

PSYCHOTIC

JULIE NEWTON

As I drive down here tonight, I need to remind myself once again that looking through people's bedroom windows is a numbers game and, sooner or later, I'm going to see some fit young bird lying spread-eagled naked on her bed, frigging herself off.

Don't get me wrong here. I'm not some avid full-time peeping tom or anything like that, I'm simply a casual, passer-by enthusiast. Not that my enthusiasm has ever yielded any noteworthy results, mind you; I've never seen anything that's any good. Oh... I tell a lie. I got a bit over-excited at seeing a massive pair of tits before I realised it was a fucking Jordan poster on someone's wall, and I saw some sixty-odd-year-old woman in a bra once. It was shit... But I knocked one out over it, anyway.

I wish she'd keep the bastard noise down back there; the banging and bashing from the car boot is doing my fucking head in. If she'd just chill out for a bit, it'll all be over. I'm letting her go free, you see; she's a lucky one. Well, if I'm honest, it's not so much her being lucky as me being a bit sloppy, really.

I had it all worked out and I slaved tirelessly to make sure there'd definitely be nothing linking me back to the rest of

them. I had to choose incredibly carefully after the close shave I'd had with the first one, and the rest were planned to perfection, but this time around I've managed to let too much emotion creep back in and that's never a good idea in this game. Don't misunderstand me. It's not that my choices aren't emotive because they most certainly are; it's just that I can't really justify torturing and killing somebody that doesn't truly deserve it, and I absolutely will not have it link back to me, so I need plenty of suspects and a solid reason for my victims to deserve my special breed of justice.

This is where I messed up with this one; I knew her. Julie Newton. When I started at primary school, she used to sit next to me and for my first year of school she used to spend a large proportion of the day with her hand cupping my cock and balls. I was too young to get an erection but not so young that I didn't enjoy it. Then, in the second year, much to my disappointment, she ended up sitting somewhere else.

I didn't have much to do with her after that until a couple of years later, when it came to moving to junior school and I was put next to her again. On the first day, I was looking forward to seeing what her reaction would be when my cock started to swell in her hands, but she didn't try to touch it. Eventually, after a couple of weeks, I plucked up the courage to suggest that she gave it a grab and she looked horrified, raised her hand and grassed me up in front of the whole class. It was seriously embarrassing. That's not why she's locked in the boot, though.

When we went to high school, the classes were split up to match the intelligence level of the pupils. She was in class one (stupid) and I was in class two (a little bit less stupid). I would like to take this opportunity to point out that I was never actually stupid, school just held little interest for me. Thankfully, she wasn't so stupid, either, and our paths ended up crossing again when we were both promoted to class four in the

third year.

Now, for the first two years of school all the bright kids had been learning German, so when we got moved up we were two years behind. The teacher eventually told us that it was probably for the better if we found an empty classroom and spent the double period studying.

And boy, did we study; biology mainly. By the time we'd reached the fourth year, Julie had developed into a seriously fit-looking bird. She was taller than most of the boys and had an excellent figure, great legs and to this day the best pair of soft, large, pert breasts I have ever squeezed. Her hair was blonde, her eyes were blue, her features were perfect and she had skin like that fine, almost translucent china. If someone was making a film and wanted to cast for the part of an angel, she'd have won the audition hands down.

Our shenanigans started off quite innocently in that she used to get me to play with her hair as she rested her head on the table. But, as the weeks progressed, she asked me to tickle her neck, then her back, then she'd untuck her school shirt so I could touch her skin. Every time my hand passed across her bra straps, I had to struggle not shoot a load straight into my pants.

As the weeks progressed, I got more and more confident and slowly started making my way around the front, her tight perfect stomach at first and then her breasts, over the bra. Soon I progressed to removing the bra and spending the best part of the hour just softly caressing her amazing tits. I remember how much my heart would pound as I pushed my luck a little further each time. Each time thinking that for certain she'd stop me, bollock me and call me a perv. But she never did. The first time I went underneath the bra, I could hear my heart pounding in my ears and feel the blood throbbing as it rushed to my cock.

After a few weeks of this, we had a break in the routine when Julie brought her mate's diary in and we sat and read it. I

remember thinking at the time how fucking stupid girls were for keeping all this personal information in one place, and made a mental note to always try and treat them okay, even if they didn't deserve it, so that I didn't end up as a page in some crazy adolescent tome full of periods and fancyings for teachers.

On this particular occasion, the bit in her diary that had caught our attention was a part in which she mentioned being 'fingered'. Julie's friend Katy, the owner of the diary, was known as Kit Kat around the lads' changing rooms because at some time or another nearly everyone in the football team had got four fingers up her. In fact, one lad even held up his hand in what looked like a Vulcan greeting and proclaimed that he'd stuck two in the pink slot and two in the stink pot.

She didn't mention this in her diary, though. It was quite a blunt entry in all honesty; it simply said, *24th August, Jamie came around to mine when mum and dad were at bingo. Sucked tits and fingered.* Julie mentioned that this was something she had never done, so I took this as a signal that she was interested and casually offered to do it for her. I'd like to point out that I'm not nearly as cool as the word 'casual' makes me sound; my casualness was only on the outside, I was nearly having a spunk implosion on the inside. I decided to confess that I'd never done it before, either. I did this for two reasons; first, because I wanted her to feel comfortable and second, because if I did it wrong, it wouldn't be my fault. She told me to tickle her legs, to start at the bottom by her ankles and work my way up to the top. So I did.

There I was, slowly working my way up those smooth, long, pale legs, my brain doing two jobs at once; concentrating on making sure I was doing the best, delicate, soft stroking I had ever done, and concentrating on not exploding straight into my school trousers. This particular part started to get really difficult as I got to the knee, because I almost lost control when I had to

start sliding her skirt up.

As I got towards the top of her legs, she slowly started to open them and once they'd completely yawned awake I began to rub her, first on the outside of her white cotton knickers and then, once I started to feel them get damp, I moved slowly to the inside. At this point she leaned over and started to kiss me. I was amazed. She was good-looking and popular and I was a nobody, yet here I was copping off with her, my hand rubbing her warm, wet, virginal vagina. She undid my trousers and grabbed my cock. She started by just squeezing it slowly for a while before she went for it and began properly pulling me off.

If there's one good thing she taught me, it was fucking cock control, and I held on as long as possible before my spunk finally projectiled across the table and splatted onto the tile floor. Looking back on it now, I could have done a much better job of the whole thing. I didn't even know what a clitoris was at that age so I just fucked her with my finger. It must have been pretty crap for her. It wasn't for me, though; I relished every single millisecond of the entire experience. Jesus! It was over sixteen years ago and I still fucking wank over it now. It was such a relief to finally blow my load. For weeks, I'd been going home with my swollen balls aching so much that I couldn't sit comfortably on the bus, rushing home and having to wank really carefully because the jiggling motion felt like being kicked in the nads. But not on that day. Oh no, that day I marched out proud, took a comfortable bus ride home, strutted back into the house, headed straight to the bathroom, threw caution out of the window and wanked the fucker for everything he was worth.

Heading into school the morning after, I still couldn't believe what had happened and I was busting to shout it from the rooftops – that's the fingering I'm on about, by the way, not the pain-free wank I had at home. So anyway, the day after, I

confided the details of my dalliance with the sexy and popular Julie Newton in confidence to my mate Andrew and the cunt only went up and asked her, to see if I was bullshitting. She was horrified that I'd betrayed her trust, but rather than just deny it, she made it worse. She told him it did happen and that I had a tiny penis. Which I don't have, by the way.

So for the rest of school I was cursed with a nickname that to this day is still used if I bump into an old classmate. My name is Jeremy Wilkinson, but I used to get called Will for short; after this incident I was 'Two Mil Will'.

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The following two years were horrible and that's why I wanted to get my revenge on her. I wanted to beat her, then tie her up, then show her just what my 'two mil will' was capable of.

Emotion had crept in and damned nearly ruined everything. It's like being on the school bus with aching bollocks all over again. She's there in the boot, half naked, gagged and bound, and I could have her whenever I want, but that would leave a trace. It's a fucking shame. That was my first rule; don't have sex with them, no matter how much you want to.

So I'm going to just drop her off in the middle of nowhere. I've been careful; I'm pretty sure she's not seen me and she doesn't know where she's been, where she's going, or what sort of car she's in. She's too out of her face for that, although I'm fairly certain she does know this car has a spacious boot. I hope she appreciates it.

It's probably partly her fault that I became fixated with sex. God only knows how differently I would have turned out if I hadn't had my cock and balls fondled for the best part of a year when I was four years old, although at least when she did it, I liked it, not like when that fucking bastard did it.

I'm impressed with how I caught her, though. It was great. I'd seen an article in the *Gazette* about sloppy police work and potential corruption within the local force and noticed her name below it. I didn't even know it was definitely her as she was certainly old enough to have got married and it's not the most unusual name, but Holme Bridge isn't a big place and I was damn sure going to fucking find out. I called her, pretending to be a police officer and her voice sounded familiar, which gave me a bit of confidence. I told her I had some very important information that should be put into the public domain and I arranged to meet her in the car park of the Nobody Inn, a pub that's been closed for about two years now. I told her I was choosing there so that I wouldn't be seen, and insisted on anonymity.

I was actually choosing that location because I can see it easily from my attic room. The pub's just a ruin now, it was always doomed. Some freak was looking after it who died in a car crash, which I narrowly avoided by the way. Then, once it reopened, it wasn't long before another car came speeding around the corner and this time it actually hit the building. It was a tragic but fucking funny accident. It was a husband and wife and she'd been sucking him off while he was driving. He must have lost concentration and as he rounded the corner, he smashed the car into the side of the pub. When the fire brigade removed the wreckage, they found them both dead. In the impact of the smash, as the front of the car buckled, the steering wheel had jammed the woman's head in her bloke's crotch and forced her mouth closed. She was removed with his detached cock stuck down her throat.

Then last year a trucker was coming around the corner and passed out. It turned out he was diabetic and driving illegally, and his truck went straight into the side of the pub. He survived, as it happens, but a lot of the locals didn't, and nor did the pub.

The fire brigade failed to realise that the lorry being stuck there was the only thing holding the fucking pub up, so when they removed it, around two thirds of the building collapsed on top of everybody inside.

Due to some small print loophole, the insurers didn't pay up, so the brewery just made the remainder safe and now it sits there, boarded up, propped up with metal stilts and bouldered in. They always put boulders round everything that's derelict around here, especially abandoned car parks; it stops the gypsies getting their caravans in. Christ, not long ago they even occupied a car park that was still in use. It took ages for the police to get rid of them – it's not like they could clamp them, I suppose; that'd just ensure they stayed. They sent out a gypsy liaison officer from the council to negotiate with them. A fucking gypsy liaison officer! I never even knew such a thing existed. Now they've cleared off, but some smart arse has meddled with the tariff sign so that it reads: *One hour – sixty pence. Two hours – a pound. Gypsies – free for a week.*

I digress; back to the point. I've been experimenting with different types of poison and venoms over the last six years and I've built up quite a collection of highly illegal pets and concoctions. I've had varying degrees of success over time, and I've become quite the expert now. I decided to try saxitoxin on this occasion; it's found in marine algae but sometimes finds its way into shellfish and poisons people if they eat it. It was a risky choice because I'd not tried it out on my guinea pig, and was fully aware that too much could give Julie respiratory failure and not enough would simply make her very ill. The effect I needed was temporary paralysis; I wanted her to realise what was going on, to a certain extent. Chloroform would be good if it behaved the way they lead you to believe on television, but I found out that both the dosage and results are a lot more complex than they ever seemed on *The A-Team* or *Knight*

Rider. Mind you, if it was as simple as popping a few drops on a hanky and shoving it around somebody's mouth to knock them out, it'd be pretty boring. Even if it knocked them out for long enough, you wouldn't be able to really scare them, although it does help. Something that stops the body from functioning but keeps the senses aware is much more fun. You can still do what you want, but you get the satisfaction of knowing that they're aware of what's going on and just can't do anything about it.

I knew from looking on the web that just 0.2 mils was a lethal dose for a human, so I'd carefully measured out half that, mixed it with a shot of vodka and popped it into a syringe. Most standard injections have an alcohol base, you see, and vodka is a pretty clean spirit so it works quite well. I just needed to keep my fingers crossed that she'd not put on a shitload of weight since we left school, or the effects could be compromised.

The easiest way to actually administer this particular substance is through food, but there was no guarantee I could get her back here to do that – certainly not without her seeing my face – and in this game you need to keep one step ahead all the time. I made more than my fair share of mistakes at the beginning, but I could afford to back then. Nowadays, the fucking police are all over the place like a bastard rash and I'm fully aware of just how careful I need to be.

Once I'd got the toxin sorted, I unpacked a small manual ventilator I'd had delivered a few weeks earlier and read the instructions, to make sure that if she did end up getting short of breath I'd be able to keep her alive. I couldn't believe it was so easy to use; just pop the plastic mask over her face and depress, and release the large rubber balloon attached to it. Simple. And a fucking rip-off. It cost me nearly two hundred quid.

So, I was sorted, my toxin and my safeguard were ready, now it was just a matter of timing. I'd arranged to meet her at

midnight, as all the old dears who live surrounding the pub would definitely be tucked up in bed by then. I sat in my darkened attic room looking through the windows with the binoculars, waiting for her to arrive. My eyes were straining, as it was dark and I was concerned that I might not be able to see her arrive, but my fears were quashed at about five past, when I saw a pair of headlights pull on to the street before stopping by the boulders. She was driving an old Lexus. That surprised me, because I thought that the *Gazette* would pay shit money. Perhaps she was freelance, or had a boyfriend with a bit of cash or something.

As she exited the car, I zoomed in on the vehicle to make sure there wasn't anybody else in it. It was clear, so I popped on my jacket, scarf and baseball cap, carefully put my syringe and ventilator into separate pockets and set off out. I sprinted around the corner, and as soon as I had the pub in view I began to walk casually. She could see me, but I was too far away for her to be able to identify me properly even if it was daylight, as I had the cap low and the scarf high. I waved and she waved back. I'd figured that if I waved first, she wouldn't see it as a threat when I started running towards her; hopefully, she'd just assume I was getting a wriggle on because I was late. It worked a treat. I ran towards her with my head bowed slightly, but instead of slowing down as I got closer to her, I charged full pelt at her. As we fell to the floor, I got the syringe from my pocket and pumped my concoction into her thigh. She struggled for a small while, biting my hand as I tried to keep her mouth shut, but she didn't make much noise.

Then she started to convulse and I was concerned that the dosage was wrong, but after a few seconds her legs stopped kicking. The rest of her was still moving as if she had an electric current going through her, but there was definitely no resistance from the legs. After what seemed like another ten seconds or so,

this had spread until just her head was shaking, pretty violently, too. I was concerned she might do herself an injury, but then, after a few seconds, it stopped. I rolled her over, took off my scarf and tied it around her eyes as I was unsure whether she'd be able to see me or not in her state. Then I went through her pockets and found her car keys. I pressed the unlock button and carried her over to it. She wasn't very heavy and I was concerned that the shot might have killed her. I didn't have time to piss about checking at this point, though, so I quickly opened the back door of the car. It was a shit-hole inside, it was obviously hers and, by the look of it, it was also her office. Papers and notes were scattered in and amongst the empty food packets and empty Volvic bottles. I picked her up and threw her on all the crap across the back seat before getting in the driving seat and carefully driving away.

I was aware that, if she knew what was going on, there would be a good chance she could narrow down a police search if I only drove around the corner, and that would have potentially caused me problems later on, so I took a drive for twenty or so minutes on the country lanes around Holme Bridge before returning home. I had to stop a couple of times to ventilate her; every now and then she'd do a dry gasp and panic would shoot through me.

Once I got to my street, I had a good look round before I risked opening my garage door. I chose this house because of its location. I'm surrounded here by small families in the main. I originally thought that living around old people up near the Nobody would be best, but they're proper nosy old cunts. They've got fuck all better to do with their time than be in everyone's business. Families are much better; they're more insular and they're too busy to notice what's going on under their noses. They also all sleep pretty heavily. Kids sleep well, anyway and the adults are fucking knackered, what with

working all day and looking after kids all evening. It's perfect.

Anyway, the coast was clear this night as it usually is, so I pressed the button on my keys to open the garage and carefully, quietly, reversed the Lexus in before pressing the button again to lower the door. Once inside, I got her out of the car and carried her through the internal door and into the house. I laid her carefully on the floor whilst I went back to lock the car and the door then, once I was back in the house, I opened the basement hatch and went down to check that everything was in order. The shackles were secure, the room was clean, the mattress was clean and all of the tanks and cages were in order.

I brought her down and laid her on the mattress, then carefully removed all of her outer clothing. Not for any sexual reason just yet; I just wanted to dispose of the clothes to make sure that any trace of me was wiped from them. Then I lifted her and placed her on her back on the mattress to shackle her up.

Once I'd finished, I put the clothes into a bin bag for later disposal, then I went into my bedroom and turned on the computer. I have a webcam set up down there and, as I watched her lying lifeless and limp, I wanked. It felt good to be able to do it for me this time and I came almost immediately. Unfortunately though, as soon as I had and the excitement had lifted, reality and remorse landed on me like gravity on steroids. What a fucking idiot! Everybody I went to school with knew I had a grudge against her and, unlike the rest of my victims, she'd done absolutely nothing seriously wrong. I knew I'd just have to wait a while and then dump her off somewhere. Her car posed problems of its own, but with my contacts in the trade, shifting a dodgy motor wasn't too tricky a business.

ESCAPING THE ROOM

“Where am I? What’s going on? Why am I here? What is this place?”

He’s sitting up on the bed, looking around the room, and he’s going to have a lot more questions before he starts getting any answers. He frowns as he vacantly glances around for a short while and then suddenly the look on his face changes as he realises he doesn’t even know who he is. Considering the circumstances, he seems to take it quite well; he doesn’t really panic... he just looks even more confused.

He stands up and scans the room, properly this time. It’s square, with a single bed down the side of one wall and a small table down the wall opposite. There’s no window and no visible source of light, but somehow the room seems to be illuminated. He can see everything very clearly. Not that there’s much to see. White walls, white table, white bed, white bedding, white floor and a white ceiling, even his pyjamas are white.

He sits back down on the bed with his head in his hands and ponders again about who he might be and how he came to be here, and a few strange thoughts pass through his mind. He thinks he must be English. He deduces this because he’s thinking in English.

He decides he can’t just sit around all day thinking, so he