

Happy Ending by: j.a.flores

He walked down the sidewalk, the noise of the massive city pounding at the edge of his consciousness. He had been in the city for nearly a year, having moved halfway around the world for a unique job opportunity. Although the new setting was not at all home, it was pleasant enough and he had more or less been enjoying his time there. The food was tasty, the accommodations comfortable, and there was no shortage of beautiful women. That was actually what he liked the best: the spectacular view and the extracurricular activities.

He was close to his apartment in an area he knew but on a side-street that he had yet to travel down. He had had a little extra time on his hands and he had wanted a change of pace. It provided a relaxing stroll; although there were people hustling back and forth it didn't feel overcrowded. There were some assorted clothing boutiques, a couple of hole-in-the-wall restaurants, and a flower shop or two, but nothing really caught his eye until he came upon a small shop with a large plate-glass window. He actually saw the small sign before he saw into the window; it simply read: Message. Directly under that was native writing which although he didn't understand, he did immediately identify one word that always accompanied massage parlors, typically the "happy ending" variety.

He had a brief chuckle at the confusion between the spellings of "message" and "massage". The snicker suddenly clogged in his throat a heartbeat later when he saw her. She was sitting on a beaten couch inside the otherwise bare shop. She was young and beautiful, like an angel from heaven. She was thin with fair skin, dark eyes, and long dark hair arranged in a bun style atop her head. She wore a deep blue dress, sultry yet elegant, that showed off her remarkable slim figure. Her black strappy heels really accentuated her long colt legs that were crossed ever so gracefully. She was such an immaculate vision that he stumbled in his step as his heart skipped a beat. The pause was minutely brief but it was more than enough for their eyes to

meet. She smiled. She didn't wave, she didn't nod, she made no gesture that could hold any sort of implication. She simply smiled and that was all it took. Like a bee drawn to a vibrant blossom, he turned on his heels and approached the door. She made no movement save for her head, watching him. Her smile was bright and sweet, innocent and seductive at the same time. She rose as he pulled open the door, ringing a small bell as it squeaked open. She moved with flowing movements, her long, willowy limbs moving like branches swaying in the breeze while the tight muscles in her muscular calves and thighs rippled beneath her porcelain skin. She crossed the floor to greet him, her footfalls so soft that only the faintest of clicks could be heard as her heels struck the clay tiles. She was at his side the moment the door closed behind him with another soft jingle. He was surprised that she was tall enough to see eye-to-eye with him but quickly realized that it was her designer heels which gave her the added height; she was at least six inches shorter than him.

This was not the first such massage parlor he had visited in the past year and even though he spoke very little of the language, those previous experiences had taught him how to navigate his way to a happy ending. Yet perhaps because of her intense beauty, he found himself in an awkward silence as they stared at each other in silence. A gentle, pattering thud echoed at the edge of his mind, but he didn't register that it was the pounding of his own heart in his chest. She giggled softly at his shyness and the melodious chirp that tickled his ears like the downiest feather sparked him into life. He wanted to ask her if this was a place for a massage in her native tongue, but could only manage to mutter the single word in his own language while clumsily fondling at the air in front of him as if he were kneading invisible bread dough. Her smile brightened and her eyes glittered as she nodded, melting his heart as her beauty radiated over it like the sun melting the snow. She spoke and even though he didn't understand a word he agreed with a vigorous jerk of his head. She lifted three fingers and said two words, her demure vocal

inflection indicating a request. He understood perfectly and again readily agreed; three hundred was very reasonable. He would have gladly given her all the money in his wallet.

When she locked the door he thought nothing of it and in fact it gave him some comfort. Other places had done the same to keep anyone else from barging in during his session, especially when no one else was working as seemed the case here. She gestured and he followed like puppy down a short, narrow hallway with bad lighting. The building was old and the walls were cracked and the painting pulling, but otherwise it appeared relatively clean. There were three open doors into small and cramped rooms lining the hall, but they passed these and she led him to a similar door and room at the end of the hallway. She directed him in, smiling sweetly. It was sparsely furnished with simply a bed that was little more than a twin mattress on a metal frame upon which was draped a knock-off Hello Kitty blanket and a small nightstand with an ash tray and a box of tissues. She took a brief moment to spread a plastic sanitary sheet out over the bed before gesturing to some hooks attached to the wall. She then left him alone in the room, closing the door behind her. He got undressed quickly, nearly crashing into the wall in his impatient rush and hung his clothes on the hooks with trembling hands. All the while, his heart continued to pound unmercifully in his chest.

He jolted with a light shock at the knock on the door, faint and as gentle as her heels had clicked on the tiles yet exploding in the tense stillness he had surrounded himself with. He tried to answer, but his nervous throat closed over the call. She entered and giggled coquettishly when she saw him standing and sheepishly covering himself. She motioned for him to lie on the bed. As he crawled on, she spoke in a patient, gentle tone until he realized that she was telling him to lie on his stomach. Without another word, there was nothing to be said, she climbed onto the bed and straddled the small of his back. She was so light that she seemed to be nearly weightless, although he was hardly surprised given her petite frame. She placed her hands tenderly upon him and he stiffened ever so slightly. She rubbed his shoulders, squeezing rhythmically and pressing

her fingertips tightly into his muscles. His back arched tensely for just a moment before he melted like wax softened by the heat of her touch.

Time passed, but he had no idea how many minutes he lay on the bed being rubbed so sensually. Five minutes? Fifteen? An hour? It was all the same to him, meaningless as she worked her soothing magic over him. When she spoke, it took him several moments to realize it. He had to stir and look at her gestures before he understood that she wanted him to turn over onto his back. It was immediately noticeable how her touch had excited him. She giggled softly, not the least bit offended. He felt his face warm as he chuckled nervously. He tried to play it off smoothly, but he was much too clumsy and flustered for any coherent speech in any language. The best he could do was to make a jerky up-and-down motion with his hand. Her smile lit up the entire room. She placed her hand on his chest and gave him a light shove to push him back down onto the bed.

He instantly became fully aroused the very moment her tender fingers wrapped around him. He mewed softly, his toes curling as he clawed at the towel under him. It was such an intense, heavy sensation such that he felt he had never before experienced with any other woman. His heart raced in his chest, muscles all over his body tensed and relaxed as he writhed about on the bed, the springs and frame squeaking shrilling. Her grip suddenly tightened, her long, thin fingers squeezing around him like a vice. He winced from the uncomfortable pinch a split second before his lower torso became engulfed in pain. It filled his stomach, smashing into his gut like a gunshot. He choked on the bile gurgling in his mouth, burning his throat. Her free hand covered his mouth and pinned him down. She pulled, plucking it as easily as pulling a fragile flower from the soil. The sounds of snapping rubberbands exploded in the air in a rapid chain of several pops which were clearly audible over his muffled scream. With mad power he began to squirm under her, his screams of tortured terror long and unbroken as he struggled. However, her strength was immense and this tiny little lady held him down without effort. His

deadened screams were covered by a sick gagging as vomit bubbled up and then washed right back down his throat when her hand prevented it from exploding past his lips. A pain in his jaw joined the agony of his mutilated groin, her palm crushing his jaw with an ever fine crackle. His teeth clamped down and snipped the tip off his tongue cleanly, flooding his throat with blood. He began to drown and with no concern that he would scream out further, she released her hold on his face, two teeth popped out of his jaw.

He watched in horror and disgust, his eyes bulging in their sockets as she lifted his ragged, crimson manhood. He could do nothing to stop her from greedily stuffing it into her beautiful mouth; he couldn't move, he couldn't even scream. A cord dangled from her lips with a walnut-sized orb flopping about in a jerky dance at the end, like some grotesque ball on a line meant to tease the cat. With each delicate motion of her jaw crimson droplets spurted from her smacking lips, her small teeth crushing and pulverizing her treat as she moaned in ecstasy. Her already very fair cheeks went ghastly pale in comparison to the blood sloppily painting her face. With a sudden rush of adrenaline and insane desperation, he launched upwards, his body acting on pure instinct as all rational and coherent thought abandoned his mind. She placed a hand on his chest and shoved with barely any effort, not the least bit distracted from her feast. The bed shook angrily and the metal frame creaked shrilly as his back slammed back down, his head bouncing like a ball while blood and bile spewed from his mouth in a hellish fountain. He tried to scream but could only gurgle and gag as blood seeped down his windpipe. At the very furthest edge of his consciousness he heard a slurp as she sucked up the cord dangling from her lips. The fleshy orb struck her lips with a flutter and then disappeared. A bulge appeared and disappeared in her throat as she smacked her bloody lips and gave a low hum of satisfaction.

She glanced down at her shivering prey, the pain and unbridled terror plunging him into shock. He couldn't fight, he couldn't rise. He was powerless to do anything except stare blindly up at the sweet and tender smile gazing down at him. Despite the blood, his blood, smearing her

face, she was unchanged from the beautiful, alluring angel that had enticed him in with her innocent smile and sultry eyes.

It didn't hurt when she plunged her thin, fair hand into his chest, slipping her long, slim fingers between his ribs as easily as a knife. He could feel it, but he was well beyond the concept of pain. She wrapped those angelic fingers around his slowly pumping heart, each erratic beat jerking her dainty hand. She ripped his heart free as easily as pulling a ripe apple from its limb. Her hand burst out of his chest, shattering his ribs like fine glass. It continued to beat, blood gushing from the ragged, frayed tubes with each jolt. She eyed it carefully as if examining its quality for several beats before licking her lips in hungry anticipation. He had just enough life left in his mind to watch her take that first fulfilling bite from the delicious, glistening red apple she held in her willow fingers.

Author Commentary: Even for me this is a pretty fucked up story; if I had to give it a rating I'd say R at the very least, probably even X-rated (not quite XXX-rated, though). I wrote this in early 2014, but I had been kicking the idea of a killer massage parlor since 2013. I was living in Beijing and like any big city there's no shortage of these types of places (the 'message instead of massage' confusion is taking from real life; I actually did see such a sign). My first idea was to have multiple girls and they were just serial killer-esque thieves. I decided to give it a more supernatural quality just 'cause. I also decided to have only one girl for the sake of simplicity and I'm glad I did; simple works so much better and, in my opinion, is much creepier. Also for the sake of simplicity, I intentionally left it as completely ambiguous as possible, albeit for more artistic reasons. There are only two people, no dialogue, and no strong character descriptions aside from the girl's fair skin and dark hair. In effect, this could be taking place in any city in any country; as I said, these sorts of places are found in any city in the world (this could be taking place in America with a foreign guy).

On the whole I really enjoy this one, I like the build and how even though you know something bad is going to happen, it blasts you in the face like a shotgun. I do feel a little bad for those that stumbled upon this story thinking it was some hot bit of erotic smut, though. Heheheheh!

I think this one would actually make a pretty good short film and that idea is on my ever growing todo list.