

## « JUST A LITTLE HARMLESS NECKING »

'Kelly Somers, will you hurry up, you are duty driver this week and you know how insufferable the others get when they're late for lectures. Not to mention the asides your father has to cop at his Club from that ass of a Dean you have'.

The pleasant sounding woman's voice came up from beneath winding stairs in an expensive Cape Cod beach house on the Cornish coast.

'Only tutorials today, Mom. They are optional in final year courses. Of course it must be a thousand years since you were at Uni.'

The girl sighed, her mother was always harping. Doesn't she know I am all grown up, - for heavens sake I am nineteen, she raged to herself. Nineteen and ten months, in fact! She stepped from the shower, the water glistening on her skin, giving it a golden sheen in the clear morning light filtering through her bedroom window. Water dripped on the floor running down her slim body to pool on the floor.

Must be grown up, she mused. Once I used to get into real strife for that.

She grabbed for a pink towel to wrap about her slim body and skipped lightly to sit otherwise naked at her mirrored study desk. Kelly looked at herself. She watched as a trickle of water ran down from her hair around her eye to join another at her cheek, the two combined to speed over her chin then down the long smooth path that was her neck.

The girl tilted her head back and watched her reflection as she let one of her own long slim fingers trace the same path made by the wet line down the length of her throat. Funny, she thought, how it used to make her feel so shy, so embarrassed when grown ups used to say she was pretty and how they always seemed to say it while looking at her neck, a neck she hated because she thought it was ugly, so long and skinny and bony.

People still looked at her neck and so did she, but now she saw it differently. She no longer saw a long gangly column all sinew and bone, but a neck she admitted was elegant in its length, sculptured "like the neck of Nefertiti" her ballet teacher had said. Kelly no longer saw sinew and bone, for those were now covered with satin smooth milky white flesh, the old skinniness gone in favour of gentle hollows at her throat's base to cast delicious shadows from the faintest light.

She took the towel from her still wet body and used it turban style about her head, holding the long blonde hair in place. And sat as she loved, the free feeling of nakedness, bare skin to the gentle breeze through the beach house window, her bare flesh touching the soft leather of her designer chair.

She ran her eyes from her neck to her breasts, small, but developed in the way of her mother's. Pointed and firm, pretty pink at the nipples.

Oh! mother might be a nag, but she is rich. That's not all, she reminded herself. She is also beautiful which is how she came to be rich. And why I am pretty and rich, she thought, without any hint of conceit. And mother really was nice she added to herself.

Kelly Somers dressed herself casually, or rather threw casual clothing on and, as only the truly naturally blessed can, still looked breathtakingly lovely.

The girl smiled at her reflection in the mirror, blew her image a kiss and ran down the stairs with the grace her ballet training had given her and which her supple lithe form could never prevent if she had not. Kelly knew she was special and, yes, she loved it, but with a sweet, almost naive innocence loved in turn by everyone.

Kelly just loved Friday nights and on this one she was going to see a movie with Tim. Her friends teased her for dating Tim as he was five years older than she. The movie was "Dracula", that old vampire film with the French actor, the scary one. She knew Tim would tease her afterwards, he always did when he took her to scary movies. That is why he took her, she thought. She knew they always frightened her and he always gave her Hell afterwards, them both sitting in his fancy car. And if Kelly Somers was terrified of anything it was of blood, of bleeding, of her own blood flowing from an awful wound in her flesh.

Tim saw her hand involuntarily go to her throat, that lovely feature of his lovely girlfriend. He started to tease her. He looked at her neck and already that strange urge to hurt her, hurt her neck, gathered within him.

It was a fantasy, he had always had. Every time he saw a girl with a long slender neck he wanted to possess her, to feel her neck in his hands.

It was only a fantasy, a bit of fun.

Yes he would have some fun with Kelly. She would come around afterwards. 'Gee! you know I have always wondered what it would be like to drink the blood of a pretty girl and now I have the chance to find out' he said, as he turned toward her and, taking her shoulders in his hands, faced her toward him.

Kelly shrieked in true fright as he bent, his teeth bared, towards her helpless neck, her throat taught and pale in the low reflected light of the street light. 'Tim don't, Kelly cried, 'It scares me'.

Timothy ignored her pleas; he just loved the feeling of excitement that he felt when a girl's voice pitched up in fright.

He pressed her head further back on its long neck until the skin was pulled tight against the structures in her delicate throat, the fragile undulations of her wind pipe a pretty ripple below the smooth milky white surface, faint rapid pulse visible, the hollow at the base of her throat shallowed beneath taught fine young feminine skin.

Tim grazed his lips over the girl's neck, her skin satin smooth, exciting. He thought how a real vampire must love this part, this gorgeous foreplay before he drank of an innocent's life's blood.

Before he killed her.

He delighted in the girl's loveliness as he ran the fantasy through his mind. The vampire would feel the pulse in her throat beating rapidly against his lips. Her scent, the sweet smell of femininity, so alive, so innocent of things horrible.

So sweet and so soon to die.

Feeling her as he was now feeling Kelly pant in a mixture of girlish uncertainty and sexual stimulation. Feel, as he was now, the girl's slim body arch back taught and tense, forcing back the graceful curve of her beautiful, helpless neck, young blood, red and vital flowing beneath its fair fine white skin.

Kelly felt the thrill run through her body as he gently kissed her throat, his lips sliding over her wind pipe to the side of her neck.

Then she felt his teeth against her skin, teeth press into her flesh. In her mind she saw the girls in the film, their blood gushing. She jerked back, pushed him away and screamed. Tim held the girl tightly, taken aback by the violence of her reaction, feeling the slim body slowly relaxing. He would stop that game, he did not want to loose her just yet.

He knew he was always excited about the image of pretty girls being killed, just could not help it, the image of beautiful long necks curved to his mercy, just as were the soft white throats of those girls in the film before their bloody violation.

But, there was another game to play, his real fantasy, the one he knew would be so right for Kelly, the one she would want him to play.

Tim took the girls wrists and forced them gently behind her back, securing them firmly in his left hand. Using his right, he held her pretty head against the door's pillar and window.

'Tonight', he said in a theatrical voice 'I will possess you completely. No other will ever have you for tonight you die'.

'Oh! please don't kill me', she pleaded in mock terror, 'I don't want to die'. 'Dying or living is not your choice, my lovely. You may only chose the method of your death. Tell me how you want me to kill you. And once you have chosen you must submit completely to your death for only by submitting will I be able to kill you in love'.

How does a girl react , she wondered as a tingle of excitement ran through her body, as fear mixes with passion, as she realises she will die, that the person who she trusted, loved, is really be going to kill her?

If it were to be her own special way then, well, maybe it would be rather sexy just to let it happen?

For what Tim was not to know was that while Kelly had a terrible dread of blood, she had dreamed her dreams of being strangled and always the feeling of hands upon her neck excited her. She really wanted to know what it felt like to have a lover encircle her neck with loving hands and take her breath away.

She had tried to simulate her own strangulation sitting in front of her mirror, her long fingers about her own slender neck. She did not press too hard, certainly, but it did not seem to hurt too bad at all if she was careful where she pressed her thumbs into her throat. And of course, in her dreams and wanderings, she always woke up to be still beautifully alive. 'Please no knives. I could not stand to die like that. And no guns, they are awful', Kelly played along.

'You must chose, you must tell me how you want me to kill you Kelly, not tell me how you do not want me to do it,' he demanded utterly thrilled at what he was hearing.

He watched fascinated, his excitement mounting as the girl's slim hand went to her long slender neck, a dart of her tongue to moisten her beautiful lips.

'Perhaps you should - should strangle me' she almost whispered, genuinely excited, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

'You do not suggest options as to how I should kill you. You do not tell me what I should do to kill you, but how you want me to kill you', he persisted with the game, getting the detail right.

The girl lifted her head baring her white throat to the light and said, a tremble on her lips, 'I want you to strangle me. But, please Tim, do it to me so that I can experience what happens to a girl when she is strangled without feeling too much pain. I want you to, you know, sort of strangle me, but without bruising my throat too much or my those silly friends of mine will teas me crazy'.

She was spoiling it.

She wasn't playing the game.

'You do not understand, girl, .You are going to die,' he said. 'Now tell me to strangle you or I will chose the knife.'

Kelly almost grinned in relief,. His face was shadowed by the car roof, but she was sure she saw that beautiful smile of his. He only wanted some fun. He would not hurt her. Her excitement was now palpable. This was going to be fun after all.

'Please strangle me , master,' she half whispered with what she thought was a sexy inflection.

'So it shall be', he said imperiously. 'But in order to ensure only slight bruising of your worthless little neck, I can only use light pressure This I can only do if you cannot struggle when pain and death approach, You must have your hands tied behind you back Therefore give me the sash about your waist. Now'

Kelly found her trembling fingers undoing the red chiffon bow at her side, her eyes following the sash in her hands as it seemed to float towards him.

## Chapter 3

He took the sash and ran it through his fingers, his eyes solely for her. Hell, this girl was so incredibly pretty, so exquisitely lovely. She was perfect for his fantasy, his needs, needs which were growing, mushrooming by the second.

A new delicious thought came rushing to him.

'Perhaps I should strangle you with your sash,' he whispered evilly as he pressed against her. 'Perhaps it is fitting that a girl hand her killer the means of her death from her own person. Hands on your lap and head up and I shall see how red suits the pure white of an innocent virgin's neck. You shall feel the bite of death by ligature before you can sin, before temptation spoils your purity'.

Kelly almost grinned again. His words were so corny. He really was a bit of a boy still, she thought. He means no harm. So again Kelly found herself obeying, her head up a little, neck erect to receive the fine red material. Kelly closed her eyes waiting for its touch against her flesh.

She felt the cloth first touch her throat and then pass the sides of her neck, her long blonde hair being brushed aside by the backs of his fingers, their sharp surface grazing her skin sending goose bumps down her arms.

She felt clearly the crossing garrotte at the nape, heard the rustling of material on his hands as she sensed him winding the chiffon about them, winding the ends about his hands so that the material would not slip as he tightened the sash to strangling pressure. She felt him adjust the position of the loop to the mid point of her long slender neck.

Kelly felt the pressure begin as the material tightened ever so slowly.

He looked at her in fascination as he tightened the choking pressure around that beautiful long column of delicate femininity.

First there was the movement of the silky skin at the sides of her neck as the chiffon gripped her flesh and stretched the fine skin rearwards. He increased the tension and now the red cloth began to press into the soft centre of her milky white throat.

Kelly opened her eyes and began to shake her head from side to side, the sash seeming to tighten on her neck as she did so.

'Please stop, Tim', she said hoarsely through her restricted throat, 'this is not nice, it is not what I wanted to feel, what I said

you could do to me. We agreed to the other way.'

He stopped for this was not the way he wanted it either. He wanted to feel her beautiful neck in his hands, feel the soft throat yield under his thumbs, feel the girl's delicate flesh bruise in his hands.

Flesh against flesh was how a girl should be strangled.

He took the sash from about her neck and bent to gently kiss the girl's throat then quickly eased her slim body around, her back now towards him. He took her unresisting hands and secured them at the wrists before she had a chance to reconsider the whole idea.

Kelly Somers was so beautiful and now so helpless that the joy of it was painful.

Now had to get the girl into the right mood again if she was to allow him to go as far as he wanted before her pain overcame her aroused body's urges. After that, well he would see how far he could go.

As he began touching and kissing her, Kelly realised her helplessness was adding to the speed and depth of her arousal. 'Did that hurt much,' he said softly as he swept her silken hair back over the car seat leaving the long white throat glowing in its perfection against the dark vinyl.

'No, not much. It was just such an awful feeling having the thing tightening on my neck, tightening all around my neck. I felt it was cutting off my blood much more than my air. It wasn't nice like I want it to be.'

'This time it will be different my little victim', he said as he lingeringly kissed her throat. 'This time the only killing pressure will be on this lovely sweet spot where I now kiss you. Besides', he said mischievously, 'it takes a lot longer to strangle a girl with thumb pressure alone and it would never do for you to die too quickly, would it'.

Kelly felt a shudder pass through her body and she was not at all sure it was all born of pleasure. She began to suspect that being partly strangled for real might not be as nice as in her imagination. But she had to find out, so again she tilted back her head and holding her neck erect watched the hands coming for her, thumbs crooked ready to engage her throat.

This time the initial feeling on her neck was entirely different. Instead of impersonal cloth, the touch was from the flesh of hands which so often gave her pleasure. The finger tips touched the side of her neck then slid ever so slowly and sensuously to the back resting at her spine.

His forefingers caressed her skin as she felt the first soft touch of his thumbs against her throat. Those thumbs then glided up the length of her neck to touch at her chin then down to the hollow at the base of her throat. They returned caressing her flesh to finally rest at her throat's centre where she knew they must take seek their pleasure.

It felt beautiful and frightening all at the same time.

Tim could hardly control his "game". It was so unbelievably thrilling. The feel of that silky smooth column of young feminine neck in his hands. The exquisite softness, the gentle silky smoothness of her skin under his thumbs as he caressed her throat.

The image of her helplessness to resist washed over him as she sat there hands behind her back, tied together. Yes, he then knew, it was her helplessness which heightened his pleasure.

How much better it will be for him, for her if he could render her totally helpless, totally under his control.

He swung his right leg over hers imprisoning them. Next he placed his forearms on her shoulders, his face so close to hers that she was only just in clear focus.

She could not move although he could now feel every attempt she might make to do so.

This exquisite being was now prisoner to his pleasure. And for the first time he realised he really did want to hurt her. He really wanted to see her suffer, to feel her struggles. To see her in true terror of her life.

Tim knew then that he would never see this girl again. What he wanted to do, had to do to her, would ensure that. So he would enjoy tonight, would see how long sweet pretty little Kelly could stand the beautiful pain and fear and pleasure he was going to give her.

He did not like this town full of its rich snobs anyway. He returned his whole attention to Kelly Somers for the last time.

Hands still encircling her neck, he kissed the girl gently to reassure her. 'Kelly' he began, 'this is going to be special'. "He breathed into her ear as he nibbled a lobe. 'Just trust me and let it happen.'"

'You will find that the stories about how a girl's pleasure is heightened as her neck is squeezed are true. Other girls have told me its better than any drug. You just have to let it wash over you as we kiss.'

'You must not expect me to stop just because you are suffering a bit of pain for it is only in the advanced stages of partial strangulation that the brain heightens the loveliest of sensations. I will check you regularly to see you are all right so keep your eyes open, agreed?'

He heard a nervous "Yes", while he told himself he really wanted the girl's eyes open to better see her suffering. For this beautiful young creature's whole soul showed through her lovely expressive blue eyes.

'Lovely. I will control the pressure on your neck to allow you to draw enough air to keep you safely with us. There will be no risk, I promise'.

This time there was a faint "OK" in response, a reply he felt through the thumbs in contact with the girl's throat rather than heard.

This was going to be very special indeed.

As he began to kiss and stimulate her she closed her eyes anyway. She liked her eyes closed as the lovely sensation of being kissed by Timothy came over her.

She felt his lips leave her own to graze along her cheek to her ear. She felt his tongue penetrate it then and as always it drove her mad. Then the delicious brushing of lips over her eyes, her head turned by the hands still in gentle encirclement of her neck to allow him to do that knee weakening torment to her other ear.

Then as his lips again returned to hers, tongue probing, she felt emerging from the myriad of signals rushing through her another signal from her body. She felt the first awakening of the hands on her neck, the first hint of intrusion of thumbs into her throat.

And it felt lovely.

Kelly lifted her head slightly thus firming her wind pipe against the increase in pressure. Then she softened the structures in

her throat by lowering her head again, feeling the thumbs instantly press a little into the fragile interior of her softened neck, a tiny irritation suddenly in her throat.

And then she coughed, a sharp sudden uncontrollable intrusion into their mutual pleasure.

Kelly felt Tim's hands relax on her neck, the thumbs still in light contact with her skin. She then felt those hands move ever so slightly up the sides of her neck, the thumbs in turn coming to rest at a new point on the long smooth sweep of her throat.

Tim knew a lot about a girl's necks, the inner structure of their throats, more than enough to know he had to find the right spot if she was to last long enough to give him the pleasure he now craved above all others.

Tim's lips again brushed Kelly's ear a tongue teasing inside as he slowly, gently pressed his thumbs into the softer new spot he had found.

It was the stuff of her dreams.

A gorgeous man loving her "to death" with his hands about her neck. Kelly shifted her head about from side to side to better feel the contact of his hands on her neck. She repeated the lifting and lowering of her chin, tensing and relaxing her neck to feel the sensation again of his thumbs pushing increasingly against her wind pipe and in turn penetrating ever deeper into her throat.

Then, with her head level, she felt the first stab of pain deep in her neck, the first rasp of breath as her air had to struggle through an ever smaller passage to maintain her life.

It never occurred to sweet naive Kelly Somers to ask herself how it was that this much older man knew so much about extracting pleasure in this strange way.

And in his turn that much older man could not believe this was real, that this gorgeous young woman could be willingly allowing him to play life's ultimate game with her.

The feel of that neck in his control, his thumbs entering her soft throat. The delicious feel of the sinews in her long slender neck when she turned her lovely head from side to side.

The feeling of her strong young pulse beating rapidly at each side of her throat's depressed centre, the sensation delicious in his hands. The thrilling sound of the girl having now to work for her air, the feel of that air passing beneath his thumbs, a feel so sensuous and clear as the vibrations of its laboured passage transmitted through the thin, fragile wall of her throat to his thumbs.

He increased the pressure then, feeling an increase in the resistance her neck offered and this time without the girl having first lifted her head. That could only mean that true strangulation of this pretty girl could now begin as a little more pressure would certainly close off her air supply completely.

He terminated his kiss to look at her face, to see her neck and what his hands were doing to her, to it.

And what he saw was beautiful.

The girl was clearly in pain. And in her pain and growing fear she looked exquisitely lovely. Her eyes were open now. Open and very wide and very large.

Huge blue gems looking into his. Soft full lips trembling a little, looking as though the girl wanted to say something. A little more pressure into her throat to stop any chance of that.

The girl (for she was no longer Kelly) was just able to draw breath now, her air rasping under his thumbs, air insufficient to sustain her life even if she were at rest. But Kelly was not at rest, but was a girl who was at once sexually excited, in pain and starting to panic.

Her body started movements which he knew came involuntarily; the heaving of her chest, the tugging at her bonds. The vain attempt to pull her neck out of his grip, the change of colour at her lovely mouth, a hint of blue gathering at the top edge of her upper lip. The tremble of its blueing lower twin.

He knew these were the signs of a girl starting to die that death which he knew should be given to all beautiful girls. It was a death which this sweet thing was going to have to suffer, for it was then that he remembered he has done it before.

Three times before.

Kelly had not in her dreams even remotely anticipated, could never have imagined the power of such mixed sensations as her young body experienced during those interminable minute.

There were the waves of ecstasy when she wanted to cry out to Timothy to stop it for it was too beautiful to endure, to where her body shrieked at her to beg him to take her, enter her despite all her determination to wait until leaving home to lead her own life before choosing the right one.

The feeling of his lips on her own, on her cheeks, grazing her eyes as she momentarily closed them. His tongue flicking, teasing in an ear to trace its delirious path until it invaded the other.

And all the while those hands, his beautiful long fingered delicate hands Their loving of her neck, held firmly where he wanted it by his middle and lower fingers while all the while his index caressed the silky skin from her earlobes down the side of her neck.

And God his thumbs, that part of a boy surly designed first and foremost to cause the pain she knew was so essential to her pleasure. His thumbs with their indescribably gentle touch as they skimmed her flesh to find the place they wanted in her throat.

Oh! how those thumbs probe her neck, seek that spot in her throat which at once hurts her and yet so exquisitely excites her. They probe her neck deeper, making it hard to breath for the first time, hurting more. Punishing her for her pleasure, but increasing that pleasure maddeningly by that very punishment.

There is a new pain now, in her chest, and as it rises her need of air, and of him, rise until it is all one raging exquisite cruelty she suffers.

But it is the pain which now intensifies faster than the pleasure until very soon the pleasure starts to betray her, desert her. Her pleasure is surrendering, dying away to the triumphant victor, her pain.

And it was then that nineteen year old Kelly Somers realised what was happening.

It was not her pleasure that was doing the dying it was her body and it was the rising pain which would grow and rage until the last beat of her heart.

If he did not stop. If he did not see what was happening to her, what he was doing to her.

He would see in a minute, she would help him see. She must let him know, tell him. But how. She could not speak and she was pressed hard back into the seat by his arms. She tugged frantically at her bound wrists. She had to free them, had to take those terrible horrible strangling hands from her neck.

The pain.

The utter, terrible panic!

She tore at her bonds, tried to push her self away from him by placing her feet up on the dash of the car, pushing, pushing. She could not do it and she knew, just knew at that moment, that she was going to die.

And it was as she felt herself start to fade, the effort to struggle too much that she suddenly knew he had meant to kill her all along.

Then her last thoughts came welling up through the boiling mass that was her agony. Thoughts of her friends and her family, all the wasted years, and she wondered at the strange, warm involuntary shuddering that swept through her body.

Her eyes, God in Heaven look at her eyes, he thought. Beautiful. Eyes wide and huge and blue, the blue slowly being decorated with lovely little red spots as the tiny vessels at their corners ruptured.

And those lips he had so enjoyed kissing and loving so often. Look at them as they swell deliciously, beautifully, the little blue tinge they are taking on, the fine dark blue line delineating the boundary between pink and white.

He felt her panic rise then, all along her lovely long slim young body, watched her with the growing love he always felt for his girls as they began to die for him.

He drank in her pain and her struggles with insatiable gluttony. He revelled in the sight of her long legs rising to the dash, then press against it, the trim ballerina's legs strain in her hopeless endeavour to escape him.

She began to weaken as he knew she must.

As they all did.

The first girl he killed, Sandra, he thought, disappointed him when she died. In his fantasy he had always pictured the girl's struggles going on forever. His fantasy had been the squeezing of lovely soft necks and slim bodies struggling, not of girls dying.

Now after two more girls, he knew the loveliest part was that which was now happening to this girl. He now knew the real pleasure was indeed in her death, the deed of killing her.

He could see her tongue next, tiny and lovely and pink as it came between her parted teeth, not swollen or ugly, for he was careful always to avoid interfering with a strangling girl's blood flow, the real cause of unsightliness in her face as life ebbs.

Then he knew the moment had come for he had felt it, watched it before, knew it for what it was.

A shuddering passed through the long slim body, followed by the onset of muscular contractions, limbs twitching, the convulsions of a girl as her body dies of asphyxiation.

## Epilogue

It was four hours later that Timothy sat in a bus for London.

He had forgotten stripping the girl naked to make the murder look like it was not. He had forgotten that he left a shoe on her left foot and has taken the other to complicate the crime scene, to give him more time to disappear as he had three times before.

He did remember dumping the stolen car which he had driven south from where he had last killed although he could not remember why he had found it necessary to do so.

What he did remember, vaguely now, was the girl he was with had not liked him making advances to her for she had left him, gone away some where. Or at least he thought she had.

And all he had wanted was just a little harmless necking.

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