

"Getting What You Paid For"
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"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I'm not paying you a small fortune to ask me questions. Just do it already."

"You know it's illegal. I could lose my license for this."

"And that's why I'm paying you under the table. You knew what you were getting into when you accepted the money."

"Why are you doing this?"

"I told you already. I'm too chicken to do it myself but I want to know what it feels like. Now quit being a sissy, hook me up, and crank the machine on."

The technician finally gave up and did as he was told. He positioned the electrode band around Charles' head, checked the readouts to make sure everything was kosher, then selected a target.

Charles was walking alone, hunting. It was a dark but warm night. It was raining lightly and the streets were fairly empty. About half a block away, on the other side of the street, he spotted someone.

He kept on the same side of the street he was on already but increased his pace to catch up with her, on a parallel path separated from hers by the empty road.

When he was close enough, he crossed the street. His heart was pounding in anticipation.

Now a few steps behind her, Charles began to take closer notice of her features. She was a bit plump but not overweight by any measure. Her legs looked strong, and he thought she might be a runner or a cyclist. She was wearing a short skirt and sneakers. She had long hair, and it was glistening under the dim light from the street lamps.

Charles was now next to her, on the side of the sidewalk closer to the street. "Excuse me?", he said, his voice slightly elevated and his excitement barely contained. "Do you have the time?"

The girl stopped, startled, but reacted in a friendly manner. She turned towards him, then smiled. As she raised her arm to look at her watch, Charles examined her pretty face, her big round eyes, and her full lips. He gauged her to be in her early twenties and decided that she would do just fine.

"It's quarter past-", she started but never finished. Midway her sentence, Charles punched her hard enough to knock her unconscious.

He dragged her body to the alley nearby, carefully watching to make sure they were alone. It wasn't his first time, so he wasn't afraid. He was merely being cautious.

He laid her body face up on the wet and cold floor, then ripped her blouse open, exposing her bra. Unceremoniously, he yanked it and her breasts exploded into view. He next pulled her skirt and panties down her legs, equally as carelessly. He noted with satisfaction that her private parts were not shaved, for that's how he liked them.

It was already too late when she woke up, dazed and in pain. He was already inside of her, thrusting his heavy body deep into hers in a rhythmic motion. She tried to yell, to say no, to fight him, but to no avail.

As his hot liquid poured inside of her, she took her chance. He was momentarily tired, as men always are when they've just ejaculated, so she mustered all her strength and attempted to turn, to throw his body off of hers. It worked and she quickly got up and tried to run but her skirt and panties made even walking a difficult proposition.

Unfazed, he got up and quickly caught up with her. Pulling her by her hair, he forced her back down to the ground, then slapped her hard. She started crying. He grabbed her by the neck, slapped her a second time, then threw her back to the ground so hard that she nearly lost consciousness again.

Pinning her down, he forced himself inside her yet again. She tried once more to fight, but she didn't have the strength to overcome him. Unable to do anything else, she yelped a nearly-silent "please", but it got lost in the night.

When he satisfied himself a second time, he took out a knife and slowly, while watching her horrified face, slit her throat. She never stood a chance.

Charles got up, pulled his pants up, then examined his handiwork. As she bled to death, he kicked her hard on her side. "Bitch," he yelled, "you should have fought harder. I'd have liked it better that way."

Charles woke up and immediately noticed his underwear was wet. "That was amazing!", he said. "Who was that?"

"I don't know his name. They're all numbers now, and he's dead. Died in prison. Are we done?"

"Done? Are you kidding me? We're just starting. Hit me again, hit me with a serial killer now. I wanna skip the sex and get straight to the killing."

The technician once again did as he was told and Charles relived the memories of one of the most notorious serial killers in recent history. This particular psychopath had kept the police in the dark for a long time, since he didn't seem to have a pattern. He killed men, women, and children, black, white, asian, and latinos, tall and short, thin and fat, indiscriminately. When he was finally captured, he admitted to having killed over three hundred people. His memories, extracted and preserved, are still being used today in the study of psychopathies and the details they provide are still required reading in many police training facilities.

"Oh my fucking god, I could get hooked on this.", exclaimed Charles, as he came to himself. "What else do you have?"

"I'm afraid he's the... best I can offer you.", said the technician, visibly irritated by the glee in Charles' voice.

"Don't lie to me! I know that's not true. I paid you a ton for this, so give me what I want. Give me something more."

"What do you mean more? More what?"

"More raw. I want to experience it all."

"Ok, there is a possibility, but it's... complicated. I think I can give you a live show, you know, not a memory but the real thing in real time, but you'll have to trust me."

"Hey, if it's the real thing, screw trust. Just hit me."

"Very well, then." said the technician. "I'll have to give you a mild sedative and I'll have to restrain you, because this is going to be insane."

"Excellent! Insane is great. Now, hurry up and hit me."

The technician proceeded to give Charles the promised sedative, restrained him, adjusted the electrode band back over his head, then adjusted another one on his own head.

At first, Charles couldn't see very well what was going on. The victim appeared to be lying on a chair of some kind. As he got closer, both his hands approached the victim's neck and started squeezing, slowly but strongly.

Charles started feeling a sensation he didn't feel before. It wasn't excitement, but he couldn't quite tell what it was. Suddenly, it came to him, just as he recognized the man on the chair. The sensation he was feeling was raw panic, for the man on the chair was restrained and wearing a headband with electrodes.