

Ollie Devouring her Anon  
Cannibalism, Severe, Kureiji Ollie

Today I was issued a soul collection job by Calliope Mori. On paper the job wasn't anything special. The soul belonged to a human male who was destined to be murdered by a coworker, or significant other depending on the perspective you viewed it from, over some dispute about a new girl. I think. I skimmed over the reasoning because caring wasn't necessary. It was a Calli order so it's not like I could've refused due to my lack of interest.

I showed up at ten-thirty-something PM to a house. I didn't take its location into much consideration since the scene was contained within the building, however I will mention that despite the house resembling a circus tent it was oddly gothic. When I had actually entered the house I was immediately met with screams, a pair of screams, constantly overlapping each other that originated from deeper within. I believe I had about ten or so minutes before the killing took place, so I took my time walking towards it. The noise came from inside a surrealist office. It had marble flooring with a checkerboard pattern that reflected a muted blue light from the chandelier in the centre of the room. When I entered I saw the soon-to-be killer, Kureiji Ollie, and her soon to be victim. I won't lie, I didn't know who she was at the time. Calli told me about her afterwards. The victim was anything but outstanding. They wore a button up with a black blazer that clearly wasn't tailored, the generic wage slave's finest, also black pants.

I chose to stand in the closest corner and watch from there. It didn't matter where I stood because they couldn't see me but that's just how I like to do things. After some time, the scene finally progressed to a physical altercation, Ollie lunged forward and grabbed the victim's wrists. I don't know if it was due to the sudden force or some hidden strength but it brought them both crashing to the ground. Ollie's legs flailed around trying to secure her position on top of the victim which made this horrible squeaking sound. One of her legs finally managed to go over the victim's twisting body and she secured the full mount by slamming down onto them, with her full body weight, just above their waistline. The victim's left hand broke free and frantically bashed and slapped Ollie's face till she caught their ring and pinky finger in her mouth. I could see the fingers pushing against the skin in between her jaw as her teeth clamped down on them, keeping them locked in place as the faint goans of struggle became an outright scream. The victim tried moving as much as they could but Ollie had too much of their body restrained, Ollie reeled her head back and I could hear the muscle and bone start to break, tear and rip. The sound it made was akin to a combination of peeling sellotape and slime. Until, of course, she ripped the fingers of the victim's hand. A combination of blood and saliva flew across both of their bodies, a thick stream running down from the corner of Ollie's mouth. It went so far it almost got on me. I remember the moment right after this being the most peculiar part of the whole ordeal as, for a moment, both of them had essentially stopped. The victim was screaming, eyes locked on the oozing stumps on their hand as Ollie exhaled deeply through her nose as she swallowed the digits in her mouth. The slow ingestion on the fingers almost felt like a break between rounds in a boxing match. It made me kinda annoyed since I really wanted to go home. Though after this, Ollie's head snapped downwards. Her teeth pierced through the blood-stained button-up, latched onto the base of the victim's neck and tore off a chunk of their neck along with a section of their shoulder. Her hands clawed at the victim's chest leaving long bloody

imprints all over their body. As she tilted her head so that she could unhinge her jaw and bite down on almost half of the victim's skull in one bite.

Luckily for me and probably the victim, in retrospect, by the time she started to devour the victim's skull. They were dead. I simply took the soul and headed straight back to the Underworld. They tried to talk to me on the way back. I didn't listen. When I returned to the Underworld I handed in the soul to Calli; clocked out from work and then had some tea.