

Neck Romantic

Your milky white skin almost makes the holiday rush seem so distant. At least it's almost over. You and I are finally alone. I've been waiting for this ever since I laid eyes upon your burgundy hair. I wish I could just lose myself in it. And your neck, so long and elegant—

But what's this? What are those tiny scars? They look like puncture wounds. How did you get those? They appear old. Very strange, though. They almost look like—No that can't be. I'm too tired. I've been reading too many horror novels during down time. What a pity; your neck is flawless except for those. Nothing a little concealer couldn't fix. I'll bring it up with my buddy down at Final Journey. He'll take good care of you. Of course, not the kind of care that I'll provide.

Now, nothing is going to hide that hole you'll have in your chest. What a shame! Your right breast is so gorgeous. I can only imagine how you'd look if your left wasn't damaged. I don't know who would want to drive a stake into such a pretty thing like you.

That's strange, though. Puncture wounds and a stake through your heart. How odd. Maybe, just maybe—no, no. Get a hold of yourself, Bernard. Stop reading that Anne Rice trash.

Anyway, the rest of you is absolutely breathtaking. I wish all my autopsies were as thrilling.

Is it just me, or is it getting hot in here? I think I need to take off this lab coat. I'm sweltering!

But first, let me write my forms. It should only take a few moments.

Andrew Maxcy

Neck Romantic

There, done. I'll just go lock the door. Now no one should disturb us. I wouldn't want this perfect night ruined. You know, I've had my share of beauties, but you take the cake. This is exhilarating. I feel my heart pounding in my throat.

Oh, no! No. I wasn't being insulting. I wish your heart could beat next to mine. Really, I do. I'll tell you what. Let me take out that stake. Just hold on. Ready? Okay. Here I go. Jesus, this thing is wedged in here. Humph! There. How's—

Ah! What the fuck? Did you just move? No; post mortem spasm. I need to get some sleep. Care to join me? You'd be delighted? I'm flattered. Just let me slip out of my clothes, and...

Damn, woman! If you could make men this hard when you're dead, I can only imagine what you did when you were alive. I need some release. You're simply the epitome of temptation, and I can't resist. Oh, you're thighs feel so nice on my—

“Get your fucking hands off me!”

Ack! What the fuck? What the hell? How are you moving? What's going on? Run. But, clothes. Get clothes. Shit, shit! Sharp nails. Get off, get off me! Scream, Bernard, scream! Get help, get—Her hand off your mouth!

Fangs!? What the shit! This isn't—

“Mmmmmmmmmph!”

Total Words: 500 exactly!