

Sing The Blues

Can you hear them sing or scream?

Tina Collins

Other Books by Tina Collins:

Game Play (an erotic anthology)

Reports

Too Busy? Try These Tips to Streamline Your Book Marketing
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The Breeders

He wished that a feast of junk food and alcohol could be the *something* that would stop this hell.

He could hope that they would drop down dead because of it. They weren't protected from the diseases that blighted the Earth. Wherever and whatever they sought to destroy, they were vulnerable to its poisons.

The regular trips to the fast food joint, on the very planet they wanted to wipe out, had finally started to take its toll.

Now, every passing year had seen their shirt sizes increase until they were literally bursting at the seams. In just one board member's shirt (who had subsequently left) two guys' could have cuddled up. It would be hot, smelly and riddled with sores inside, though. When his member had 'gone off' so had his 'wife.' Sex, that is.

The bed and the room had to be astronomical to support and hold that big lump of foetid meat. Maybe they could all burn themselves and skip the 'middle men' so to speak. The Board had been their saviour. Otherwise, all would have ended up celibate and alone.

They sat in a circle like knights at the round table. But, they were far from honourable. They were the epitome of Lust. It was oozing out of their skin and radiating out into the room.

The girl, standing in the middle of the room, should have been blown away by the filthy stench. But, Louisa carried on doing what she was ordered. She didn't notice. She acted like she was drugged up to the eyeballs; deaf, blind, dumb and nose-blind to everything.

She teased them with her body, barely able to see who was there if anything at all. The dim lighting pulled a cloak over the lines and corners of the walls and the body forms. She needed to be sexy; moving to the music she couldn't even hear. However, she was disjointed. Her arms, hips and legs were totally out of sync.

Though, it was about the entire human race right now. It was contaminated and weak and was destined to die. So, their saviours had made their way to the planet as they always did. If a species was unprotected to attack then it was worth helping them on their way to annihilation.

The first wave of invasion would be to round up the useful things. Women. They would be stored, locked up in underground cages, for now, where they just...existed. In time they would stand in front of the Board and be forced to move. Some were truly awful, like this one. But, it wasn't about the movement per-se. It was about the desire and the willingness to perform. One final experience followed this 'dancing'; one that could see them die prematurely. It was the one they had to willingly endure and excel.

He stood in the shadows watching Louisa closely. Her devices weren't her own to use but she couldn't use them even she wanted to. These women had to be controlled.

Her movements became more...erotic. Her promiscuous personality shone out. She, along with the others, needed to be horny; to participate in everything that was offered.

Those who failed early were used as fuel; actually all would be used for fuel eventually, just some sooner than others. He truly believed that burning at the end of the natural breeding life would be welcomed. It would be a relief after all the pain and suffering. There wouldn't be many nerve endings left to feel the burning at all.

Fuel was the driving force of the Board as it was to many other life-forms. But they needed every aspect of it just to survive; the energy, the heat and the smell. Have you ever smelt pan-fried human flesh? Think of that prime cut of pork for Sunday's roast and then add just a touch of sweetness. Now, that is worth savouring. Or so they believed.

The scent of the 'bred' on fire would soon zap all the oxygen on Earth. Only pockets of the stuff would be left. He could envisage groups of humans (males and the youngest of the boys) shuffling closer to one another, gasping at what remained of the fast-dispersing air. It would prolong their agony, of course, then they would die.

But, that was a long time coming. First, they had to create a following to quicken up the process of the removal of the gas. They didn't need oxygen to survive but they needed to complete their work before their own fuel ran out.

Louisa was finger-fucking herself now, revealing all and sundry to the pieces of stiff Board in the circle. She was dripping wet, positively streaming by the time she had removed her dress. He stood in front of her. Her eyes, when she saw him, had a look of recognition; for His kindness and respect.

Whilst moving to the unknown beat, she lost her balance placing her hands on his chest. He didn't want to touch her intimately but, she'd forced his hand. His heart beat hard against his chest and his cock hardened.

“No, you mustn't. Not now.”

He pushed her away firmly. He hoped that the board had not seen that or his reaction.

He didn't want to awaken something in her or them. He needed to be strong for both of them. He couldn't afford to be aroused.

He was her Guard, a shield of strength. He was a protection from the forces of evil and the surviving Breeders themselves. But, there was something else with them. He'd sensed it earlier. Parasites. It was inevitable they would pick something up on their journey but their numbers had to be kept in check. The Board had nothing on these malevolent beings. They weren't in control...yet. But, he knew that if they didn't finish their work here, the Board wouldn't be the ones to take over.

He covered her eyes with a strip of material, then he took her away.

It was time for her final test.

Louisa would be at the mercy of the Board and she should be willing to accept their offerings. She had to fulfil their needs to prolong her own life. It was possession in its truest form.

Her body needed to be ready for breeding, deep within her sex organs and her cardiovascular system. It was vital. He'd known of females reaching this penultimate stage, however, and failing miserably through lack of wantonness and energy.

Weak participants bred weak offspring.

It was a long and laborious process for them. The new breeders would replace the older ones who were wizened and empty. In time it was necessary to inject them with a blue, potent chemical (he never found out what) into their heart to try and keep them functioning. However, even that would fail eventually.

You couldn't push the human body passed its natural limit. Once dead or dying, that was it. The empty shells would be discarded on the mounting fuel heap outside the facility.

The second room didn't have much to it apart a soft and springy bed, built just for this purpose. He placed her gently down, and then he disappeared into the shadows. He couldn't bear to see the treatment she was about to undertake but he had no choice. He knew he wasn't the only one to care deeply for his charges. How could they not care? They were people not carriers of an alien race.

He knew her name but, in truth, there was no need for identifying tags; they were all the same. Breeders stopped being someone and eventually became *something* very quickly.

He would always know her, though. She held that much power over him. He knew it was likely to happen. No surprise there. These females formed attachments to their

Guards but, this was only because they knew nothing else. The start of the process began shortly after their acceptance into the program and it never ended.

Shortly, after he had moved away, the Board took their place between her thighs, in line with her mouth and behind her. Louisa looked willing and able which boded well to the Board.

“Leave us.” The command was sharp.

He obeyed, leaving with a nod but a little confused as to why they didn't want him there. It wasn't typical at all.

However He watched from outside the door.

She took delight in taking their cocks into her mouth. They were all over her now; each member taking his (or its) place necessary to gain optimal pleasure. It was all about them this time. She was only a vessel in which to carry their seed, planting themselves in her womb and fallopian tubes to prepare for the breeding.

Sex juice wept from just about everywhere, as they rammed their organs into places that weren't meant for violating.

No, this wasn't how it should be. Not this time. Not her. He had to take her away. They needed to leave this planet, urgently but for now all he could do watch and wait. He had no intention of losing her to the miserable existence in store. He'd been waiting for the right time to leave. Maybe now, maybe soon.

He continued to wait, heart hammering in fear and trepidation.

Lips were kissing her skin and the tips of all manner of organs and digits were brushing against her mouth. The persistent thrusting encouraged her to open her mouth. Now they were filling her mouth with their grotesqueness.

Then it was over. Just like that. He watched the Board slowly disperse. They'd taken their pleasure, done their job and had now left.

Bastards! They were nasty, degrading and evil aliens. They needed to be destroyed themselves.

He would have loved to have subjected them to the same treatment. He wanted so badly to see them squirm as cocks and tongues were rammed into *their* orifices. Would they feel turned on by these actions or did they only receive pleasure from watching?

He returned back into the room quietly.

Louisa had removed the blindfold and was looking confused and distressed. Time would have stopped for her from the minute she had started flaunting herself.

The total lack of control and the drugs did that to you. You could ask yourself if you were really anywhere other than hell. You wouldn't be able to remember anything so maybe it was best not to know. All she could do would be to allow her body to do what it needed to do. She would have felt the need to give herself to whoever wanted her. He'd seen it all before.

The feel of His presence in the room heightened her embarrassment and shame. Eventually, He spoke softly but, firmly, a hint of regret in his voice.

“I allowed you to be subjected to the Board's whim without intervention. I deeply regret this but, I had no choice. We must leave soon; away from all this.” He gestured with his hand.

”Now you must come with me to somewhere safe.”

Louisa thought she'd already done that, although, obviously, not with him.

He covered her nakedness and deftly picked her up in his strong arms. He made his way to the only exit. He would carry her to the cage she would spend the rest of her life in. But, he would be back for her. Very soon.

However, as soon as he had stepped through the door, he knew that it would never happen that way. Four of the Board's Guards stood on either side of the door as he opened it. They were there to take her away from him.

He desperately tried to think about where he had gone wrong. Had there been signs? Why had he'd missed them? He would never know anything now. His life had ended and so had the girl's. She would be kept back for just for the Members to use. She would have a tiring and abusive life.

They stood, now, ready to escort them away, their expressions one of disgust and betrayal.

Hell!

It was over. He thought back to the time he had been snatched from Earth as a child. Then, the Board's agenda had been different. They had been looking for young, strong boys to work for them. After training, the boy's life of hardship and control had begun.

He gripped Louisa tighter as if holding her close would stop them taking her away. But, it was useless. One set of guards relieved him of her, the other took him back to the execution chamber. He watched Louisa disappear out another door. That glance would be the last time that he would ever see the girl.

The last chance he would have had to save them both.

Target Practice

(Except it wasn't practice any more)

In a part of London that lay right off the tourist routes, Serena prepared herself for the scheme she had planned years ago. Her modus operandi was similar to a Black Widow but, without the death and the money-grabbing. Okay, not so much a Black Widow but, she couldn't think of another name.

She needed to look good. Good enough to eat.

Her skin was meticulous, virtually un-blemished. Only a small mole on her jaw spoiled the view. She had contemplated going under the knife to have it removed but she'd backed out at the last minute. It had frightened her, almost to death, in fact. She'd bolted out of the surgery without thinking about where she was heading. Thankfully a coma had wiped everything from her mind from before the accident. It also meant she had not been aware of the use of scalpels to fix her broken body.

That didn't protect her from the dreaded things when she finally awoke. It ended up with her in isolation and the nurses complaining about the extra work she had given them. She'd been glad to leave.

She thought back to that moment when she'd collapsed at work and all because her co-worker was waving a piece of cutlery around as he talked. It turned out to be only a spoon but, that didn't become clear until too late. Serena had already wet herself.

The whole experience had been embarrassing and pathetic.

Knives frightened her. Those long serrated blades and the reinforced handles...she shivered. Ever since her brother had stabbed their mother to death she'd been freaked out. She remembered the glint of the cold steel, the blood and her mother's expression when she realised who was wielding the knife. Her son; her sick, ungrateful son.

The nightmares, were so real and so clear in her mind, she didn't sleep for weeks after. The family home felt different. No, it was the whole family that had felt different. She'd left a month later.

She could never forgive her brother for that appalling act. They were manipulators, destroyers of peace and relationships but, not in *that* way. Her brother now languished in prison right where he belonged. He'd been a complete and utter fool.

Serena continued to admire herself in the mirror. Years of target practice had made her over confident and vain. The mirror wasn't full length. It didn't need to be. She could close her eyes and see the whole length of her body in her head.

Her body was perfect; nipples on pert boobs and a bum to match but, without the nipples on. There had been once but, she had tattooed them away. Tattoos the colour of your skin was the future of cosmetic surgery, she thought.

Unfortunately there was also a side effect to her lifestyle.

Bit by bit little blemishes would appear on her skin. There was nothing she could do to stop them but, she could limit them. Only by succeeding at conquests could she stop new ones from appearing. However, she had messed up just the once hence the ugly black mole.

It was her face that she worried about. She'd seen what age and hormones could do to a girl. So could smoking but she had never wanted to try. Some of her girlfriends had but, it gave them bad breath and everything smelt of smoke.

She'd thrown one girl (an old school mate) out of her flat by her hair and flung the ashtray out with her. The smell, the coughing, the expense, it'd all gotten to her. The ashtray, heavy and made of glass with gold trim, had smashed in the girl's face. She had subsequently filed a complaint of assault against Serena.

Serena had promised the investigating officer sex if he said the crime wasn't a crime at all. It had worked too well. After that one grope, Serena couldn't get rid of him. In the end, she'd had to make threats against his marriage and career if he didn't fuck off.

Smoking had been seen as hip at school. But, she refused to get drawn into the girls' cliquy circles. She had been pushed to the outside but her confidence didn't waver. It just gave her time to gather her thoughts of getting her own back.

She'd done that alright. She had wheedled her way into the trousers of their boyfriends, right under their pretty little noses. How they must have hated her! After she had shagged them rotten, poisoned their minds against their former girlfriends, she would dump them.

So, there it was. Two relationships completely destroyed and neither of the parties even gave a thought about Serena. Well, maybe just at the beginning. They needed to let off steam. It was only fair that she let them.

The spreading of the lies came next; the lies about both parties. When she had finally finished her crusade, the whole school had been divided down the middle, girls on one side and boys on the other, each spitting lies and retorts at the other. It made for interesting viewing.

After she had left school, her work had continued. She had flirted, lied and manipulated her way into both, men and women's pants alike. She'd had fun, earned a bit of money but, it had never been enough.

There was something she needed to finish.

There had been a girl at school; just this one girl that she had wanted to grab hold of and then to fuck men out of her system. But, there had been a catch, a tall, dark-haired kind of catch. She had plotted in her head ever since. It was the one couple that had eluded her at school.

The possessive, good-looking, son 'f a bitch hadn't wanted Serena anywhere near them. Could he sense her intentions or perhaps it was the smell of her snatch? Either way, she couldn't get a handle on him at all. So, she'd thought about it and waited. An opportunity to get back involved with Stevie had eventually materialised.

To Serena's dismay, she was still attached to the same damn guy. He was still a possessive little toe-rag, too.

What to do? What to do?

Okay, if she couldn't get in *his* pants, maybe she could get in *hers*!

First she had to be sure that the girl didn't recognise her. Serena popped up in shops, restaurants and even her place of work. It felt creepy but, it had worked. The girl's eyes were blank; no recognition. Perhaps there was nothing in that skull of hers at all?

But, she'd still hung onto that guy...

Glancing at the clock on the wall, she realised that she had wiled away too much time. Grabbing her jacket and purse, she rushed out the front door into a waiting taxi...

Just as she'd hoped, she was there well before her 'targets'. She needed that time to prepare and to reject any offers that may come her way. If an angrily hissed, "Piss off, loser," didn't work then she had a 'Don't come near me if you value your equipment,' kind of expression that did. She never had to do both.

She kept watch on the door. Most of the people there were so up themselves, they thought she was eyeing them up.

No, she thought, I quite like the door. Its opening will be the start of something huge.

Whilst waiting and watching, she'd caught sight of an old girlfriend, the very same one she had assaulted. She gave the girl the evils. Stupid slag; no change in her personality by all accounts. By the time, she remembered what she was doing, they'd already made their way to the bar.

She was there in all her innocent glory. Serena rubbed her hands together in glee. Oh, look-see! That flipping guy was still there with her, hanging onto every inch of her anatomy. He made killer eyes at every bloke in the room. *Nice guy.*

Serena watched them dance. They were very close to actually making love right there on the dance floor. She cringed. *Get a room, please!*

It was time to make her move...

She was surprised at how easy it was to persuade them that she should go too. It was almost as easy as it would be getting into Stevie's pants, she figured. She had introduced herself again to the lanky bitch, deliberately ignoring him. He would get the cold shoulder until she was satisfied she'd done her job right. The taxi ride was spent in silence.

At the flat, the guy disappeared through a side door. The squeaking of the tap gave Serena an indication of just how long she'd have to make the girl's acquaintance. Ten minutes should be ample.

Stevie was already half-lying on the bed. The wanton hussy was already giving her a look of 'come take me.' Serena pushed the girl down further onto the bed and slowly took off her own blouse. Her breasts were now partly free.

She leant down and kissed the girl. She found Stevie, wary but willing. They spent a few minutes just getting to know one another through their lips and tongues. Serena's kiss became stronger and deeper as little by little she kicked down the remaining bricks of Stevie's protective wall.

She could feel her pussy beginning to drip and she made thrusting movements with her hips. She wanted to be against the girl's own sex; mashing their clitorises and folds together. Serena knew that it would send her out the door and Stevie through the roof.

"You are so beautiful. Better than I ever imagined you to be," she whispered.

That was a lie. Serena had only ever imagined what it would be like to destroy the relationship. She was using her sex as a tool to accomplish that. It was a means to an end that was all. Of course, she got pleasure out of it. She always did but it was just one road she could take to her final goal.

Sex always yielded the best results. It made things so much more complicated but that was what was needed to really fuck with people's heads.

The sex-starved bitch now wanted her to take her camisole off. Lifting her arms over her head, she pulled it off. She then flung it over her shoulder to get it out of the way. She made a path that hadn't existed before, with her mouth, from Stevie's lips to the bottom of the silky fabric. Pushing it up with her mouth she propelled herself back up to one nipple. She sucked at the flesh, whilst running her hands down to start relieving the girl of her jeans.

By the time Alistair returned from the shower both, the girls were naked. Serena's bum swung provocatively in the air. She could imagine just how hard Alistair would be. Her hands continued to caress Stevie's skin as again her lips moved lower.

Finding the strength that even she didn't know she had, she lifted the girl and placed her further up the bed. Now, her rump was in a good position to be used and abused. Even though she was expecting his touch, she gasped in surprise. Whilst she sucked at Stevie, Alistair was doing the exact same thing to her.

She felt his hands on her hips as he primed himself to take her. Thrusting rhythmically, he drove himself onwards and upwards to his coming.

After they'd entered back into the room metaphorically, Alistair finally managed to introduce himself to Serena properly. As naively as she could she replied:

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

She knew, at the end, that the pleasure would be all hers.

Time's A-Wasting

He loved to watch her.

She presented as a picture of innocence and a destroyable one at that.

He had her sitting in the middle of the room. He'd intentionally kept the room dim, lit only by a few candles he had placed around. Darkness hid his sins and so did the location of the basement.

They were playing a metaphorical game. He sat across from her, arms lying either side of the board. The pieces were higgledy-piggledy. However, only he knew that they were playing different games. He had the advantage. He was certain he would win.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting for his move.

Seconds ticking by: almost a minute

It was all she did. But, would she be so willing to wait if she knew how her life would end? He, on the other hand, had plenty of time. He could afford to wait. Time was a precious commodity to him. It was something she didn't have and he revelled in that. The thoughts in his head now were shifting, swirling around and prodding him.

Do it! Do it! Do it!

'Patience,' he hissed.

Impatience saw the idiots in the morning rush hour, leaning heavily on their horns; draining the life out of their batteries. No battery, no car and blissfully, no bloody horn, either so maybe that wasn't a bad thing. Or what about the mass of bodies pushing past slower commuters just to get on the next tube? The last minute waiting for the next train felt the longest. But, that was all it was.

A minute.

He could do a lot in one minute. Clothing, skin, souls, all could be discarded in 55 seconds, his timing almost perfect; *almost*. He wanted the time to be eating the muscles for longer. He believed that they gave him strength and vitality. *He'd been labelled as an odd-bod by many people.* Well, everyone was peculiar in their own way.

He'd run his hands over their body, the feel of the muscles, so beautiful, so graceful, so *strong*. He discarded the tendons; too tough. He used some of the fat to lubricate the

muscles. It gave them a slippery, soft sheen. The skinning part was the only time the voices in his head grew silent. He figured they loved the time between the playing and the eating just like he did.

Finally she had stopped waiting.

She was rubbing the juice of a melon over her skin. The thought of what lay beneath excited him. The stirrings in his trousers mimicked the thoughts in his heads. His balls were fast catching up. He'd grown hard.

Bad timing.

She intrigued him. The others hadn't as much. She had been proud to tell him of her virginity whilst they drank in the bar a few years ago. How she'd only been kissed by family. He'd almost laughed out loud at that. She might have been a virgin in body but she wasn't in her head. She'd flirted with him and teased him all that night. Then, she willingly followed him all the way to the basement.

He wanted them to come to him and that's exactly what they did. Easy.

Throughout the entire time they had known each other she'd continued to misinterpret his excitement as sexual.

You've got the wrong idea, bitch.

He would be laughing whilst he worked methodically on her body.

“Place your feet up on the chair and allow your knees to fall to the side.”

His excitement made his voice husky. She followed his orders to the letter. She was touching herself; running her fingers up and down and around her snatch.

“Take the banana and rub it all over your body.”

The fruit had died long before she ever would. This had been something that she had wanted. The fruit had excited her as much as the thought of her death had to him.

Now, she was grasping the banana, his cock. So provocative and so deliberate.

A virgin, my arse.

The window was open. The wind had entered and with it the flies. Another of those things he hated. They puked over their food, liquidised it and then sucked it up through their mouth parts.

The corpses needed to be pristine. Had they already been contaminated with fly vomit?

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