

SCREAM

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40945014) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40945014>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	東京卍リベンジャーズ Tokyo Revengers (Manga) , 東京卍リベンジャーズ Tokyo Revengers (Anime)
Relationship:	Mikey Sano Manjirou/Reader
Characters:	Reader , Mikey Sano Manjirou
Additional Tags:	Penetrative Sex , Breaking and Entering , Blood , Knife Play , Hair Pulling , Blood Play , Threats , hint of masochism , pet names (sweets , Sweetheart , Sweet Cheeks , pretty girl , Pretty thing , baby), the first scene mirrors the movie , oral (fem receiving) , serial kller!mikey , Oral Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of K!NKTOBER 2021
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-10 Words: 7,341 Chapters: 1/1

SCREAM

by [bajisbabe](#)

Summary

A stranger calls you up one night and you play along, getting somewhat flirtatious and even jokingly inviting him in. He doesn't take it as a joke though.

Notes

[post from tum]

(warnings from tum) — Warnings: penetrative sex, minors and ageless blogs DNI, breaking and entering, blood, knife play, hair pulling, blood play, threats, hint of masochism, pet names (sweets, sweetheart, sweet cheeks, pretty girl, pretty thing, baby), the first scene mirrors the movie, oral (fem receiving), serial kller!mikey

You didn't usually watch the news. But on this particular night, you had your friends come over. Some of which were very loudmouthed about their opinions on what had been going on in the world today—or at least, what had been going on in your *town*. Altogether, you crowded around your TV and watched as the news anchor reported on the latest murder. There have been nearly a dozen within the past month or so. The only piece of evidence tying them together was a mask with the name “Mikey” carved into it, left behind at the scene each and *every* time.

The mask had no holes in it, so you didn't understand how the masked man managed to breathe or see.

The killer had been deemed the Invincible Mikey. They had known his alias, but had no idea as to what his real name was or what he looked like. And although he had been rather messy in his crime, he still wasn't caught—seemingly invincible no matter what he did.

Many of your friends seemed concerned, and others thought it was nothing to worry about. So much so, in fact, that they thought going to the nearest club was in their best interest. “To dance the worries away,” one had said, laughing obnoxiously as they clambered out of your house, waving goodbye over their shoulder.

Alone. You had ushered your friends out of your place and onto the streets, where they'd soon be piling into cars and heading out to party the night away. You didn't join them, having “other things” to do—which was a blatant lie, of course. You just didn't want to hang out with them tonight.

You made your way back inside, turning on a movie with the press of a button, *Scream*. The 1997 classic playing quietly in the background as you pad into the kitchen, looking around to find something to snack on.

You grabbed what you needed and headed back into the living room, settling down on the couch to start watching the movie properly. But then your phone rang.

You weren't paying attention, absentmindedly picking it up and sliding your thumb across the screen to answer it. “Hello?” You mumbled, shoving a greedy handful of popcorn into your

mouth. You didn't give the person on the other line a chance to respond, thinking that it must have been one of the friends you just sent away. "I hope you're not planning on coming back"—you let out a breath of a chuckle, watching the scene unfold on the scene, the images and lights dancing across your face—"I'm busy, I told you that."

"Oh, are you?"

You choked, coughing violently as you realized that this wasn't a voice you recognized. "Oh, m'sorry—" you cleared your throat, face contorting in pain. "Who—who is this?"

"Who is *this*?" The voice asked back.

You hit your chest a couple of times to ensure that your airway has cleared. Heat rushed your head as you sat up, clearing your throat again. "Is there, uh, is there someone you're looking for or—?"

"What number is this?" You call tell by the voice that the person on the other line is likely a man. His voice on the higher side too, a bit nasally. But he's speaking low.

"Who're you trying to reach?" You ask.

There's a long stretch of silence. "I dunno."

"Oh, well," you murmur, brows knitting. "Then you must have the wrong number. I'm gonna hang up now." And you do just that, thumb sliding over the screen, your focus returning to the movie.

It couldn't have been more than five seconds before your phone rang again. You pick it up, answering with a swipe of the thumb. "Hello?"

"Oops."

You recognize the voice immediately, a strange sense of unsettlement rising in your stomach at the sound of him. “Who is this?” You ask quietly, but you already know the answer. It’s the same person who had called you up a moment ago.

“Who is this?” He repeats.

“If you don’t have anything to say, I’m gonna hang up n—”

“Wait, *wait!*” He says.

“What?” You spit, annoyance evident in your tone. You didn’t mean to come off as rude or anything, but the movie is still playing and you’re missing most of it because of some stranger wasting your time. You watch as the woman on screen walks around, checking the locks of her house one-by-one.

“I just want to know who I’m talkin’ to.”

“I don’t think that’s really any of your business, *sir*.” You quirk an eyebrow, lips tugging down into a frown. “I’m going to hang up now—”

“Can’t I just talk to you for a second?”

“No.” You say, hanging up right after.

The callback is immediate, and you answer the phone again. But this time, he doesn’t wait for you to greet him. “You don’t wanna talk to me?”

You begin chewing at your lower lip as your heart stutters, feeling uncomfortable. “Who is this?”

“You tell me your name, and I’ll tell you mine.”

Your frown deepens, nose drawing up in disgust and eyes rolling. “Listen, I don’t have time for this—”

“What’s that noise?”

You pause momentarily, eyes drifting back to the movie. “I’m watching a movie.”

“Which one?”

“Scream.” You say.

“Oh?” This seems to spark his interest. “The original?”

“Yeah.” You say, feeling the ends of your lips twitch. “Why would I watch any other?”

“Ohhh,” he chuckles softly. “So you’re a woman of taste, huh. The original is the best one.”

“Oh, really?” You say with a hint of sarcasm. “I wouldn’t have guessed it.”

He remains quiet for a moment, but then he laughs again. And it’s a sound that has your heart fluttering. He *sounds* cute—wait, no. This is a stranger. You couldn’t possibly be fantasizing over a stranger, especially one you haven’t even seen.

“What, you bein’ all nice to me now because I complimented your taste in movies?” He asks teasingly. “Hm? D’ya like it when people compliment your taste?”

Your neck grows warm, your teeth sinking into your lip as you subconsciously shake your head. He's just a stranger, *what're you getting so worked up for?* You sigh, crossing an arm your chest. "Who said I was being nice?"

"Well, you're actin' sweeter than you had been before, sweetheart." An easy laugh falls from his lips effortlessly, causing you to squirm. "Oh. Can I call you that, sweetheart?"

You let out a scoff, rolling your eyes again to distract yourself from the warmth that settles on your skin. "I don't even know you," you mumble under your breath, but he hears you.

"You could *get* to know me." He says, voice light and airy—playful. There's no way he's serious.

So, you play along, smiling a bit as you say, "How so?"

"Invite me over, sweet cheeks."

You stifle a laugh at the new nickname, sinking further into the couch, no longer paying attention to the movie playing. Completely tuning out the shaky voice of the woman coming from the speakers as you entertain the man on the phone. "You don't even know where I live." You say, a warm feeling blossoming in your lower belly. You wait patiently for him to respond, but he doesn't. So you say, "Sure. *Fine*. Come on in, then."

Again, you wait for his reply. But it doesn't come. The heat drains from your body as you deem the encounter to be over, pulling your phone back from your ear and looking at the screen in a daze—it's an unknown number, you wouldn't be able to contact him again. You can't stop thinking about what he must look like, even as you hang up. Your eyes are finally focusing back on the movie.

But then, your phone rings again. Your eyebrows raise as you pick up the phone, answering it quickly as the mood of the movie turns more and more tense by the second. "Hello?"

“Why’d you hang up?”

Something about his tone of voice has you shuddering—and not in a good way. “What do you mean?” You ask, shuffling your phone around so you can hold it to your ear with your shoulder as you stand up to put the popcorn away. You’ve suddenly lost your appetite.

“Aren’t you gonna finish that?”

“What?” Your heart begins to thump. “Finish...finish what?”

“The movie,” he says nonchalantly. “I heard you get up. And the music faded, so you must have moved away.”

Your eyes flicker to the TV, ears alert and listening. There’s no music playing in the scene though. *It’s just dialogue.* You gulp thickly. “Well, well, I—I don’t wanna talk anymore, okay? I’m gonna go now.”

“But you’ve already invited me over, baby.” He says. “Why hang up now?”

You falter, brows furrowing and lips frowning as you check the locks one by one. The backdoor, the front door, and the windows—you check them all. “Find someone else to talk to.” You say, peering out into the darkness from the window before shutting the blinds.

“Don’t hang up on me.” He says it coolly, no hint of a threat or a promise. But you still feel threatened.

You don’t even bother to announce that you’re hanging up as you do. You feel sick all of a sudden, mouth tasting bitter despite the remnants of butter on your tongue. You wipe your buttery hands on your clothing, hoping not to smudge any on your phone screen as you enter your contacts and scroll through them.

Just as you're about to call a friend. A call pops up, showing an unknown number. You swallow thickly, watching as it continues to ring, and ring, and *ring*. You finally pick up around the fifth ring. The phone hasn't even reached your ear before he says, "I told you not to hang up."

A shiver racks down your spine. "I said, I don't wanna talk anymore." You immediately hang up after. But it's within a second that you get a callback. You clutch your phone tight, steeling yourself with a deep breath as you answer. "Don't call me again, asshole! I mean it—"

"What?" He says, tone icy. "You think you can talk to me like that because I don't know where you live, right?"

A cold sense of dread comes over you, eyes round as you turn towards the backdoor where you could have sworn you saw a brief glimpse of movement.

"Well, news flash, sweetheart." He chuckles, the sound making your stomach churn. "I *do*."

"You—you're lying." You bite back, eyes wet.

"Am I?" He asks coyly. "I'm no liar, sweetheart. I mean what I say. And I mean it when I say that you look *real* cute in that"—he goes on to describe your outfit from head-to-toe—"of yours."

You immediately run to the front door, hearing him laughing in your ear, your body collides with it as you turn the knob to ensure that it's locked. You go to the nearest window, pulling the blinds open just enough to be able to look outside.

"Don't look for me," he says. "You won't be able to find me."

“Shut up!” You spit, eyes bouncing around frantically as you search for him. “I’m gonna call the cops! I mean it!”

“Do it, baby.” He says. “It’s not like they’ll get to you before I do.”

You hang up, body beginning to tremble. The doorbell begins to ring, causing you to jump. And your phone rings. You pick up, shouting, “Go away!”

“No, baby.” He coos. “I wanna play with you.”

“Just leave me alone!”

“Mm, I don’t think I’m gonna.” He whispers. “I’ve seen ya now. And you’re *real* fuckin’ cute.”

You begin to sob, voice thick as you plead with him to go away. But he doesn’t listen.

“Don’t tell me you thought I’d just leave without visiting you.” You can *hear* the smirk in his voice, and it makes you sick. “After all, *you* invited *me* over, pretty girl.”

You hear a loud *smash*, turning around just in time to see that the window furthest from you has been broken, glittering glass spraying over the floor. The sound is mirrored in the phone, and you know that the person who has just entered your home is, in fact, the man on the phone with you right now. “Shit!” You race into the kitchen to grab a knife, but to your surprise, the knife block has disappeared. You search through the drawers for something sharp. But there’s nothing.

How could that be?

You hear a loud crunching, as though someone is walking over the shards of glass. So you duck beneath the kitchen counter, hoping that they won’t be able to see you if they happen to

pass by. Your breath ragged as you begin to panic, clutching your phone to your chest.

“C’mon, sweets.” His voice is muffled against the fabric of your shirt. Your heart is hammering as you swallow a sob.

“Y’know, you’re the first one to invite me over. It only makes sense if you keep your word. Now,” He says quietly, “Come play with me.” But this time, his voice isn’t coming from your phone. It’s coming from *behind* you.

You aren’t even given enough time to get to your feet. By the time you thought to run, fingers are clutching at your hair, yanking hard. You’re forced to your feet; forced to follow along in the hopes of lessening the pain. The grip he has on you is merciless and rigid as he drags you into the living room. Your hands coming up to grasp at him. His fingers are calloused and rough as you try to pry them off only to receive another harsh yank in response.

When you reach the living room, the movie is still playing. It’s mere background noise as he throws you to the ground. He quickly settles his weight on top of you, straddling your waist. That’s when you noticed that his face is hidden behind a mask—a mask with the name Mikey carved into it. He’s the killer they were talking about on TV.

Your heart thumps painfully against your ribcage, eyes round, and body squirming beneath him as you try to escape. You turn over on your stomach, attempting to reach out for something—anything that could help you to get away. But he grabs onto your hair again, fingers threading near the roots and tugging you up. He lifts his mask just a bit, to where his lips are shown, but you don’t quite see it as you’re too busy struggling.

Only when his lips brush your ear, do you notice. “Don’t fight me.” He mumbles. You open your mouth to scream for help, but then you catch a glimpse of the glare from a knife as he plants it into the ground mere inches away from your head.

“Oh my god,” you gasp out. “Oh my god.”

“Play nice and I won’t have to do anything you won’t like.” He says.

“What, what’s happening—you, you’re gonna—”

“You talk too much.” He grumbles, easing his jacket off. “Turn over.”

You’re numb, adrenaline pumping in your veins, but you have nothing to do with it now that he’s gotten the upperhand. “What?” You ask stupidly.

“ *Turn over.* ” There’s a sense of finality to his tone that has your heart racing. And you slowly, but surely, do as he says. His thighs keep you caged in, knife glinting tauntingly as he lifts it from the ground.

“Wait!” You plead. “Wait, *please!* ”

He doesn’t listen, bringing the knife to the hem of your shirt, the sharpest point gliding over skin. He leans into your personal space, causing you to throw your hands up, turning your head away. But he doesn’t stop, pressing his weight against you until your arms buckle under his shoulders. “Kiss me.” He says, so quietly that you nearly miss it.

“What?”

He grabs you by the back of the neck, forcing you to face him, “Play with me.”

“That, that’s not what you said—”

“Play with me.” He urges, his nose nudging against your own. Your eyes flicker to his lips instinctively, noting how plush and pink they look under the dim light. One of his hands slides up under your shirt, fingers gripping at your side. He keeps the other steady on the hilt of his knife, easing it up until the tip of the knife is poking at your chin. “Do it. Now.”

You are no match for him, sinking further into the floor to the best of your abilities to avoid him. But it isn't enough, not when he's chasing you. You squeeze your eyes shut, letting out a whimper. He's drawn blood—just a dot—as he presses his lips to yours. A shiver racks your spine, your thighs squeezing together as your hands scramble to make purchase on his hips.

“Show me your tongue.” He says suddenly, having pulled away in the blink of an eye.

The fear racing through your veins convinces you to obey, your mouth falling open to present your tongue. He presses his thumb in, his fingertip against the pad of your tongue. His skin tastes salty, causing you to recoil. But he grabs your chin, tugging you back.

“Not so fast, sweets.” He says, sounding breathless. His wet thumb slides over the curve of your jaw, tilting your head up. And this time, he presses his tongue in, massaging it up against yours until you begin to make sounds of discomfort. He sucks the tip of your tongue a bit before calling it quits.

Once he pulls away, his lips twitch up into a smile, causing the heat of embarrassment spreading up your neck. He licks his lips, eyeing yours with a blank stare.

He wants more. So he takes it, kissing you hard and long, stealing your breath away greedily. His tongue presses at the seam of your lips, fingers coming up to dig into your cheeks until your lips pucker. He uses this to his advantage, shifting his tongue into your mouth. You let out a gasp of horror, legs flailing.

You thought you'd be able to throw him off, but he sits firm on your hips, ducking his head down further to secure your lips. You let out a yelp, seeing as the knife has dug a bit deeper into your skin, causing you pain. He pulls back, moving the knife aside, a low groan coming from his lips. His eyes are hazy and half-lidded, but you are unable to see it.

“What the fuck is the matter with you?” You cough, having nearly suffocated from his kiss. And the blood has begun to drip down your chin, your neck, and has started to stain your shirt. “Oh, ow.” You whine quietly to yourself, fingers pressing at the new wound. “What kind of freak does this to their victims?” It had been something you said subconsciously, completely unaware that he had heard you.

An easy smile plays on his lips as he invades your personal space again. You put your arms up, attempting to throw him off, but it's no good. Your arms begin to tremble as he forces them back. "Weren't you listenin'?" He murmurs. "You're the first one to invite me in, sweets."

You want to say, "So what?" But you refrain from doing so.

"No one else ever flirted with me like you did," he says quietly, the texture of his mask slides over your nose as he closes in. "Clearly you wanted something more, so I'm giving it to you." He presses a chaste kiss to your lips, laughing loudly at the incredulous look you give him. "I don't do this to just anyone."

"What?" You spat, feeling woozy all of sudden. "Kiss your victims?"

"Victim?" He pulls back abruptly. "Who said I was gonna do anything to you? ...well, anything *bad*, at least." He thumbs at his wet lip.

You open your mouth to ask him what he means, but he's already moved on. His tongue laves over your skin, getting rid of the blood caused by his carelessness. "You're sick," you blurt, voice wavering as he bites and sucks at your neck.

"And you're sweet." He mumbles, pillowy soft lips pressing into your skin. "Fuck, *so* sweet." Then comes a bout of sinister laughter, quelling the heat building in your stomach. "Bet you're sweeter someplace else, huh."

You let out a sound of disgust, arms rising to fight him again. But he merely laces his fingers with you, bringing them to the floor and scooting up a little higher to ensure you can't bend at the waist to get up. He kisses you for some time, kisses you until your limbs begin to numb, and until your mind hazes over with a lack of oxygen. But it's all so good.

It's sloppy, and messy, and *wet* but his kisses feel good.

“You like it, don’tcha?” He says, finally drawing away. A thin string of saliva connects you both by the lips, making him chuckle at the sight. “Like a killer like me kissing you... *don’t you?* ”

You have half the mind to deny it. “I do not.” You say, voice raspy.

He raises his eyebrows. “Really?” He teases. “Could’ve fooled me. You were *writhing* and *squirming* like you wanted more!”

“I was not—”

“Go on, say it! *More! More, Mikey! More!* ”

You are reminded just how bad of a man he is when he affirms that he goes by Mikey. You gulp thickly, glancing at the knife he has placed off to the side.

“Don’t even think about it, pretty girl.” He says quietly. “I told you to play nice, remember?”

Your chest begins to heave, thinking about all he must have done and all he would likely do. You felt sick, like you were going to throw up—a bitter taste stuck on your tongue at the thought. “You’re evil.”

“And you’re cute.” He shrugs. “And you”—he licks at his lips for a moment, smacking as the taste of you settles on his tongue—“You taste like butter. *No , wait...* It’s popcorn, isn’t it?” He asks gleefully.

As if he didn’t know. You glare at him. Hadn’t he been watching you long enough to know that you had been eating popcorn?

His smile gradually disappears, his teeth nibbling at his lower lip. “So you wanna kiss some more or what?”

You frown, eyes stinging. If you said no, would he hurt you?

“C’mon,” he says. “Don’t gimme that look. I know you were enjoying yourself. Just ‘cause I’m a bad guy doesn’t mean we gotta stop.”

You don’t want to feel this—this conflicting feeling . You shouldn’t even be attracted to him. Hell, you don’t even know what he looks like. But you want to kiss him, and you hate yourself for it.

“You already invited me in,” he coos, already leaning back in again. “Let’s play a lil’ longer, okay? And if I do anything you’ll feel guilty of, or ashamed about, just call me the bad guy.” His voice lowers to a whisper that you aren’t sure if you’re meant to hear or not. “That’s what they all do anyway.”

He seems to notice you watching him curiously, causing him to straighten up and put back on his easy-going facade. “Come on,” he draws back, taking his knife. “Let’s have some fun.”

He takes the sharpest point and shreds your shirt right down the middle. Before you can tell him off, he’s already latching onto your neck and sucking until you begin to whine for him. “That’s right,” he murmurs. “So pretty for me, huh.”

You don’t reply, you *can’t* . It all feels so good that it numbs your brain.

“You want me to keep goin’, don’t you?” He glances up at you as he begins to kiss a path down to the hem of your panties. Even though the drag of his knife draws a dotted line of blood down your stomach, you can’t seem to pretend as though you don’t like it when he tongues at your skin, licking it all up in one go. Moaning about how good it tastes as his eyes roll back behind his mask. “Wan’ me to make you feel good, baby?”

You nodding despite yourself, feverishly twitching and groaning as he tugs your pants off, spreading your legs and kissing your inner thighs. But right before he gets to the spot where you’re aching at, he seems to have an idea, suddenly switching positions.

“I only eat pussy for girls that are mine,” he mumbles, speaking halfheartedly. “Only ever gave head once, you understand? If I eat you out, you’re gonna have to be mine.” There’s a mischievous glint in his eyes that you don’t get to see thanks to the coverage of his mask. “You cool with that?”

You nod, but that isn’t enough for him. “Say it, sweets.”

You say it; say that you want him and that you want to be his, even though you know you shouldn’t. You say it. It’s broken and defeated. *But you say it* . And that’s enough for him.

He’s still straddling you, but now, he’s damn near sitting on your chest—a 69 position. His dick print hovers tauntingly above your face; he’s hard, you can tell. Your arms pinned to your side by the press of his thighs. You’re squirming and writhing, but it’s no good. He eases off your panties, letting out a heavy sigh that hits your clit in a way that has you bucking up with need, making him laugh.

You hate to admit it, but you want this. You want it so bad.

You can feel him panting, his hot breath fanning over the skin of your thigh. “Mikey, please!”

“Please what?” He murmurs, pressing a hard kiss to your clit. You whine, flailing your legs the best you can—but he’s got you down good. “Whaddya want me to do, sweets?”

You purse your lips, squeezing your eyes shut. You wouldn’t say it, you *couldn’t* .

“Wan’ me to lick it, hmm?” He gives a long, hot lick down your cunt, slathering his spit over your sticky folds. “Or you wan’ me to kiss it?” He begins tongue-kissing your pussy.

“Ah!” You scream, flailing your legs. “Fuck, *fuuuuck* .”

“Mmm,” he hums. You’re so sensitive that you can feel the vibrations of it. “You’re a needy lil’ thing, aren’t you?”

You can’t respond, your stomach fluttering. It feels like you’re riding a rollercoaster and perched on the highest peak, right before the drop.

“Bet you wanna cream all over my face, right?” He murmurs, warm breath tickling your swollen clit. “Go ‘head. Come. I *dare you*. He gives a sinister chuckle, “You’d be gettin’ off on the face of a killer.”

Your stomach sinks. You don’t want to come now, especially not after what he’s said. It’s like he’s trying to make you feel guilty.

“You really gunna cream on *my* face? *Me? The Invincible Mikey?*” He teases. “And if I put my fingers in, are you gonna squirt? Hm, could you do that for me?”

He slips his fingers in, your pussy making obscene, squelching sounds as he buries each finger to the knuckle one-by-one. You twitch and groan, but there’s no escaping the pleasure. You let out a sob, lust thrumming hot in your veins. You struggle to slip your hand out of his grasp, just to be able to cover your mouth, but you can’t quite get out. His knees are tightening by your sides.

“*Fuck*,” he whispers breathlessly. Absolutely adoring the sight of your glistening cunt, and all because of him. He’s fucking *infatuated* —he’s just got to have you now. “Just come. Come all over my face and get it soakin’ wet. S’all I want.”

“Fuck you— *ah!*” Your voice is wet and thick as you seize up against his mouth, hips rocking as your head lolls back. You let out a mix between a cry and a groan, the knot in your stomach coming undone. A soft chant of his name on your lips.

“God, you’re being so good for me.” He says. “And you came so quick too. I barely had to do anything.” He licks his fingers clean, humming contently around the digits as he slips

them out of his mouth. “So sweet too, *fuck* .” He whispers.

Your head is still hazy as he tugs you up, moving you into his desired position, his hand searching for the hilt of his knife. And then he has it, using one hand to hold it, and the other to clamp tightly around your wrists.

He slings you over his lap, the sharp tip of his blade digging into the plump flesh of your ass for a moment before he puts it down again. “Don’t fuckin’ move.” He says quietly. Then, you feel his hand massaging and kneading the plushness. Giving a hefty smack when you twitch in the wrong direction.

He sucks his fingers, licking them with a nice, long stripe from the knuckle to the tip and back. And you can feel the saliva soaked digits prodding at your entrance.

“S’not enough.” You cry, eyes teary. “You can’t be serious. You have to have some lube or something—”

“Sorry, babe. S’all I got.” He gives a half-assed shrug. His fingers are already pressing in with much resistance, causing you to wince and whimper. “It was enough when I was eating your pussy though, wasn’t it? It should be enough now.”

“ *Mikey* ,” you mumble pathetically.

“Shh,” he murmurs, focused solely on your drooling cunt. He manages to slip two fingers in at once, but not without a string of curses from you. “S’not like I broke in plannin’ to fuck. You were just too damn cute, I couldn’t stop myself.”

“Fuck you,” you spat breathlessly, his knee in your stomach is not helping.

“Oh, you’re about to.” He quips, spreading your puffy pussy lips with his fingers. “You’re about to.”

He scraps past your sweet spot, making you squeal. He does it again, just to see your reaction, but then he understands that you *really* like it—so he targets the spot. His fingers pulsing up inside until you're sure you're about to come.

But then comes the cool sensation of his blade of your ass. "You're real pretty," he says. "Too pretty, even... I might have to mark you up to make sure everyone knows who you belong to now."

You feel the knife dip, threatening to break skin, but you holler. "No, no! Wait, *wait*, Mikey! *Please!*"

He lets out an impatient sigh, but the tip doesn't dig any deeper.

"You—you don't have to mark me."

"Why is that?" He murmurs, eyeing you expectedly from beneath his mask.

"Cause, 'c-cause, uhm..."

The knife dips a bit, making you tense up as you blurt out your reasoning as fast as you can. "B-because, because, Mikey! M'already yours, I promise!"

"Is that right?" He has the darkest, most sinister look in his eye. You should consider yourself lucky that you don't see it. "You sure? I could put it somewhere pretty," he whispers, dragging the tip of his knife up between your shoulder blades. "Like here."

You shake your head.

“What about here?”—the middle of your back—“Or here,” just above the curve of your ass. “Or maybe I should carve my name on that cute tummy of yours.”

“No!” You blurt. “No, no! Please don’t.”

He lets out a sigh, “Fine. But you’re gonna have to make sure people know that I’ve fucked you.”

You don’t bother asking him how, because you don’t plan on ever coming in contact with him again. If that meant having to turn him into the police, you’d be willing to do that. But that was a thought process meant for later.

He pulls you out of his lap, pushing down onto your back. Tugging his pants down just enough to let his dick spring out, he spreads your thighs, one hand holding your legs open, and the other is being used to hold himself up.

“You’re sure you want it?” He asks, a smirk tugging at his lips.

“Yes, I’m sure.” You say, eyeing him pointedly. You’ve already sunken pretty low, a little lower wouldn’t be too much of a challenge.

“You *suuure*?” He’s teasing you now, you’re sure of it. “I mean, I’m a pretty *bad* guy—”

“Could you *please* just fuck me already!”

The shock is evident on his face for a moment, but his lips quickly ease into an arrogant grin. “If that’s what you want,” he says. “Fine by me.”

His head teases your cunt, stretching you just enough to have you keening for him. But not quite enough to sate the hunger deep in your belly.

“But before we fuck, I gotta let you see my face, right?”

Your heart drops to your stomach, and you’re subconsciously shouting for him not to reveal his face to you. You can hear yourself telling him not to show you, but he’s already slipping it off. You attempt to turn away, to cover your face, but you catch a glimpse as he tugs your chin back in his direction—forcing you to look.

Now you’ll know what the killer looks like.

He didn’t look quite like what you expected. His hair is black, more on the longer side, and it frames his face. His eyes are large, blank, like there’s not a thought behind them. But somehow, you know there is. His lips twitch into a pretty smile, eyes squeezing into crescent shapes. “Hey, sweets.”

And you feel him nudging in, going deeper and deeper until he’s bottomed out. It’s a bit of a stretch, but nothing you can’t handle. He’s already evading your space yet again, his lips nearing yours, eyes flickering from yours to your lips.

You try not to moan, trying your hardest to keep quiet, but he slides right over that spot that has your limbs turning into jelly. “Ah, fuck.” You whisper, and it only goes downhill from there. You’re thrumming— *aching* with pleasure and he slides in nice and tight. Pulling out almost all the way and then pushing it all back in at once.

You feel silly as tears come to your eyes, but you’re not sad or frustrated. You just feel so *good*. Hearing him moan softly above you, eyes fluttering closed as he thrust into you again and again. Your toes are curling, calves drawing up against your thighs.

Your hand drifting down to where your bodies meet, attempting to push him back because you don’t want to come quite yet. It would be too quick; over too fast, and you don’t want that. He fills you up nicely, every inch and curve pressed up against your walls.

He kisses your neck, his nose nudging up your chin so that he has more access. “If you won’t let me carve my name in you, I guess I’ll just have to settle for hickeys, huh.”

You don’t respond in anything other than sighs of his name, eyes bleary as he rolls his hips slowly.

“You’re so mean to me, you know?” He whispers against your neck. “I call you up and try to be nice, eat your pussy, and fuck you real good. And you won’t even let me mark you up.” He lets out a breathy chuckle that turns into a moan as your pussy squeezes him just right.

You’re feeling so good, so high on pleasure, that you don’t notice him picking the knife up, easing it between his torso and yours. It’s right up against your collarbone when you finally break from the haze, eyes blinking as you feel it weigh heavy on your skin. “Hm?” You hum in confusion, attempting to look down despite Mikey being in the way.

Your hips are stuttering, stomach fluttering as he presses his cock all the way in and stays there for a moment, his chest rising and falling as he tries to catch his breath. That makes it all the more surprising when he suddenly speeds up to a punishing pace, his hips slapping against yours.

You let out a loud groan, eyes rolling as his head hits that sweet spot in you. “Uh—uh,” you choke, unable to make a coherent sentence as your limbs become jelly all over again. “Fuck.”

“So good, ain’t it?” He murmurs against your neck, easing the knife up just a bit more. “Now I’m gonna ask you to do something for me, okay? We’re just gonna play one last game, how’s that sound?”

He doesn’t give you the chance to answer, pounding into you until you begin to twitch.

“I’m gonna ask you to say something, and you’ll do it, won’t you?”

You nod absentmindedly, really paying him no attention.

“Good,” he says. “You’re okay with being mine, right?”

Again, you nod, not a thought in mind.

“Then say it.”

You open your mouth to comply, but he cuts you off.

“Say it,” he gasps out, his panting breaths are warm against your mouth. “Say my *name* .”

You hesitate, biting your lip as he presses his hips flush against your own, reaching unbearably deep inside.

“Say it, pretty thing.” His lips curl into a nasty smirk. Lifting his hand, he displays the knife. It glints in the dim light, a reflection of the full moon shining on the blade. The tip pointed to your neck.

You take a shuddering breath, hoping his hand doesn’t slip. “M—Mikey.” You mumble.

He frowns. If you hadn’t known any better, you would’ve thought he had pouted right then. But surely, men like him— *monsters* like him don’t do that. “That’s not m’name, sweets. But I wouldn’t expect you to know that.”

You remain silent the best you can, nearly drawing blood nibbling at your lip. You’re praying he doesn’t tell you his name. You hadn’t even known that Mikey was an alias—and he had shown you his face. That alone puts a nail in your coffin. You couldn’t risk learning any more about him.

“It’s Manjiro. Manjiro Sano.”

You internally panic. You know his real name. *And* what he looks like. It's over.

"Now, say it, won't you?" His voice is soft and gentle. It comforts you none, causing your stomach to churn. "C'mon. You can do it. Man—ji—ro. Say it."

You're biting your lip hard, eyes glossy. Your lashes flutter whilst you try to think about anything other than how good his cock feels snug against your gummy walls.

"Say it," he coaxes. Expression blank, but there's something more behind his eyes. Being they're so dark, you can't figure what that something is. And the lack of lighting isn't helping. You can hardly think straight. His large hands groping at the doughy flesh of your thighs. "Say it for me, sweets. *Manjiro* —say it."

He picks up a punishing pace again. His heavy balls hung low, slapping against your ass. You jolt out of surprise, and he misunderstands; thinking that you're trying to get away. Grabbing you by your upper arm, he scots a little closer until his hips are snug against your own. His eyes bore into your own as he thrusts in with precision, aiming for the spot that has you seeing stars.

"Wait, I—" you choke, eyes rolling. "M'cumming! Manjiro, I—"

"That's my girl." He coos, taking your face in his hands. He murmurs sweet nothings that you couldn't care less about, not that you're even paying attention. Your back arching up off of the floor as he fucks your spent cunt.

"M I fuckin' you so good that you slipped up and said my name, huh?" You say nothing in return, just gasping and moaning as he uses you to his heart's content. "Answer me, baby. Or just scream for me, hm. Can you do that?"

Again, you can't even think of a reply. His cold hands work their way up your body and come to rest just beneath the curve of your breasts, nudging aside the ruined halves of your bra and shirt to expose your chest. He leans down and presses a chaste kiss to each nipple,

smiling widely as he watches your eyes cross. The head of his cock having struck something so deep and so fucking good within you.

“Cummin’ already? But m’not even about to cum yet. You’re being a lil’ selfish, don’t you think?” He asks, his hips bucking against yours. “I already ate you out and everything, and you can’t even make me cum.” He lets out a feigned sigh of disappointment. “Awh, that’s okay. I could also come visit you again to get my nut.”

Your brain lights up for a second. And you seem to remember who exactly he is and how he got here in the first place. The pleasures die down just enough for you to think logically. And you open your mouth, babbling about how you wouldn’t want to see him again—begging him not to return.

But he’s thumbing at your clit. “If you cum, I’m coming back, ‘kay?” He says, a wide grin plastered on his face. Had you not known his true identity, you would have found him rather cute. But knowing who he really was only made your stomach lurch. “If you don’t want me to come back, you gotta stop yourself from cumming, got it?”

You steel yourself, thinking about any and everything to stop yourself from coming undone. But nothing’s working. How could anything possibly work when the curve of his cock is etched in your cunt? You can feel it; heavy and unrelenting as he thrusts it into you again and again.

“You can’t stop, can you?” He lets out a breathless laugh, putting more pressure on your clit; rubbing tight, fast circles into it. “S’fine. I’ll just come visit you again, that okay?”

“Nuh—uh, uh.” You sputter, hips trembling as you near your climax. “Don’t come back, don’t come back, don’t come back.” You repeat fruitlessly, your words slurring as your vision begins to blur.

Your eyes are crossing again, legs twitching as the coil in your stomach snaps. And you’re coming all over him.

“Fuck,” he breathes in a whisper. Pupils blown wide as his eyes rack over your defeated figure. Your pussy glistening, legs trembling and body peppered with hickeys of numerous shades. He steadies him with a single hand beside your head, his body hovering over your own. He plunges deeper, holding himself there to let you ride out your high. “That’s fuckin’ hot.”

Your cunt is giving him such a nice squeeze. And he nearly comes, but not quite. A smile tugs at his lips as he thinks about his return. He’s a man of his word, just like he told you, and he *will* be back.

He slowly pulls out, watching your hips stutter at the sudden emptiness. And he finds himself wishing he could watch his seed seep out from your hole. For a second, he thinks about going for a second round just to get his wish. But then, he’d have no reason to return.

Like hell he’d let that happen. He’s got to give himself *some* sort of justification in returning to terrorize you. And coming back because you lost to him certainly fits the bill.

With a stupid grin, he gets to his feet, hands making quick work of his pants and belt. Grabbing his mask and the knife he likely stole from your kitchen, he bids you goodbye and disappears through the backdoor without so much as another word.

But you know there was an unspoken promise to return on his lips. And that damned smile was enough to prove it.

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