

# THE DORMANT PREDATOR

STORY BY  
**FRIENDLY  
SADIST**



ARTWORK BY  
**ZGANNERO**

[HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/ZGANNERO](https://www.patreon.com/zgannero)

**R18-G**

# THE DORMANT PREDATOR

*By Friendly Sadist*

*Being in jail doesn't suit me. Especially not being locked up with men! But because of my sadistic appetite, I always knew I would eventually end up in handcuffs; but never like this. Going to jail was one of those thoughts that would only pass through my mind right after I slaughtered somebody. I used to wonder if being in jail would give me a sense of euphoria. Back then, I told myself, "you might like it." I don't. The crazy thing is, even though I'm probably going to jail for the rest of my life, I don't regret a single kill, not even one. It's just frustrating that my old life finally catches up to me now. I moved on from that life years ago. Hell, just a few months ago, I got engaged. I don't deserve someone as caring, intelligent, and successful as Xavier. He is better than my wildest dreams. This man is my warmth when I shiver. He is the moon on my darkest nights. I love this man more than the English language will ever allow me to express. My only regret is that my fiancé might love me less when he finds out I used to rape and kill men for fun.*

*"Hey, bitch! Did the guard say YOU killed someone!?!? Did you sit on them and forget to hide the body?" Inmate 7133 laughs to himself.*

*I am annoyed that he is mocking me, but in fairness, he doesn't know who he is fucking with. But pretty soon, he will. The only reason I stopped killing for fun is to settle down and find a husband. Getting thrown in jail will probably screw that up for me.*

*So tonight might be my last chance to kill someone for a long time. I look over at the clock, and it's precisely midnight. When the guards stop patrolling and the lights go out, I'll kill them all—one by one.*

*"Well. I thought I did a good job hiding bodies throughout the years. But*

*Inmate 7133 rechallenges me. “Whatever, giant lady. Suppose you did commit a crime. Why don’t you have on prison clothes?”*

*The other one, Inmate 6183, chimes in, “Yeah, you look like you just left the gym. We probably won’t believe anything you say. But I wanna know how you THINK you killed this man.”*

*“That’s a long story, sweetheart. But it seems we have a lot of time.” I giggle a little; they don’t. “To answer your first question, the FBI picked me up from the gym. I was literally in the middle of my workout. This jail doesn’t have any women’s clothes in my size.”*



*They stare at me in my sports bra and volleyball shorts, still dripping sweat. They seem to nod at each other after a few seconds.*

*“As for who I killed... The body I tossed in that landfill belonged to my boyfriend at the time. His name was Thomas. He and I had discussed being sexual for the first time earlier that day. So when the beach was cleared out, and the moon was the only light in the sky, I began. I picked him up and placed him on our beach towel. I wrapped my thighs around his neck in a reverse head-scissor and started giving him a blowjob at the same time. He passed out twice during the head-scissor blowjob combo. The first time I didn't realize my thighs were too tight until he slapped my ass, trying to escape. The second time was completely on purpose. I looked over my shoulder at him as he tried to pry my thighs apart with his little hands. I stared into his eyes as they slowly closed. The third time I got the pressure just right. He could still breathe, sort of, but the pressure was restricting his airway heavily. He tried to talk but couldn't, but it was adorable watching him try. While he was trapped,*



*I can see their erections forming in their pants. My sadistic furnace is burning furiously. My desire to kill them is growing by the second. I inhale sharply in an effort to control myself and continue with the story.*

*“After a few minutes of toying with him, I removed my thighs from his neck and sat up so I could give him a proper hand job. As I started to jerk him harshly, I slowly started increasing the pressure. It didn’t take much before he started screaming and begging me to stop. So I stopped increasing the pressure but kept the hand job going. He protested loudly; he even tried to stop me. He pointlessly tried prying my fingers off his cock, but I continued. He yelled the safe word a few times; I only kept going for a minute or two after that. I*

*on full display. I can make out the size and length from their dick prints. The deepest of my soul is growling at me. It’s telling me to dismember and kill all three of these beta males. But it’s only 12:50 am. So I cross my legs, lean back, and continue the story.*

*“He dug his fingers in the sand and tried to crawl away*



*As punishment, I gave him a calf job. I placed his cock between my hamstring and calf and gave him a savage squeeze. He cried and yelled as I continued to play with his cock. His screams echoed loudly between the condominiums. I held my squeeze anyways. Some people even turned on the lights in their*



*Since he tried to crawl away, I couldn't just let him go. He had to earn his freedom. So I told him, 'I'm thinking of a number between one and five. If you guess right, I might let you go. But if you are wrong, I'll squeeze.' I wanted him to know I was serious, so I threateningly squeezed his cock until his eyes watered up from the pain. Before we started the guessing game, I decided it was best to grasp his neck firmly as well. I didn't want to attract any more unwanted attention. He frantically tried to move my hand, but after a few failed attempts, he held up three fingers to guess my number. To be honest, his first guess was correct. But I squeezed his cock hard anyways. He tried again by*

*To this day, I don't know if he passed out from the pain or lack of air. Since he was already knocked out and I had been playing somewhat rough, I decided to use his phone's flashlight to examine his cock. I had to make sure it was okay. Well, okay enough. He had some pretty bad bruises on his cock and neck by then, but nothing too lifethreatening. Good thing I stopped when I did, though. I almost ruined it too early."*

*My sadistic desires are overwhelming me as their dick prints tease me. The steel bench frame serves as my stress ball; it's helping me stay calm as I examine their cocks. I can see 7133 is inadequate. But 6183 has a solid seven, possibly eight inches. To my surprise, they both notice the bed frame creaking as it yields to my grip; they both slide back slightly. They look over at each other, both concerned and confused. I guess my grip is making the frame creak louder than I thought. Even the third inmate looks over his shoulder a little. But it doesn't matter how far back they slide. When the lights go out, they are all mine. But I have to hold out a little longer. I reluctantly look at the clock, and it's 1:01 am. Why the fuck are these lights still on!?!? I suppress my desires once again and continue the story.*

*"I got bored again watching him lay there unconscious. Unfortunately for him, I wanted to make him cum one last time. So I wrapped my thighs around his neck again, mimicking my perfect squeeze from earlier. The pressure woke him. Then I wrapped both my hands around his already damaged cock and playfully whispered, 'I'm going to milk you dry, little one.' There were tears in his eyes as he shook his head no. He even tried to scream; it was adorable. I could tell he wanted me to stop. He protested by slapping my thighs as hard as he could; it almost tickled. I started his involuntary milking very violently. I squeezed and jerked him so harshly his skin was starting to tear. After a few minutes, his cock convulsed heavily. I knew he was trying to cum, but I wasn't*



*He squirmed and jolted as I gradually dragged my hand up and down his destroyed cock. His cum was salty but sweet, my favorite. I giggled playfully as I savored each drop, little by little. My excitement peaked as I tasted a splash of blood in his cum. I was already having so much fun extracting his cum, but the taste of blood was like a cherry on top. I sucked and tugged harder and harder until nothing but blood came out. Finally, I released his cock and neck. I was mostly satisfied with the damage I caused. I definitely could have done more, but I wanted to go easy on him this time. It was my first time playing with him, after all. But I regretted not crushing his vocal cords almost immediately. He held his drained and bloodied cock as he sobbed hysterically; his dramatic coughs and crying were pissing me off. But I knew if I had gone any harder on him, I might have ended up killing him. I had planned to carry him upstairs and nurse his cock back to health. In a week or so, we could have done it all again. But this idiot reached for his phone. I instantly snatched it away. He was still crying between his coughs, but somehow he managed to*

*I wasn't really in a talking mood, so he had to die. Besides, if he went to the hospital, I would be arrested for domestic violence, abuse, or sexual assault. I wasn't going to allow that. I stared at him intensely as I squeezed his phone. The glass and metal yielded loudly to my grip. He was horrified.*



*He realized I wasn't going to allow him to leave or live. He immediately pulled up his swimming trunks and took off towards the lobby with lighting speed. I started to run after him, but I realized I couldn't reach him in time, so I stopped chasing him and considered my options.”*

*The third inmate chuckles to himself. Until this point, the plan was to let him live the longest because his inmate number happens to include my favorite number; he is Inmate 6009. The other two, I plan to kill right after the lights*

*So I stand up to my full height, 6 feet five inches, and take a step towards him. The other two inmates are already moving out of the way to avoid being collateral damage. My shadow alarms him, so he turns around quickly, ready to fight. He can't help but notice; I dwarf him entirely when standing. My thigh is broader than his shoulders. He looks up at me, clearly intimidated by my size. His ego abandons him. Rather than fighting me, he attempts to apologize. I speak up first.*

*“You know, all my life, men have been making the mistake of assuming I’m just fat. But under this layer of fat, I’m carrying around 350 lbs of pure muscle. The truth is, I like it when people underestimate me because I’m big and curvy. It affords me these unique situations where I get to show off. I hope you are ready to experience my strength, little man.”*



*He stammers out, “Sorr-“ But his voice cracks, so he clears his throat and tries again. “Sorry miss, I didn’t... Ummm... I mean, I didn’t mean anything by it. I... Ummm... I laughed because I was imagining those watermelons of yours jiggling and bouncing around as you run. The thought... umm... it just bounced... I mean... it just popped in my head. It was a compliment.” He*



*He is the largest of these excuses for men, even though he is only 5’8” and “a buck sixty” on his best day. Sadly, butchering him now would be a horrible choice. But I want to soooooo bad. As I look down, past the top of his head, I see his dick print. It seems inadequate, but it gives me an idea. I smile inside my head. I don’t have to kill him right this moment. I’ll just squish his cock now and kill him later. He whimpers as I wrap my hand around his tiny neck*

*For the first few seconds, he is fighting back hard. He tries kicking, punching, and screaming. His mouth is wide open, his arms and legs swinging at me wildly. But I'm not allowing any air to pass from his lungs to his mouth. His muted tantrum only serves as amusement for me. I forcefully pin him against the wall, and he desperately but silently tries to gasp for air. I realize my assault on him is a bit too rough when he starts to slip into a forced sleep. I'll*

*Unfortunately, he is quickly fading. I let up on my grip just enough so he can stay awake. I want to keep him conscious, but I don't want to hear him scream, at least not yet. He notices I let up a little, but even then, his best attempt to scream comes out as wheezing noises. I lean into his ear to whisper.*

*"Now it's time for the rough part."*

*In a raspy whisper,*



*My free hand digs into his pants to find my prize. It lacks size and girth, as anticipated. My large hand covers his cock entirely. I playfully squeeze it as I giggle to myself. I let go of his cock briefly to pull his pants down and reapply my grip to his exposed cock.*



*For some reason, Inmate 7133 appoints himself as their savior and decides to “stand up to me.” He tries to sound loud and commanding as he yells at me. “He is sorry! You let him go! He learned his lesson! Release him! Right now!!!”*

*I turn around and stare at him for a moment. He knows he fucked up, and I know I can kill him in a flash. But patience is a virtue. The lights will be out soon, at least, I hope so.*



*Instead of killing him, I backhand him hard. He is knocked to the floor almost instantly. He lays there unconscious as his nose and mouth bleed. Oops. I didn't mean to hit him that hard, but I was a little annoyed by his attempt to "save the day." I draw my hand back again to slap Inmate 6183 next. "Before you knock me out too. I want to hear the rest of the story."*

**TO BE CONTINUED**

*Inmate 6183's comment caught me off guard. It would be rude to reward his honesty with a concussion, so I put my hand down. I turn my attention back to 6009, who is still trying his best to get my hand loose so he can breathe normally. I grab his cock once more, this time savagely hard. I know if I continue to assault his*

*cock this way, it would soon be useless. Once again, my victim tries to speak.*

*"Yepf... Tph phory... tph phory... plef." He barely made out.  
"What's that little one? You want me to squeeze tighter?" I giggle and apply more pressure. He tries to yell again. I guess he forgot he couldn't, but it is so cute watching him try.*

*Inmate 6183 speaks up again, "I believe he wants to hear the rest too."*



*I decide to continue with the story; again. But I keep one hand on 6009's neck and one on his cock.*

*"Fine. Where was I? Oh yeah. He had just run inside the condominium complex and knew I wouldn't make it in time to stop him from getting on the elevator. But I had an idea. I ran to the service door, which was about fifty feet closer than the main entrance. I kicked the service door open and saw the building's main power switch; there was an old school camera watching it, though. I casually ripped it out of the wall and pulled the power switch. Now it's time to find my boyfriend."*



*"He is unconscious."*  
*Muttered 6183.*  
*"What?!?!"*  
*No, no, no, I just turned off the lights to the whole building. How would he be unconscious?!?! Are you even listening?!?!"*  
*!" I ask, confused and somewhat frustrated.*

*He points at 6009. I look over at my helpless victim. He was indeed unconscious. Honestly, I forgot I'm holding him there. Oops. I release his neck but decide to use his cock like a meat handle. I hold him in the air by it. My fingers have blood seeping between them, but I can't see much of his cock.*



*I place him on the bottom bunk and pull his pants up a bit, but not all the way. I take a quick pause to examine the damage. It still kind of looks like a cock. It has a huge purple bruise in the shape of my hand and fingers. It's bleeding from the tip. Most importantly, it's disfigured. I finished pulling his pants over the useless purple mess that was his cock. I look at the clock, and it's 2 am.*

*“What a productive hour, don’t you agree 6183?”*

*“Productive is an interesting word. You are very strong, alarmingly strong.” He is shaking uncontrollably, but his cock is hard as a stone. He is both terrified and aroused. I’m going to have so much fun killing him.*

*“Thanks, hun.”*

*“Do you plan to kill us all?” He asked weakly.*

*“No, of course not.” I lied. “Do you want me to play with you next, hun?”*

*“Well-“*



*We both freeze as a guard yells, “ALL RIGHT MOTHERFUCKERS! The county police sent you here as overflow! It’s just you four on this whole block! So I’m not coming back down here until 4 am; SHARP! Sleep well, you motherfuckers! Oh yeah, try not to rape that huge black bitch too many times!”*

*Then everything goes dark. It's quiet now. The loud buzzing of the lights is gone. The guard is gone. They are all mine. I look at the clock at the back of the room, but all I can see is the glow-the-dark hands. It's 2:00 am and counting.*

*"You were saying, 6183?"*

*"My name is Dustin... and I want a hand job from you, but I do NOT want to die from it."*

*My eyes are fully adjusted to the darkness now. The moon is the only light source, but it's enough. The moon reflecting off the blood on my hands reminds me of the night I killed Thomas. I walk towards 6183 and swiftly grab his neck and lift him against the bars at the cell's front. He yelps as I reach into his pants and grab his cock. I lean into his ear and whisper.*

*"Don't worry, DUS-TIN, the hand job won't be the thing that kills you."*



*Tears start to flood his eyes as I rapidly tighten my grip on his cock. His scream trails off as I squeeze his windpipe closed. But even after he is silent, his initial cry echoes through the empty cell block.*

*“Oh yeah, we are alone, DUS-TIN.”*

*I let his feet touch the ground again and release his neck. He repeatedly coughs, holding his neck, trying not to cry.*

*“I get to hear you all scream from now until 3:59 am. Let’s start over then, shall we?”*



*He is still wincing from my grip on his cock. “How about we play that same game I played with Thomas years ago, and we can finish up with that hand job you wanted?”*

*“Please don’t do this. I didn’t do anything. I’m in here for a DUI.”*

*I keep squeezing his cock slowly. I want to watch his face attempt to display the level of pain he is experiencing. I'm savoring each moment until 7133 wakes up and stands. This time I'll do far more than slap him unconscious.*

*"What the fuck happened?" He groggily blurts out.*

*He wavers a little, trying to keep his balance, but he is still dazed.*

*"She is going to kill us all; help me," Dustin screams hysterically.*

*"This fat bitch isn't going to kill anyone."*

*This guy still thinks he can stop me. He punches me in the back optimistically. The audacity of this man is infuriating. I release Dustin's cock, and he sinks to the floor, whining. 7133 pulls his fist back for another punch. But I turn around and catch his fist. I'm so irritated I can't restrain myself, so the bones in his hand crumble in my grasp. He screams out in pain.*



*I release my grip on his hand and grab his wrist just as hard, crushing it immediately. I pull his arm towards me, straightening it out, and slam my fist down on his elbow. The bones in his arm disintegrate. The sheer force also yanks his arm out of the socket. He is already screaming and crying, but I don't care. I have only just begun.*



*I punch him hard in the stomach forcing him to double over and spit up blood. I shove 7133 on the floor and straddle him reverse cowgirl style. As I wrap my thighs around his head, I am cautious not to kill him yet.*

*“So Dus-TIN, when I grabbed your cock just now, I was squeezing at about 30%, and that was just one hand. Now I’m about to show you what my thighs can do.”*

*He immediately closes his eyes.*

*“Eyes, OPEN! Open your eyes and watch or I’ll rip his arm off and shove it up your ass.”*

*He fearfully opens his eyes. 7133 was still screaming from the destruction of his arm, but it’s lost as a muffled scream in my ass. I eagerly snatch his cock. It immediately starts to leak blood. I go tighter, and the leaking stops. I go tighter, and a bulging vein begins to form near the head. I go tighter, then... POP!!! My grip created so much pressure his cock simply burst. It’s pouring blood wildly from the newly created hole near the head of his cock. His blood splattered everywhere. It looked like something had viciously bit off a chunk of his cock, and all the blood was spraying out.*



*I am so proud of myself, but I had to finish what I started. I flex my thighs, squeezing his head hard. I wasn't trying to crush his skull so fast; it just happened. I blame it on my anger. My scissor collapsed his jaw. I felt that. I felt a few other light snaps, but I didn't think he was dying so fast. It only took a few seconds before I felt a stream of warm liquid on my inner thigh.*



*I turn around to see his head almost completely flat between my thighs. His eyes have sunk into his sockets, and blood is streaming from them. His head looks like an accordion. His facial features are distorted and smashed. I let go and sit up to examine my work further. I'm ecstatic to see a little piece of his brain is oozing from his bleeding nose. I look over at Dustin, ready for my next victim, but he has passed out. Somehow, his cock is still hard, though. I step on it lightly to make sure he wasn't faking. He wasn't. It looks like the fear finally got to him. I take a glance at the clock, and it's only 2:35 am.*

*“What a productive half-hour! Don’t you agree, Dus-TIN?!?” My yelling scares him awake.*

*“OMG! He is dead! You killed him!!! Please!!! Don’t kill me!!!”*

*“Shhhhh. Shhhhh. Dus-TIN... it’s not your turn. It’s 6009’s turn.*

*But I’m a bit bored. So maybe, I should snap a few of your bones while I think of a fun way to kill 6009.”*



*“WAIT! The story!”*

*“What about it?”*

*“You can finish the story instead of breaking my bones. So that way, I’m fresh and ready after you kill 6009. Please...Please e...”*

*“Fine. I think I just turned off the power, right?” He nodded fearfully.*

*“Great. It’s pitch black now in the condominium. I was looking for the only person without a cell phone light on the 1st floor. I found him pretty quick, all things considered. He was hiding behind a vending machine. But to be fair, the only reason I found him is that he felt something on his hand and came running from behind the machines. I was so happy I found him. I gave his neck a good squeeze, and he was out a few seconds later. I tossed him over my shoulder and carried him to his BMW. I let down the second row and tossed him inside.”*

*I take a quick look at the clock again. It’s 2:39 am. I’m just wasting time.*

*“Dus-TIN, I want to tell you the rest of this story. I do. But my time is limited.” I stand up and walk over to 6009 and slap him across the face sternly. He suddenly becomes animated again. But the pain quickly reminds him of what happened before. I see him processing that I’m still here, and it wasn’t all some sick dream.*

*“You ready to die, hun?”*

*“No, I’ll do anything!” he screams while holding his destroyed cock and whimpering.*

*“Anything, huh?”*

*“Yes, anything, I swear.”*

*“Hey Dus-TIN, since I can’t tell you the final part of the story... watch this. I’ll show you exactly what happened when we arrived at the landfill site.” I look back to 6009. “So, you will do anything, right?”*

*“Yes. I’ll do anything you ask.”*

*I could almost taste their confusion and fear in the air. “Then let’s play a game of ‘Sadia says,’ shall we? Sadia says, jump on one leg.”*

*He reluctantly jumps on one leg a few times.*

*“Sadia says, stop.”*

*He reluctantly stops jumping on one leg.*

*“Sadia says, spin in a circle.”*

*He reluctantly spins in a circle a few times. They are both baffled, but they are far too scared to speak. As he spins in circles, he notices the other inmate is dead. He sees the blood splattered all over the walls. He notices he is spinning around in a pool of blood.*

*With each spin, his face looks more horrified by the carnage around him.*

*“Sadia says, stop.”*

*“Wonderful. I got a difficult one for you.*

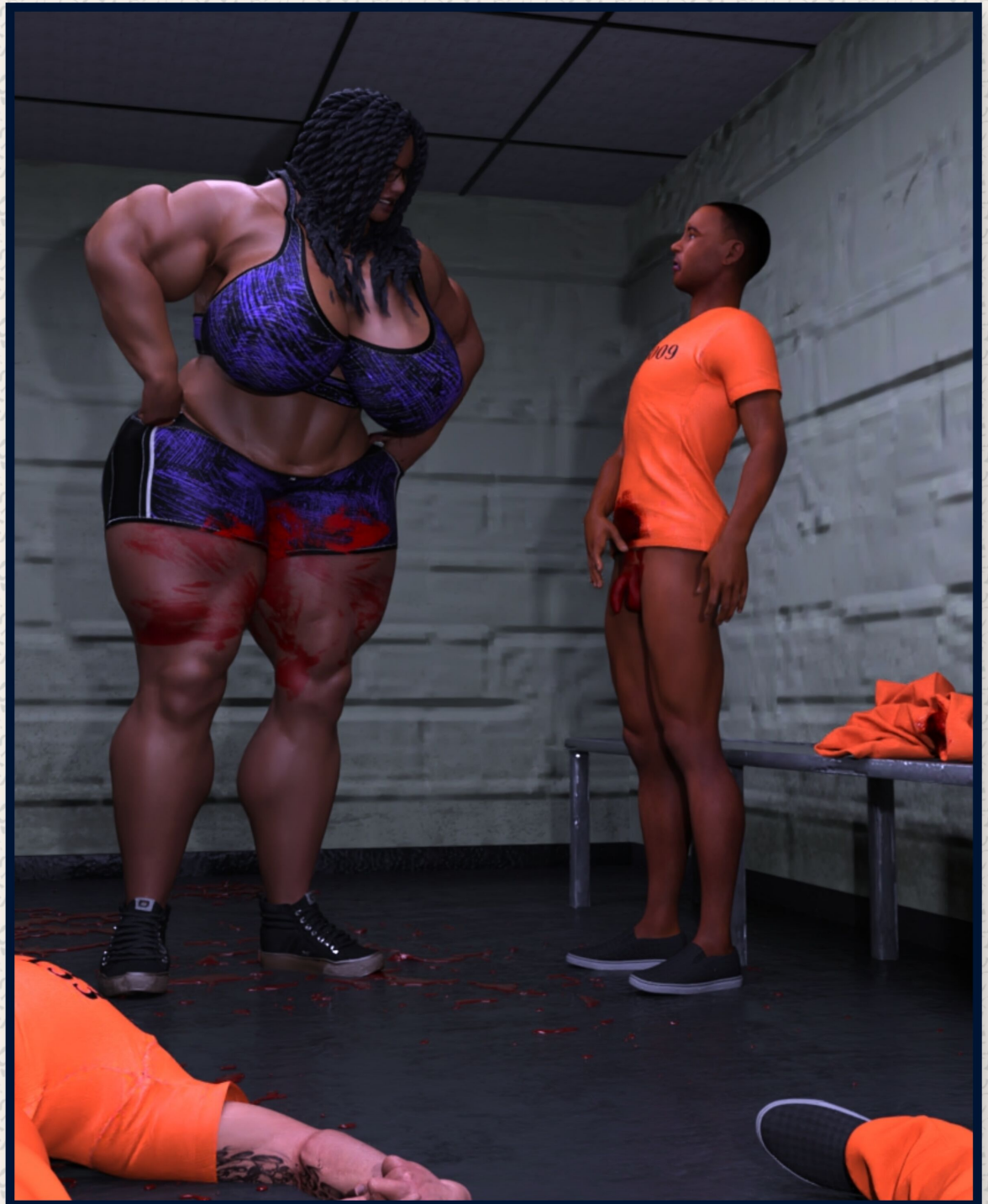
*Are you ready?” He nods.*

*“Awesome. Sadia says, get an erection.”*

*He looks down at his purple mangled cock and whimpers, “I can’t.”*

*“Oh noooooo.” I laugh. “Guess I have to break your legs?”*

*“Wait-please?!?”*



*He tries to take a step back and slips in the blood, falling to the floor. I seize the opportunity and punch him in the left kneecap, shattering the bones and cartilage. Then follow up by doing the same with the other leg. He screams bloody murder as I paralyze him.*



*“Let’s try that one again before we move on. Sadia says, get an erection!”*

*“Please don’t do this. Please don’t kill me.” He sobs loudly.*

*“It’s fine, hun. I’ll just break your fingers.”*

*“PLEASE, NO!!!” He wails.*

*I grab his ankle and drag him closer to me. I confidently straddle him and grip his hand tightly. He tugs hard, struggling to get his hand loose. He is sobbing while I'm giggling with joy.*

*"This little piggy went to jail." Snap!!! The crisp wet snap disgusted me a little, but his face made it worth it. He can't even yell anymore; he is too hoarse and too tired.*

*"This little piggy laughed while an alpha woman was speaking. That was a big mistake."*

*SNAP!!!*

*"This little piggy had a small cock while an alpha woman was horny. Another big mistake."*

*SNAP!!! "This little piggy doesn't appreciate how gentle I am being. That's just plain rude."*

*SNAP!!!*

*"This little piggy didn't beg for his life hard enough. Since he doesn't appreciate his life, I'll extinguish it." SNAP!!!*



*He blacks out. I roll my eyes in frustration. I hate how easily men pass out from a bit of pain. I caress his cheek gently until he comes too. I promptly grab his other hand and twist his arm violently. I continue to rotate it beyond its normal range of motion. I can feel the tension reach its peak, but I keep twisting. The snap his arm makes is distinct; it's still a gushy wet snap but not quite the same as his fingers. It was louder, wetter even. I love it. I stand, hoisting 6009 in the air by his meat handle. I grab his neck on the upswing as well. "Alright, Dus-TIN. This is how my ex-boyfriend died. Watch closely, or I'll kill you too."*



*To my delight, Dustin is still rock hard. But I'll finish up with 6009 first. He can't breathe, he can't scream, he can't escape. Poor guy. I yank hard on his cock, using his neck to hold him there. All this harsh treatment causes his cock to tear and separate from his body slightly. Blood is pouring from the wound. Once more, I yank his cock hard. Wow! I pulled it right off. It's so awesome that I can still manually castrate men. It's been a long time since I tried that. I'm glad that I still got it. I look at the clock, and it's 3:01 am. Fuck! I need to finish this up. I toss his dismembered cock to the floor but continue holding him above my head for a few more moments.*



*Then, without warning, I slam him down on my knee, hard. The impact audibly demolishes his spine, but somehow he isn't dead. My ex died right then, but this guy survived. I grab his neck and pelvis and bend him further across my knee. There are several more violent cracks, but he is still alive. His mouth is foaming up slightly, and his eyes are rolling back, but he isn't dead yet. I grab him by the shoulders and stand up. His eyes are still open, but he is entirely unresponsive, aside from the foaming.*





*I hug him tightly, trying to comfort him in his last moments. I almost feel bad for him. Then a delicious thought comes to me. I squeeze him harder; his body starts creasing against mine, and his chest cavity collapses. I press him harder; he spits up blood onto my breast. I squeeze him even harder; his body sounds off like a firecracker as all his bones shatter in unison. Finally, I feel his heartbeat getting weaker and weaker as it slows to a crawl; then, it stops. He is dead.*

*Now Dus-TIN is the only one alive. His face tells me he is horrified by this fact, but his cock tells me he is eager to die. Even though he is crying and shaking voraciously, I know what he really wants. Fortunately for him, I'm horny again. So I'll give him a little pleasure before I kill him.*

*"So that's pretty much the whole story. After all that, I carried my boyfriend's lifeless body to the edge of a landfill and tossed him over the fence. That's the end of the story. Now it's time for us to have some fun. Stand up and take off all your clothes. Be quick, or I'll get bored and kill you."*



*He undresses and stands there petrified. His fear drives me wild. I drop to my knees and start sucking his cock. I devour his dick whole, all 8 inches of it. I'm twirling my tongue around it as my throat caresses its head. I can feel him getting close to cumming. It's sooner than I would usually tolerate, but I'm going to kill him regardless, so I guess it doesn't matter. He pushes on my shoulders as he gets closer to a climax. He tries to pull his cock out of my mouth as he cums, but I grab his butt with one hand and his cock with the other.*

*He tugs again, trying to get loose, but I pull his cock in further. He sprays my throat with his cum and tries once more to pull his cock out of my mouth. But I grab his ass tighter and force him back in. He is sensitive now, so he can't handle my abusive grip on his cock anymore. He is tugging vigorously to get loose. This time I'll let him pull out. He lets out a sigh of relief as he yanks his cock out.*



*But his freedom is brief. I quickly push him to the ground and straddle him. I spread my vaginal lips and slide his cock inside me. Watching his face change from ecstasy to unbridled pain was priceless. He didn't know it was possible to feel this much pain from sex. I playfully maul his cock inside me as I rape him. But I'm still careful not to crush his pelvis as I thrust back and forth. Despite my care, I can feel his bones creaking under me. "Sadia, this hurts. Please ease up. You are going to crush it. Please, Sadia."*

*He pushes on my breasts, but he can't even slow me down. His frantic jolts are pointless but cute. Raping him is so much fun, and it feels so good. His crying is turning into random sobbing noises at this point. I could easily mutilate his cock inside me, and a part of me wants to. But I've done that a thousand times. I want to crush and kill him in a special way.*



*“DUS-TIINNN... do you know what time it is, hun?” He shakes his head no. “It’s 3:20 am. Which means you will be dead in 40 min.”*

*Slowly, but steadily I tighten my vagina even more.*

*“No... please... Don’t do this. You don’t have to kill me. I won’t tell anyone what you did.” He pleads.*

*Then the perfect idea comes to me. “He Dus-TIN? How much do you weigh?” “What!?!”*

*“Never mind, you might want to hold on to my waist, or this is going to hurt a lot.”*

*My vagina clamps down hard on his cock, and I stand up. I know my vagina can support his weight indefinitely, but for his sake, I can't hold him like this very long.*

*My vagina is already grinding his cock to a bloody pulp. But just to toy with him a little, I squat down until his ass touches the floor and slowly stand back up. On the upswing, I could feel his cock deteriorating inside me. He can't handle another squat like that.*



*“I know you must be ready for that hand job now. But I’m curious, do guys cum less if I burst one of their balls?” His eyes are begging for me to be joking. “Are you ready to help me find out, DUS-TIN?” “Please!” He sputtered out. “Don’t! Please don’t! Don’t do this to me?!?”*

*His delirium is so delicious. While maintaining my vagina’s grip on his cock, I use my free hand to reach under me and grab one of his balls firmly. I wish I could draw his pain out longer, but I don't have much time left to play with him.*

*So I pop his ball rather quickly, with minimal effort. The sound is dissatisfying; it's just a faint squishy pop. I have to resist the impulse to pop the other one just because the first one is so easy. He nearly loses consciousness from the trauma.*

*“Oh, Dus-TIN. I'm sorry, sweetheart. I didn't want to do that so fast. But don't you dare pass out. If you do, I'll squeeze your cock with my vagina's full strength. Your cock will end up like 6009's head!”*

*My threat frightens him enough to keep him awake. I release him from my “vaginal man trap,” allowing him to fall to the floor. His landing splatters even more blood on the walls. I quickly lift him off the ground by the cock again, this time with my hand. His cock is rapidly changing to purple as I starve it of oxygen. I start to shake him up and down vigorously by his discolored cock.*



*I look over my shoulder, and it's 3:33 am. I push myself into overdrive to meet the guard's 4 am deadline. I shake him harder and faster, like a human shake weight. I am giving him the most savage aerial hand job ever performed. His cock is bleeding from the tip, and he is screaming bloody murder; I love every second of it. After few minutes of shaking him vigorously, I realize his cock is throbbing; it's trying to cum again! Yay! I release his destroyed cock, and he falls to the floor again. Without the*

*pressure of my massive hands holding it in, he immediately sprays cum and blood into the air. I want to milk him again after crushing his other testicle. But the guard would be back soon. Instead, I pick him up and carry him towards the bars at the front of the cell. Dustin is still spraying out his last drops of cum, but it's time for him to die. I start to push his head into the space between the bars, but it doesn't quite fit. He closes his eyes, so I pause. He leaves them closed for a while, preparing himself to die. I kiss him on the cheek to disarm his fear. When he opens his eyes, I can see hope in them.*

*He is hoping I don't want to kill him anymore. His hope is misplaced. I confidently force his head between the bars. The skin on the side of his head peels away, and his eyeball pops out a little. He bleeds heavily from the nose as he goes into a sporadic seizure. I watch quietly, smiling at what I've done. I wish I had more fucking time to revel at this moment. I place my hands on either side of his head and snap his neck. His chin and the back of his head are holding him in place, between the bars. His seizure and my amusement come to an end. He is dead.*

*"I'm sorry, Dustin. I wish I could have played with you longer. But I think we did well with the time we had."*

*His body twitches once more, almost agreeing with me. I quickly scoop up some of the blood collecting in the center of the room and start painting it all over myself, avoiding putting in my hair, of course. I had a few splatters on me here and there, but I need my body covered in their blood like my hands are; so I can sell my lie. I look at the clock; it's 4 am. Where the fuck is that guard? Without warning, there is a loud buzz as the lights flicker back on. But still no guard. What feels like an eternity is passing. 4:10 am... 4:15 am... 4:20 am! Now I'm getting nervous. Finally, the door buzzes for the guard to enter.*

*"Morning, motherfuckers!!! I got some bad news. You see, my boss has a boss. His boss also has a boss. That boss of bosses has ordered me to release that fat black bitch down there with you. So stop raping her. I'll be sending someone down to collect her in a few minutes."*

*I'm just as delighted as I am confused. Who got me out of this?*

*Who could get me out of this? Who the fuck can bail out a murderer before they even see a judge? Xavier! It had to be my sweet loving Xavier.*

*There is another buzz for the door to open. A much more lively guard starts to run down the stairs. But when he gets to my level, he stops running as he sees the dead body hanging there between the bars. In hindsight, I probably shouldn't have left him hanging there. But it was such a beautiful kill I just couldn't resist.*

*“Holy shit! What happened?!?” Screams the guard.*

*I put on my innocent white girl voice to really sell my bullshit story. “Oh, officer, they tried to rape me. They attacked me relentlessly. Thank God you are here.”*

*He is overwhelmed by the sight of Dustin hanging between the bars. I’m pretty sure the blood splattered all over the walls and floor didn’t help either.*

*“I gotta call... I gotta -“ he vomits. His disgust offends me. Killing Dustin this way is a work of art. He better be glad he is the one releasing me. Otherwise, I’d kill this pathetic excuse for a boy without a second thought.*

*“You okay, sweetie?”*

*He nods. He grabs his radio on his chest and calls in Dustin’s death.*



*“Hey, Ronnie. Ummm... the inmates... Ummm.” He gets closer to the cell so he can see the full scope of the gore I caused. “Shit Ronnie! All the inmates are dead except the girl.”*

*Ronnie barks back, “Why the fuck are you telling me about dead criminals!?!?! They are criminals!!!! No one will give a fuck!!! Now bring the girl up here to change clothes and get her out of here!!! My boss said she needs to be outside of this building by 5 am, or I need to look for a new job. So let her out!!!*

*Right!!! Fucking!!! Now!!!”*

*He looks defeated and sad but, most importantly, terrified. He slides the keys into the lock reluctantly and opens the door very slowly. The young guard stares at my blood-soaked body head to toe, and he keeps his hand firmly on his gun. But it’s holstered. It’s time for a little more fun. I gently grab his collar and lift him until he is at eye level with me. He tries to draw his gun, but I yank it from his tiny hands and toss it down the hall.*



*I press him firmly against the wall across from the cell and stare into his eyes. I pull him away from the wall and slam him against it; this knocks the wind out of him. Pathetic. I do this once more. He slaps me. I smile. He punches me this time. God, I love it when they fight back. I lean in and “kiss” him passionately. He tries to force me back with all his might, but he can’t. I push my tongue so far back into his mouth he gags and tries to cry.*

*I break off the kiss and lean in threateningly. He is breathless from the kiss and scared of being slammed into the wall again.*

*“What happened here, sweetheart?”*

*“You... Ummm... you hurt... I mean... killed these people?”*

*“Wrong. They were not people; they were inmates. These filthy inmates tried to rape me, and I defended myself.”*

*“But...”*

*He never finishes that sentence. I cup his balls firmly and squeeze. He slaps me again, so I “kiss” him again. He pushes on my breasts in an attempt to force me back. I couldn’t help but giggle at how weak he is. Slowly but deliberately, I clutch his balls harder and harder until my grip makes him yelp. Now I know how easy it is to pop them; I’m careful not to. I break off the kiss again. He coughs loudly and inhales deeply. “So, I’m going ask nicely once more. If you answer wrong or slap me again, I will castrate you with my bare hands. What happened here?”*



*“They tried...” \*coughs\* “They tried to rape you. \*coughs again\*  
“Self-defense.”*

*“Wonderful! Do you want another kiss? I do.”*

*“Please. I have kids.” \*Coughs\* “Please, can you let me go?”*

*I lean in to “kiss” him again. This time much rougher. I shift my grip from his collar to his neck. I playfully squeeze his neck over and over, trying not to break it on accident. Meanwhile, I’m still clutching his balls, just shy of bursting them. After a minute or two, I stop “kissing” him and release his balls. I hold his neck a little longer, though. I enjoy watching him claw at my arm as he fights to stay conscious.*

*Just as he is about to pass out, I let go, allowing him to slump to the ground. He quickly covers his balls and tries not to cry. “Alright, sweetheart. I’ve decided to let you survive don’t make me change my mind. Lead the way to freedom.”*



*A few minutes later, I'm using the guard's shower to freshen up. They agree to let me change into the clothes they confiscated from my locker at the gym. But I need to wash all this blood off first. But as I stand here scrubbing, I whisper to myself...*



*"Fuck... I could have played with Dustin for like 20 more minutes."*

**THE END.**