive. Manc.

Manc, as we will now call him until he dies of unrequited love at the end of this creepy narrative, tried something that night. Like he had been listening to me, his chronicler's conceited words of disdain. Tonight he would solve all the slippage with Esmerelda, his wondrous rectal-sniffing mask of power.

Super gluing Face Seventeen in place, he went in search of men, his favourite meat in times of cerebral storms such as the one he had tonight. Manmeat and arsefinger, thick mantongues and the smell of overused underwear. That's what any babydoll with a wiggling behind needs in her false arse crack, now ain't it?

In the Golden Hind public house. A living-dead night of decrepit misfits leering over each other like snails on a slimy rockery come low tide.

Pina Colada Man approached Manc, cock sure of his own success rate with bitches like this despite his broken dentures. We are calling him Pina Colada Man because he had two glasses of Pina Colada, one in each hand, a tosser's drink if ever there was one. He had one for himself and one for the object of his desire.

Pina Colada Man had been not so secretly watching Manc ever since he slinked into the bar, a deadly walk as if he had slipped into the rest of the delectable and desirable Esmerelda's skin. His ass was plumped out with upholsterer's foam, perfectly shaped and stitched into place - the ultimate girl-arse. The drooling tosser could almost feel those huge rounds buttocks in his hands already. How the layers of cellulite would shear and shift, he perved.

Manc felt the stare of his new admirer like carbuncled hands all over him, skin like spinifex. Pina Colada Man almost shot his aged load there and then with anticipation - old men are good at that. He longed for teenage kicks all through the night with this stunning raven-haired goddess, as he saw the Manc in Drag.

Face Seventeen told Manc to be careful of this old man; he was not what he appeared to be. Manc heard the pleading voice of Esmerelda warning him. But what did she know? She was just a beautiful whore, not somebody who should have been listened to in life and certainly not listened to as a haunted fetish of flesh. And why should she care anyway? The wearer of her face was her murderer. He was always cautious when the Faces seemed concerned about his Welfare.

Pina Colada Man had his hands on Manc's arse before he had even introduced himself; that was just plain lack of etiquette to Manc, whose manners were always impeccable even in the act of slaughter. *He really should have asked my name,*

Manc said inwardly, displeased at the Pina Colada Man's delivery. He didn't want this one's face. This was not Face Eighteen - not pretty enough or interesting enough for him. But old men were sometimes exceptional fucks; they were usually eager and grateful, fervent. Applaudable.

Manc looked into the Pina Colada Man's eyes for the first time and almost vomited down his tweed jacket. There was another man behind Pina Colada Man's eyes. A watcher, you know. Not someone who was here to take an active part in the fucking act. Just a passenger in a shell, not even at the wheel. Just along for the ride. Manc thought of the dream he'd had the other night about the deserted supermarket - he had been searching around for the beans, you know. Searching for the essential ingredient. Manc forced himself to lean forward and kiss Pina Colada Man's thin, mean mouth. His lips were rough as sandpaper. Manc only did it to get a closer look at the skull rider, almost resolved that sheen in the iris, that likeness.

He put a hand on Pina Colada Man's forearm as he reached in to finger her in a public place. In a public place - that was the whole trip here, Manc realised. The man behind Pina Colada Man's eyes - was a voyeur-exhibitionist, transmitting his filthy life of seedy hide fuck across the psychic ether like a hot warm rash under the hood of your clitoris, a soundless benediction of spiky nipples and gnawed clavicles. Manc felt his ultra-other sex grinding down on the hand. He didn't even feel male anymore, and in the dim distance of his cognisance, Esmerelda was screaming the name of the Watcher. And even if Manc had heard, he would not have believed the identity.

Surely not.

Pina Colada Man whispered Manc's name into his ear sickly-sweet. Tequila coated words seeped into Manc, freezing him like a shot of liquid nitrogen, chilling him from the heart out. The man behind the mask of another's face knew him. And he knew Manc was another stealer of flesh.

Danger flowed through Manc's veins and screamed into

every nerve ending he possessed. What on earth was going to happen with this man? He was captivated by him, appalled by him; he was irresistible.

The lure of the stinking alley behind the club was too much for Manc and he allowed himself to be led by the hand outside. The cool air of the dockside night made his flesh goose, salty sea-spray wafting over them in a fine mist - salty like the cum that would paint the borrowed lips that covered his own. Would either of their masks slip? Would either of them survive the other's test? Were Pina Colada Man's criteria for choosing this fuck's life or death the same as his? The very thought of such a kindred spirit pumping in and out of his gaping asshole made his cock spring to life and ache to be cooled by the damp air.

They were naked in a flash, like Paul Daniels had done an all right trick.

Who gives a fuck what happens to these two nipple-chilled criminals? They should both be killed and allowed to rot in Hell for their sins against reason. What right do a murderer and a voyeur-exhibitionist have to be used as some form of late-night entertainment with your cock out, foreskin primed, never head-covering, following the dictum laid down by the Marquis de Sade all those prison years ago or your cheesy, oily, musky cunt clicking as you gather folds of experience about your painted fingertips like that.

Yes, you - humble reader. Cease and desist all porno-appreciative activity a.s.a.p. because the more you read, you can't take your eyes off the climax as it grinds on and on, can you? Stop reading now. You will never know the ending but that is the idea. You don't deserve to know what these two cross-dressing drama queens are getting up to. You don't care if Manc is scraping his superglued face off with his bare hands as Pina Colada Man fuck's him in the imaginary vagina from behind as he rubs her spat-on face into the pebble-dashed concrete wall.

Pina Colada Man had out his metal arm, just rolled up

the sleeve of his tweedy old jacket. Drunk a length of stinky beer from the hollow part of the arm, then unsheathed a bayonet the length of where his forearm should be. The bayonet's chosen name was Blade. The fact that he was about to tear his face off of this murdering bastard and reclaim it for himself - oh, what's the point, reclaim it for herself, he, she being, after all the split infinitive of the old Esmerelda - harvester of Face Seventeen.

Manc felt the rush of displaced air against his naked skin as Blade swung in but he did not move; they were locked together, Pina Colada Man's cock digging a tunnel in his bowels, his huge shaft covered in scar tissue that tickled Manc's fancy no end.

Let's listen to the tuneless dirge of Manc the Philosopher.  
To die for his sins would be fitting.

To die just for the sake of experiencing something new was fitting.

This Sadean act of carnality, of love and death and the cessation of heart beat as a hot load was shot deep into him, the raping bollock acid cut into the knife edge membrane of his inner hole, his brown passageway where dirty fucking thoughts collected like constipation of the soul, his dirt garden, I beg your pardon, I never promised you a dirt garden, along with the cumshine, there's gotta be a little pain sometime, made him transcend his physical state.

Manc soared high above the used tampon and sanitary-towel-strewn alley, far and away, miles from the discarded sheathes of personal hygiene that harboured deadly diseases that squelched out underfoot. He watched from above, soaring through the wet darkness and black clouds, a Holocaust of rotten bacon skirted by surreal flying pickles and strawberries as Blade sang through the air, his own orgasm ripping through him, watching his own cock paint the wall with pearls as the sharp silver swooped round under his throat. All his teeth showing through the rip of Face Seventeen.

Esmerelda's beauty did not quiver - she stayed in place,

still perfect, still stunning in her death as she was in life. The keen blade stopped short of its mark, hovering over Manc's slightly bristly manthroat; Blade did not want this kill. Blade knew, without shadow of doubt that Manc, the wearer of the face of the most beauteous one, was the best, goddamned fuck Pina Colada Man had ever had - would ever have. Better even that the owner of the face, better even than she - the Queen of the Magdalens, she whose blood carried in it the love and lust of Christ and Mary of Magdala.

Some trinket, some shining sliver of her remained within this Manc persona; Blade was never wrong, never lied to his masters. Blade saw the fingers coming in from on high, like Lottery-winning accusation; they parted the many folds of his manufactured steel. You know that an ancient war sword's strength comes in part from the many thousands of times it is folded. As Blade counted in his metal head, he unresolved his keenness of slice in real-time so that he could acquiesce and abandon himself to the petalling of his need. He counted, ten divide by two = fuck me in the asshole, hundred divided by two = fuck me in the cunt, thousand divided by two = kill my children in front of me, ten thousand divided by two = smear their smiles onto my cunthole of shear-murder, hundred thousand bisected by fuck strokes of ultimate ginger fingering = bring the strawberry switchblade sky of erotic tomatoes down upon me and liberate me from all moral servitude. His nostalgia overflowing back in time to the first unfold of his boiling generation in the coal fires of sin.

Drill nails of Christ thorn into my battered edge so that I may never cut again, so that my unfolded sharpness may no longer glimmer blind the doglust within me. I wish to be unfurled by the shrieking face of Esmerelda and her violent denunciation, just like you, humble reader. We can see you. Manc can see you. Esmerelda can see you. Blade can see you. You are the one. The watcher behind the eyes of Pina Colada Man and all the other sick wankers like him, purveyors of rotting cum-stained fists

clenched round maggots of inguinal itch. How dare you think your thoughts! Why, you should have tore up this piece of filth a long time ago and complained to the editor.

Why go on? Resistance unkind? Need the need?

You want to see Esmerelda reveals her true self to the descending psycho-shell of burnt husk once known as Manc? Let me show you how it ends, you worthless piss drinkers, excrement tasters and bruise-lickers of the world, united under one cream-pie banner of sleaze and degradation.

On your shot-gunned knees while I spill my final seed in your torn open eye...

Faces never seen suddenly need to be viewed and shown. What lies beneath the veil of borrowed flesh needs to be seen by Manc and Pina Colada Man. This is the voyeur dragged screaming out into the open, no longer allowed to hide in shadows and darkness, this is the Peeping Tom, shaken out of his bush, cock still in hand as his discoverers spit and sneer.

And the man-girl-thing is afraid that the truth behind the lie of Esmerelda's visage shall not be the beauteous thing the other liar seeks, afraid no love will be bestowed upon him, scared that somehow the lesser beauty of his own face will reduce the attractiveness of his puckered shit-hole - the eye of the cock is fickle.

Manc delicately pulls at the seam of Esmerelda's glued-on face only to find that the seam is not there anymore. There is no adhesive holding the mask to his face, no secreted line where flesh meets flesh. Manc is no longer Manc; Manc is now Esmerelda, his flesh possessed by the rage of an ancient abuse, revenge too long in coming. Esmerelda lives again and stands face to face with a man like the one she is inside, a man who rapes and hates and takes. A man. Men. All men.

She was the true owner of Blade and commanded the steel to envelop Pina Colada Man, demanded that it drink of his blood and eat of his bone, feed on his flesh; like an oil-stone block to blunt steel, his body and his wisdom would nourish her

flashing silver comrade.

Blade began to fold in on its self, over and over as it sucked in the body and the soul of the Pina Colada Man, sucking in all his bile and vitriol, savouring it, using it to sharpen its razor's edge. As in all shite narratives, cuts are about to be made.

transcend the feeling of her heart orgasming, the sensation of each and every nerve ending climaxing like thousands of tongue-licked and finger-flicked clits.

She always knew the moment when the sun had set. Her eyes would shoot open and she'd fling the lid of her little box open; she would feel the hunger on a genetic level - every millimetre of her being would ache with a ferocious need for pabulum; she had an ever-darkening desire to feed, feed, feed. And fuck, fuck, fuck..

But she would let the hunger grow as she prepared herself to go out on the prowl, building herself into an anticipatory frenzy for the foods of the Dark Gods - blood and sex and death - a necromantic banquet.

The way women raise one foot onto the toilet to insert a tampon, so Vampyre inspected her gash in the full-length mirror of the bathroom. The dry husk of dangling labia was like an abomination. She remembered a time, not too many centuries ago, when she had the vulva of a sixteen year old. She was physically a sixteen year old displaced by thousands of years of night-time existence but ... how the deeds and the dreams take their toll.

If you quickly glanced at a Polaroid of her labial geometry you would say *Yep, bit of an old slapper. Puts it around a little too much. Know what I mean?* You would nod to yourself and make a mental note not to get too pally with her. *Never know what you might catch.*

But look again, you bigoted sap.

Look at the glistening perfection of her genital undercarriage. Study the perfect form of the clitoris. See a delicate bifurcate tendril hanging, poised for action. Examine how, with every inhalation of her facial nostrils, her genital nostrils exhale, you can see them there like twin urethra holes just above the opening to her vagina.

Not two rows of labia as in so-called normal ladies, but three sheathes of tendril taugth quicksilver, gleaming with fangs.

Yes, there, you can witness her snake fangs extrude from flesh pockets, protecting her womb hole better than any Dutch cap of Intra-uterine device of torture. Look again, watch the jaw distend, three rows of fangs, each in perfect synchrony retract from her printless fingers as she explores the soft snake throat with a cold white hand. The texture of throat gristle like flaccid toadstools rotting in the damp squalor.

A physical shudder skitters up the naked flesh of her spine, the very soft black hairs standing on end in the breeze of love dust circumnavigating her spider-like anus. Vampyre reaches right up into the throat of her vulvasnakemouth, in to the wrist, the jaws distension allowing a full examination. She brings it out. A Partling.

She has grown them before. But this is her best one yet. Pure pink skin and a perfect set of fangs of his own. This Partling is not fully formed, having only a rudimentary skull, no eyes, sharp fanged maw, upper torso and one arm grown on that left side the way lizards grow back limbs.

Vampyre shot to her highest stature in a spasm of Vampyric delight, her bones hinge-creaking and straightening out like fucking slide rules made of rusted old tin. You could hear the Sonic Sin as she undid herself from 5 foot to 13 foot, a disturbing shadow crawling all over the bathroom, black silhouette dripping blood from every orifice.

The luckless virgins squatting over the blood vats had orgasmic quivers coursing through their acid-burning thigh meat as Vampyre shoved the Partling back into the welcoming warmth of her womb. Shows her human teeth to the mirror in a HOLLYWOOD of seduction.

The Partling began to feed on the red wombic delicacy as its host screamed in agony, blind with white pain and then shuddered as it licks the forked ends of her clit from the inside. Orgasm ripped through her as her cunt involuntarily shat the parasite out again. It perched on the edge of the vat as Vampyre petted it like a furry li'l kitty; the thing purred at her before it

vomited the menstrual blood and tissue from inside the young girl into the vat where it mixed and mingled with the fermenting rag juice of a thousand other unfucked femmes.

She bit into the white papery skin of her own wrist and bled into the vat. The liquid hubble, bubble, toil and troubled. Scarlet steam rose like Vampyric tentacles, the sangsue virus in her blood turning the red soup into the most sought after liquor with the rich and the stupid. This is how she makes her money; she Vampyrizes the unsuspecting HOLLYWOOD elite by slipping them a bloodsucker Mickey Finn, a potion that makes them hungry, needy, keeps them coming back for more. A few gallons of cheap, red plonk added into the mix made it taste simply divine, dahling.

Absinthe to a goth. Meths to a stinking old feekie lying in a puddle of his own shit and piss and inhaling his own vomit in the gutter. The purest pharmaceutical high to a junkie whose tracks scream like starving infant mouths for a surgical steel needle-fuck. This is the new Ambrosia, a graven image for an infidel to bow down before.

Vampyre took hold of her symbiote pussy-dweller and arm-length-in shoved it back home. She giggled as it wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her before settling down. She picked up a crate of newly bottled 'Rouge, Deux Milles Deux' and smiled at the blood-dripping pouting mouth like beautiful red cunt-lips on the label. Time to go to work.

For three years, merely the blink of an eye in Vampyre terms, the symbiote grew inside her. When the time came to bear her Partling, the agonies were legendary. She shed her outer casing day after day in the throes of labour such that all around the birthing area, in her clothes and littering the bathroom hung cast-off gossamer thin replicas of her countenance. She was as bloated as a fucking tick by this point. Thankful that hers was a night-time lifestyle, such was the rotundity of her shapeshifting silhouette.

In all honesty, Vampyre had found that pregnancy suited

her. The potential victims (sorry, clients) of her red, red vintage commented often about her Godly shine, her sexual Omnipotence under the shadow of spurting arterial blood. It got her off more than any sex she had ever used to fang bleed her honies, this complimentary exegesis under the hammer. There were times when her puffed-up adder-vagina had vomited copious tuna smelling volumes of pussy juice into her tight black lycra Death Suit — visualise a stiletto heal spiking an eyeball as the adulant looks on with his other good one, loving it, wanting more eyeballs than any normal human to spike out, if done by her, his Mistress of Eternity.

She revelled in their adoration, and rightly so.

Her name was Samantha. Fishburn. Samantha Fishburn had been tracking down Vampyre for a good number of weeks, like she had the scent from far across foreign continents. In fact, she had started her quest to the day the Vampyre became pregnant, to the hour. She woke up in a cellar of her own with a cold sweat foaming on her silk attired surface. She could feel the sun trying to burn a hole in her sleepbox and knew she couldn't move. Then she heard the dogs sniffing at her sleepbox. Then she heard the men with their shouting and their crowbars and their all-encompassing aroma of torture and decay. Then she knew they would kill her. Then she arrived here, in Vampyre's bed, still a bit scorched around the fishlips, still a bit tattered from her battle. Certainly not killed in her sleepbox while the dogs pissed on her, marking her as some sort of odd location in time and space. She had lived off garbage and scummed around in a more or less direct route from her homeland to here; through her trial by flesh and geography she knew she was worth a shit out of any rat-killing dog's unclean arse.

Vampyre tongued Samantha Fishburn's wounded outer shell as the scorched flecks fluttered away on an ancient breeze. Vampyre spittle heals old wounds faster than any Cicatrise. In no time, she would be back to her blue-white shine and they could get on with the night's blood fun. Samantha Fishburn had

her legs up over her ears, the soft downy back of her thighs framed her beautiful arsehole jutting up into the air, gasping in out in out as Vampyre 'cleaned' her guts out with her super-long tongue of seduction. A lake of oily quam seeped down Samantha Fishburn's back, soaking the bed. She pulled her hair out with her fists as another wave of obscenely powerful orgasm tore her brain to pieces. She had never had it so good, never walked so far off the pier. Vampyre, who was merely biding her time with this tongueplay, had a special surprise set up for Samantha. Samantha had a separate but distinctly worthy surprise set up for Vampyre.

The Partling, now fully formed inside the disgorged womb of Vampyre wrestled to be free. Vampyre wasn't content to let the babe rot in the cosy filth of her gut, gumming some lower intestinal remnant of her former human self. Fearing nothing from this, her flesh and blood, knowing that the little mite would protect her with his last breath, she opened up the entire left side of her belly with a razor sharp drag of a fingernail and Partling tore himself from his seclusion, still soaked in mother's butter. He had eyes now and they were only for his mum. She helped him free himself - first the numb arms then the bottom, then the legs. A boy-sized man.

Partling was welded to his mother at the pelvis; this is how she liked her offspring, where she could keep an eye on them for their short, short lives. This Partling was a superb specimen, strong, solid, rows and rows of pin-sharp bite. His massive cock was disproportionate to the size of his body and stood out like he was straddling a huge, thick railing. The inner cock-teeth distended and munched the air, seeking out the delicious asshole it could smell.

Samantha Fishburn's pucker hole pulsed in and out, full and red and round like a whore going down. The Partling's huge cock coughed a sheen of bile from its gut to lube its length and girth, ease its passage inside her. But Vampyre and Partling were in for a major surprise as Samantha's beating arse shat out its very own symbiotic offspring, a girlie offspring, one that made

Vampyre's son's manmeat almost shoot its load as soon as it sensed the presence of Partling pussy.

Samantha's unnatural birth canal ran red, the skin around her anus had split during the birth and was now ragged and bleeding; she moaned, the pain pleasuring her. Vampyre would soon fix that right up for her. Soon she would feel the ravaged skin knitting together again, the tickle and itch of healing scabs. Sometimes, so much pain was worth the cure.

Vampyre knelt between Samantha Fishburn's still-spread legs and lapped at the cascade of blood an amniotic fluid that ran between her cheeks and gobbled down little shreds of juicy placenta meat. The two symbiotic lovers writhed at their mothers' feet, deliciously vampirizing each others' sex, chattering and gnashing with sharp pearlies, losing a tooth here and there and tonguing the jellied hole left behind. The slick, warm juices of the Partlings mothers' rained down on them, lubricating their own frantic coitus. Both couples writhed in ecstasy, screaming and whimpering like wolf cubs as they came, over and over again, such that the cellar bed shook to its foundation where stakes were driven into the soft underhouse as symbolic Earth fucking.

Vampyre and Fishburn hadn't seen each other in an age; must have been a couple hundred years since they were last together. Of course, two hundred years was the blink of an eye to millennia-old creatures such as they. The twin sluts of bloodlust only got together when the howling loneliness, the only thing that could ever destroy a Vampyre, became too much to bear. Their short time together was worth the centuries apart.

Tonight, one Vampyre said to her long-lost lesbian counterpart via tonguic means across the sex-ether, we will party like it's 1999. Then they both ate each other's offspring. Lingering sound file of boyborn pelvis gratefully broken from mother home. Teeth into soft boned arms. Terror hands scraping out huge chunks of screaming baby skull. They feasted like no Vampyre had ever feasted before and the night was yet young.

The vat-straddling virgins, thighs like downhill skiers

now after their months of squatting, shed a nostalgic tear for the pair of blood lovers as they ascended the creaking cellar staircase to yet another rallying chorus of “Fuck their bleeding Assholes, my Mistresses”. The virgins were conditioned to be cultured, don’t you know - that’s what happens when you lurch on someone’s frontal lobes, pure duty devoid of intellectual need.

At the Ball, the glitterati and paparazzi of HOLLYWOOD had come out in force - *what are these fucking Oscars anyway?* thought Vampyre. No one gives a shit who thinks who scratched whose back last year. Fuck them all. The fucktwins descended the staircase to the plinth, somehow Vampyre always got her hypnotic way with the show directors; this was her third appearance presenting an award. By her side Samantha Fishburn. Both chicks were drenched in skimpy black leather and hi-altitude spikes that looked like the burning towers of CNN - they had no fear. Up Samantha’s semi-sewn up vaginal mess was the throbbing hammer thumb of Vampyre. Samantha wore a charming smile for the global spotlights. She licked her lips and readjusted her breasts in her bodice when Vampyre pulled up with a soft fart of glamour. Thumb to lips like an Arab, to forehead stain, to heart burning blue in her leather razor straps of seduction.

“We hope you enjoyed the hospitality.” announced Vampyre referring to her blood spiking of the pre-Award Ceremony punch bowls. The dark elixir wouldn’t be long in taking effect on the unsuspecting beautiful people. The thought of the photo features in the next issues of all the star rag-mags made her pussy wetter and wetter. She could imagine the pic of Brent Schitt, the most famous leading man in the world - full colour centre-fold - as he bucked and writhed in a fit of bloody wanking whilst his elegant gal-pal, Jenny Anusstain, scarfed down his red, red cum. Vampyre could barely contain herself.

The entire audience was a communal shine; of that there can be no FUCKING doubt. One glistening mass of skyward pointing love-meat and carpet-bound cunt-spill. The stink of lust was like none other either of the Blood Drinkers had sensed;

it was just a nauseating hi-octane of rusted metal; sharp oxidised copper filled their senses and made a bee-line for already engorged clits, swelling them further, near bursting now. Even they couldn't quietly stand around and bathe in its aroma like screen sluts of contract, flaunting their supposed beauty for improper financial gain while talented non-lookers fell by the non-whore wayside. It was an affront to the sensibilities, for fuck's sake. This shit had to be doctored, censored so that its impact of brain-fuck was mashed about a bit, all the tough strands of fuck kneaded out of it over an hour of tender cunnilingus or rod-railing fellatio. Yeah, this town needed good a rod railing. And a good pussy licking. With a nice dash of the red, red stuff to wash it all down.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the movie world..." - Vampyre began her speech to a huge roar of applause - "...we hope you are all fucked in the head tonight." - there was raucous laughter from the historically staid audience. One man in the front row couldn't control his excitement any more and tore his cock from pants, shook and shot in a few minutes then fell wanking to the floor until the blood started to run from his burning urethra spewing up delicate orbs of manjuice onto the stage.

Samantha Fishburn's nipples stood out a mile at the site of the groinal carnage, tenting the leather like rampant twin chest cocks. Vampyre had never witnessed such... She came quietly and the snake pussy sucked and slurped at the man's cock she had inserted for its amusement an hour or so ago in a piss stinking back alley the shifting colour of a murder kaleidoscope. An earthquake of pain and thirst washes down a cocktail sausage with a swig of battery acid. Women started to tug down their expensive ball gowns in a 16th Century fashion of nipplishow and think of filthy ways to entertain their sterile Director husbands over the successful divorces they all had planned - split from the past, my brethren, Vampyre slammed a psychic message of sleaze into the possessed minds.

To the populace of planet Earth ogling this crazy raw spectacular agog, she said, "And the nominations for Best Male

Lead are - George Cloody in “September Sunshine”, Peter Shafter in “Roars Like a Rainbow”, Phil Whorehole in “Eat my Burning Cuntback” and ... she paused for dramatic effect as the fucking walls of the theatre started to bleed with the salty memories of “Deux Milles Deux” the twin fisting Vampyres of Red Red had spiked their punch bowls with ... Andreas ArseLick in “Cum My Brethren of Arterial Fist,” Stand up. Get up from your fat-arse chairs and worship ME, the lady of this house. A sea of blood red bile spewed down the marble staircase, washing Vampyre and Samantha Fishburn into the gasping writhing audience at Oscar Night. No fucker ran in horror.

This was their turn in the limelight, their turn to sweat under the spots and ham it up to the voyeuristic lens. They were the Oscar-worthy Divas shining brightest in the red visceral glow of La-La Land.

Tonight was their night.

They knew this was what they had been born to perform.

The last blood rite.

## WHY I DID IT

I cut off my cock that day for a really good reason.

But let's first look at the background behind my superhuman feat of sacrifice in the face of the Beast. I met this young-looking girl in the bar out near the freeway. I only went over there because my cock leapt at the sight of her soft (and I thought, under-age) skin. I had loved to fuck under-aged girls in the past because I didn't agree with those fucking State Laws that say even though a girl has been bleeding for four or five years you still aren't supposed to fuck them until they are passed their sell-by date like some sort of ritualistic social penance.

Anyway, as judicial luck would have it for the telling of this tale in a publicly printed forum, she was well past her sell-by date, easily 25-26 years old. Almost a pruning old toe too long in a too hot bath for my liking. But up close there was still something about her. A shine.

She was covered in tattoos and white silver jewellery, piercings. Across her left forearm was a picture of Elvis, his black shitlines impregnating her virgin white flesh.

I couldn't take my eyes off her - she was compelling. I stood there in the bar and stared at her, stared so hard at her she knew I was staring at her and she turned around and looked me straight in my cross-eyes. But then she wasn't sure if it was really her I was looking at due to my wandering gaze.

But she knew; she knew it was her I was looking at. She could see that we were alike, could see the brand-marks poking out from my shirt cuffs even from across the room. I knew then that she wanted to see those marks on my skin, explore all the other scarifications that my suffering flesh had endured.

And she could see the rampant angle of my cock, thrust

so hard against my trousers that it was hurting me, causing me pain and it needed to get out of there, fast.

I watched her as she sashayed across the room and over to me, her tattoos almost alive, seeming to whisper to her as she moved closer, her head slightly tilted as if listening to them. This girl glowed. She glowed. She was a living work of art, a canvas with a pulse and blood in its veins and juice in its cunt. Fucking art. Beautiful.

And of course, she just had to be an artist. Only another artist could connect with me this way. Only another artist could want to scar and ink and pierce their own flesh in such a way as to be socially unacceptable to the artless.

Her scars reached out to me and I became a simpleton in her presence. I could feel a future of her scars gathering under my fingernails like corduroy. I smelled the fresh black skin breakage tearing loose from the beetroot edge. The roughness of her new tattoos, those there, the ones she had only that afternoon had etched into the ravaged folds of her cunt, a beaked squid all stinking blackness. Its eye a magnet of foreskin. Its eye drawing me to her, inch by inch of skittering bitter and simpleton flesh. We had to touch. It was that obvious. People were already looking at us funny. We were burning now. Our skin was afire. Skin whispers threatened our sanity but we could take it. We understood the necessity for battering pain as long as the light of silky touch blared at the end of the torture tunnel.

I took her a drink, just to look semi-normal. I don't even remember what it was. I sat beside her, my mouth moving. Words falling down my chest like sucking drool. My eyes were black abstract shapes, never forming, always in turmoil. I nearly fell from my stool three times and each time I reached out to steady myself, the patrons of this bar would roar like spectators at a bullfight. But she never let me fall. Her grip was strong and her hold steady.

I touched her then. As a desperate act. My hand reached under her thin red skirt and came to rest upon her shaved sex. It

was like burning metal. The beak of the squid tore at my hand with indignation. How dare I touch that work of art, her soul in ribbons of seduction, guarded yet provocative. A kiss. Did her sex kiss the palm of my hand? Did it tongue the palm of my hand? Did its single eye aim then its super sharp beak peck at the palm of my hand?

I drew my hand back, my palm dripping blood like a stigmatic. I put the hand to my mouth and the roof of the bar lifted off. Angels, they might look like angels, came down like crumbling monuments and this laugh issued forth from her.

I couldn't wait to actually see it. I knew it was something spectacular, something fucking sacred, something so powerful that it would be God-like to me. I knew I would want to get down on my hands and knees and worship it, speak in tongues and weep with joy as her dominance devoured me.

Still she laughed at me; she laughed because she knew that I was ensnared, that already I was hers - I belonged to her. I didn't even know her name yet. But I *knew her*. My search was over and I had found what I'd been looking for.

She laughed all the way back to her apartment. It wasn't a mocking laugh though - it was a laugh full of knowing and understanding, filled with empathy and thick with the ghosts of kindred spirits.

I was sweating by the time she sat down on the edge of her bed, consumed by the need to see the Icon she kept beneath her skirt. I didn't know whether I would be horrified or enrapt. Possibly both.

She slowly lifted her skirt, displaying exquisite brand marks all the way up her white thighs, ancient symbols from some forgotten religion and glyphs from archaic languages that would have been carved into stone tablets or on the walls of ornate tombs of Kings.

At that moment, the moment before all was revealed to me, I was terrified. I remember inhaling once and never exhaling. What was it that lay beneath the veil? I was afraid that I was

going to die or that it would kill me - but that was a normal reaction. I thought for a moment, and I realized that I didn't care what happened. I needed to see it or I felt that I would die anyway and all would be wasted.

And then she revealed it to me, studying my eyes and my face for my reaction. I felt like I had been subjected to a deep space vacuum. My breath just left my aching lungs. I suddenly had no body. I was just a crackling shape, nothing as solid as a silhouette. Exploded by its visual ferocity. That thing right there between her deliciously abused inner thighs, the surface of her skin like stepladders of steel reciprocating the full moon's piss beam. A raging shower of sandalwood erotically charged denial of form and frenzy dripping with October haunting and terror of the never tasted. Then my body snapped back into place like a bullet jumping eagerly out of the clip into the greasy chamber. I got an adrenalised view of the corkscrew tunnel to salvation.

I was sure she was a virgin. The way it lay, a perfect rose in a landscape of broken bottles and barbed wire. I couldn't even look right at it; such was the shine of self-immolation. It burned from inside like pumpkin sunshine. I took one deep breath and my fear shuddered away as I thumbed the recently circumcised tip of my cock. I will say no more of how it got circumcised or you may think me slightly odd. She never said a word. Never smiled. Never anything beyond the elastic function of her gift, her unreal delight that tore my mind to tattered shreds of lacquered wood inlay lifting like old rusted leaves of sin.

What I saw was a marvel of modern science - a biomechanical Godhead of supreme beauty and danger.

Then a broadcast like nuclear holocaust painted my crude shape onto the back wall as her lips moved and an angelic voice spoke to me from the immaculate silken folds of her cunt. The peach-fuzz beauty-creamed skin emitted scarred scriptures to me, told me the tales of the worship that had been given to this temple of pain and suffering and stories of the ones who had died in agonies beyond comprehension in an attempt to emulate

its broken beauty.

I heard a fast metallic clicking sound and reeled back as two halves of small band-saw blades emerged from her scarified labia, the tips dripping tiny droplets of blood onto the crisp white sheets under her. I moved a shaking hand towards a blade, all the time looking into her eyes, waiting for her to tell me not to touch her exquisite protrusions. She said nothing, did not move. She remained silent and still like a Virgin Mother high up in a recessed church wall and surrounded by saints. But this Madonna did not weep. Not yet.

I touched it. Cold steel kissed my warm fingertips, filigree layers of minute metal teeth ripped my flesh. So sharp I did not even feel the pain but stared in awe at my own finger as it opened up to the touch of the blade.

And it began to work its magic on my body too.

I felt the bone of the first phalange of that cut finger change into something else. Some harder substance. As I moved it, it gave out a mechanical creak like a door hinge in need of oiling. And I knew that she had chosen me. That I was the one to share this and that no other had been so privileged before. Or at least no one that had survived, for if they had, she would not have needed me. If they had she would not have the hardness of forever-lonely in her gaze or the tightness of purity between those savaged thighs.

But first, a kiss. I moved my eyes to her lips and tried to close in for a kiss. But she punched me in the face with a knuckle-duster, breaking my eyebone on that side. There would be no soft romancing this angel/devil. No yearning other than that which would free her from her pain. How long had she suffered like this? Like King Midas - destroying anything she touched? Who could know the answers to these banal questions? Who would believe the nostalgia?

The punch didn't even anger me, such was I shrouded in her blazing light from below. Her cunt of gladness with its terrifying bonesaws flickering like snake tongues. Tasting the air

for trails of salvation. Any old freak would do. And, even with blood flowing copiously into my eye socket giving my vision a half scarlet filter, as the pressure of blood flowing into that part of my face gave birth to a pain I have rarely taken such pleasure in, as my ear nose and throat started to fill with blood marbled mucus and I knew I would die one day, maybe today, knowing that she was the only good thing to have happened to me in one hundred thousand years of searching, I let my entire hand be engulfed in her genital flame.

Wasn't too bad - sure there was pain. Sure, a jet of blood shot into the sky, spattering my face, spattering her white thighs a criss-cross of old scar tissue, spatterings like the stained pearly crusts on my underwear as the peristaltic reaction to such pornography got the better of me. But then the reknitting, like a scene from Alchemist daydreams, the calcium from the bone and the rotting marrow seeping from within like pathetic tears of a rape victim, became the mercury amalgam and the gold-capped dentistry of a new me.

A fist to conquer the sexual anarchists of this world and rid normality of these whores who prey on the likes of us. This was no simple transmogrification of flesh, now this was something else. I heard a new voice in my head. Like metal angels scurrying across raped labias. Like bonesaws skipping across the tip of a penis. Like a marriage of metal and sex. I had become that which she had first tempted me with. The destroyer of all sanctity. The fuck ruler.

With this new metal hand infecting all my thoughts so that I could never hold back from another murder until I myself was murdered by a similar hand, I took hold of her licking love tackle (you could hear the frenzied blades whining against my grasp, you could see the desperate shower of sparks from between her legs), I was her creation now and there was nothing she could do to stop fate, nothing could delay the inevitable.

*I am real for the very first time  
not angelic  
not demonic  
not alien anymore  
just real  
you have taken off my shades  
seen my irises expand with hunger  
after all these years of searching ...*

That's what her eyes said as I broke off the genital bonesaws.

She screamed as the blades tore away from her labial lips, a bee sting pulled out by a wicked child. Burning hot steel flakes shot off in all directions, piercing my eyes and the flesh on my face as they tried to hold on to their home. But I tore it free and I held the mangled contraption in my hand before me. I knew what I had to do with it. I had to show her I was worthy.

I took of one of her kinky boots, all glistening with shiny, shiny leather and polished steel plates and buckles of sadism, and hammered the aborted blade into the shattered bone-box of my bleeding eye. Her eyes lit up like a cat's in the dark, so vibrant I could see the old fucking soul that lived in there and I knew I had passed her test.

She spoke to me with her mouth for the first time and the voice that came out was not like any human voice I had ever heard; it was like molten silver - her words flowed and oozed over her tongue and straight into my body, solidifying as Sterling in my veins, Hallmarking my heart with a 9 and a 2 and a 5. Pure.

She told me stories then. Not one of them did I even question. Not for a second. I knew what she told me was the truth, every word of it. She told me how she had been secreted away as a child. She remembered hanging onto the bed sheets as her abductor tore at her little body, he was already biting on her groin, softening her up with his grim proboscis. She'd been so

young, how could she ever remember not being *this* self. She told me about the first insertion, the very first time that he had implanted her with a foreign object. She tried to describe how horrible the pain was but there were no more telling words than...

“I loved it. I embraced it. I wanted more and more and more... But finally he stopped, horrified at his own Frankensteinean creation. And that was his downfall.”

Her modification would never end, he had promised her. She could not stop, would not stop. To stop would be to die, or worse - to fade away and radiate in the stagnation of the modern day. I told her she was delirious and that I had been sent to end her pain. And, you know, she still didn't think I could do it; wouldn't let herself believe the vision. She had seen them fail so many times before; she still thought that ours would be a short romance of pain and when she had chewed me up and spat me out that her agony would continue with some other lurid floorshow of sexual predation in some out-of-town bar where the scum of the Earth like me ply our wicked ideals of beer and fags and football scores.

I hit her once more, my fist now grasping the other razor edge of her broken lust. All the sharpness that I had inherited tore across her face, sheering her jaw from her skull like so much flimsy tripe hot out of the pan. She was so easy to break. And the horror in her face was totally delicious. The tongue dangling from her shattered face, dripping thick blood down her chest, she uttered her last words.

“Fuck me up, baby,” and then the screen faded to a butcher's monochrome.

After I had finished, my body burned with new metal anger. My bones literally dripping animosity towards all fine, feckless wenches. I had been born that day a new man. A ferocious man stripped of words and no longer needing his sexual flesh. No longer wanting to feed the beast.

That's why I cut off my cock that day; I took those blades off her, my murdered virgin, and cut off the whole lot.

What did a monster like me need but one good eye for seduction's  
crude purpose?

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