

Reflection

After Dark

Chapter 2

Consequences

January 17, 2024:

Heavy wind blows against the windows, the moon is dimmer than usual and the snowfall is extreme for Kitsune Islands. Amid all this a silhouette, a woman on the roof of a skyscraper, sitting on the edge. Winds are forcing her long silver hair to sway right and left while her body stays still. The storm does not affect her at all. It is as if she controls the very weather around her. An intricate fox mask covers the upper part of her face and cyan eyes full of tears shine through the narrow eye slits.

Her dark bodysuit is covered in blood, torn and partially ripped. On her arms, the body of a woman, completely naked lies down limp with glassy open eyes. Tears from the stranger's cyan eyes fall down onto the lifeless woman and freeze on her pale skin as soon as they touch it.

The silver-haired woman screams at the top of her lungs, but her voice is muffled by the sound of wind and distant sirens. A convoy of police cars along with ambulances rushes across the snow to an emergency call from earlier that night. A suspected mass murder at the "Parks' Trading" office building has been reported and now all units have been dispatched to secure the place and look for evidence and survivors.

They stop near the entrance and several officers enter inside. Silver Fox, with the body still in her arms, rises from the edge of the roof and slowly walks towards the door leading downstairs. On her way, she passes by another body, entirely covered in snow, except for the blue glassy eyes, raven black hair, and a smile on her lips. Silver Fox takes off the mask with the wig, revealing her face and her brown hair tied in a bun, and drops it on the floor next to the smiling body.

"The fox is dead..." Arryn mutters under her breath while carrying the lifeless body through the empty hallways filled with blood splatters and broken furniture.

In every office she passes by, she can see yet another corpse or two. The officers are getting closer and closer, so she gently lays down the woman in one of the rooms, on the sofa, before approaching the nearby window and opening it.

The wind howls and carries the icy air into the room. It was already freezing inside but now it only gets worse.

"I'm sorry..." Arryn whispers as she turns back to the body on the sofa, and jumps out of the windows just moments before the police burst through the door, finding nothing but another corpse and a gust of winter wind and snow.

As Arryn fell from the window, she hoped the impact would kill her, but it did not, and now she lay on the cold snow outside the building with police sirens ringing in her

ears. As soon as she gathered up all the strength left in her and stood up on her feet again, she ran as fast as she could into the night...

Grim Reaper

May 11, 2024:

Loud, hectic breathing drowned out the sound of clacking high heels against the wet and slippery pavement of the alley. Each breath felt like fire scorching her lungs, but she had to keep running. She couldn't let him catch up to her, or else—and a shiver shook her body at that thought. There was no one around to help her either, nobody to turn to, she was all alone. A rabbit chased by a dog. If only she could reach the main street, perhaps somebody would stop him. Maybe if she screamed loud enough...?

With each stride, the man behind her came ever closer and now she could feel his fingers grazing over her bare thigh. An involuntary shriek escaped her mouth and her steps quickened even more. But running in high heels on the wet road was proving difficult and with a heavy thud and a jolt of pain in her knee, the young woman collapsed onto the hard and wet asphalt. This was it, this is where she would die, she realized, and yet she still tried to crawl away, even as the stranger loomed over her.

A soft whimper escaped her lips when his weight forced her to lie face down on the dirty pavement. No matter how much she squirmed and struggled to free herself from his iron grip, he showed no mercy and pinned her to the ground with ease. Another terrified shriek rang through the air when he pressed his hand over her mouth, silencing her in an instant. This was only a second before a new wave of panic washed over her when her dress was ripped apart, exposing vulnerable flesh to the biting cold wind.

"Help!" she cried, trying to pry off the man's strong hand from her mouth, but it was useless. With the last bit of strength that remained in her body, she kicked her legs in desperate hopes of hurting the assailant and delaying what she knew was about to come next. Then everything went silent for a brief moment when he tore off her underwear and threw it aside, before taking a few deep breaths.

"Please... please, don't do this," the girl pleaded in a faint voice, which only seemed to amuse the man behind her.

"Yes! Scream for me, you little bitch!" he growled with anger as he lifted up her hips and unzipped his pants with one hand. "You won't get any help. But I like it when you scream, it's hot!"

And just as she felt the tip of his cock touch her pussy, her prayers were answered. Footsteps resounded throughout the empty alleyway and just then, the man froze and turned his head to look in their direction, a low curse escaping his mouth as he did so. The footsteps were slow, but confident, getting louder and closer with each passing second. It was just too dark to make out anything but the silhouette of

another person slowly approaching them. A woman, judging by the swaying of the hips. A small sliver of hope filled up the young woman's heart as she squinted her eyes to catch a better glimpse of the shadowy figure. Was she here to help?

"Iko Sora..." The unknown figure whispered, still entirely covered in darkness, the quiet words only audible because of the complete silence that surrounded them. Her voice sounded like thousands of voices speaking in unison, yet all at once, soothing and sweet, calm and collected, yet so threatening at the same time. "Nice to finally meet you in the flesh."

At the sound of this voice, the man suddenly let go of the helpless woman and stood up as if something had bitten him. Staring wide-eyed in fear, he took a few steps back before hitting the wall with his back.

"H-h-how do y-you know? Wha...who are you?" He stuttered, sounding terrified, as though the very presence of this person was enough to strike pure and absolute fear into his soul, and he didn't dare to even look straight at her.

"Senior programmer at CherrySoft during the day..." The woman said as she made a step closer. The nearby signboard now lit the upper part of her face, revealing a beautiful pair of piercing cyan eyes, pale skin, raven black hair, and a glimpse of a mask that covered the lower part of her face. "...and in the night, serial killer, rapist."

"W-what are you talking about?!" The man gulped down as beads of sweat ran down his forehead. His face was tense as if he was doing his best to suppress a yawn. "Get away from me!"

"I know all about you and your dirty little secret, you worthless piece of shit," the woman continued, taking another step forward, this time the entire upper half of her body revealed by the flickering neon sign above. The tips of her raven black hair were dyed cyan and the mask she wore was a pitch black menpo mask with a devilish smile and cyan fangs and teeth. She was dressed entirely in a black skin-tight spandex bodysuit and a hoodie on top. "Seven victims before your disappearance six months ago, two in the last couple of weeks. Did you really think that if the Silver Fox is gone, then nobody can catch you?"

The sight in front of him now was a relief of some sort. It was a woman. Just a woman after all, no matter how much she scared him, the man could not help but feel a bit more confident now that he could see what was scaring him so much. His shoulders relaxed and a smirk formed on his face as he leaned on the wall, pretending to be calm and unfazed by the situation.

"Fuck... You're just a woman. Well, you've got a pussy, that's for sure. And don't worry babe, I'll rip off that mask and stuff it down your throat right after I'm done fucking you," he laughed, visibly. "I know how to deal with bi..."

His sentence was cut short when the masked woman appeared right in front of him in the blink of an eye and grabbed him by the throat. She wore a pair of gloves with sharp claws on each finger, which dug painfully into the man's flesh. A single whimper escaped his mouth as she lifted him up. He tried to kick her, but she just wouldn't let go, her grip only tightening more and more, making breathing impossible until finally, his eyelids closed and he passed out, his arms dangling lifelessly by his sides. With a single motion, the mysterious woman threw the unconscious man on the ground, against the dumpster, but without any significant effort whatsoever. As though the body weighed nothing.

"Well now... you're free to go." The hero turned to look at the young woman who was still lying on the asphalt, only this time in utter shock and disbelief rather than terror or pain. "Don't forget to call 9-1-1 and report a crime."

Noticing that she was staring at her with those big doe-like eyes, the masked woman paused and looked back in confusion, tilting her head to one side.

"That's the look I've seen before," she said with a hint of amusement in her voice.

The young woman was staring at the heroine's crotch, mouth agape, trying to find the words to say, but failing miserably, her cheeks flushed, and her heart pounding wildly in her chest. There was an opening in the bodysuit between her thighs and a fat, massive, most gorgeous cock that hung nearly to her knee, standing out in clear detail from its black surroundings. It was so big it didn't even seem real. Impossible. Surely, it couldn't possibly fit inside of anyone. It was bigger than most cocks she'd ever seen.

"Y...y...y...your... Your cock!" she managed to say before quickly looking away from her and covering her mouth with both hands as the realization hit her of how embarrassing what she just said was.

"I won't fucking repeat myself again," the mysterious woman replied, her voice cold and harsh. "Leave and call the police. I'll deal with him."

With that, she walked past the girl, and knelt down beside the unconscious man, glancing briefly at him before turning to face the victim who was already getting up on shaky legs and putting what remained of her torn dress back on.

"Thank you," she whispered softly. Then she stumbled away slowly in complete and utter confusion and awe.

As she disappeared, the masked woman turned her attention back to the criminal lying on the ground next to her. Taking hold of his hair, she yanked it upwards, lifting up his upper body. He woke up immediately and began struggling weakly, gasping and wheezing, as though trying to break free from the grasp but couldn't move anymore, only writhe uselessly in agony.

"Let go! Wh-who the fuck are you?! What do you want?!" he cried desperately as he clawed frantically at the fingers digging deep into his scalp.

"I am the punishment for your sins," the masked woman stated calmly, even though there was a hint of anger behind the words, before lowering her face closer to his ear. "And I have a special treat for you tonight."

With that, she shoved his face into her exposed cock and balls and held it there until he was suffocating from the lack of oxygen and started to thrash around and beat her with his fists. When his struggles slowed down to mere twitches, she let go of his hair, allowing him to fall back to the ground where he gasped for air. Then she knelt down beside him, grabbing the back of his neck once more, and pressed her half-hard member against his mouth, forcing it open with ease, causing him to groan loudly in protest while trying to push away her hips.

"This is your punishment. You will experience every ounce of pain that you inflicted on the women you hurt," she explained sternly. "Open your mouth wider."

"No...nooopfhhh...!" he tried to cry out, but his mouth was stuffed full the second he spoke, preventing any further attempt at communication beyond muffled sounds as he was forced to take more and more of her length into him, inch after inch sliding down his throat, stretching it wide open and making him gag violently, tears running down his cheeks.

She could feel him resisting as he clenched his jaw tightly and gripped onto her thigh for support with all of his remaining strength. At the same time, she held on to his head, keeping it steady and upright, as she thrust forward, burying herself deeper within his warm, wet mouth, and then, she pulled back, only to repeat the process again and again. Her precum kept leaking steadily into his throat and its effect was already beginning to show on him. With each passing minute, he stopped fighting and became more compliant as if hypnotized by her thick shaft sliding in and out of him so effortlessly. His flesh became softer, stretchy, and looser, which made penetrating his mouth easier. And once his nose touched her groin with each plunge she felt he was ready...

"You like it? Huh?" she asked teasingly as she pulled the cock out of his mouth with a pop sound, leaving him coughing and wheezing, while drool dripped down his chin. "Answer me!"

"Ye...n-n-no! Pl-please stop!" he whimpered, barely able to speak clearly because of all the fluid flooding his throat, his voice hoarse from screaming earlier, "J-j-ust take mmeee to th-the police! I'll t-tell them everything!"

She just watched as he pleaded with her for mercy and sympathy. How pathetic he must've looked begging like that with a rock-hard monster cock swaying in front of his face, almost touching his lips with every slight movement he made. Just seeing that, made her heart skip a beat as well as her cock, which twitched excitedly and

burst forth another stream of clear liquid into the air that landed on his face with a loud splat. It was the most exquisite sight to behold. It was justice in action.

"Police is on the way. I'm sure..." The masked woman said in a cold, emotionless tone. "...and we have plenty of time until they get here."

"W-w-wait!" He cried out, as soon as the heroine said this, "W-what do you m-mean?"

Instead of answering she pushed the tip of her cock back to his lips and forced her way in, cutting off his speech. This time she was rough and aggressive, taking his mouth faster and harder, going balls deep without stopping once. He gagged loudly as she pounded away at him relentlessly for several minutes. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he struggled to breathe through his nose while being impaled repeatedly. All he could do was try to keep himself conscious and hope she would tire herself out eventually.

"That's how they all felt," the woman said as she continued to ravage his mouth, "while you raped them."

Her assault seemed endless, she never slowed down nor did she give him any time to rest or even catch his breath, she just kept pushing in and out, hitting his deepest parts, her heavy nuts slapping against his neck every time she bottomed out inside of him. The amount of precum she produced was unreal as she filled his mouth constantly until it overflowed and spilled down his chin onto the pavement.

After a few more minutes of intense facefuck and her movements became irregular. Suddenly, she grabbed his head with both hands and slammed her hips against his face, smashing his nose against her lower belly as she came violently, filling his stomach with a non-stop stream of hot jizz. With the first drop of her seed sliding down his throat, he realized what was happening and panicked again but was unable to pull away and swallowed everything that was given to him against his will. His stomach began to bulge out as she pumped it full of her semen, the warm liquid running down his gullet and sticking to his esophagus. His lungs burned with fire as he tried to breathe through his nostrils but to no avail, only inhaling some of her seed as well, making it even harder to survive.

Somewhere deep inside he actually felt pleasure from it all, even though he did not want to admit it, even to himself, but at that moment he enjoyed the feeling of being dominated and used like a toy by someone stronger than him, it gave him a sense of belonging, of worth, something he had been missing for years. Something he desperately looked for in all of his victims but found only rejection and hatred instead. Besides, the taste of her cream was just too sweet and intoxicating to resist as he savored every drop as much as possible.

Eventually, her orgasm ended and she released him from her grip and removed her cock from his mouth with a wet popping noise. With one last gasp of air, he fell back,

landing hard on the floor, exhausted beyond belief, panting heavily, covered in sweat, cum, and saliva, still shaking uncontrollably, completely spent from the intense facefucking...

Without wasting a second the vigilante turned him over on his belly and tore his pants off with little effort before positioning her cock between his asscheeks. He felt something brush against his hole and froze stiff, terrified at the realization of what she was doing now...

"N-no! Don't do this!" he begged, struggling futilely against her strong grip holding him firmly in place as she prepared to enter him, "Please! Just let me go, I promise I'll turn myself in!"

No words followed his pleas as she thrust into him forcefully. The entire length all at once. A piercing scream left his lips followed by a large stream of excess cum from his mouth, painting the concrete in white underneath. Without even waiting for him to adjust she started pounding into him like a wild animal in heat, grunting and growling deeply as she slammed her hips against him over and over again. With each thrust, the outline of her enormous rod could be seen on his skin, stretching and tearing at his insides as it moved back and forth, mercilessly ramming into him at incredible speeds and depths, pushing the air out of him with every single stroke, and making him cough up more fluids.

His whole body trembled violently as she violated him brutally. It felt as though she was splitting him in half with her massive meat pole, ripping apart his innards as she pounded away inside of him, breaking apart whatever resistance he may have had left. Even though he wanted to cry out, no words would come, only moans, gasps, and whimpers, which echoed loudly in his head as he lay helpless on the ground with his rear raised high in the air for the heroine's enjoyment.

The masked woman groaned in ecstasy whenever her balls slapped against his thighs and her member buried itself deep inside his body, her hands squeezing his buttocks tightly, claws digging painfully into his skin and drawing blood from the wounds as she continued to drill him intensely, uncaring of how much damage she was doing to his body. After minutes upon minutes, he was already passed out and covered in both sweat and tears, drooling profusely on the concrete, eyes rolling back into his head as she kept on using him roughly.

"What's the matter?" the mysterious heroine asked mockingly as she increased the tempo of her thrusts and began fucking him even faster. "Haven't you done this to so many girls yourself?"

After what seemed to last forever, she finally reached her climax and shot a massive load into him with a deafening roar, filling up his guts with copious amounts of thick, creamy spunk, causing the poor man to wake up once again as his insides were flooded with her seed. More and more of it poured into him until his belly began to

bulge outward and his skin stretched to the point that it might burst open any moment now. That's when she pulled out and covered his entire body in the remains of her sticky cream, making sure every part of him was thoroughly coated in her essence...

In the pure bliss of the aftermath, the heroine didn't notice the police car that stopped nearby and its occupants exited the vehicle. It wasn't until she heard voices shouting and footsteps approaching that she snapped out of her trance.

"There's someone in the alley," a man said, "We better check it out."

Another voice, this one female, answered him. "Yeah, let's go."

Heroine quickly jumped in the nearby emergency ladder and climbed to the rooftop to escape while the cops entered the alley to see the results of her work.

"Fuck...what's that smell? It's disgusting!" A woman's voice said. "Hey, Clint! There's a guy down here!"

The officer, Clint, ran straight to the body of a man but slipped on the thick layer of cum and landed on his back. While cursing and rubbing his sore muscles, he crawled away and got to his feet. Then, he was shocked to find the victim completely naked, unconscious, and beaten up on the ground, covered from head to toe in thick white fluid, his butt was covered in scratches and deep bloody claw marks.

Clint was sickened to see another person suffering such brutal treatment.

"Shit, is he alive? Or dead?" Clint asked the woman kneeling next to the man to check his pulse.

"Yes, just unconscious," the woman replied and sighed as she shook her head in dismay, "but what did they do to him?"

"Fuck...just look at his asshole," Clint said as he examined the battered man closely. "Who could do this? How did this happen?"

"It looks like he was fucked with a baseball bat," the woman said, shuddering, her face contorted with disgust as she glanced down at the injured man's anus. "That has to hurt."

"You're right. Fuck." Clint cursed and sighed in frustration as he straightened up and stared up at the sky in exasperation.

As soon as he looked up an envelope landed right beside Clint, falling off from the roof. He quickly picked it up and opened it. Inside was a letter. it stated that the unconscious man on the ground was a serial killer and rapist known as the 'Grim Reaper'. At the end of the letter was a link to a cloud storage location with photos

and videos of him in the act of rape and murder of many women. And at the end of the letter was the signature: 'Oni'.

"Shit... he's the Grim Reaper," Clint said after reading the letter and passing it to the woman.

The woman read it silently, her expression growing serious as she finished reading it, "How should we handle this?"

"We have to take him to the hospital and report this to the HQ," the woman replied. "If this is true, this guy must go to jail, otherwise, he will continue to kill innocent girls."

"Who the fuck is this 'Oni'?" the woman muttered under her breath and looked around warily before glancing at the note once more. "Why did he do this to him?"

"I have no clue." Clint shook his head and shrugged as he lifted the body off the ground with ease, "Let's go."

Oni observed them from above as they loaded the man in the police car and drove off in a hurry. As soon as they disappeared from her sight, she let out a relieved sigh and sank down against the wall of the building behind her, closing her eyes and resting for a while as she enjoyed the cool breeze blowing across her skin and the faint scent of flowers hanging in the air around her...