

## ***Predator or Prey***

***By Post-Mortem***

I put my car into park just as the 'Season of the Witch' finishes playing on the radio. Dusk is setting in above the tree line of the Montana forest. I think about how mesmerizing the scenery is, only for my thoughts to be interrupted by a thud coming from my trunk. Shaking my head in annoyance, I jump to my feet and land in the soft soil creating boot print outlines. I glance down and see the muddy tire prints this adventure has produced and curse the mud silently in my thoughts. However, going to my special spot is a necessity. I have to stick to strict rules and traditions that my obsession brings. The sound of hogtied feet and hands smack against the interior of my trunk. That fucking prostitute has her punishment coming soon enough. First, I must gather my kill kit and my scoped 30-06 rifle.

As I sling the strap of my rifle over my shoulder, I am greeted by the angelic singing of the birds in the trees. I look through my kill kit bag. The shiny blades glisten in the moonlight. The beauty brings a smile to my sadistic face. I whisper the words to myself, "Oh my children, we are going to have some fun tonight."

The bag finds a home by a large oak tree. I walk back over to the thunder coming from my car and pull the lever that releases the latch to the trunk, so I can start my fun. Her extremities violently flail in all directions. I give her a few moments to wear herself out. I'm not going to allow her to see me until I want her to. She isn't going anywhere with those restraints.

I don't use zip ties anymore, those bastards almost got me caught once. It was my first time, and the one and only time I will ever use them. The bitch had snapped the plastic and took off on me. That's when I realized I had a runner. Let's just say it spoiled all the fun. It took nearly emptying my ten-round magazine before a shot finally burst through the back of her skull. It's rare to have many shit my pants moments, but that one almost had me. She was one lucky shot away from being a lost pup in the vast forest of Montana.

The prostitute continues to squirm around in the trunk like a fish out of water. She gets thirty seconds of dreadful anticipation before I finally sneak my demonic face into view. She's trembling and sobbing, it urges a smile out of the side of my mouth.

"It's time to play." I told her.

I pull her out of the carpeted trunk by the razor barbed wire that is twisted and crimped around her arms and legs. Her desperate pleas puff air bubbles under the duct tape covering her wet mouth. The bottom torso meets the ground

first before her head dings against the bumper. The opportunity to inflict pain is too hard to resist, the impulse to grab her long blonde hair takes over. I slam the hollow trunk lid down on her hair. The hairline seeps carnage as I peel it away from the scalp. Bony elbows crash onto the rear of the car. I use the strength of my core and drag her away from her temporary prison. A strip of missing scalp leaves a reverse Mohawk as the blood runs down her forehead. The blood vessels shrivel up like red maggots when they meet the air. Looking back at the trunk, there is a gruesome wig hanging from the bumper as drops of red collect into a small pool. I think to myself of how proud I am of this creativity.

I drop her breathing carcass to the cold forest floor with no regard for her life. Rummaging through my kill kit, I grab the wire cutters and a propane torch, positioning her body to what suits me best. It's not like she will stay still, but I love the struggle and desperation. It grants me that power that I desire. My hand grips the wire cutters tightly as I lean on her frail body. She can sense the evil that awaits her fate. I hear the demons' voices in my head as they plead for her sacrifice of pain. I gasp for a breath to harness the force within me. My teeth grind against each other. Screaming in turmoil, it wants pain. It wants blood. It wants death. The mental wrestling translates into a physical grapple. She is an object to me, not a person. I am stronger. I am the master of this object's life. I am God.

The pliers are open to their widest range. I find her pinky toe first, bringing the flesh and bone inside the metal teeth. I can feel the crunch of the body tissue as I sever it from the foot. I raise my head and shake with rampaging pleasure. Blood flow follows the base of the tiny bone that ends with the pink painted toenail. I cut two more toes off, and she revolts against the restraint I have on her. The voices demand that I feed the bones to her.

I scream out loud to the demons, "Alright! Jesus Christ!"

I drop my tools. My sticky blood covered fingers peel off the tape from her mouth. She tries to pull her face away. I force feed her the toes one by one down her throat. She gags on the crunchy cartilage, and mucus spits out onto my chin. I grip her chin so aggressively the muscles flatten under my fingers. She's screaming in pain. I love that I'm causing this, but she's really starting to annoy me. I fumble through my kill kit to find the wool scrubbing pad with embedded nails. The obstacle to force her cocksucker open is intoxicating. I snap with anger; my elbow comes crashing down on her jaw. She's almost sent to dreamland, left in a foggy daze. The wool pad of nails breaks through the gate of her teeth. The nails carve into her tongue. I drag the spikes through the flesh, splitting the muscle into three strands of gruesome meat. I can't help but smile as I watch her misery.

Observing the look in her eyes, I can see the fight for survival. My claw hammer smashes down on her skull with a devastating judgment of death. Her brain releases the last movements that are programmed into her coordination. She's twitching and convulsing, completely naked. She is dying from the blunt force to her cranium. The hole in her head reveals the brutality she endured. I see underneath the carnage, the brain throbbing and starving for oxygen. Her helplessness and vulnerability pull me in like an undeniable temptress. I dive down to her privates with my tongue and invade her with my licking. My primal urge takes over as I consume the death stricken pussy while she fades into the blackness of her demise. In her expiration, the bowels set free its contents onto my face. Fecal matter paints my indulged face.

After carving out an eyeball from its socket, it's playtime. I lean down with my dick in my hand hovering over the gruesome cavity. The head of my penis slides into the luscious hole. Warm and sticky blood acts as a lubricant sending my eyes to the back of my head in delight. My hips are thrusting when I hear a loud rustling in the bushes from twenty yards away. A shot of adrenaline pumps through my veins and my pulse quickens.

Snapping my head towards the sound, I drop to my knees as fast as I can. I peel my pants to my waist up my sweaty legs. My head pops up above the grass like a groundhog scanning the terrain for the source. My irises halt to a stop as a humanoid creature comes into view. The pale white flesh of the

creature collides with the yellow glowing eyes in the moonlight. The beast is crawling on all fours, its skin hairless and slimy. It lifts its head to the air and sniffs like a hound. Dropping its head, it follows the terrain of the forest sniffing until a scent floods its nostrils. Suddenly, the creature freezes all movement and watches. Its eye's dial in on my location. It's slowly creeping towards me as I lay prone in the cold grass.

My chest heaves as I drop my head down, out of view. The creature chatters its teeth in a language that I don't understand. It raises to its pale scrawny legs and walks like a person. The steps draw closer to me, I curl up in a fetal position. Branches snap and echo throughout the forest. My pulse quickens further. For the first time in a long time, I am scared. The hunter has become the prey. The beast is only a couple of feet from me as it follows my scent. I wonder what this creature is.

It must be growing impatient, a loud guttural growl changes to a human man's voice.

It calls out, "Hello."

It waits for a moment. Piss trickles down my leg from fear.

The creature speaks again, "Hello. Is someone there?"

Confusion and fear forces my body to shiver in terror. The beast sniffs out the bloody body of the woman. It follows the crimson trail towards me where she lays.

The creature asks frantically, "Did you kill her?"

The words turn into demonic growls of anger. My fight-or-flight response commands me to rise up to my feet. My desperate hand finds the wood stock of my rifle, I throw the weapon's strap over my chest and I run for my life. The beast snarls and growls, human soaked words are spoken from behind me. I can barely stay on my feet as I flee from the beast. The lactic acid builds up in my legs and a branch trips me. I collapse to the ground, dirt flies into my panting mouth.

The humanoid creature pounces on my back. Sharp razors for claws carve into my skin. I roll over on top of it. The creature squirms underneath me as it bites and claws into my flesh. It's a struggle to find the barrel of my gun. My fingers crawl down inching towards the trigger of my salvation. I move my eyes towards the pull, pain interrupts my progress as sharp daggers like fingers pry into the flesh of my eyebrows. Blood surrounds the island of tissue as it's pulled from my face. The creature's other hand joins the mutilation. It pulls the scalp from my skull, body fluids run down my nose, painting it dark red. The beast flings hair embedded pieces of flesh onto the ground.

An animalistic squeal from the creature rings in my ears as we fight for control, I scramble to my feet. It wraps around me bringing piranha-like teeth into the side of my head clamping on like a vice, pulling away pieces of flesh and bone. I battle against the force that holds my life in its hands. The pain is excruciating. I fight the dark cloud of death around me. Its head moves down, the teeth dive into my neck, ripping my jugular from my body with its dripping teeth, this would be my end. My gaping neck sprays the creature's face with life blood while my lungs fill with liquid. At last, my fingers squeeze the firm, thin trigger. A thunderous bang echoes throughout the woods, birds scatter from the trees. The creature's jaw explodes. Blood and fragments of bone decorate my face. The beast's body goes limp onto the ground at my feet, its skull is a bloody mess, red with chunks of bone and brain matter. With buckling knees, I collapse onto the grass. A pool of blood grows around me. With vision fading to black, the warmth of my own blood comforts me. Snapshots of my desires and sick pleasures shutter through my mind before darkness takes over.