

JANE

By Pouget Dalmas



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© 2018 Pouget Dalmas
pougetdalmas@gmail.com
www.rc-smith.net/pouget/

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Cover by Pouget Dalmas.

Introduction

These are not my parents, but they also are.

My parents are everything I ever wanted from them and more. Loving, supportive, and willing to indulge their only child at every opportunity.

However, they never knew and still don't know about my fascination with the thrill of an imagined knife slowly being pushed into my belly-button, the imagined thrill of watching someone else's face as I stab their bellybutton, or any variation of that and a few more ways that cold steel meets warm flesh.

Also, I cannot draw. At all. Not even a bit. If you look me up around the internet you might find some of my pictures, but they were made with software, not a pad of paper and a pencil. I've tried. Often. Even my stick figures suck.

So here we have an idealised little story of what happens when a young girl loves the things that I do, and can draw like I can't, shows her work to her dotting parents ...

Pouget Dalmas

Jane

“What’s that you’ve been drawing, Puggle,” Mum asked as she popped her head round the door to my room. Puggle was my pet name. When I’d been a little girl, I had had trouble learning how to say ‘Pouget’ just right, and sometimes it came out sounding more like ‘Puggle’, so that became Mum’s special name for me. Dad’s, too.

I looked up at her and smiled as I worked away at the desk in my bedroom, busy with my favourite drawing book. It was one of those books with a leather cover and blank pages that looked like a real book. It had been my tenth birthday present, and I had half-filled it already.

“Oh, the usual,” I said as I tried to finish off the figure on the top of an Aztec pyramid. I’d pencilled in the priest behind her holding a knife in his hand, and I was just about ready to black in the edges of the sacrifice where she lay on the altar.

“Can I see?” Mum asked as she sat on the edge of my bed. I was glad I’d made it as soon as I’d got up that morning. Mum was keen on those kinds of things.

“Sure,” I said as I passed her the book. “It’s about a white girl, I think she’s the daughter of an explorer, or maybe an army man, I haven’t decided yet. Anyway, she got separated from the rest, and then she got captured, and now she’s going to be sacrificed.”

“And is all of this from in here?” Mum asked as she patted me on the head.

I giggled. “Most of it, but I got some of it from a film I saw.”

“What film was that?” Mum asked.

“Don’t know. I watched it with Dad when you were out,” I said, Dad and me often watching films together, but we often all sat down

to watch them as well. I wasn't much into books at that age, so Dad said it was good to watch films, instead, to feed my imagination.

Mum smiled funny as she asked, "One of Daddy's videos?"

I nodded.

Mum sighed. "You know most of those films are not suitable for ten year old girls, don't you?" she asked. She didn't sound angry — it was Dad who had let me watch it — and I guess she just wanted to know I knew I shouldn't have watched it.

"I know, Mum, but Dad's films are so exciting and they make me feel excited, even when you can see it's fake."

"And what was this one about?" Mum asked.

"Oh, the usual. Dumb people go to the jungle, find something they shouldn't, and then get killed one by one as they are hunted down by the tribesmen. It was a bit like my picture when they captured one of the women and wanted to sacrifice her, but she got rescued before they could do it. I thought if I had made that film, she would not have escaped, so I had a go at drawing it," I said as I pointed to the young woman. "In the film she'd had her clothes on, except for that funny thing they do so you can see her tits in the middle ..."

"You mean her cleavage, like this?" Mum asked as she opened the buttons of her blouse so you could see the shadow where her boobs met.

"Cleev-idge?"

Mum nodded.

"Okay, so you could see her cleavage, but that was all, so I knew it wasn't a proper sacrifice and she would escape or be saved."

"How did you know that?" Mum asked.

"Easy. If she's dressed, then you can watch her run off, but if she's nude like she should be for a sacrifice, then she won't escape and

they'll do those tricks with the camera so you nearly see her nipples or her pussy, but you never do. So unfair!" I said.

Mum smiled. "You know, Puggle, I think you are right. If she's clothed, then she'll escape. That's really well spotted."

"Thanks! Anyway, I don't want her escaping in my picture, so she's only got her panties or something like that on," I explained. I'd tried to draw her topless and I'd tried to draw her tits big enough so you could tell she was a woman and not some man who lifted a lot of weights, but it wasn't easy. I was still learning how to draw.

Mum smiled at me as she handed the book back. "Will she escape?"

I shook my head. "But they usually do, in films, don't they," I sighed.

Mum nodded. "You don't like that?"

"But it's not fair!" I said. "Why is it only men get executed or sacrificed or whatever?"

"Well, in most films, the heroes are men and the soldiers are men, and so they are the ones who die, saving the women. They call them Damsels in Distress, and their only job is to give the men someone to rescue, or die trying," Mum explained. "Puggle, in most films the women just don't die, and especially not on top of a pyramid about to be sacrificed."

"I know," I sighed. "It's still not fair though."

"Have you decided how you will sacrifice her?" Mum asked. Not how the priest would sacrifice her, but how I would do it. I loved my Mum. She knew me so well.

"I'm not sure. I mean, I could have her get stabbed through the heart I guess ..."

"But?" Mum asked, smiling at me.

“But that seems kind of lame. I mean, if I was going to sacrifice someone, I would want them to know who to and why and stuff like that. If they don’t know that, it’s not that interesting, is it?” I asked.

Mum smiled. “So who is she going to be sacrificed for?”

“It’s that one I can’t say,” I giggled.

“Cthulhu?” Mum suggested.

“Kuh-too-loo?”

Mum nodded. “Well done, Puggle. Cthulhu.”

“Okay, so she’s going to be sacrificed to Cthulhu then.”

“Do you know who Cthulhu is?” Mum asked.

“He’s the big monster with a squid for a face who wants to kill everyone and everything, but he’s not strong enough. So, if they sacrifice her to him, he will get stronger. And if they tell her and let her die slowly, she can get really upset about it, that her death is going to make the world end, some day,” I explained. “Maybe that makes her, er, tastier for him or stronger or something, so when he eats her, it makes him stronger quicker?”

“Isn’t that a bit mean?” Mum asked. “Using her death for Cthulhu and making her understand it and making her die slowly as well?”

I giggled. “But Cthulhu is a mean god, Mum.”

Mum smiled back at me. “So he is. Can I do anything to help?”

“You want to be my model again?” I asked. It wouldn’t be the first time Mum had posed for me to help me get the arms and things right. If I didn’t have a model, I sometimes got the arms much too long or bent the joints wrong. I’d got one of those wooden doll things on a shelf, but it wasn’t the same.

“If you think it would help ...”

“Mum, that would be so cool!”

“Well, that’s settled. Now, do you want me like your victim?” Mum asked.

“That’s okay, if you do that for me?” I asked.

“Of course it is,” Mum said as she stood up, took off her blouse and bra and jeans, and put them all at the top of my bed.

I giggled.

“What’s funny?” Mum asked as she sat back down.

“I need to make her tits bigger now.”

Mum smiled. “You want to make her look more like me?”

I nodded. “Yeah. I was trying to picture me as her, you know, as a grown up, but that’s not easy and I guess I drew her tits too small, didn’t I?”

“Well, you are only ten, so you don’t have any tits to look in the mirror at, not really, do you?” Mum teased.

“I do too, look!” I said as I pulled off my tee-shirt to show her. “Okay, so they are not as big as yours, but I’m not flat any more,” I said, trying to puff my chest out to show my tits had finally started to grow, even if they were just a bit wobbly and a bit puffy and not like Mum’s at all.

Mum smiled. “They are lovely, Puggle, but if you want your sacrifice to look more like me than you ...”

“Bigger tits.”

Mum smiled. “Maybe if I was to lie on the corner of the bed, like you’ve got her on that altar, would that help you get them right?”

“Thanks, Mum,” I said as she did just that and lay over the corner of the bed, her feet dangling down to the floor on one side, her head on the other, her arms out wide, and her tits not that much different from how I’d drawn my victim, just bigger and rounder.

I got to work, swapping for a lighter pencil as I redrew the outlines

of Mum's tits, then using a darker pencil to make the new lines stand out, even trying to shade the sides a bit, so they looked more real.

"Done!" I said as Mum sat up and I passed the book to her.

"Puggle, that's really good," Mum said as she passed it back.

"Thanks, but I need to work on the priest now."

"Do you want me to pose for him, too?" Mum asked.

I giggled and shook my head. "You can't. He's a man and your tits are too big to pretend to be a man."

Mum sighed and reached for her bra. "You sure?"

I nodded.

"Okay, well, let me know if there's anything else you need," Mum said as she tied her tits up again before she pulled on her jeans and blouse.

"I will. When's Dad going to be home?" I asked. He normally came home in time for six, but not always.

"He said he might be a little late tonight, so just you and me for dinner, and Dad will be home around seven. Do you think your picture will be ready by then?"

"I'll try. I'd like to see what Dad says. He's always got good ideas for how to add something or change something to make my pictures even better."

"Your father is very proud of you, Puggle," Mum said as she kissed me on the top of the head and left me to carry on.

~

"Your mother tells me you've been drawing your pictures again," Dad said as we sat around the dinner table later that evening, me drinking my glass of water, Mum and Dad sipping a glass of wine, everyone having eaten something, just not together.

“Yeah. I was drawing a picture of Jane getting sacrificed,” I said.

“Jane?” Mum asked.

I nodded. “Yeah. I was thinking, it’s not fair that Tarzan always gets to rescue Jane. If she’s so bad at surviving without him, then she deserves to get sacrificed or killed or eaten. I’m not very good at crocodiles or dinosaurs, so I thought she should get sacrificed instead, and if she was going to be sacrificed, then that must be her in the picture you helped me with this afternoon.”

“Isn’t Tarzan in Africa?” Mum asked.

“Not this time. This time he went on holiday to where the Aztecs live, and because he doesn’t know the animals and he doesn’t know the jungle, that’s why he won’t find Jane in time,” I explained.

“You have certainly thought your story through,” Dad said. “Is your picture finished? Could I see?”

“Sure! Want me to go get it now?”

“Please.”

“Be right back!” I said as I ran up to my room, got my book, and ran back down again, putting the book on the table in front of Dad and flicking through until I got to my newest picture. “This is it,” I said as I stood back a little. It was kind of like showing a picture to a teacher at school, but Mum and Dad had made sure I knew not to draw those pictures at school.

Dad nodded as he looked at it for a long time. Now that I had finished, you could see the top five steps of the pyramid, a blocky altar with Jane lying over it only wearing her panties or shorts I guess, and a priest behind her, ready to stab her in the bellybutton.

Dad smiled as he turned to me. “Did your mother help you draw this?” he asked.

I nodded. “She posed for Jane for me. How did you know?”

Dad laughed. “Your Mum’s tits, Puggle. I would know those tits anywhere!”

Mum chuckled.

“Did I draw them that good?” I asked, a bit surprised if I had. I had tried to, but trying hard doesn’t always do enough.

“Yes you did,” Dad said. “You see how Jane’s left nipple is a little up? Just like your mother’s.”

I nodded. He was right. I guess I’d been trying so hard to draw Jane’s tits right, I hadn’t realised I’d drawn that little detail about Mum’s tits, too. Mum always teased me that when I was a baby I used to suck on her left nipple so hard that it moved up her tit to try and get away from me. It didn’t get very far, but it did try to.

“Can I see?” Mum asked.

“Sure,” I nodded, so Dad passed the book over and Mum looked.

Dad smiled at me, and I knew that smile. It was his ‘tell me the story’ smile he used when he wanted to hear more about my pictures. Stretching my imagination, he called it. “Puggle? Why doesn’t Jane try to run away?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Maybe they drugged her? Or maybe she’s just dumb and is so sure Tarzan will rescue her that she doesn’t try to escape herself.”

Dad nodded. “What do you think, Tess? Do you think Pou would enjoy acting this one out?” he asked. I’d acted my pictures out with them before, and it was always fun.

“Please, Mum? Please say yes?” I begged.

“Of course we can,” Mum said as I jumped up and down and clapped I was so happy. “Gil? Do you think we should dress up for it?”

Dad nodded. “Okay. Everyone upstairs to get changed. Puggle, can you put your loincloth on for yourself?”

I nodded. My loincloth was something I’d asked for after watching all those Tarzan films and tv shows, so Mum had helped me to make one. It was really easy. It had started as an old pillowcase, one of those ones that’s a bit too old, but soft as anything. She’d stitched a long panel together from most of the pillowcase to make the loincloth bit, and she’d somehow stitched and twisted up the rest to make a rough rope to hold it in place. To put it on was really easy. All I had to do was loosely tie the rope part round my waist, hold the cloth between my legs, then loop the back of the cloth over the back of the rope, and the front over the front, tying the rope tighter once it was done.

I so loved it!

I loved to run around and play jungle stories with my friends or on my own, and often we would play them nude so we would feel more like savages and less like ourselves, but when Mum made me my loincloth, it was just the best. Now I could run round being a jungle girl and look like a jungle girl too, not just a nude girl.

Best of all, after my loincloth had gone so well and they had seen how much fun I had when I wore it, Mum had made two more, one for her and one for Dad so that when we acted out any of my jungle pictures, we could always dress right.

Like tonight!

I got dressed as quick as I could and ran back down into the dining room, and Mum was there already, wearing her loincloth, too.

“Mum! I can see your tits!” I giggled.

“So you can! I don’t think your father will mind, but you don’t mind, do you?” she asked.

I shook my head. “No! I mean you can see my tits, so that’s just fair. Anyway, I like watching them, the way the move and stuff. It helps me to draw better tits in my pictures,” I explained.

“Well, that’s all right then, isn’t it. Ah, Gil,” Mum said as Dad came in, and he was just wearing his loincloth as well.

I liked the way he looked, tall and hairy, but I always liked the way Mum looked more.

“Wow! Don’t my two ladies look good,” Dad chuckled as he gave Mum a quick kiss.

“Thanks, Dad.”

Dad smiled. “So, you okay to sacrifice your mother, Puggle?”

“Er, we’re not going to really do it, are we? I love my mummy and I would never do that to her,” I said, suddenly feeling like I was going to cry.

“No, of course, not,” Dad said, holding his arms open so he could hug me. Mum hugged us both. “I said that wrong, didn’t I, Puggle? What I meant is would you like to be the priest’s assistant and help me to sacrifice Jane?”

“I can help?!” I asked, the idea of sacrificing mummy gone as I realised Dad was asking me to help. Whenever we had acted out one of my pictures before, I had just been there to watch. Not to help!

Dad nodded. “And I’ve something to help you help me with,” he said as he grabbed a little bowl from the sideboard and put it on the table.

“What’s in there?” I asked.

“Tomato ketchup and water,” Dad said.

“So it looks like real blood?” I asked. All my other scenes had been just Mum and Dad standing or lying or whatever, but never with any pretend blood.

Mum smiled proudly. “Told you she’d guess it, Gil.”

Dad nodded. “Of course, what makes that even better is this,” he said as he handed me a small parcel wrapped up in proper wrapping paper.

“But it’s not my birthday?” I said, puzzled why I was getting a present on a Tuesday in July when my birthday was April and Christmas was December.

“Open it,” Dad said as he and Mum hugged to watch.

“Okay,” I grinned as I ripped off the paper, turned the cardboard over and saw — “It’s a trick knife!” I screamed.

“There’s a small spring in the handle, so when you press it against anything, the blade disappears,” Dad explained. “So are you going to use it tonight?”

I didn’t need Dad to ask me twice. I ripped the plastic off the cardboard, and there it was in my hands, a knife that would make it look like someone was really stabbed. I so wanted to try it on my belly-button, but that would have to wait until we had posed my picture first. “Dad this is so cool!”

Dad smiled proudly. “You’ve been doing so well with your pictures, that your Mum and I thought you might like an extra little present. Now, even though it is a trick knife, you still have to be careful with it. Try pressing it to your hand? See how strong the spring is? That will get a little easier the more you use it, but for now, be careful not to do it too hard, and not to do it where you could hurt someone, okay?”

I nodded as I pressed the blade in and out and in and out in my palm, my mind filling with all kinds of ways to pretend stab people with it.

Or they could pretend stab me.

Or I could pretend to stab myself!

“Okay, one last thing. Before you stab Jane with your blade, if you dip it in the Ceremonial Oil first, when you stab her, you will see blood. Got it?” Dad asked.

“Yes!” I shouted as I jumped up and down in excitement.

“Right then. Let’s begin, shall we?” Dad said. “Tess, if you could climb onto the table for us?”

“Of course, Priest,” Mum said as she stood on a chair and climbed up onto the table, lying along its longest part so that her head was at the top, but her feet hung over the edge a bit.

“Everyone ready?” Dad asked.

Mum and me nodded, so Dad began.

“Great Cthulhu,” he said as he raised his hands up high in the air. “We know you are weak, that you are hungry, and that you are not yet strong enough to take this world.

“But we also know that you are growing stronger, and that each sacrifice brings you one step closer to your return, to bathe this world in blood once more.

“Cthulhu, we have a morsel for you.

“This foolish woman ran away from her man.

“She thought he would find her.

“She still thinks he will come for her.

“But when he does, all he will find is her body.

“Her soul will be gone, a bloody meal for you, Great Cthulhu.

“And today, Dark One, I bring you my daughter, the terrible Pou. It is she who will sacrifice Jane to you, it is her knife that will run freely with blood in your name.

“Jane, you know where you are, on the Altar of Cthulhu?” Priest Dad asked.

Mum Jane nodded sleepily.

“You know you are to be sacrificed to our Dark Lord?”

Mum Jane nodded again.

“You believe your Tarzan will save you?”

Another nod, a bit hesitant, though.

Priest Dad smiled. “Priestess Pou, we must teach this Jane pain. Only then will she suffer as her soul is cut from her body.

“Do exactly as I say.

“Pick up your knife and dip it in the Ceremonial Oil.”

Smiling excitedly, I dipped the blade in the Oil, most of it running back off, but some of it sticking to the edges at the bottom of the blade.

“Take Jane’s tit in your hand, Priestess Pou,” Priest Dad said.

“Really?” I asked, wide-eyed.

Priest Dad nodded, so with my left hand I grabbed Mum’s tit, holding it from the bottom.

“Like this?” I asked.

Priest Dad nodded. “Now, pull her nipple until it is hard and plump.”

I hesitated, but Priest Dad nodded again as he smiled at me, and as I turned to look at her, Mum Jane nodded too.

Still holding Mum’s tit with my left hand, I trapped her nipple between my thumb and first finger, and squeezed and stretched.

Mum moaned.

“Mum?” I asked, a bit worried I might have hurt her or done it wrong or something.

Priest Dad shook his head. “Remember, Priestess Pou, that a moan can be joy as well as pain. Make her feel joy again, so that the pain will be so much more painful.”

Guessing he wanted me to do it again, I squeezed and twisted Mum

Jane's nipple again. Already it felt harder, and this time she moaned in a really low voice.

Wow.

I didn't know tweaking a tit could feel that good.

I needed to try for myself, later.

"Is she in pleasure, Priestess Pou?" Priest Dad asked.

I squeezed again, and Mum Jane moaned again. "She is."

Priest Dad nodded. "Good. Now. Take your knife and stab her through her nipple and into her tit."

My eyes were wide! "But High Priest, that's a nasty thing to do to a woman. Her tits are for her babies ..." I said as I realised. "Oh. She won't have any, will she?"

Priest Dad shook his head. "Remember, the slow blade is the best blade."

Nodding that I understood, I held Mum Jane's tit in my left hand, pushed her hard nipple up out of the way, put the tip of the knife right under where her nipple stuck out, and slowly pushed it right the way in until the handle was next to her tit and it looked like she was stabbed all the way into it.

"No!" Mum Jane gasped — not screaming in case the neighbours heard something and worried what was happening, but making 'no' sound really painful. "Oh God it hurts!" she whisper-cried. "My tit hurts!"

Wow.

I was stabbing Mum Jane in the tit!

Inside my chest I could feel my heart pounding away like I had been running. I could hear my blood thumping in my ears. My own nipples were stiff and sticking out as much as they could (not much, but they were trying their best) and my clitoris was tickly.

And all I had done so far was stab Mum Jane's tit.

What would happen when I sacrificed her?

"Has the sacrifice stopped screaming, Priestess Pou?" Priest Dad asked.

I nodded.

"Then anoint the blade again, dip it in the Ceremonial Oil and stab her other tit. Let her understand she will die and her tits are worthless, now," Priest Dad said.

"Yes, my Priest," I said as I slowly pulled the knife out of Mum Jane's left tit, Mum Jane whimpering at the pain, looking down, seeing the little splash of blood, and sobbing a little more.

I looked at her tit, at the ketchup blood just under her nipple, and I was glad Priest Dad has asked me to stab her other tit.

I wanted to see blood coming from tits that should have milk, not blood in them.

My own tits were aching, too.

Did I want to be stabbed in my tits?

Yes!

Even though they were little more than sensitive buds of flesh, already I knew I wanted to see my own tits bleed, too.

But first I was going to see Mum Jane's tits bleed some more.

Carefully so as not to drip anything on the carpet, I dipped the knife in the Ceremonial Oil again, and walked round to the other side of the table.

For a moment I was puzzled. I'm right-handed, so how to do this? I looked and I thought about it and I figured it would be best not to swap hands.

So. Holding Mum Jane's right tit in my left hand, and with Priest

Dad nodding his encouragement, I held the side of her tit this time as I pulled and squeezed her nipple.

Mum Jane's moans were funny sounding.

Part of her was in pain where I had stabbed her tit, but part of her was enjoying how I squeezed and tweaked her not-stabbed tit as her nipple got thick and stiff between my fingers.

"No! Priestess! Please?" Mum Jane begged as she saw me begin to line up the knife.

"Be quiet. Your noise displeases cut, cut-ul ... Cthulhu!" I said, Mum and Dad smiling as I said it right. "He hears only your screams. Suffer for him," I said as I squeezed Mum Jane's nipple up and slowly pushed my knife blade into her tit until it was all the way in, her 'no' and 'please' turned into slow gasps and whimpers.

"Do you feel it, Jane?" Priest Dad asked. "Do you feel the pain, the cold blade in your warm tit?"

"I ... I feel it," Mum Jane whimpered.

"What was pleasure, now is pain," Priest Dad said as he nodded to me. "Prepare the blade once more, Priestess Pou, her time comes."

I nodded as solemnly as I could and slowly pulled the blade back out of Mum Jane's tit, smiling as she gasped in pain all over again for me.

No, not for me.

For Cthulhu.

Crossing to the Ceremonial Oil, I dipped the blade in it again and went to stand by Priest Dad.

"This is awesome!" I whispered. I was almost shaking with excitement. I had just stabbed Mum Jane's tits and I was about to sacrifice her and it was the most incredible thing I had ever done.

"Exciting?" he whispered.

I nodded.

“How?”

“You want me to tell you? Everything?” I asked, a bit worried to tell him how it was making me feel.

Dad nodded. “If we know what parts you enjoy, we can try something like that again, and if we know what you don’t like, we can skip those parts.”

“It’s okay,” Mum said as she sat up a little, the ‘blood’ dribbling from her tits and making something that already looked great look incredible. “Gil? Why don’t you show her, let her know it’s okay?”

Dad nodded. “Seeing you as my priestess stabbing your mommy’s tits, it’s very exciting,” Dad said as he pointed down to his loincloth. He’d had to push it a little to the side, as his willie was stiff and poking out the one side.

“You’re willie!” I gasped.

Dad smiled and nodded. “You are both excellent actresses. Tess?”

Mum nodded. “You are the best, Pou, see?” she said as she lifted the flap of her loincloth so that I could see how she’d wet herself.

I knew it wasn’t pee, either.

Wow!

“So then, Puggle? How is this all making you feel?” Mum asked gently.

“I’m not sure,” I said. “It’s like a lot of things at once. My, er, my nipples are really stiff. My heart is beating really quick. I can hear the blood going thump-thump-thump in my ears. My tummy is moving quick because I’m breathing quick. And ... er, I can’t say it, can I?”

Mum smiled. “You feel something more? It’s okay, Puggle, you can tell us.”

“Okay. My, er, my clitoris is all tickly or itchy or something, and the

more we do, the more it, er, itches or tickles or feels scratchy or something,” I said, sure I was going to die of embarrassment.

“Well that’s a relief,” Mum said. “I thought it was just my clitoris that was feeling like that.”

“You too?” I gasped.

“Of course,” Mum said. “You’re excited, you’re aroused, and all those things you just said? That’s your body telling you exactly that. That’s why your father and I enjoy acting out your pictures, it makes us feel good, too.”

“So it’s okay?” I asked.

Mum and Dad nodded.

“Perfectly okay,” Dad said as he gave a nod and Mum lay back down, the fake blood now trickling onto her tummy and down her sides and looking amazingly real. “Now,” said Priest Dad in his stern voice. “Tell me, Priestess Pou, has the sacrifice known joy become pain?”

“She has, my Priest.”

“Excellent. Now tell me, Priestess Pou. If the sacrifice is to die slowly, where is the best place to stab her so she will not die until Great Cthulhu has swallowed up her soul from her living body?”

“Straight into the bellybutton?” I whispered, not quite able to imagine I was about to stab Mum Jane like that.

Priest Dad nodded. “Now anoint the blade with the Ceremonial Oil, and make sure there is plenty of oil on the blade, and then stand to her left, so she knows her soul will flow to the evil side.”

I was really going to get to do it?

Shaking and trembling with the excitement, knowing as soon as we finished I had to run upstairs and touch my little clitoris until I felt its joy washing me out, I went to the bowl and dipped the knife in it,

tipping it and rolling it so I could get as much of the Oil on as possible.

Just as I was done, Priest Dad asked, “Pass me the Oil, Priestess Pou, so that I can anoint the sacrifice.”

Puzzled I passed the bowl to Priest Dad, but as I watched him carefully drop some of the Ceremonial Oil into Mum Jane’s belly-button I realised what he was doing!

When I stabbed her, a lot of ‘blood’ would come out, making it look as real as possible.

I looked up at Priest Dad and smiled as he smiled back at me, winking to let me know he knew I knew as he handed me the Ceremonial Oil which I put back in its place, moving so that I stood at Mum Jane’s left side.

“Tell her, Priestess Pou, tell her, and sacrifice her,” Priest Dad said.

I nodded, closed my eyes for a moment to think, and opened them again. “Jane, you came to our land unwanted, you stomped around without thought, and you were proud that your man would rescue you.

“You were proud and arrogant.

“You came here believing the strength of your man could protect you from any harm.

“You are wrong.

“These are not his lands and he is lost, and by the time he discovers this temple, the animals will have feasted on your flesh, just as Great Cthulhu will feast on your soul.

“Jane, as you die, you bring strength to Great Cthulhu, you bring closer his return when everything you treasure will be destroyed, washed away in blood.

“You have felt pain and you believe you know pain.

“You do not.

“With this knife,” I said as I held it up carefully so it wouldn’t drip. “With this knife, I will cut out your life, open your belly, and let Great Cthulhu in to suck on your soul.

“There is nothing to stop these things happening,” I said as I held my left hand on Mum Jane’s belly as she heaved and panted as her fear grew, as she began to see she was lost.

Carefully I lowered the Sacrificial Blade until the tip was resting in her bellybutton.

I waited a moment ... and a moment later I began to slowly push the blade into her.

“No!” she gasped as she felt the tip touch the knot of her bellybutton. “Please! I beg you! Don’t do this!”

“Cthulhu must feed!” I said as Mum Jane weakly reached for my hands, but I was stronger, and as she stopped fighting and began to gasp and scream and sob, I pushed the blade deeper and deeper into her until it was all the way inside her.

Weakly, I felt Mum Jane take hold of the blade, so I let go and stepped back.

“I’m, I’m going to die!” Mum Jane cried, unable to believe it would happen, panting and gasping as she bled to death inside herself.

“Yes!” I hissed, feeling incredible.

There was my Mum, lying on the altar, with my blade buried inside her bellybutton, cutting through her guts inside.

Standing between her legs, his willie stiff from the excitement he was feeling, Dad had watched me stab Mum’s tits, and then her bellybutton.

And there I was, standing at the side, watching Mum hold my blade in her bellybutton, blood trickling out and running down the sides of her body.

I couldn't help it. Slowly I reached out with my first two fingers, smearing the tips with Mum Jane's blood.

Looking into her dying eyes, I let her watch me as I smeared her belly's blood on me, a line up from my bellybutton up to my chest. Another smear of blood, this time on the first two fingers of both hands, and I let her watch as I drew crude circles around my tits in her blood.

"This is a sign that one day it will be me where you are, that my life will feed Great Cthulhu, and that I will scream and bleed for his delight," I said, sighing just as deeply as if I was touching my clitoris already.

"You okay, Puggle?" Dad asked, curious.

"It's, it's just so exciting," I said.

Dad nodded.

"I thought imagining my picture was amazing, but acting it out, it's just more so. I don't know. I don't know how to describe it. It's ... it's incredible and I want to draw lots more pictures and I want to act them out with you and I'm really really really ... er ..."

Dad smiled. "We know, Puggle. It's the same for us, perhaps not as much as these are your pictures that we are bringing to life, but the excitement, that special kind of excitement you are feeling? We feel it, too, both of us."

"Why?" I asked. "I mean we just did a thing where someone got stabbed in the tits and stabbed in the belly and sacrificed to a really evil god and it should feel evil but it doesn't and I don't and I don't understand."

Dad sighed a little. "You know, that is a very big question from a not very big girl," he said.

"Sorry."

Dad shook his head. “Don’t be, Puggle. Tess?”

Mum smiled as she sat up, handing me my blade, and ignoring the blood as it ran out of her bellybutton, down her tummy, into her loincloth, and into her bush. “Your father is right, that is a big question. Basically, it is exciting to see something like this. People might tell you it’s wrong, but do they watch boxing matches? Do they watch films where someone kills someone else? Go to the circus to see the acrobats risk themselves up in the air?”

“Puggle, when something is at risk, it is exciting, so when a life is at risk, that is the most exciting thing there is. Everyone knows this and everyone feels this, but some people might not admit this, not even to themselves.

“Some people might not admit it because they’ve been told it’s wrong, and some might not admit it because the idea of getting a thrill from someone’s death is just too horrible for them.

“That’s okay.

“But that’s not you.

“Somehow you’ve discovered that these kind of things give you a thrill that you like and that you want to feel again and again.

“And that’s okay, Puggle.

“There’s nothing wrong with that.

“You get your thrill from your pictures, from watching things on tv, and from acting out your scenes with us, and that’s fine, Puggle. After all, that thrill you enjoy is no different from the thrill others have felt, helping them to write horror stories, make scary films, paint scary pictures, even write scary music.

“Of course there are other people who do bad things, like really hurt people, but there are bad people who do all kinds of things for all

kinds of reasons, and that's why we have policemen to protect us from them.

“So your pictures and our acting them out?”

“They're fine, Puggle, but because not everyone would like it or understand it, it has to stay a family secret, okay? They're fine to do at home, but just at home, okay?”

“But honestly, Puggle, your father and I are so proud of you, your pictures and your imagination, and every time you open that book of yours, we are wondering what new excitement you have to share with us.

“Does that make sense? I know it was a lot of words,” Mum said as she smiled at me. I loved my Mum. She gave me a big serious speech, and then asked if I got it.

“I think so,” I said. “It's like we're making our own horror stories, isn't it? And we make them the way we like them so that they make us feel as excited as possible, but because this isn't what most people do, we keep it a secret?”

Mum and Dad nodded.

I giggled. “Not everyone likes horror stories! I get it,” I smiled.

“No, but they like excitement,” Dad said. “Excitement is an incredible feeling, making you feel more alive as your body does things to make you more alert and even stronger, ready to face danger. But when that danger is imagined, not real, then you can use it for other things. Excitement creates Olympic athletes, excitement drives writers to create great books, and excitement makes you imagine a sacrificial knife inside Jane's bellybutton. Still making sense?”

“I think so,” I said. I had the feeling I knew what they meant, even if I didn't know how to say it.

“Well, after that little scene of yours, Puggle, it's starting to get a

little late for you to be up, so I think it's time for 'Priestess Pou' to run off to her bed, don't you?" Dad said.

"I guess, but that was a lot of fun, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, it was," Dad said, smiling as Mum ruffled my hair.

I was smiling, too, as I kissed them goodnight and ran up to my room, not even washing Mum Jane's 'blood' off me before I lay down on top of the duvet, closing my eyes and reliving it all, every moment, from the feel of Mum's tits in my hands as I stabbed them, to her look of terror and her cries as I plunged my knife into her bellybutton.

That was the part that excited me the most, to have realised I was powerless as someone slowly drove a cold blade into my bellybutton and into my hot insides, cutting me so that I could feel myself getting fat with blood inside me, getting cold as I began to lose my body temperature as I bled into myself, becoming confused and angry as I realised I was dying. And that death was to feed an evil god.

But I would not fear my death.

I would delight in it!

Even as I fingered my bellybutton, wiggling my little finger inside as far as I could push, pretending it was a dagger, with my other hand I found my clitoris, gently stroking and rubbing it as the itchy warmth grew inside me until, with a gentle sigh, I felt that bubble of joy explode, making me feel happy and joyous ... and envying of those who died, held down on an altar and sacrificed to Cthulhu.