

## Perversions

A stale miasma of sleep and sex lingered in the room. In thirty minutes Daniel was supposed to be checking out of the hotel. He really wanted to check out now, but there were reasons he could not leave — the most significant being the dead prostitute lying on the bed. Daniel knew he couldn't just ignore the bloated corpse. Room service was bound to see the body before he was able to get out of the country, not that he would do such a thing. Why would he leave his wealth and career behind? Daniel was an established and well respected politician and entrepreneur. He wondered if he might be able to explain to the hotel manager that he didn't know how she got there? Though this would certainly be a lie, he had used similar methods to get out of a tight situation before. And no one would question Daniel, considering he was a man of great influence. He looked at his Rolex, he needed to be checked-out of the room in twenty-six minutes, but they couldn't force him out. And if the hotel tried — well, he wouldn't let them in the room. Daniel was well connected, all he would need to do is make a phone call — or two — and everything would go away. All his problems would dissolve into manageable little pieces that he would consume — and they would be gone! Still, even with all his confidence, he was scared — he didn't know what he should do about her. His mouth was dry, he could taste blood — some of it probably hers. He looked at his Rolex again and thought time was moving much too fast — twenty-three minutes until check out, and the room was really beginning to smell.

This meant in little more than twenty minutes there would be a knock on the door — a maid would be in the room, and there would be Natalie, dead, lying across his bed. That was what she called herself, but Daniel wasn't convinced Natalie was her real name. She had no ID — probably underage — and she didn't really look like a Natalie, she looked more like a Natasha. Dark hair, brown eyes big as a fist, and swollen pink lips. It was like they had been painted on. Actually, he was positive they had been. Not that any of this mattered now. Her body was stripped of all color, her pink lips were grey, her eyes that were ebony, like an infinite black abyss of darkness; were now glassed over, fogged and milky. She was dead, her body cold, empty, and expelled of all its waste. That explains the smell. Shit and piss soaked into the mattress, it made him sick, he wanted to leave — to get out of this place — but he was still too nervous to even stand on his own feet. Maybe even too ashamed. How did he allow himself to get into this situation? Maybe they would believe him? Maybe they would understand that he never intended

this to happen? *Shit*, he said this to himself — now he was beginning to feel guilty. But for what? The two of them were only playing a game, and then it started to get a little tempestuous. But Natalie had agreed to everything — and anything — she had willingly submitted to it all. At least she submitted to the cash he was paying her, and she let Daniel do whatever he pleased. His grey scarf, still wrapped snug against her throat, was both the beginning and the end of their time together.

It was twenty-minutes until he was supposed to check out of the room when Daniel finally sat up and walked toward Natalie — or Natasha's — body. He tried to tell himself the stench would be tolerable, but getting closer to the body he realized the odor had become stronger. She had been dead, lying in her own body fluids for almost fourteen hours. But even with the smell and the cold flesh — she still looked beautiful to him. Daniel's eyes teared, possibly from guilt, possibly from arousal, or maybe from the sickly smell sweltering inside his nose. As he watched her, the memories of the previous night manifested into vivid images. He recalls how Natalie screamed for hours, begging for more. It began with simply hitting her — almost delicately at first — and then hard. Then taking his left hand and wrapping it around her exposed nape, he would squeeze — violently. At Daniel's request she left her lingerie on, she seemed to enjoy this sadistic version of foreplay. *Yes!* he told himself as she begged for more, inching himself further into her wet folds. This is how Daniel interpreted her screams later — an approval of his dominance over her. And even in death, at this moment, the marks where his thumb had pressed deeply into the soft flesh of her throat were still visible. He smiled at her, even though he knew her body would not be able to smile back.

Before her now cold being, when she was warm, Natalie had reciprocated his feelings, smiling in between painting and moaning — between screaming. Daniel was positive that she wanted him to do these things, especially since she was being paid, and in large sum of cash. She had certainly allowed him to believe she enjoyed the entire act. For Daniel, though, this was no act. It was him *acting* out, projecting his lust, his anger, his power over people. He was always in control, and Natalie appeared to enjoy letting him manipulate her, she had cummed as he raised his belt over his head, and forcefully brought the buckle down — against her back — over, and over, and over again. She had asked him for more, even begged as he *cracked* the thick, gold plated buckled into her already bruised and weltsed back. Now, Daniel touches

her left breast, feeling for a heartbeat that he knows will not be there, he tells himself it was everything she ever wanted. And then he checks his Rolex — ten minutes until check out.

Her cold body was still tempting — so very inviting — even though she would not be able to respond to his touch. Daniel knew why he had not left the room, it was more than simply fear of the repercussions, he could buy his way out of this situation. It would only take some money — and a little time. But time was slowing dissolving, and as it ticked and ticked closer to the 11:30 checkout, Daniel was beginning to feel his world closing in around him. It was suffocating like a heavy weight pressing on his chest. He touched Natasha's chest, her cold breast, her right nipple pinched between his index and middle finger. His mouth watered — and now he was nursing an erection. He thought to himself, *maybe I have time to fix myself — release the pressure, create an eruption*. Daniel's belt was now undone, his pants at his ankles. He sat beside the corpse, Natasha, and let his hands explore her cold flesh. He felt inside the cavities of her body, the once warm places — the crevice of pleasure between her legs, and simultaneously he let a free hand pleasure his fleshy organ. It only took a few moments to work himself to climax; and then he nestled close to the body of Natasha and gave her a final kiss goodbye.

There was a knock at the door, and a tiny voice from outside — “Room Service.” Daniel sprung from the bed, quickly pulling his pants on — although he had difficulty fixing his belt, the prong of the buckle would not find the hole in the leather strap. Still struggling to put himself together, he went to the door. Cracking it slightly, he saw a very petite and young lady, brunette with dark eyes, milky skin, waiting to peak into the room.

“Room Service. Are you leaving today?”

Daniel stood, silently, looking with his empty and guilty eyes. His mouth was open, and he could hear himself breathing heavily, a whistling sound with every breath. The young woman, whose name tag made the claim she was a Natalie, stood nervously — waiting for an answer.

“Sir, are you checking out today?”

There was another long and silent pause, an awkward exchange, as Daniel started to close the door, eclipsing the three inches of light that revealed the inside of his room. The door was carefully shut and locked, leaving young Natalie on the other side and in solitude. Before she started to walk away there

was shuffling inside the room, the sound of a squeaking mattress, and someone yelling — and finally silence again.

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Inside the room Daniel was on top of the bed, straddling Natasha, and pressing his face against her cheek. He was certain of a cool breathe itching against his flesh — he wondered if she was breathing? Mocking him just like she did when they were fucking last night? He knew when she was cumming, her pussy clenching around his cock — her painful moans as he forced himself inside of her anal cavity — Daniel knew you couldn't fake bleeding from your rectum, that was the real thing. He wanted a response, a live body that would tingle from a myriad of sensations he hungered to inflict upon it. Now — now he wanted Miss Natalie.

When Daniel cracked the door, slowly, he could see that Natalie was no longer standing outside. She had evidently moved on — he regretted his silence from just moments before. Daniel slipped out from the room and into the hall just as Natalie was turning the corner.

“Miss — Natalie!”

Her petite frame reappeared, skipping back from around the corner. As if called back into existence. “*Yes, sir?*” Daniel smiled at her, maybe too forcefully, and waved with a rigid dexterity.

“Yes, Miss Natalie — ”

“No — Just Natalie — ”

“Yeah — ssss, *Just Natalie* — I will probably be staying another night — umm — could you — well — bring towels — and — a change of — hmmmm — sheets — ”

Daniel noticed how Natalie cringed a little when he spoke — and he became aware of how foul he must smell — the dead body's fetid scent coating his own flesh with its putrid aroma. Not so putrid to his own senses, Daniel was beginning to enjoy the sweet aroma. Natalie backed away, ever so slightly, in a vain attempt to not offend Daniel, and agreed to bring back towels and a fresh set of sheets.

“Thank you *Just Natalie*.”

Daniel entered his room, walked over to the phone sitting on the nightstand by his bed, and dialed down to front desk: “*Yes, I will be staying for another night. Yes. Thank You.*” He calmly put the receiver back and smiled at the empty bed. Daniel thought to himself, how wonderful this experience will certainly

be! Natalie is not Natasha, but Natasha was Natalie — and that is exactly how he imagined her. When you have done every possible thing a man could do — smothered the possibilities of experience, debauched every pore of your own flesh — there is nothing left inside yourself that is satisfying. Daniel thinks to himself, *why not sample from the other end of the spectrum? From another's flesh?* He always got what he wanted, and if he could not obtain it consensually, he would take it forcefully. Daniel sat on the edge of the bed, closed his eyes, and played the scenario out one last time. Initially, only a couple hours ago, the thought had terrified him. Left him paralyzed. He had first seen Natalie the day before — working — and her face has not left him since. In his mind, she has been with him all night, and now she will be with him again. This morning he stroked the idea — and his fleshy organ— and found his inspiration. Motivation can be a difficult thing to acquire, but once it has been found there is nothing left but act itself — and this would be Daniel's hazing into a new realm of pleasure.

A knock on the door: “*Room Service*”

“Come in, *Just Natalie* —”