

I was out drinking at a university pub. This is when I met Natasha. Natasha had come up to me and asked me what courses I was taking. I told her I was majoring in Anatomy, but then I told her I was only at the pub because I wanted to not think about classes. She understood, she sat down and offered to buy me a drink. So, of course, I accepted. I asked for my favorite drink, a good ol Rusty Nail. We sat and chatted. She was a beautiful brunette and she was on the swim team. Yeah, I have a thing for brunettes with long hair.

We talked about when we were kids, and what kind of games we liked, talked about our first kiss, our first time having sex, our first time running away from home. We had a lot in common. Turns out that she's from out of town and is staying on campus at a dorm. She had 2 roommates, but both we're out of town for the long weekend. After a couple drinks, we decided it would be more fun to drink at her place. She had some wine, and also some Jagermeister In her freezer. We were feeling a little crazy, so we made a jager bomb with her Wine. We'll it wasn't terribly bad, but it wasn't good enough to do a second. We put on some music and then sat in her living room. I asked how loud we could turn the music up without having the neighbors complain. She sat up and turned her stereo loud enough that I couldn't hear her talk, she jumped on my lap and yelled in my ear, "this is the party dorm, and we can be as loud as we want". She got up and turned down the music and asked me if I minded if she cleaned up a bit. I told her I was in no hurry. She topped my glass of wine and strutted off to take a shower. While she was gone I went through her stuff. I saw pics of her room-mates, Man, I missed college, these girls knew how to party. Some pics had cloths on, some pics had cloths off, most of them involved some kind of partying. I went routing through her drawers, and found where she kept her sharp knives, I found where she kept her rope, and SCORE, I found a bottle of methyl-2-cyanoacrylate also known as "Crazy Glue".

I put the Crazy Glue in my pocket then proceeded to the living room and sat patiently awaiting the return of my Natasha.

Nastaha came out in some sexy lingerie. She had a smile like an angel. I asked her to close her eyes. She closed her eyes. She was very trusting.. Or drunk? I'm not sure, I stood up, and took her by the hand, then sat her down. I knew she was peeking, but I played along. I sat her down and then just like Jekyll and Hyde, I yelled at the top of my lungs "No Peeking", I thrust a punch to her face, I hit her on the cheekbone and gashed her right open, she was near unconscious. I grabbed the Crazy Glue from my pocket and applied it to her lips and eye's. Within seconds she was rendered useless. The blow to head was enough to knock the lingerie straps off her shoulders, the rest of her teddy just came tumbling down. While she sat there naked and regaining consciousness, I finished my drink.

There are so many places that you stab a person where it won't puncture anything vital. I've pretty much mastered this in my years of slicing. I went to the kitchen and grabbed a nice big knife from her knife holder. I came back, and turned up the stereo again. I put the tip of the knife above her right eye, I slowly cut down the side of her face. I only needed to apply a bit of pressure, as this knife was pretty fuckin sharp, I lightened up on my grip, and slowly curved around to her cheek bone. During all of this, she looked like she was dreaming, her eyes glued closed with the whole rapid eye movement thing going on. She must have been screaming up a storm inside, but with no mouth to use, and music

so loud, I couldn't really tell. I kept teasing her with the knife. I got down to her shoulder then stopped. I waited a couple seconds, then I started twisting the knife in a little deeper, her eyes were going crazy, I could start to hear a bit of a muffled scream, right then, I jammed that knife into her shoulder, just above the right breast., the blood started to pour. I went to the bathroom and started to fill the tub with scolding hot water. She was in dorm with a shared water tank, there was more than enough hot water to fill this puppy. Anyway I turned off the taps and went back to get her. She was on the floor, lying in a pool of her own blood. I grabbed her by the hair and started to drag her to the bathroom. As we got into the bathroom, I looked in the mirror, I remember not liking what I saw. I got a little angry, I stood Natasha up, I grabbed her by the back of her head, and smashed her face into the mirror, the mirror broke, and shards of glass were embedded into her face. She fell to the ground from slipping on her blood. I stood back and just watched her lying in the pool of blood. Eyes glued shut, she reminded me of Bambi, you know that scene where Bambi is on ice, and can't stand up?, anyway this was more emotional. Eyes glued shut, mouth glued shut, down on all 4's trying to balance herself while every movement she makes she ends up cutting herself worse on the broken glass, She was still bleeding quite a bit. The loss of blood eventually made her too weak, she stopped trying to get up. I'm still not sure why she was trying to get up? Where was she going to go?. I actually would have liked to see her successfully get up, just so she could have asked herself "now what?". I lifted her again by her hair. Once I had a grip, I picked her up, kinda like a fireman carry. This chick was covered in blood, and now had me covered in blood. I had a bit of a breakdown right then. I saw all the blood I wasn't happy, I threw her against the bathtub wall so fucking hard, her blood splattered EVERYWHERE, she fell into the scorching water. She used every last bit of energy to try and get out. Water flying everywhere, but I kept pushing her back in. FUCK, that water was hot. I gave myself a couple minor burns. Finally she stopped squirming. She was breathing too hard and too fast for those little nostrils, she ended up going into convulsions. I just sat back and watched, it was pretty cool. Kinda like she was getting the shit kicked out of her by a ghost. She stopped convulsing, and she just laid there so peaceful. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I took a picture and put it in my scrapbook.