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Prison

The Crime

Jerrod Saxton, sixteen, the eldest of two children, is your typical high school misfit. He stands an average five feet seven inches, weighs somewhere in the vicinity of 120 pounds dripping wet, has very little musculature and body hair, and has never taken a shower after gym class for fear he would be laughed at because of his lack of anything manly between his legs. According to people in the know, his only redeeming value is his shoulder length wavy blonde hair and his aquamarine blue eyes. His school work vacillates in the B to C range and his interaction with the opposite sex is even more disarming. He has no charisma. He is lucky he could say hello to any girl other than his mother and younger sister. Jerrod Saxton spends most of his time alone thinking weird thoughts about his family, school, his lack of friends, and his life in general. That all changed when he met Julia Bonds.

Julia Bonds lives on the outskirts of their small Pennsylvania farming town. She doesn't attend his high school only because she is in the seventh grade at the local junior high school. She also falls under the heading of school misfit. She is a patently plain girl. She chooses not to wear any makeup. Her clothing represents a style all her own, but nothing that would enhance her small stature and make boys want look at her. At the age of 12, she is still flat as a prepubescent female child. She wears her stick-straight mousy brown hair to the middle of her back. The shortest dress she owns is ankle length. Julia Bonds is not someone a boy between the ages of thirteen to eighteen would want to strike up a conversation with so they could get to know her.

Jerrod ran into Julia at the most unlikely spot – the local strip mall. The Pillar Ville Mall is not huge, but it does draw people from the surrounding countryside because the two foundation stores located at either end are Wal-Mart and Target. Considering the area is basically a blue collar farming area, Wal-Mart and Target were the perfect big box discounters to open for business in the area. Jerrod and Julia were queued up in front of the 'Order Here' sign in the small pizza shop to purchase something to eat. Upon ordering their slices and drinks, they turned to notice only one table was empty. Jerrod turned to her, stifled his panic, and asked if she would like to share the table with him. Julia sputtered and couldn't answer because a total stranger had just spoken to her. She finally responded to him by shaking her head yes.

Their order numbers were called and Jerrod offered to retrieve them so she didn't have to stand up again and they wouldn't lose the table.

Jerrod returned with his two slices of garlic pizza and her one slice of mushroom pizza. They each went to the soda fountain and filled their cups with the same non-soft drink – water. As they began to eat, Jerrod spoke, "Hi, my name is Jerrod Saxton. What's yours?"

Julia didn't even think to wait until she swallowed what was in her mouth and responded, "Julia Bonds." She offered no other information.

Jerrod continued, having found the nerve, to talk to a total stranger, but in the back of his mind he used the trick that he was talking to his younger sister. "So, do you come to the mall often?"

"No," she replied. Again, offering no other information and continuing to wolf down her slice of pizza.

Jerrod was getting a bit frustrated considering the two of them made an improbable couple even if they were two total strangers compelled to sit together at the only open table in the pizza shop so they could eat their pizza. Figuring she didn't want to talk, he pushed on, "I'm sixteen, I attend Pillar Ville Regional High School, and I'm in my junior year. Where do you go to school, Julia." He used her first name to show he is interested in talking to her.

Julia realized that she wasn't going to be able to hide considering she was sitting across from him eating pizza, so she decided to try something new for her; a conversation with a total stranger. "I attend Pillar Ville Regional Junior High School," she replied again not offering any additional information.

Jerrod noticed that she didn't even try to swallow what was in her mouth when she spoke. He continued trying to attain more pertinent information from her. With a bit of excitement in his voice, he asked her, "Do you know Aileen Saxton? She's my sister, attends the same school as you do, and is twelve years old. Do you know her?"

Julia stopped chewing. She looked up at him for the first time since he returned with their slices of pizza. She sat and stared at him for a good two minutes before she responded with, "Holy shit!!! Aileen is your sister? I can't fuckin' believe such a popular girl is your fuckin' sister!!! You've got to be shittin' me!!!"

Jerrod was flabbergasted at the number of times she cursed in so many as four sentences. "Yes, she's my sister and do I know how popular she is. Twelve years old and high school seniors are beggin' me if I can help them meet and/or date her. I should only be as popular. So, how do you know her?"

"We have English, American History, and Gym together this year."

"Are you friendly with her?"

"I wish. She doesn't even know I exist. I'm not very popular at school and I keep to myself."

"Ah!!! You sound like me. I'll assume you're not dating anyone," he asked more than he tried to make a statement out of it.

Julia looked at him wondering if he was going to ask her out. Her parents would freak considering she's only twelve. "No, I don't have a boy friend. My parents are pretty strict with the three of us. We're not allowed to do what a lot of the kids our age are permitted to do. I don't own an iPod, I can't wear a dress shorter than the top of my ankle bone, and I have to tell my parents everything I've done or I get grounded for months at a time."

"Do you think they'd let you go out on a date with me?" asked Jerrod inside knowing the answer would be in the negative.

"I don't think they'd let me go out on a date, but I could ask them if you could come to the farm and visit sometime." Julia was starting to like talking to Jerrod and also starting to feel more like a girl than she ever had before.

"Do you have a computer? We could instant message each other."

"We don't have the Internet where we live. We don't even have cable or satellite television. My mom and dad sit and listen to the radio or read their bibles together. My sister, brother, and I can only watch an hour of Christian television and then we have to read our bibles for an hour before we sit in the dining room together doing our homework. My parents don't know anything about anything except for the Bible, Jesus, and the church."

Jerrod's mouth hung open revealing the piece of chewed up pizza that was in his mouth. He realized why Julia had stopped talking and quickly shut his mouth and swallowed. Luckily they were both nearly done with their slices and without saying a word more to each other finished eating in silence. As he ate, Jerrod congratulated himself on talking to a girl other than his sister. He didn't care that they were the same age and wasn't intuitive enough to understand that Julia's and Aileen's common age was the key to opening his ability to talk. Julia sat hoping that her parents would allow Jerrod to come over to visit her. She also began putting together the story of their common Christian beliefs and that they wanted to explore the Bible together.

They were done and Jerrod took her empty cup and plate with him to the garbage receptacles. He didn't return to the table, but motioned to her to join him as he walked out of the pizza shop. Julia didn't want to give him any wrong impressions, so she stood and followed him out the door. When they were outside Jerrod asked, "What time are you being picked up?"

Julia looked at her watch and replied, "In about ten minutes. My parents will be exiting Wal-Mart with my brother and sister. I have to walk over there to meet them. It was nice meeting you Jerrod. I'll ask my parents and try to get them to let you come to the farm and visit me. If they approve, would next Saturday be good for you?"

Jerrod Saxton was amazed that this twelve year old had just invited him over to spend time with her. "Do you have a telephone?"

"Yes, we're not that far behind the times." Julia laughed at his question.

"Great, why don't I give you my cell phone number and you can call me to tell me if your parent agreed to my coming to your place on Saturday."

Julia thought for a second and replied, "That wouldn't work. It would be better if I have the phone number to your parents' house. My parents, if they allow you to come over, will want to talk to your parents. And, they'll want your parents to bring you over so they can meet them. The only benefit will be that I will tell them I'm in three classes with your sister."

Jerrod thought to himself and agreed, "Ok!!! Do you have a pencil and paper, so I can write down my number?"

"No need to, I'll remember it. I'm real good with numbers," replied Julia with a small air of superiority.

"717 555 3954"

Julia repeated back to him, "717 555 3954. Got it." Julia looked at her watch and said, "I can't wait around. I have to go. I'll call you Jerrod."

Before he could reply Jerrod Saxton saw the first girl he had a conversation with turn and walk towards the Wal-Mart entrance. He stood watching her go until he lost her in the crowd.

The following Thursday Jerrod's parents received a call from Mr. and Mrs. Bonds just as Julia said they would if she had convinced them to allow him to visit her. Their parents spoke on the phone for a good twenty minutes before Jerrod's dad asked him if he wanted to spend Saturday at the Bonds' farm. Jerrod had been hoping and praying all week that he'd be able to go over. He dared not to talk to his sister about it for fear she'd say something stupid or nasty to him. Jerrod nodded to his assent to his dad. The parents were on the phone for another ten minutes before his dad came to him and told him that they would take him over to the Bonds' farm after lunch and pick him up around 9:00PM.

Saturday rolled around just as it should according to physics and time, but to Jerrod it seemed like years had passed between the phone call and the actual day he was going to visit with Julia. The drive from the Saxton's house to the Bonds' farm took a good forty-five minutes on single lane roads. The Saxton family was not overly impressed with the simple clapboard house that resided on the front of the five hundred acre farm that had been in the Bonds'

family since the turn of the twentieth century. Mr. Saxton figured the land was worth close to 2.5 million dollars. He knew that the location in the middle of nowhere Pennsylvania would probably reduce the value by eighty percent. The Saxton and Bonds adults stood and chatted amicably for ten minutes before Jerrod saw his dad and Julia's dad shake hands signaling the imminent departure of his parents.

Mr. Bonds turned to Jerrod looking at him from head to toe for the first time since Jerrod arrived at the farm. "Not a very tall or muscular boy, are you son?" Mr. Bonds continued speaking not waiting for a response from Jerrod, "You spend some time on the farm visiting Julia and help with the chores on occasion, you'll put some muscle on those bones."

Jerrod just replied, "Yes, sir."

"I am going to do something against my better judgment considering this is the first time I'm letting my oldest daughter entertain a male guest here at the farm." Mr. Bonds stepped close to Jerrod, looked down at him with anger in his eyes, and said. "I have to go to a neighbor's to do a barn-raising which means my wife, youngest son and daughter will be accompanying me. You and my Julia will be here alone together. I expect you to be a gentleman. I would hate to see the consequences if you aren't young man."

Jerrod was amazed that Mr. Bonds would even express anything like that to him considering they'd just met. He didn't like the look Mr. Bonds was giving him as if he had all ready convicted him in his own mind. Jerrod began to wonder what he had gotten himself into, but he wanted to visit with Julia, so he responded in a quiet tone of voice, "I understand Mr. Bonds and you have nothing to worry about. I have the utmost respect for your daughter and your family and I will do nothing to make you doubt that I have only good intentions." Jerrod couldn't believe that he put that together so quickly and the look on Mr. Bonds' face softened.

"Ok, son; I'm going to get the pick-up truck and get my wife and kids. We'll be leaving shortly. Julia, why don't you show your friend around the farm. Be careful, don't track anything into the house when you're done, your mom just finished cleaning the floors.

"Thanks dad." Julia kissed her dad on the cheek before she turned and pointed towards the red barn. As they walked there they heard her parents getting ready to leave.

The tour of the barn didn't take long as the two were anxious to get back to the house where they could at least watch some television or listen to the radio. Jerrod was thankful to get out into the open air as the smell of the barn was nauseating to him. Julia tried to be a good host explaining that her dad grew wheat, soy bean, and corn. He originally had beef cattle but that didn't work out for him so he returned to raising crops. When they got to the house they entered through the back door which led into a small mud room. Julia wiped her feet on the black rubber floor mat and then took her shoes off when she entered the house. Jerrod followed her in without first wiping his shoes on the black rubber mat.

Julia noticed he was still wearing his shoes and made him return to the mud room to take them off. "Jerrod, we don't wear our shoes in the house. It brings in too much dirt and makes it harder to clean. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Julia, I'm sorry," he replied.

They entered the small house and immediately went into the living room where a small eighteen inch television is located. The room was decorated in hand-me-down furniture that looked as if it never moved from where it was placed when it was brought into the house. The walls are painted a neutral beige color, the ceiling is a bright white, and the only interesting color is the Early American stained woodwork and doors. Julia turned on the television and sat down next to Jerrod not thinking it would make a statement about her intentions. She was used to sitting next to her brother or father when they watched television together. Jerrod could feel himself getting tense and more nervous, but tried to control it as he didn't want her to move away.

"Anything you special you want to watch? We only get six channels," asked Julia.

"Actually, it would be nicer if we could just listen to the radio and talk," he offered.

Julia smiled in response to his not wanting to watch television. Her agreement was transmitted to him by her using the remote to turn off the television, getting up, and turning on the radio that was located on a shelf in the bookcase behind the couch they were sitting on. It wasn't an expensive stereo, but a simple clock radio with an AM and FM band. "We only get a few stations. Is there anyone you like in particular? Never mind, I'll just put on the only rock 'n roll station we can receive." Julia returned and sat next to Jerrod.

For the next two hours, Jerrod and Julia neither talked nor moved from their place on the couch. For all the conversation they had at the pizza parlor, they had nothing to say to each other after not seeing each other for a week. Jerrod thought he could feel her leg pressing against his. He looked at her and she pressed harder against his leg. She was sending him a signal. But, she was only twelve. What could she know about the birds and the bees living in a Christian centered household? Jerrod was starting to get more interested in what she was trying to tell him with the pressure from her leg. Jerrod moved ever so slightly and put his left arm around Julia's shoulders. She reacted by leaning into him and looking into his eyes. Julia Bonds was seducing Jerrod Saxton – plain and simple.

Jerrod could feel a stirring between his legs. He'd masturbated while looking at pornographic pictures, but this was different. He was getting aroused because a real girl, albeit girl as young as his sister, was coming on to him. He leaned in and placed his lips on Julia's. Much to his surprise and shock, Julia through her arms around his shoulders and kissed him back. She opened her mouth to so he could caress her tongue with his. He broke the kiss for a moment to try to say something to her, but she just leaned into him and kissed him. They kept kissing for a good ten minutes before they broke apart to catch their breath and take a short break.

Julia leaned back into the couch and sighed a long sigh of contentment. Jerrod could see her legs were spread underneath her skirt. He decided to take a chance, "Can we go up to your room? Wouldn't we be more comfortable there?"

Julia knew better, but something inside her said it was ok. She was going against all the moral teachings her parents tried over the years to instill within her. "Yes, but we have to be careful and remember that my parents will be home by six o'clock." She stood and took his hand and led him to the small upstairs bedroom she shared with her six year old sister.

Upon entering the room, they embraced, and kissed each other. Jerrod moved his hand to touch her breast only to find that she still hadn't begun to bloom into womanhood. His penis began to rise and press against the young girl. He slipped his hands down to her buttocks and he instinctively pulled her into him. As they kissed, he maneuvered her to her bed and pushed her down on it. Jerrod was not gentle at all when he was kissing her and when he pushed her down onto her bed. She looked up at him wondering what he wanted of her. She could see the small bulge in his pants. Julia was content to just kiss him and not go any further. Jerrod had other ideas. He grabbed her by the shoulders, pushed her onto her back, and literally fell on top of her. He pressed his sixteen year old body into hers. Julia cried out and tried to stop Jerrod from hurting her by hitting him on his shoulders and arms.

Julia was too small to stop Jerrod from using his weight to keep her pinned to the bed. While on top of her he used his hands to pull her skirt up high enough so he could use his knees to force her skinny legs apart. Julia wiggled and tried with all her might to stop him. She began crying and begging him to stop. This just fueled Jerrod's increasing sexual urge and impending rage. He got her legs apart and her skirt high enough to see the plain white cotton bloomers she was wearing. He reached for the waistband of the cotton panties and ripped. They came off her body after two good pulls on the cloth. Julia was sobbing uncontrollably and trying to punch Jerrod as hard as she could. The shaking of the bed caused things to fall off the night table located next to the bed. A Magic 8 Ball rolled next to Julia's head and just rested there.

Jerrod was ready to do her. He was going to fuck a girl for the first time in his sixteen year old life. His cock was pressing against the cloth of his briefs. He pulled open his belt, unbuttoned the top of his jeans, and pulled down his zipper. He pushed the combined briefs and jeans down releasing his rampantly hard but inconsequentially sized cock. Julia lay there with her eyes closed, her sobbing continuing as was her begging him to stop. Jerrod laughed and said, "Now is your time bitch. I'm going to fuck you into submission. Shoot you full of Jerrod Saxton cum." With that he leaned down, placed the head of his cock at her hairless vaginal opening, and pushed himself in her. Julia

screamed so loud, Jerrod pulled a pillow from next to her and covered her face. She fought even harder as Jerrod held the pillow down so he wouldn't have to listen to her crying as he fucked her.

And fuck her he did. The first time didn't last too long. He ejaculated into the crying girl after only a few minutes of pushing himself into and out of her. He lifted the pillow off her face and she gasped for breath not even thinking that Jerrod was still impaled in her body. His cock was still hard and he was beginning to fuck her again.

"Please Jerrod, stop. I didn't bring you here to do this to me. I'm not that kind of girl. I just wanted to kiss you," she cried.

"Fuck you bitch. You wanted this and I'm givin' it to you. Like it or not, I'm going to fuck you until your parents get home and you're not goin' to do nothin' about it." Just as he finished growling at her, he began to renew his assault on her twelve year old cunt. He reached down to her knees so he could lift them up to get better access to her body. She tried to fight him so he dropped her left leg and picked up the Magic 8 Ball and violently hit her about her head and face. He hit her over and over again with the children's toy. Sometimes he used a closed fist which finally caused Julia to black out. Now Jerrod had his way with her. He fucked her pussy and her ass. When she started to regain consciousness he would hit her again and again until she passed out. Jerrod Saxton was brutal in his control of the young girl and in rape heaven. He took out on Julia his masturbation fantasies about sexually abusing the girls at school that made fun of him. They thought he didn't know about their remarks, but he did. Jerrod spent the next two hours abusing the young Julia Bonds. After then umpteenth time of fucking her, he finally couldn't do it anymore and fell caddy corner across her body and fell asleep. He didn't care that the two of them and the bed were covered in blood.

Julia awoke before him, but did not dare to move to awaken him. She could feel the moist blood covering her privates and her backside. Her face and head ached the beating Jerrod inflicted upon her. Her nose was broken, her eyes were swollen, and her lips were split. She could feel that he had broken several of her teeth. Julia just lay there hoping something would happen so she wouldn't have to face her mother and father. Then she felt him move and it was then she realized the he was awakening because they both heard the doors to her father's truck slam shut. Her parents were home early!!!

The front door to the house opened and they heard her father yell for them. The door to her shared bedroom was open and neither of them moved quick enough to prevent themselves from being caught. Mr. Bonds had bounded up the staircase because he expected to find Julia and her guest in the living room or on the front porch. Now he stood in the doorway to his daughter's room madder than hell. By the looks of the bedspread and sheets, he knew that the young man had beaten and most probably raped his daughter. His first thought was to bolt into the room and kick the living shit out of Jerrod, but he did something else. Something he thought would be a better way to end the horror he was witnessing. He ran to his bedroom and retrieved his Glock Model 27 chambered in 40 S&W. Upon returning to the room, he saw that Jerrod had rolled off the bed and was beginning to stand up. Julia lay on the bed partially conscious and in total abject fear. She was unable to move because of the injuries Jerrod had inflicted upon her head and body. What Mr. Bonds didn't know was Jerrod had located the Magic 8 Ball on the floor and was holding it in his right hand behind his back. Mr. Bonds raised the gun and somewhat unsteadily pointed at the young man who had just violated his daughter. Jerrod could see Mr. Bonds was not to steady with the handgun and knew he had one chance in a million to escape his predicament.

Jerrod screamed, "Behind you, Mr. Bonds!!! Your kids are behind you!!!" That was enough to get Mr. Bonds to drop his guard and turn his head towards the doorway. Jerrod, not having an ounce of experience with disarming anyone and not being very physical to begin with, took the Magic 8 Ball and threw it with all his might at Mr. Bonds' head. As his luck would have it, the Magic 8 Ball made a direct hit against Mr. Bonds' temple. The shock of being hit was enough to stun Mr. Bonds. Jerrod made his move by running across the room, grabbed Mr. Bonds' right hand with his left, and twisted it against the normal rotation of the arm. He started to pound on Mr. Bonds' head with his right fist over and over again. The surprise of it all caused Mr. Bonds to lose his balance and fall to the floor. As he did, his right hand released his grip on the gun. Jerrod had enough presence to pick it up and he took control of it. He immediately pointed it at Mr. Bonds. Without thinking about the consequences, he pulled the trigger. The gun jumped in his hand, but the bullet entered Mr. Bonds' chest, punctured his heart and killed him instantly. Jerrod couldn't believe that he fired the gun, killed Mr. Bonds, and ejaculated as he did so.

Julia had enough presence of mind and she screamed; a loud, long, and wailing scream. Mrs. Bonds ran up the steps when she heard the gunshot. She screamed when she saw her husband on the floor his white shirt covered in blood. "What did you do? Oh, my God!!! You killed my husband!!!" she cried.

"Shut up cunt," yelled the naked Jerrod. He pointed the gun at Julia's mother and told her to get her daughter up from the bed and take her downstairs into the living room. Mrs. Bonds stifled her need to vomit and cried when she saw the condition of her daughter, but didn't say anything to Jerrod as she helped her daughter off the bed and out of the room. Jerrod followed them downstairs to the living room where the two younger children sat waiting. He didn't care that he left his clothing in the upstairs bedroom. His nakedness and blood covered body did not bother him in the least.

Jerrod pointed the gun at the youngsters and told them to get onto the floor. Both of them started crying as they slid off the couch and onto the floor. "So, Mrs. Bonds, how old are the two little ones?"

The gasping and sobbing Mrs. Bonds gained control of her emotions and replied, "Jonathan is five and Rachel is nine. Please don't hurt them. Please, just go upstairs, get dressed, and leave. We won't call the police for a good hour to give you time to get away. Please!!!"

"Fuck you Mrs. Bonds!!! What you're going to do is to come over here, get on your knees, and show your three kids how to suck a cock." Jerrod had the power, because, he had the gun. He didn't know how many bullets were left in it and he didn't care. He pointed the gun at Mrs. Bonds and motioned with it that she'd better get a move on. Mrs. Bonds walked to where he was standing, fell to her knees, leaned in, and began to suck his blood and cum covered cock. The younger children cried louder and Julia just sank to the floor because her body was starting to react to the large amount of blood she had lost and was continuing to lose. Mrs. Bonds thought about biting down on Jerrod's cock and actually decided that it would be a good thing to do when he was about to cum. She hated what she was doing. In all her years married to her husband, she sucked his cock once and that was on their wedding night. Mrs. Bonds thought timing was going to be everything.

Jerrod legs began to weaken as Julia's mom fellated him. He was enjoying her mouth on his cock. He could feel himself getting ready to explode and so could Mrs. Bonds. She placed her hands on the back of his thighs and took his meager length into her mouth. Just as she could feel his cock begin to stiffen, she bit down. Jerrod felt it, yelled, and put the barrel of the gun next to her left temple. He growled, "Open your mouth bitch or I'll blow your brains out!!!"

Mrs. Bonds felt the cold steel of the handgun against her temple and did as he commanded. It was the last thing she felt on this earth as Jerrod pulled the trigger at point blank range. The bullet pierced her left temple, traversed through her brain, and exited at the right temple. She fell to the floor in a heap. The children were stunned. Jonathan, the five year old, pissed in his pants and on the floor from fear. Rachel screamed and Julia just moaned. Jerrod was erect, but didn't ejaculate. He knew he was in deep trouble and the only way he thought to get out of it was to complete the job – kill all three of them. He could see blood, bone, and brain matter spread all over the floor from Mrs. Bonds head. Jerrod looked down at Mrs. Bonds' body and used his right foot to move her head so he could see the hole the bullet made when it exited. Any normal human being would have vomited on the spot, but not Jerrod. The sick fuck actually knelt down and stuck his erect cock into the exit wound in Mrs. Bonds' head. "Look kids, I'm fuckin' your dead mother's fuckin' head." He began laughing uncontrollably and he thrust his cock into the remaining gray matter of her brain. He had both his hands on her head including the one holding the gun. He continued fucking her head and when he ejaculated he pulled the trigger on the Glock sending a bullet into the wall that separated the living room from the kitchen. When he calmed down from his orgasm he pulled his cock out, released Mrs. Bonds' head, and let it fall to the floor with a thud.

Julia had gotten a modicum of physical strength back and called to Jerrod. He walked over to where she was lying on the floor. "Please Jerrod, don't hurt the kids. Please, I'll do anything you want," she moaned as the last bit of energy left her body. Jerrod laughed at her and replied, "I'm going to do everything to keep you alive so you can watch me fuck you sister and brother. I know I'm going to like it." Julia was too weak to answer him.

Jerrod had to decide which of the two remaining Bonds' children he have fun with next. He wasn't really into little boys and he'd had enough pussy to satisfy himself for awhile, so he decided that Jonathan would be his next

victim. He walked to where the young boy lay in a pool of his piss, leaned down, and violently picked the boy up by his right arm. The child screamed in pain and fear. Jerrod laughed to himself and said, "Don't worry son, I won't hurt you anymore than I hurt your sister Julia. The only difference is I'm going to fuck you in your ass because you don't have a pussy, now do you."

Julia's younger sister Rachel lay on the floor whimpering trying to keep from attracting any attention. She watched as Jerrod took her brother and threw him onto the couch. Julia and Rachel watched as Jerrod ripped the young boys clothing off not caring how much he hurt him. When the child tried to resist, Jerrod would pick of the gun and hit the boy anywhere he could with the butt of the handgun. The whole time he was ripping the clothing off of the screaming crying child his cock was getting hard. Jerrod Saxton was learning that this form of abuse and sexual deviance was his key to feeling better than good. He felt great. Never before had he felt such overwhelming power over people. Jerrod Saxton had finally found his calling – sadism borne of rape and murder.

When he had Jonathan completely naked, he turned him over and wondered how and with what he was going to abuse him. He looked around the living room and found his weapon. Next to the fireplace was a set of fireplace irons. He picked up the gun, walked over to the fireplace, and picked up the poker used to stoke the fire. He looked at the ash encrusted metal and thought to himself that this would make a nice sex toy. He returned to the couch where Jonathan lay on his back crying his eyes out.

"Shut up you little brat. If you don't shut up now, I won't make it pleasant for you when I fuck you. Do as I say, Jonathan!!!" Jerrod liked that the boy tried to listen to him. He also noticed that this little kid had more cock the he did. He kneeled down and took the boys penis in his hand. He started playing with it and after a few strokes, Jonathan began to calm down. Jerrod saw that his cock was beginning to get hard and for no other reason than to try it, he leaned in and took it into his mouth. He began to suck on the boy's cock just as his mother did to him before he put a bullet in her brain. Jerrod could feel the young boy respond to his sucking.

"So, you like having your dick sucked," said Jerrod right before he returned his mouth to the young boy's cock. He placed the handgun on the floor between his legs as he began to fellate the boy. He took his young balls in his hand and began to play with them. Jonathan responded by moaning causing Jerrod to stop caressing his balls and start squeezing them. Jonathan felt the pain immediately and screamed at the top of his lungs. Jerrod released the pressure, but the boy continued to scream and cry. Jerrod knew it was time to end the fun and games.

He had the poker from the fireplace, but felt it would be more fun to crush the boy's balls before he fucked him. He returned to sucking the softening cock and when it was hard again, he took the boy's balls in his right hand and squeezed with all his might. Jonathan cried out and Jerrod could feel the soft tissue of the boy's testicles give way in his hand. Jonathan fainted from the pain. Jerrod released the boy's scrotum and looked at the bruised sack with nothing but crushed testicles in them. His cock was hard again and he wanted to put it someplace, but thought better of it. He had to make sure that the young boy was finished.

Jerrod picked up the poker. He rolled the boy over placing his legs so they were hanging down the front of the couch. This gave him access to the boy's pink rosebud. He placed the pointed tip of the poker at the entrance to the boy's bowel and pushed. He wasn't gentle about it and forced a good four inches into the boy. The pressure forced Jonathan awake and he again began to cry and scream from the pain he was feeling. Jerrod began to insert and remove the poker from the five year olds asshole. He could see the pink color of the boy's anus turning black with the soot that coated the fireplace iron. Jerrod called to Julia. "I'm fucking your brother, Julia. Not with my cock, but with the poker from the fireplace. It fits very nicely in his ass. I'm going to have such fun fucking him!!!"

Rachel cried out, "Don't do that to him. You'll hurt him, you, you..." Jerrod stopped what he was doing to Jonathan, stepped over to Rachel, and kicked her in her stomach causing her to lose her breath. He thought to himself that should keep her quiet for awhile. He turned back to the boy and began laughing out loud. The sight of Jonathan on the couch with his legs hanging down and a fireplace poker sticking out his ass was hilarious. He laughed for a good five minutes before he took the handle of the poker and shoved the entire length into the boy.

For the next ten or so minutes, Jerrod used the poker as a dildo on the boy. He'd slide the implement into the boy until the handle was the only thing protruding from his body. When he would pull it out, streams of blood would flow until he pushed it back into the dying boy. It didn't take long for Jonathan to succumb to the torture Jerrod was

submitting him to. When he got tired of fucking the child with the poker he removed it and replaced it with his hard cock. He fucked the dead boy relishing the feeling of the warm blood that was pouring out the child's mutilated anus until he ejaculated. Jerrod thought to himself three down and two to go, but he needed to know how much time he had because his parents would be picking him up at 9:00 o'clock.

When he stood up to look at the clock radio on the bookshelf he noticed that the entire front of his body was covered in Jonathan's blood. He took his hand and rubbed it in the congealing blood. He felt a need to piss again. He saw that the time was just about 6:00 PM and that would give him at least two hours to do Rachel and Julia. He turned to where Rachel lay on the floor and used his foot to force her onto her back. He placed his right foot on her neck and relieved his bladder on her. Rachel tried to get him to stop, but that was a fruitless attempt. Jerrod laughed as he watched her lay there trying to keep him from pissing on her face. He had no idea of what a terrible thing he was doing. Jerrod Saxton was having loads of fun – heinous fun and he was loving it.

"I'm hungry," he said out loud. "I wonder what Mrs. Bonds left in the kitchen to eat." Knowing that neither of the girls would move, he walked into the kitchen to see what was in the pantry and refrigerator. The fun he was having was making him hungry – famished really. He found some chicken and beer in the refrigerator. Sitting at the kitchen table he satiated his hunger for food which only made him want to fuck and hurt more that he'd gotten his strength back. Having his fill of chicken and his first consumption of an alcoholic beverage, Jerrod returned to the living room to find Rachel had moved over to her sister Julia to try and comfort her.

Jerrod got mad at the sight of the two girls and quickly walked over to them and kicked Rachel in the face to get her separated from her sister. He pointed the gun at her and told her to remove her clothes. If she didn't do it fast enough for him, he told her he'd just shoot her and fuck her after she died so she wouldn't get the benefit of losing her cherry to him while she could feel it. Rachel looked at him and began to cry.

"Do it now, Rachel. I'm not fuckin' with you when I tell you to strip." He pointed the gun near her and pulled the trigger. The bullet whizzed into the floor in front of her. Rachel pissed where she lay, but started to take her clothing off as he commanded her to. Jerrod stood rubbing himself as he watched the nine-year-old remove her clothing. When she was totally naked he made her crawl over to him.

"Do you remember what your mother was doing when I shot her? She was sucking my cock and that is what all good girls need to learn to do. Now, put my cock in your mouth and suck it for me. If you don't, I'll shoot you and not miss."

Rachel looked up at the monster that had raped her sister, murdered her father and mother, and raped her five-year-old brother with a fireplace poker with total fear in her eyes. At the tender age of nine, she had seen up close and personal what a sick mind could do to a kind loving religious family. She had prayed her heart out to Jesus to come and help them. Now she had to do something she knew was against her teachings and the laws of nature, but if she didn't she'd be dead in less than a minute. Maybe if she did what he asked Jerrod would calm down and let her and her sister live. She rose up on her knees and took his blood covered cock into her mouth. She began to suck and tried with all her might to keep from vomiting because the blood on his cock was that of her mother, sister, and brother.

Jerrod stood with his legs slightly apart and used his free hand to guide Rachel's head as she sucked on his cock. Occasionally he would take the butt end of the gun and hit her with it to show her who was boss. He'd take her by the back of her head and force his cock into her mouth and throat as deep as it would go. Several times he'd look over at Julia, who hadn't moved since her sister started sucking his cock, and tell her what a good cocksucker her nine year old sister was becoming. Jerrod hadn't really cum in anyone's mouth so he continued to pound his cock into the young girl's mouth. He loved to see her cough and tears come out of her eyes from the abuse his cock was doing to the interior of her mouth and the entrance to her throat.

Jerrod Saxton had crossed the narrow line of sanity to total insanity. Insanity rooted in deep psychosexual fantasies helped along by hours of habitual masturbation. It took about fifteen minutes or so until he ejaculated. When he did he kept Rachel's head pressed firmly against his pubic bone. He didn't even release her head after he came. Rachel had given up trying to get him to let go of her and just sat like a sack of potatoes before him. With each passing second the life blood of her body was being diminished because Jerrod's cock had effectively shuttered the trachea and no air was reaching her lungs. Rachel Bonds was dying because she had a cock stuffed in her mouth.

Jerrod regained some semblance of sanity and released Rachel's head before she succumbed due to a lack of oxygen. She too collapsed in a heap, but she was barely alive. Jason looked down at the small nine-year-old and decided he'd wait before he fucked her.

Forty-five minutes later Jerrod rolled Rachel onto her back and realized that he couldn't get it up anymore. He'd lost the ability to get an erection. The last orgasm took everything out of him. He thought if he abused her a bit he'd get aroused and be able to fuck her hairless pussy. He'd all ready used the fireplace poker on her brother and he didn't really want to use it again on Rachel. Jerrod walked into the kitchen and found the perfect tool for the job. He slid a twelve inch carving knife out of the wooden holder that was on the butcher block table on side of the kitchen near the sink. He eyed the knife and figured he could kill two birds with one stone. He'd fuck and kill her with the carving knife.

Jerrod returned to the living room to find Rachel exactly where he left her. He walked over to her and kicked her so hard she rolled onto her back. He kneeled down beside her and took the twelve inch carving knife and thrust it into the girl. It did not matter whether he found her vaginal opening, just thrusting it between her legs was enough to get him aroused, but not the way he wanted. Getting madder and madder, Jerrod began to rotate the knife with each stabbing motion. Rachel Bonds jumped and twitched with each thrust. She was in the throes of death when he finally dribbled a small amount of cum from his semi-erect cock.

Rachel Bonds' blood collected between her legs in a growing pool. With a groan and a last gasp that welled up from within the depths her nine year old body she died, releasing a small amount of urine and fecal matter. Jerrod watched in amazement not realizing that when a person died the body loses control over the urinary and bowel sphincters. Jerrod watched the pool of blood grow and when he'd seen enough, he leaned forward placed his mouth into the pool and drank from it. He left the knife buried to the hilt in Rachel's body. He stood up and turned to the spot where Julia lay, but she wasn't there. Fuck, he thought to himself, where could she have gone. "Julia!!!" he cried.

Jerrod Saxton remembered where the handgun lay and retrieved the Glock. He began to search the first floor house for Julia hoping she hadn't gone too far. Julia actually found the strength to crawl into her father's office and made one phone call. It was the end of the phone call that Jerrod walked in on. Julia lay on the floor dead having lost close to ninety percent of her blood volume. The female 911 Operator was saying, "Hang on, I've notified the State and Pillar Ville Police Departments. Are you there?"

Jerrod walked over to the phone handset, took it from Julia's dead hand, and placed it back into the phone cradle. He looked at the clock and decided he still had time to play with the Bonds' children. He dragged Julia back into the living room and placed her on the floor between Jonathan and Rachel. He sat on the floor in the pool of blood that had formed among the three dead children. He looked at the dead boy and then at the two dead girls smiling to himself at the handy work he had done and how completely sexually charged it made him. He took a deep breath letting it out very slowly as he began to masturbate. It was in this position the first State Trooper found Jerrod Saxton, sitting totally naked in a pool of congealing blood, covered head to toe in the blood of the family he murdered, masturbating.