

Dead Daughter

Part 1

by Kevin Strange

Katrina settles into bed, nestling under her covers, closes her eyes, and thinks about dicks. More specifically, she thinks about sucking dicks. Under the comforting darkness of her dorm room, she slides her hand under her panties and slowly strokes at her clit as she imagines dicks of all shapes, sizes and colors plunging in and out of her wet mouth. These cocks are not disembodied members, but their owners don't matter. Their faces are blurry and vague. They could be anyone. Or no one.

As her mind rests on a particularly thick, veiny, Caucasian fantasy cock working its smooth helmeted head between her lips, Katrina rotates her hips, slowly at first, but more vigorously as the bulging penis in her mind's eye speeds up, nearing a climax aimed directly at her tonsils.

The young woman whimpers, panting with every imaginary thrust. She licks her lips as her mouth salivates at the thought of that warm hardness penetrating her orally, making her face its sperm repository.

Her fantasy is so vivid, she can nearly smell the musk wafting up from the sweaty, saliva covered shaft as it grows even thicker as the moment of ejaculation nears.

And then that sweet scent is replaced by one all too familiar to the horny girl. The smell of rot. Decay. Death.

In her mind's eye, the beautiful phallus quickly develops black spots all across its shaft. Within seconds, these rotten spots drill their way to the cock's core as the flesh around them peels away and sloughs off until nothing is left but a putrid stump.

Such is the luck of Dead Daughter. She can't even suck dicks in her dreams without killing them.

That's Katrina's code name. Dead Daughter. Everyone at the facility has one. All of the students,

anyway. The teachers, if you can really call a bunch of lab nerds teachers. They go by fake names like Mr. Bill and Ms. Lisa. Boring stuff. At least the students get cool names.

Katrina sits up, sighing audibly. Her nipples are still erect and her loins still burn with want and frustration. She tosses the covers aside and strips off her clothes, laying naked, teasing her clit and rubbing her labia, trying to keep the mood going, but it's no use.

Tonight, like every other night, her attempts at masturbation always give way to a pity party. How can a chick so horny all the time not be allowed to touch guys? It's not fair. But that's how it's always been. Katrina is a mutant, and her “special power,” if you can call it that, is pestilence. Any living organic matter she comes into contact with dies.

Here at the facility, she's required to wear a special suit and gloves that prevent her from killing her class mates and teachers. If only she'd had them out in the real world, maybe the six boys she tried to blow at summer camp would still have dicks today.

She shakes the memory from her mind. Their screams haunt her, the disbelief in their eyes is imprinted on her brain. Even her facility therapist doesn't know about that awful night. The night her powers manifested themselves for the first time.

She hadn't touched a boy since, which was damn difficult because, as luck would have it, she had an incredible body. Her hands find their way up to her perfect, pert tits, firm and shapely even laying on her back. Her hands slide down her sides, easily finding her wide hips. She barely has to arch her back at all to lift her lower back off the mattress. Her ass is big and round and does most of the work for her, ending in thighs that get more stares than her tits when she wears short shorts, which is saying something. Guys love to look at her tits. That is kind of her fault though, as she rarely wears a bra.

Her hair, thick and wavy, is a brownish red that always has guys asking her to prove she's a true red head by showing them her pussy. She has huge brown eyes to match and even bigger lips that she keeps glossed, almost religiously. To say Katrina is stunning is an understatement. Which makes her

powers all the more frustrating.

That night at summer camp, in the mess hall where they'd had their initial meeting, before the kids got there, and after all the other female counselors headed off to bed, the guys couldn't keep their hands off of her. She'd tied the bottom of her green Camp Dubois tshirt, 80s style, to accentuate her tits, which three guys were fondling at that moment while two more stuck their hands up her tiny matching green shorts from behind. She took turns kissing the two hottest guys in front of her, giggling about the evening's turn of events.

Believe it or not, Katrina was still a virgin that night. She couldn't even explain to herself what made her such a horny slut. Some people were born with the gift of painting, others of song, Katrina was born with the ability to completely disconnect emotionally from sex, and knew for as long as she could remember that sucking dick and getting fucked was all she really cared about.

The sixth guy, a nerdy named Aaron stood back from the group sniveling, but clearly had a gigantic hard-on bulging inside his shorts. "Guys, w-we're gonna get caught! Can't we at least take this to the cabins?"

Katrina smirked at the nervous dork, appreciating both his concern and the size of his hidden cock. As an answer, she dropped down on her knees and started yanking down shorts. Every single dude in the room was hard as a rock, and that made Katrina so wet, she was dripping down her thighs.

She couldn't think of a time she'd been turned on more than when all of those dicks bobbed up and down next to her face, their owners each eagerly awaiting a turn inside of her mouth.

That was probably her undoing. That excitement, that lust, was most likely what triggered her "Other gene" as they called it at the facility. Still, she managed to get a few dicks between her lips before....

Even Aaron gave up his protesting and shuffled over to the tangle of dicks and tits. Much to Katina's amusement, it was no sooner than she grabbed his long dong that he blew a gigantic load, prematurely ejaculating all over one of the other fella's legs, earning him a stiff punch to the arm, sending him sprawling across the adjacent lunch table.

She had to give the goober credit, though. Even having just shot copious amounts of jizz all over his campmate, he was still hard and ready to go again. This time Katrina put him in her mouth, enjoying the sensation of his length and she worked it further and further down her throat until she gagged, tears welling up in her eyes.

That's when the screaming started.

She's practically glowing, a thin layering of sweat forms across her entire body as she thumbs her clit wildly, trying her best to keep the good memories of her first and only blowbang at the tip of her memory while pushing the bad stuff away.

It's working.

She moves on to a more recent memory as her breath quickens and she feels the first bit of tingling starting to spiral out from her loins, soon to build into wave after wave of orgasm.

As Katrina writhes on her bed, quietly moaning, she doesn't notice the man in the corner, silently watching her, quietly stroking his cock.

The summer camp incident landed her in the state mental institution after the counselors all accused her of orchestrating an elaborate chemical castration, even though no sign of chemicals were

found on the scene, and medical examinations of their putrid stumps were deemed inconclusive, resembling gangrene more than any kind of acid or other corrosive chemical.

It was there that Katrina met Dennis. He was a quiet, smart boy doing time in the institution for several extravagant suicide attempts. He'd built elaborate suicide machines in his bedroom stating that using a single match to set in motion a series of events that lead to his decapitation was his art form.

His poetry.

He still sported the fresh bandages around his neck from where the blade hit his throat, but lacked the power to cut clean through.

Katrina thought he was a weirdo, but also the only guy in the place that she might convince to jack off on her without touching her. That was her compromise.

After the blowbang incident, she was horrified, but no less horny. Initially she'd vowed never to touch another human being again. She'd managed to reduce the plants in her psych ward room to rot and even accidentally killed the community cat when it rubbed up against her hand while she read a trashy paperback in the commons room. The poor thing looked like month old road kill before it hit the floor.

She knew by now that she was afflicted with some sort of a disease, even if she didn't know what it was, she understood its consequences. But that didn't stop the ache in her pussy every time a cute guy whispered perverted things in her ear, or strategically squeezed her big butt through her jeans in the lunch line.

Finally, she devised a plan. She'd find the weirdest crazy boy in the joint, and get him to jack off on her while she masturbated. She might not be able to touch dick, but she'd be damned if she couldn't at least look at it and smell it.

Convincing Dennis to beat off in front of her wasn't as easy a task as she expected. She could have chosen one of the more aggressive dudes in the ward, like Kurt, a burly football player type locked up for knocking his girl around. He'd gotten psych ward time instead of jail time because of his

rich father and even richer lawyer. He was always telling Katrina how big his cock was. Even flashed his hard-on at her in the hallway more than once.

But she was afraid that when she got naked and knelt down on her knees in front of his big dick, he'd shove it in her mouth, or at the very least try rubbing it all over her pretty face. She couldn't have that. She didn't want another rotten penis falling off in her mouth.

She couldn't handle the taste.

Figuring the direct route was the best, Katrina slipped Dennis a note one day in the commons room that simply said, "Wanna cum on my face? Meet me in the smoke area at 10."

Due to the nature of her offenses, she wasn't supposed to be left unmonitored with the male patients by herself. She'd allowed the night watch to take a phone pic of her tits to let she and Dennis be alone for nothing.

He stood her up. She was genuinely surprised when he didn't show.

She was horny enough, to ask the orderly to blow a load on her, but decided against it at the last minute. The less dirt the orderlies had against you in a place like that, the better.

The next day, when she saw Dennis jotting down new ways to kill himself, she plopped down dramatically next to him on the couch and gave him her best puppy dog eyes. The kind of eyes that melted every man's heart, and usually gave them boners to boot.

"Why didn't you meet me last night?"

Dennis immediately blushed, and kept his eyes pointed toward his diary. "I-I thought you were joking."

"Do girls joke about taking loads on the face?" She grinned, knowing that her potty mouth was turning him on.

"N-no. I guess not. I... thought you had a weird sense of humor."

Katrina got up, sneaking her hand across his lap as she passed by him, squeezing his cock and balls as she whispered in his ear, "be there at 10 tonight and we'll see who's joking."

To his credit, Dennis showed up this time, and the night orderly held up his end of the deal, letting the two out back in the smoking area alone, well past curfew so the chances of anyone except the pervy orderly catching them were slim to none.

Dennis stood awkwardly with his hands in his pockets. “So, uh, what do you want me to do?”

Katrina smiled. This kid was cute. She almost felt sorry for him. If she wasn't so eager to get cock in whatever way possible, she might have just patted him on the shoulder and told him to go to bed. But her neither regions were on fire. She needed to get laid, even if that meant fingering herself a foot away from a guy jacking off. That was fine. Better than nothing.

By now, she knew better than to be around people without gloves on. She took Dennis by the hand and put it on her braless tits, helping him squeeze it through her shirt.

“Remember one thing, do not touch my skin. Under no circumstances, no matter how horny I get, or how hard you get. Do you understand? No touching me. I will not suck your dick, you cannot fuck me. I want to watch you jack off, and I want you to cum all over my face. That's it. Got me?”

“Whatever,” Dennis said, already visibly excited.

The way he groped her as he panted and stared wide eyed at her hardening nipples through her shirt, Katrina was half sure the kid was still a virgin. It made sense. As much time as he spent building new ways to kill himself, the girlies probably rarely came a knockin'.

“Take out your dick,” she said, backing away cautiously, making sure he didn't get carried away.

He did as he was told, as obedient as she'd hoped he would be. As he peeled his stupid indie rock skinny jeans down, she noticed that his pubic hair had been trimmed into a nice little landing strip. Nice. She appreciated man-scaping.

Dennis wasn't the biggest she'd ever seen, but then she loved big black monster dick porn, so she had to keep her real life expectations fairly low. He wasn't small, by any means, and maybe just a tad thin for her liking, but that didn't keep her from stripping butt naked in front of him, already feeling the hot moistness growing warmer between her thighs by the second.

“Stroke it for me,” she commanded. As if that was necessary. Dennis's cock was already pulsing, bobbing up and down ever so slightly, totally engorged just from the sight of her naked tits and shaved pussy.

He put his left hand over his shaft, backwards, with the thumb and forefinger pointed back at his pubis. Odd that he was both a lefty and had a weird jackoff method. Whatever worked. Katrina was just happy to have a boner in front of her.

Dennis worked his dick, turning his backward hand in a corkscrew motion, pausing every once in a while to spit in his palm before returning it to action.

She loved his technique. Surprisingly, as her own hand found its way to her pussy, it was Katrina who was trying to talk herself into sucking the guy's dick, not the other way around.

She pleaded with herself internally, trying to justify a blowjob. She'd just lick the tip, she told herself, that wouldn't be enough to rot his dick off. Maybe her powers were dormant tonight, maybe she could get away with taking his long, skinny dong all the way down her throat just fine.

She shook her head, fingering herself with two fingers while working her clit with her thumb. No, it wasn't worth the risk. If she got caught destroying another penis, she would go to jail for sure. She could see the headline now: “Crazy 20 year old serial castrator, sentenced to 25 years in prison.”

She was too sexy for jail. The butch dykes would have a field day with her, and their pussies wouldn't survive the ordeal any better than all the damn dicks she melted off.

What then? Life in solitary confinement? No. No, no, no. This was fine. Watching this shy boy work his dick backwards was plenty. She'd be able to taste his hot cum soon enough. Hopefully that would satisfy her till she got out of the psych ward. She was under a thirty day evaluation and so far had passed all of her tests, to the best of her knowledge. She'd be back home with her bewildered parents soon enough. Then she could figure out what to do about her...powers.

For now, she had Dennis to tend to. She dropped to her knees, still working her fingers in and out of herself, switching from two fingers in front, to three fingers from behind, all the while panting

and moaning.

“Come closer.”

“You said—“

“Don't touch me, just come close to me. Jack off right over my face, let me smell your dick and balls.”

“You're fucking weird,” the suicidal kid said, scooting closer.

Katrina stopped masturbating. This guy, Dennis, in for trying to sever his own head in the name of art thought she was weird. She got angry. It wasn't her fucking fault that some rogue gene in her body decided to turn her into a human fertilizer machine. She didn't ask for this. It wasn't her will to be alienated from the entire human race for their own safety. If she had it her way, she'd have fucked 50, 60 guys by now. Two or three at a time. Whatever. She was game. Totally down to fuck.

Then she realized her anger was turning her on even more. She was close to orgasm. All she needed was... “Say it again.”

“What?”

“Call me another name.”

“You're a fucking weirdo?”

“Say it like you fucking mean it, asshole.”

Dennis smiled. It looked like Katrina had found his kink. “You're a fucking weird bitch.”

“Yeah?”

“And a slut. Look at you, beating on your pussy like a drum. How much do you love cock?”

“I fucking love cock,” she said, breathless. The first orgasm hit her by surprise, and she had to squeeze her legs shut to avoid screaming when it spread out over her loins like a warm blanket. Even though they were alone, the mental institution wasn't large. The windows to the patient rooms were right next to the double doors of the smoking area.

“I bet you do, little whore.”

It was like his words were tickling her G-spot. Every time he said something awful to her, waves of pleasure wracked her genitals. The second orgasm was three times as powerful as the first, originating deep inside her vagina before gushing out like a tsunami. It knocked her forward, nearly running her face first into Dennis's dick. He didn't move. Suddenly it was right there. The musky smell of precum, sweat, and lubed up saliva wafted into her nostrils causing her mouth to water so much she had to swallow or drool, one or the other.

“You gonna suck it or what, slut?”

“You have no idea how bad I want to,” Katrina said, eyes wide with lust and primal hunger.

Dennis took his hand off the shaft and bent it toward her lips. All she had to do was open her mouth and she'd have his smooth cockhead gliding over her tongue, working toward her tonsils. She licked her lips, staring at it. Begging herself to just do it. Fuck this douche bag, she'd get four or five good thrusts into her throat before it melted off. He was an asshole anyway. Nobody talked to Katrina like that. Who the fuck was he to call her a slut?

“No. Cum on my face. Right now.”

“Make up your fucking mind,” Dennis said, a little too comfortable with his shit talking as he resumed masturbating with vigor.

Katrina was on the verge of her third climax. Her orgasms always built stronger and stronger until she was too exhausted to move. The anticipation of this bastard's hot jizz all over her lips, nose and cheeks had her nearly hyperventilating.

“Hold still you fucking bitch.”

Katrina bit her lip and closed her eyes, not wanting to discourage the dolt. She was equally turned on and disgusted by his disrespectful attitude. If he called her a bitch or a slut one more time, she'd either cum again or bite his dick off.

She hadn't decided which when he started grunting. She opened her eyes. Dennis was thrusting his hips. His hand had slowed down and was now just barely twitching as it gripped his long shaft. He

was about to cum.

This sent her into the beginnings of a massive orgasm. She couldn't contain the short squeals that jumped out of her throat as it built, already more powerful than the two prior climaxes. When Dennis's dick erupted in milky white semen, her eyes were already half closed and unfocused. The warm sperm splatting against her chin and cheek was enough to shoot her through the stratosphere.

Somehow, one of her hands had found its way back behind her, and she had the better part of two fingers up her own ass while she was buried knuckle deep with three more inside her vagina. She found herself screaming, eyes clenched tight as her orgasm sped from her loins to her nipples, rippling through her whole body in wave after wave of ecstasy.

Until she realized it wasn't her doing the screaming.

She opened her eyes, confused. Dennis had backed away, his pants still down around his ankles, his flat white ass pressed up against the glass doors. The night orderly ran to see what the commotion was about.

“You guys! Shut the fuck up. You're going to get me in—Oh shit.”

That's when she smelled it. Decay, death.

The two men took off inside. As the door shut behind them, Katrina saw her reflection. Black blotches smoked up off her face. Of course it did. Semen was alive, after all.