

Declaration.

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Obsessed by Skin

(By Shane Ward)

Some people would call it an addiction or an obsession. But for me, I just call it a need. A need to hurt someone, a need to feel the warm blood through my fingertips.

I wasn't always like this. I used to be a shy boy who would skip around social circles in order to find my way through life and to find that goal everyone strives for.

But my family was less than perfect, which led to my strange upbringing. They called me their little Jimmy and I was at the forefront of their bazaar behavior ranging from overprotective cuddling right down to the Sunday church singing I was forced into. I was a lonely child, which made matters worse.

Still, as I looked over the scrumptious exotic woman laying on my table I could not help but savor her sweet scent and marvel at her golden skin that would make an excellent addition to the flesh bound quilt I have partly made in the bedroom.

Her jet-black hair draped over the edge of the table and hung effortlessly with surreal calmness. I almost wanted to begin my ritual but I know I had to follow my rules...she had to be awake before I began the carving process.

It all began four years ago. I had a craving and I did not know what this malevolent feeling was at the time, but what I do know is it nibbled at my soul and grew in ferocity.

Knowing what I needed was one thing. *Not* knowing what I needed was a disaster.

I finally discovered my passion when my boss called me into her office for a disciplinary hearing.

I sat behind the desk and stared at her immaculate uniform that snuggled her tight frame perfectly. I knew she was ignoring me, so I deliberately drew her attention with a cough.

"I know you are there. Please wait a moment." She replied, tapping the desk with her biro. Its rhythmic movement irritated me profoundly.

"Ma'am, with all due respect, I don't like being dragged away from my workload and hurled into your office like this. What do you want?"

She sighed and placed her thin-wire glasses onto her desk. "I'm sorry Jim. I've been examining your level of work recently and I am unhappy with your results. I've already sent you several reminders about your performance and I haven't seen any marked improvements."

I watched as she rotated her chair and the sun shone through the immense windows that lined the back wall. She always had her back to the window so the cool air can massage the back of her neck. But I wanted to do something else to that skin on her body.

"I'm sorry, we have to let you go."

I felt a surge of anger well up. That cast iron bitch was always on my back and now she finally crossed the line. I wanted to grab that glass paperweight and

smack her across her overprinted face. I bet she will bleed out nicely on those fucking documents that said nothing about my loyalty to this company. But I had to act calm; I had bigger plans for her. The only thing I could do was to show my anger in another ways. I could only toss that damn picture of a raggedy dog she liked so much across the room. It made a satisfying crash as it shattered on the creamy yellow wall and I knew I had plans tonight. I would finally surrender to my obsession.

On that evening I accepted my obsession and followed my boss into the dark ally that was used as her common route home. I took the time in disabling several streetlights, so the shadows could cover my plan. I followed her like a stalker, keeping my pace and admiring the smoothness of her legs. I used to visualize myself wrapped up in her skin, experiencing its serenity all around me. Now it was time to follow that fantasy.

Slowly, I followed her down the sparsely lit ally and kept my distance. I could almost imagine her heart beating in her thought and the darkness surround her like a shroud. *She must be frightened.* It would require very little to tip her over the edge and cause her to run. I loved the thrill of the chase.

She didn't run... Not yet.

I continued to follow, hopeful that something would spook her into running, a bang, a footstep or a squeak.

The streetlights were barely able to hold back the darkness that wanted to encase that stuck up woman. I saw a small group of hoodies loitering in the distance and this was all nature needed.

Out of fear for her own well-being she walked into the blind ally, and within moments, she was completely lost and covered in darkness. I sprang out of the shadows and strangled her with the rope I had collected from the loading by as I walked out of my employment several hours earlier, *how ironic.*

I felt her collapsing body hard-pressed against me skin and felt the rush of sadistic pleasure. *It was bliss; I wish I'd done this before.*

She collapsed like a bag of coal and I quickly tossed her over my shoulder and took her home.

Ones house is ones castle and I always have it filled with personal items that mattered to me the most. Dead animals, tools of the trade, poisons, plastic bags, and even body parts that I had nicked from the morgues sat proudly around my castle. Now I am proud to say that I can add another item that collection, an item I would create very soon.

As my ex-boss lay silently on the table, I took extra care to remove her clothing as to not bruise or damage her skin.

With excitement filling every cell in my body, I bent down and watched her slowly wake up into her nightmare.

Immediately she screamed.

I did not anticipate that...my mind went blank and I began to panic.

I wedged her stocking into her mouth and stifled that noise. This was my first time and mistakes would be made. But my desire needed to be filled.

I reached for the kitchen knife and smiled with pleasure as I slowly carved up my ex-boss, to make that fine item I always wanted.

Now I knew the errors of my way. Four years later and with 45 killings under my belt I was becoming a master of my art. I discovered the flaws and discovered the hidden pleasures that accompanied every curve of the knife. The silky texture of the organs was one experience I would never forget.

I soon collected all the machines and tools needed to skin someone alive and even the right brand of sewing machine for the perfect stitch. My thread was tendons

and ligaments and that flesh quilt was looking spectacular. I grinned at my hard work idolized this latest golden skin victim. She would make the perfect addition.

As my obsession grew, I wanted to carve her up now. It was something I had to do. Like a child left with a box of sweets. Thankfully for me, I was left unattended in the world's biggest sweet shop...humans.

I stared at my latest conquest, but this one was odd. When she finally woke up into her nightmare, she did not scream or struggle like the others. She followed me with her eyes as I strolled over to my nest of tools on the far side of the room. I'd collected many over the years, but I prefer the good old army knife with *that* sharp pointed tip. Its stainless steel blade cracked bone easily, perfect for those hard to reach places.

"Why are you doing this?" she said calm and content, with confidence layered over it.

"I have a...need." I replied.

I took the weapon from the tray and sort of waved it in front of the woman. Her chest rose and fell slowly like she was in control.

Fine. Looks like this would be the worlds easiest pray.

I strolled over to the table and made sure the blade reflected the light from the small bulb in the room. I wanted her to see death; I wanted her to catch *that* moment all my victims felt as they went into freefall. I wanted *that* pure rush of control.

But there was something wrong with this woman.

Malicious as I was, she remained motionless. I began to feel uneasy, *was she human?*

Still, I progressed forward with my plan and waved the weapon in front of the girl. Darkness closed in and I began to feel excitement well up inside me. I wanted to do it now! But I had to adhere to my rules of killing. After all, one does not kill 45 people in four years and get away with it without rules. *Do not kill in an unclean room. Made sure no one is watching. Drug your victim. Cover yourself up* were just a few of the rules I had to follow. Ignoring even the smallest one could lead me being captured. They have always saved me in the past. I can always count on them in the future.

The exotic woman spoke so softly I was unable to hear. But she had caught my attention and I had to know more, so I leaned over her still form and listened intently to what she had to say.

"You should not have captured me..."

I felt quick hand grab hold of my weapon and wedge it into my stomach. Screeching pain followed shortly after as it ripped through my body, weakening my knees. I suddenly realized the error of my way. I pulled out my own knife from my body and stumbled back towards the plastic sheeting, bleeding out all over the floor. I was mortally wounded and I could only stare at the person who got the better of me. Her golden skin covered in my crimson blood glowed under that same light I wanted to antagonize her with. I felt my own life fading right before my eyes. I could only utter a few words as I fell to my knees. "Who are you?"

She got up from the bed and the half plastic restraints barely covered her naked body. She moved in a wave like fashion, savoring the kill, I recognized that pose.

"I am someone with a obsession too." She reached for a sword

(a weapon I stole from a Japanese victim) that was positioned next to the tray of assorted instruments, and waved it in the air.

"My obsession is hunting basterds like you."

I watched as she swung the sword toward me and the world spin out of control. When it stopped, I watched my own body fall to the ground in a pool of warm blood. I knew my head was off my body and there was nothing I could do about it. A human brain can survive for five minutes without oxygen, but for me, those five minutes were eternity in hell, a hell where I can't satisfy my obsession.