

**MARA
SAMSARA**



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BEEN NICE**

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by Mara Samsara

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by Mara Samsara

The floor was cold. Cold and dark. Everything around me was dark, I was lying in a room without windows and no lights. Well, not exactly lying — somewhat kneeling in a bent over position, locked in a metal construction, with my arms and legs tied by metal cuffs. My breasts were locked, too, and there was also a metal cuff around my neck. I did not really care about the breast lock. Sure, it was a nice feature, but for me it was not important. It was important for *him*, though, the guy who had invented and welded the construction in which I was tied and locked. Timothy that is, the man I submitted to.

Tim had designed the construction very well. He knew about my preferences. My arms and legs were tied close together, as if tied by ropes. And the most important feature — the cuff around my neck — was tied not too tightly and not too loosely, and it did not hurt either. Just perfect.

Oh, and of course there also was a metal dildo. It was welded to the frame, so it was fixed and could not be moved. When assuming the position on the bondage construction, the first thing I had to do was to let the metal dildo slide into my pussy. Carefully, I did not want to hurt myself. I am not a pussy for pain, but pain kills my sexual arousal. It brings out something fiery in me, fiery and dark. This is not about that certain part of me. Well, in a way it is, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. So, back to the dildo. First, the metal felt cold, as if I was penetrated by an icicle. And when my pussy was not really wet from sweet, sweet anticipation, the dildo slid into me in a rather arduous way. It hurt much more than having a dick being put into you when you weren't horny at all and wanted to watch TV or do your nails

instead of being pounded doggy style on the couch. Anyway, most of the times I was very horny, and the metal dildo smoothly slid into me. It felt so good to be penetrated by cold, dead metal. The dildo would stay stiff no matter what (sorry, guys) and would not move an inch. I would be tied to it as long as Tim wished, and I always hoped he would tie me up for extended periods.

Once the metal dildo was inside me, my arms were tied next. Behind my back, as I liked it. Then my feet, and finally — *la grande finale* — Tim would tilt my head back, but just a tad, put the metal cuff around my neck and lock it with a screw. When he then put his hand away again, my head would automatically try to assume its natural position, but it could not, because the lock prevented this. So, I was softly strangling myself. The cold metal around my neck did not hurt at all (I don't know how Tim had achieved this, he really was a very talented engineer), and it felt cold first, too. Like dead hands softly closing around my skin, just wonderful.

On workdays, Tim usually tied me up in the storage room of his large house. The room had no windows and when he turned off the lights I was in almost complete darkness. Only a tiny gleam of light shyly shone into the room underneath the door. For Tim, the most arousing aspect was that I was lying (kneeling, bending, whatever) there with the dildo in my pussy. He liked the notion of me being fucked in a fixed position. He also made me wear a dildo slip quite often, when he did not tie me up in that construction. And he also liked to tie my feet, he was a feet man. He never expressly said so, but I am sure of it. A girl can detect looks even behind her back. Thinking about it now, it is kind of funny that Tim never told me about his foot fetish. In fact, he seemed to be embarrassed by it. Oh my.

On workdays, he would tie me up, behold me for a while (I used

to think of him looking at me like an art exhibit in a fancy museum), turn off the lights, close the door and leave. Often without a word. Sometimes, he would say ‘When I come back, I’ll let you suck my dick and swallow my semen.’ Yes, he really said ‘semen’ instead of ‘cum’, Tim was such a noble man. And sometimes he would offer me an even greater gift: ‘Back home, you may drink my piss. I’ll kick off my shoes, come right to you and put my penis in your mouth to let you drink.’ Yes, he also said ‘penis’ instead of ‘dick’, ‘cock’ or ‘little buddy’ or whatever names men make up for their nether brains (sorry again, guys). I loved it when he did that, especially when he just came back and fucked me in the mouth without saying a word. When he just used me and not talked to me. I loved so much being used as a fucktoy, a tied up fucktoy. And toilet, but only piss, crap makes me puke. I even don’t like anal sex. Feels like an enema, ever had one?

There were not too many workdays on which he tied me up, for I was leading my own life. I haven’t been a slave like in Roman times. Tim had not owned me. Well, in a way he had, but not completely. I had a job, my hobbies, my friends and sports. Of course, Tim would have loved to possess me as a slave, as cattle if you will, but he knew there was no use in pushing me. Like a pendulum, the recoil would have hit him just as hard as his initial push.

Sometimes, I wished Tim had not been such a fucking gentleman. I mean, he would never curse, always paid his darned taxes on time and even helped old ladies cross the road. Okay, I’m exaggerating, but you get the picture. He held doors open for me, complimented me on my eyes, hair, smile, outfit — I felt like a princess. No, not just a princess, a queen (who thinks small, stays small — one of my mottos). But only when we were not in master & servant mode. Then no more compliments, doors no longer held open — I shrank from a person to

an object. And I loved it. He would tie me up on the couch and make me suck his dick (pardon: penis), tie me on the kitchen table and fuck me, strangle me in bed, in the bathroom or where ever it overcame him, and much more. But still, he was a gentleman in doing so. Not a single time he overstepped my limits, he always held on to what we agreed. Tim and I, we had a relationship of trust. Many would say, we had a fucked up, sick and abnormal relationship, but listen to me, you narrow-minded braindead fuckwits: we had much more than many married couples have, than many young couples just having fallen in love have. Between us there had been trust. How many people do *you* really trust? Be honest.

Tim was not only into bondage and the slave thing. He was also very fond of Dolcett. Since you found my little story in one of the darker corners of the internet, I guess I don't have to explain what this means. Tim spent hours browsing the net looking for pictures and stories about women being killed in any ways conceivable. He was a *connoisseur de mort*, fascinated by women being snuffed. Shot, hanged, decapitated, impaled, burned, you name it, Tim was enjoying it all. He would make me kneel beside him, next to the desk on which his laptop stood (even though it was movable, he never took the laptop elsewhere), tie me up and made me watch him browse for snuff. I noticed as he got more and more aroused by it, and this aroused me, too. Because I knew, at some point the pressure would become too high for Tim and he would ease it by putting his dick into my mouth, usually unloading a lot of cum.

Tim really wanted to kill a woman. I am pretty sure he was possessed by this desire. Often, he would ask 'Mara, maybe one day, I will kill you. Would you like that? Would you let me do it?' I was aroused by the thought of letting Tim kill me. If at all, I would have liked him

to hang me. Or garotte me tied to a stool. But I knew, as soon as I agreed my days were numbered. Tim was a man of action, he did not like to postpone and never procrastinated. So, I used to answer ‘Maybe, I certainly like the idea of being killed by you, Tim.’ He was not content with my answer, I could tell by the slight shadow washing over his face, but he never pushed me. He knew, it would have been to no avail. On the other hand, he knew that when I agreed I would really mean it. Hence, he patiently waited for me to change my mind.

The thing between Tim and me was going on for almost a year, when one day he said to me ‘Mara, I am going to kill a woman.’ We just had switched to master & servant mode and he was tying my hands with a rope, when he said this in a matter of factly tone. First, I was baffled and wondered whether I had understood him correctly. Then, to my utter surprise, I became aroused. Very much so. The thought of Tim killing a woman turned me on big time. It was not me he wanted to kill, it was someone else. And judging by what he browsed on the internet, it would be very Dolcett like. Maybe, he even wanted to eat her. Not lick her pussy, really eat her. I was so very aroused that I answered ‘I would very much like that.’ This took him by surprise. He had expected me to protest and be appalled by this idea. ‘Really?’ he inquired. ‘Yes, really’ I answered truthfully. What followed was the most intense bondage sex Tim and I ever had. We were busy almost the whole night. The next day, on which both of us had to work, was rather cumbersome.

Me having agreed to Tim’s snuff intentions had changed things between us. His face lightened up, he was much more relaxed and hornier. I could judge by the loads he shot in my mouth. I was hornier, too. I wanted to suck him off pretty much all the time, and when he drank (water, beer, wine, whatever) I hoped he would have to pee soon

and instead of wasting his piss into the toilet I longed him to pour it into my mouth. My Tim, the woman killer. I know it sounds sick — maybe this really *is* sick — but this extremely turned me on. Not only, because I knew, Tim would really do it.

When he tied me into the metal bondage frame again in the storage room, the dildo easily slid into me for I was so fucking wet already. When he closed the door and I heard the door to the house close, I tensed the muscles in my nether region and tried to rock back and forth just a little, to ride that mighty metal dildo inside me. It did not really work, but it raised my level of arousal up a notch or two. I started to moan and imagined Tim killing a woman. Laying his hands on her, strangling her, stabbing her, whatever he had in mind, and then taking her life. This was one of the most intense moments in my whole life, being tied up in the dark storage room, my fantasy going wild and being fucked by that metal dildo. Didn't climb *mont orgasmique*, though, but it still was an extreme experience.

The days passed, sex was wonderful, bondage even more (what is sweeter than the immobile expectation of sex?). One day, Tim had a strange expression on his face. He looked like a nervous school boy having to recite a poem in front of the whole school, about to wet his pants. And at the same time he looked like a little boy impatiently running up and down the hallway, hardly being able to wait until he could open the presents Santa had left for him under the Christmas tree. I had an idea what was going on, and promptly Tim confirmed it: 'I am going to kill a woman now, Mara. I'm doing it in the garage.' Instantly, my horniness level exceeded the scale, but before I could say a word, Tim gagged me and — by his standards — pushed me rather harshly to the bondage construction in the storage room. He tied me up hastily, and I could make out the boner in his pants as he did so.

When he turned off the light, I could see a sparkle in his eyes. His lust for murder, his desire to snuff a woman. Which he was about to do. While being tied up, I tried to listen whether I could hear anything from the garage. But nothing was to be heard, I was alone with my fantasies and horniness. This time, I almost succeeded in making myself come with that metal dildo in my pussy.

Tim took almost the whole night. When he finally untied me, dawn was about to break. He did not say a word. He unscrewed the cuffs, removed my gag, and then just stood there outside the storage room, watching me getting up. I noticed blood stains on his pants and his shirt, on his arms and hands as well. His face now looked like that of a little boy having to confess something really bad to his parents. Not smashing in a window, something *really* bad. But there was another expression on his face. Not that of a little boy, no, a grown up and serious expression. A very content and satisfied look, telling silently of an experience which cannot be put in words. I knew, Tim had enjoyed killing that woman. Some part of him might have regretted it, but mostly he was feeling very satisfied and happy.

A smile played around Tim's lips. It broadened. His eyes lit up. Without him telling me to do so, I knelt down before him, unzipped his pants, opened the belt buckle, pulled down his pants and pulled out his cock, which was almost hard already. He grabbed me at the back of my head and for the first time — again, by his standards — Tim was rude to me. He mouthfucked me forcefully, pulling my head towards him so that I gagged on his cock. I loved it so much. With my right hand I steadied myself at his thigh, while I was rubbing myself to bliss with my left hand. His cock felt so good inside me, I expected a huge load, even though Tim surely had already unloaded plenty in the woman he had killed in the garage. I thought to detect a slight metal

taste in my mouth. Was it blood? Of the woman he had killed? Had he fucked her bloody cunt? Or her bloody mouth? And by that thought I came hard. So very hard that my body was shaking and I wanted to scream. But I couldn't, Tim's cock inside me made it impossible. Sensing me coming, Tim also came. He shot his cum back into my throat, while pressing my face against his crotch and moaning loudly. Without a doubt, this was the most extreme orgasm of my life. And maybe of Tim's, too, but I did not know what he had done with the woman in the garage.

With both of us coming — usually, when *Tim* came, my orgasms were not important (rightly so), but this time we happened to come together — the master & servant mode was off instantly. Words were not necessary, we both felt it. I sat down on the floor, exhausted and still aching from having been tied up so long in the storage room. Tim just stood there, breathing heavily and not knowing what to do. After a long moment, Tim went to the bathroom to freshen up and then put on clean clothes and made coffee. The spell was broken, so when Tim returned from the bathroom we no longer were master & servant, we were Tim and Mara, people with jobs and responsibilities. We hardly talked — what was there to say, after the killing in the garage? — and finally left for our offices.

I never asked Tim about what had happened in the garage. Neither Tim the gentleman nor Tim my master. I never asked, whether the woman had volunteered or he had to capture her. I never asked, how he killed her and what else he had been doing to her in the garage that night. I never asked, how he had gotten rid of the body. And I also not asked him, whether he wanted to do it again. But I was soon to find out.

Some other late afternoon, when I was arriving at Tim's house

coming directly from my office, he was waiting for me on the couch. He was sitting there, naked, with his left arm resting on the side of the couch and his right arm holding an almost empty glass of what I believed to have been whiskey. His face exuded an air of content, dark and fiery, his lips were slightly bent to a smile. And Tim had a boner, which looked quite impressive as he was sitting there with his legs slightly apart. His cock, ball sack, his whole crotch and the front of his hips and thighs were red. Dark red, the colour of blood. I knew he had done it again. This time during the day. Tim had killed another woman in the garage. And fucked her as it seemed. While still alive and probably also when she was already dead. Maybe, while she was in the process of dying. This thought aroused me so much that I dropped my bag, slipped out of my coat, kicked off my shoes and hastily took off all other clothes. Finally, I stood before him, naked and horny. He just looked at me and sipped the rest of his whiskey or whatever it was and put the empty glass on the coffee table next to the couch. Tim looked at me and I got the impression of him being a predator having locked his gaze on me. A predator preparing for his final jump on his prey, to kill it and finally devour it. My legs became rubber, my breath vibrated. I did not manage to wait for his command, I knelt down before him, slowly, put my arms behind my back and licked the tip of his cock with the tip of my tongue. It felt so good that I wanted to rub my thighs together — which wasn't really possible in the position I was in, but still —, somehow I managed to restrain myself. Tim sat there motionless. I continued to lick the tip of his cock, the blood felt wonderful. The blood of the woman Tim had killed while I had been at work. The woman, whose life Tim had taken, forcefully or voluntarily offered, I did not care. The only thing that mattered was that

Tim had killed again, taken the life of another woman, and had fucked her and had enjoyed it all so very much.

I put my lips over his glans and tasted more blood. While having it in my mouth I let my tongue play around it, Tim still neither made a move nor a sound. He just watched me blow him. Then, I let my mouth slide over his dick, down the whole length to his ball sack. Finally, Tim moaned. Glad that I still could evoke arousal in him I continued to suck him off. He put his hands at the back of my head, just as when I had blown him after he had killed the first woman. He was gentle, but held me in a firm grip. The blood on him tasted so fucking good. Well, it tasted horny, not exactly good. But that was the only thing that mattered to me at this moment. I was sucking the cock which had been in the woman who was lying dead in the garage only some fifteen paces away. The cock which maybe had been inside the woman while she had been dying. Perhaps he had even cut off her head and fucked her neck stump. By that thought I moaned and closed my eyes, the pure idea of Tim doing something like this made me shiver of ecstasy. I wished, he would not let me suck him until he came. That he would push me away and tie me up in the storage room in this state of horniness and prolong it. I was begging him in my thoughts and as if he could read my mind — I guess he read it in my pleading eyes — he really pushed me away and lead me to the storage room.

I closed my eyes and my lips mouthed a silent ‘thank you.’ I almost came when I slid onto the metal dildo. Even though I pressed my lips together I could not resist to moan, while Tim was tying me up, each single screw he tightened raised my arousal. And then, before he could leave or do whatever else he was about to do, I talked to him. I just could not let this moment pass, while we both were still in master &

servant mode, without saying what I had to say. ‘Tim’ I said, ‘I like it very much that you kill women. It is wonderful. Yes, wonderful.’ Hearing these words, he could not hold himself back anymore and mouthfucked me until I almost had to puke. I saved a bit of his cum in my mouth, because I knew Tim would now leave me alone here in the dark storage room. I wanted to taste him, to let the cum slowly dissolve on my tongue until it was gone and inside me. The cum from the dick which had been in the woman he had killed. There was a dead woman only a few steps away. And Tim had killed her. I fantasized about how he had met her, captured her, she maybe had volunteered, what he had done to her, how he had hurt her, maybe mutilated her, fucked her, disposed of her. I fantasized about everything, every little facet of the snuffing, over and over again during the hours Tim kept me tied up in the storage room. I was so thankful, because this prolonged state of utmost horniness together with the explosion of ecstatic fantasies in my mind put me in some kind of trance.

When Tim opened the door again, I did not open my eyes. The first thing I felt was his dick on my lips. Eagerly, I opened up wide and let him mouthfuck me again. His pushes pushed me a bit back and forth on the metal dildo. Some parts of me wished, he would push me to bliss, to an ultimate orgasm as I never had before. Some parts of me, however, wished, he would come soon and let me lie here in this state of utmost arousal. And so it came. Tim shot his load into my throat, and then was kind enough to let me drink his piss as well. I swallowed every drop of it. It tasted so fucking good. Then he left.

During the night, Tim fucked me in the mouth two more times. When he came the last time, there was almost no cum left to unload. He also let me drink some more piss. In my mind I thanked him for this. I knew, in the morning when he would untie me, he would no

longer be horny, which meant that I would not come myself, because I never came when Tim did not come as well. I thanked Tim so much, because this was too wonderful to end it with an orgasm. This was something to cherish.

We still did not talk much about his killings. Looking back now, I don't know how we managed to steer around it. I mean, is there something more extreme than killing somebody? Than snuffing someone in a sex orgy? Yet, we hardly talked about it. This tells you how special this thing between Tim and me had been. We were close, so very close, but at the same time divided by a leaden wall. So, I never found out how he got hold of his victims or how he disposed of them. And he had more than just the two I already told you about. Tim killed another five women. For me, each time he did succumb to his killing desires was pure ecstasy. It would be redundant to tell you about the other five, the pattern was always pretty much the same. But let me tell you that with each further victim — I was sure they were victims, I mean, can you really find seven volunteer snuff pigs? But I didn't care — the relationship (or whatever it was) between Tim and me deepened. The master & servant thing as well as the personal thing going on between us, as crude as it may have been. I know 'crude' is a strange word to describe personal relations, but I find it fitting.

Also, while the months passed and we were nearing our two year anniversary, the thought of letting Tim kill myself crossed my mind more and more often. In my imagination, it must be overwhelming to be tied up and completely at his mercy, knowing that finally he would take my life and not just unload into me. It would be wonderful if Tim strangled me and fucked me at the same time, feeling him come when I went. But I was not completely sure I really wanted this. I knew that I must offer myself to Tim only when I was absolutely sure, there was

no changing my mind, no turning back. An offer, should I have made one, would have been final and absolute. I eased my hesitation with the thought that Tim maybe did no longer want to snuff me. I mean, I was approving of what he did and found it extremely hot. Could he find another woman like me? I know by thinking along these lines I probably made myself more valuable than I really was, but it helped a little.

One day, while being tied up with ropes on one of the stools in the dining room, I smelled roasted meat from the kitchen. It smelled yummy, Tim was preparing his diner. Suddenly, I thought that maybe the meat in the pan was human flesh. A piece of one of the women he had killed. Why not eat them, why not taste a bit, when he had their dead bodies at his disposal? I did not ask Tim, what type of meat it was. But when he sat down at the table across me, I think he guessed my thought (*desire* rather) that the meat on his plate was girl meat. He made no comment about it, but he chewed on each bit with more devotion than before. At least I like to think he did.

It was the 29th month when I noticed a thought crawling to the surface of my mind. I knew because I have a very good sense of time and keep my matters organized. First, I did not pay much attention to it, but it persisted. Like those darned Jehovah's witnesses it kept ringing at the door to my consciousness day after day after day. Being a little idea at first, the thought grew into a strong notion. Something new, a desire I hadn't felt before. I knew this desire would not linger in my mind, it would yell for attention should I not listen to it. So, I explored it and finally indulged in it.

Again, I did not tell Tim about it. It had nothing to do with what was going on between the two of us, nothing to do with the master & servant thing or his snuffings. And there was another reason why I did not tell him.

One Sunday evening, he was untying me from the storage room bondage frame. He had had his fun and mine was not important. I had my share by letting him tie and fuck me. It was a give and take. Well, rather a let give and receive. After a long shower I was putting on casual clothes. Tim had prepared a simple dinner and was putting plates on the table in the dining room. While we were munching away on pasta with olives (he always bought the ones with the pips already removed), he casually mentioned ‘Mara, there is a woman at work ... I think she would be fine.’ A long moment passed, and since Tim did not offer any more on this subject, I asked ‘Are you going to kill her?’ Without meeting my expectant gaze he said ‘Yes, I think so.’ And that was it, no further word was spoken about it. At that moment I knew, Tim was getting used to killing women. Obviously, he was very talented at it, otherwise the police would have caught him long ago. But his fun was getting spoiled more and more as he continued to snuff. His desire may still have been as strong as before his first victim, but the satisfaction he derived from killing women got less and less each time. Tim had become an addict. He was about to get caught up in his own dark fantasy.

I still found it fascinating and very arousing that Tim killed women and wished to kill that co-worker of his. But, also, I sensed that my arousal was at a lower level. Still very high, though, but lower nonetheless. At that moment at the table in the dining room, I knew what would happen.

This new idea growing in my mind, my new desire, demanded attention. Right now, while Tim was clearing the table and sorting the plates into the dishwasher. The desire talked to me — it did not really speak as people do, but this is the best way to describe it — and what it said reverberated in my mind. It talked with a calm voice, but what

it had to say was commanding. It did not give me an order, no, but it made its intentions very clear. Inside of me, a longing grew. A longing, which had been lingering there for many weeks. And I knew, I was about to yield to it. Right now. The time felt right for it.

I went to the chest of drawers in the hallway at the entrance, where I kept my bag. Tim was still busy cleaning the table. Funny, while I was the servant in our games (have they been mere games?), he had been the one doing most of the housework. Anyway. I opened my bag, took the switchblade out of it and hid it in my hand. It was larger than my hand and protruded from my fist, so I kept it behind my back as I returned to the dining room. I had bought the switchblade years ago, as a means of self-defence. It was black, even the blade, and looked mean. I had seen a model like this in an action series and instantly liked it. The handle was hard enough to break car windows. Or bones. With the switchblade behind my back I went to the dining room. Tim was pouring himself a whiskey. Since his second victim he was very fond of the golden stuff. While he was showing his back to me, I fiddled around with some cutlery so that he would not hear me open the switchblade. And the next thing he knew was an explosion of pain in the middle of his back.

Tim cried out loud and immediately collapsed to the floor, the glass of whiskey tumbling down and shattering into tiny, golden pieces. Where the knife stuck in his back, Tim's blue shirt began to turn dark red, almost black. It had felt strange to stab the knife into him. I would have imagined stabbing him several times in a row, but for some reason I had to let go of the knife once it was in him. And it felt as if I had hit something solid. I must have hit his spine, cut right through it in fact. The stab must have paralysed him instantly, at least his whole body from the belly down, where the knife stuck. I was lucky, without

the knife and Tim being only slightly injured, he could have overpowered me.

Tim lay on the kitchen floor, his face a mask of horror. He moaned of pain and of the realization what must have happened. What I must have done. To him. After all these years. He was struggling to get up, even to turn to the side. Yes, I was lucky to have hit his spine. The knife in his back looked a bit like a cheap Halloween gadget. You know, like those plastic knives with plastic blood on them which you could stick on your body. I almost smiled, but I didn't. Not that I had to hold me back, I just didn't. I just stood there, out of Tim's reach and watched him struggle and moan.

Finally, he managed to say something. 'What have you done, Mara?' he almost cried.

I stabbed you in the back, Tim. I didn't say it out loud, I merely thought it. There was no need to say it out loud, it was obvious, was it not? The dark stain on Tim's back got larger and larger, a puddle of blood formed beneath him. On the beige tiles his blood looked like real blood, a strong red liquid, a tad thicker than water. I must have cut a major artery. Was the aorta running down the torso alongside the spine? Anyway, Tim was about to die, and he knew it.

Our eyes met. He held my empty gaze. His face now a grimace of despair. I squatted down, to more or less meet him on the same level, carefully keeping out of his reach.

'Why, Mara? For God's sake, why?' He was almost pleading.

Why? Because I wanted to. Because stabbing you felt right. I did not get tired of you or your kinks, and this certainly is not some kind of revenge for the women you have killed. I still find it beautiful that you killed them, and fucked them while they were dying, yes, I still do. And I would have found it extremely hot if you killed another. I am

not afraid that you would kill me even when I did not want you to. Also, I still find our master & servant thing very arousing and nice. This is not me wanting to put an end to all this. It is hard to explain. Why did you want to kill all these women, Tim? See? It is hard to explain. It is a desire deep down inside, crawling to the surface demanding attention. And giving it the attention it needs is just ... well, wonderful. Or beautiful. Yes, maybe beautiful is the better term. Killing you, Tim, is beautiful. Seeing you struggle for help and eventually die here on the kitchen floor. This is beautiful. Maybe what I feel now is what you felt when you killed all these women. Maybe this dark desire of mine is like yours. Maybe we are not so different, Tim, after all. But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter, Tim, because this will be over soon. You will soon be dead, and then it will be truly beautiful. I am not sorry for this, Tim. Being sorry would mean that I did something wrong. This is not wrong. You killing these women was not wrong either. I know this came as a surprise to you, to say the least. You never expected me to hurt you, or even oppose you. I know. I know, Tim. But as I said, I am not sorry. Are you sorry for the women you killed? Did you feel remorse? See. I know you trusted me, Tim. Our master & servant thing was built on trust, that each of us respected the limits of the other. But we are not in master & servant mode now, are we? Right now, we are Tim and Mara. I have killed you as Mara, not as the submissive servant of yours. *That* would have been a breach of trust. This is so intense, you know that, Tim? I guess you do, killing these women must have felt the same, maybe better. After all, you fucked them to death, didn't you? This is so intense, not in a sexual way, no, in a very satisfying and deep way. The desire which made me kill you is satisfied now. Well almost, when you're dead it will be. It is rewarding me with this wonderful — *beautiful* — emotion of

having done the right thing. Not right in ethical or moral terms, oh no, just right. As a key fits a lock, just right. As the last tile completes the puzzle, just right. As a knife penetrates flesh and bone, just right. It feels so beautiful, Tim, to see you die. Not only to see you die, to kill you. I would like to thank you, Tim, but there is nothing I could thank you for. This was just the right moment for killing you, nothing more and nothing less. Nothing special about it. Just the right moment. Just right. Just beautiful.

Nothing of this I said out loud. I just squatted there, out of Tim's reach, and stared at him as he died. Judging by the amount of blood now on the tiles, he only had a couple more moments. Sure, liquids — especially blood — always look much more on a floor or on a carpet than there actually is. Ever spilled red wine over a bright carpet? See. Two little sips can ruin it all. After a second or two, Tim's eyelids trembled and he exhaled for the last time. His body relaxed, lying in a rather awkward position on the kitchen floor. Tim was dead. And it was beautiful.

I sat down, crossed my legs and watched him for a while. This was Tim, whose cum I have swallowed and whose piss I have drunk so eagerly. Now, his body was inanimate matter. I have taken his life. All his dreams and desires, fears and hopes, I have taken them all. I have ended him as a person and reduced him to mere flesh. It felt beautiful. Just right. So right. I wish I could replay — or even relive — the moment when he had died. When his lids had trembled and he had drawn his last breath, yes, that had been his last moment. And then, just a split second later, he had been dead. Within the blink of an eye, Tim had changed from a living person to dead matter. Fascinating. And so utterly beautiful. So serene. The house was lying in total

silence. Not even the fridge made a sound. This is how death must feel like. Beautiful.

I finally got up and went to the bathroom. I was not sick, I just had to pee. And then I had to clean up the mess. Since I am here to tell you this story, I managed to get away with it, just as Tim had managed to get away with his snuffings. Mind you, it took me quite an effort, to remove Tim's body and all evidence of my presence in his house. But, hey, I am a smart girl and can cope with my shit.

I don't know where this new idea to kill Tim came from. In which corner of my mind it originated and why. Well, a dark corner obviously, but there are so many of them. But I guess it is a part of me now. I notice that I just referred to it as a mere idea, while in fact it is a desire. I have been living with it ever since. Since then I have not succumbed to it again, but I can feel it lurking in my mind. A dark desire, biding its time. At least that's what I think it is doing. Sometimes, I can hear it whispering, but I don't understand what it says. Maybe there is nothing to understand and the faint, senseless whispering is all there is. When I pry inside my mind, I cannot find it. It is like a dream, elusive and ethereal, gone with the slightest wind. It will whisper again, and I am certain it will demand attention again. It will be right. And beautiful.

Now? Now, I am back at living my private life I had been living before I had met Tim. I am out there, in the streets, in the shops, cafes, restaurants, bars, cinemas and parks. Maybe I am the woman sitting next to you in the subway on your way back home from work. Maybe I am the nice woman having given you directions the other day when you had been lost. Maybe I am your neighbour. Maybe we are even acquainted or friends in real life. Would that bother you?