

9/10/25

"i don't want to keep doing this." jeff shook his head, sitting on my torso again. he was pantsless, his member resting bare on my chest.

"keep doing what?" i'd ask. my tone was always unintentionally light, and i think that killed him even more.

"this." the empty stare in his eye was manic, terrifying really. predatory, and angry. "it's not fair to you."

"what are you talking about?"

"i don't even know if i'm being honest with myself."

the dark shadow behind him swallowed him, creeping underneath his black hair and disguising his face.

horrifying. but mine.

"i could kill you right now." his voice lightened, strangely matching my tone. "you know that?"

i swallowed whatever anxiety had built up in the back of my throat.

"mhm."

he leans in closer, the tobacco on his breath stinging in my senses.

"...are you gonna kill me, jeff?" again with that playfully innocent inflection, obviously false.

"what if i got tired of you?" his disgusting words filled my mouth with how close he kept getting, caging me in between both of his arms, each pressed into the pillows beside my head. "what if i figured i'd told you **too much?**"

"i dunno, jeff."

teasingly false innocence. it pissed him off in all of the right ways.

"you're gonna realize you've made a mistake one day." he leaned back, his eyes still shakily locked into mine.

"yep." i nodded. "the day that i die at your hands. i'll be waiting."

we both stared at each other for a moment, a bit of disbelief in both of our gazes.

"do you have the blade on you now?" my voice dropped.

it took him a moment, but he nodded his head.

"it's in my jeans."

"...we're you going to hurt me? tonight?"

"...i don't know how to give you a correct answer." his grin widened. "i don't know why the *fuck* i haven't murdered you yet."

my eyes widened, a bit aroused at his sudden excitement.

"...and i'd do it just like this. just like this.. while i'm sitting on your chest, and you're looking up at me with those eyes of yours.. those *angelic* eyes." he traced his hand up my neck, strangely brushing his index finger down the side of it. "i'd take that power from those eyes just like this."

he scooted up closer, pressing his dick higher on my chest.

"...but i do *this* with you instead."

"...you fuck me?" i grinned.

"i don't like to say it like that." he brushed his thumb across the top of his shaft, his hips just barely trembling against me. "...but yes. it's the closest i can get to killing you."

"that's hot."

"you think so?" he slid his hand underneath the strap of my undershirt, sneaking his way into my bra. "that's why i can't hurt you yet. i haven't met anyone as gullible as you are.."

"i love you, jeff." my grin widened. i was so entertained watching his face shift whenever he heard that.

"shut the fuck up." he growled. "i'm tired of you saying stupid shit like that.."

"you don't want me to be honest?"

"don't toy with me." his voice dropped, rough and angry.

"i'm not toying with you.." i traced my fingers up and down his dick, teasing and disrespectful in his mind. "be honest with *me*.."

he grabbed my wrist and pinned it against the bed.

"don't touch me like that." he snapped. "...i don't owe you shit."

i grinned, staring into his eyes again, digging into whatever lay beneath them.

"you're gonna make me hurt you."

"you're trying to scare me away and i'm not having it." i struggled, trying to pull my hands away from his grasp. "you're mine just as much as i'm yours."

"are you trying to intimidate me?" he laughed, dangerous in its inflection. "oh, you just want me to tear you to *bits*.."