

Part 1

Vegas Moon



a karambit knife

Chapter 1

Massive blood loss had already caused her to go into shock. She was unconscious but still breathing. The idea was to keep her alive as long as possible. Necrophilia wasn't their main perversion, but it would do in a pinch.

She was a student at UNLV – the University of Nevada, Las Vegas – the “Runnin’ Rebels.” Attractive face, large breasts and substantial thighs. She had recently gained weight, a casualty of the freshman fifteen. The extra weight increased her blood supply by another half-liter. She was perfect for their repulsive purpose.



It was Friday night – no classes tomorrow. Kimberly was out for a night on the town with her sorority sisters. They preferred one of the smaller clubs on the world famous Las Vegas Strip where the muscle at the front door wasn't too diligent about checking IDs.

“Hi Tony,” Vivian said to the familiar, well-dressed six-

foot-tall, beefy black doorman, as she reached for her ID in the ample cleavage between her 44-DD breasts.

Tony shifted his gaze from her mostly exposed milky-white mammaries and glanced at her ersatz driver's license. He really didn't care if it was legit or not. His job was to let good-looking, barely-dressed girls into the club to entice the well-healed guys who essentially paid the bills.

The other girls, Racheal, Mitsy and Kimberly, the newest member of the sorority, also flashed their counterfeit IDs and Tony waved them inside as he smiled, exposing a gold tooth with a diamond set right in the middle.

Like most Las Vegas clubs, the entrance fee for women was waived while men had to pay an exorbitant price to get in, even more so on Friday and Saturday nights. The girls said, "Hello," to Janie behind the counter, who was dressed like a gangster's moll from the 1930s. She wasn't in costume – that was just the way she liked to dress.

The sorority sisters sauntered through a dimly lit tunnel leading to the inside of the club. They knew their way around and, once inside, kept to the outer perimeter of the seating area. The center of the club was the dance floor, only partly occupied at the relatively early hour of 10:00 PM. Tonight's celebrity DJ, SpinnerMan, was in a raised booth off to the side and illuminated from below by the lights from his mixing board. Even though the club was dark, the girls knew their way and quickly made for an unoccupied table in the rear. Almost before they sat down, an overly outgoing waitress came by to take their orders for the first

drinks of the night. She was dressed in the house uniform of a red leotard cut high on the hips and low on the top.

The girls started by ordering Cosmopolitans, “On the sweet side,” Rachael requested. As they waited for the drinks to arrive they listened to the too-loud music and scanned the room for likely drinking and dancing partners. They had all agreed that they would go back to the sorority house together, “Unless we meet some really, really cute guys,” Mitsy insisted.

After the waitress served the drinks in their chilled cocktail glasses, Rachael stood up and made a toast. “To the ladies of Mu Theta Rho.” The girls raised their glasses and clinked them together. Mitsy added, “Sisters forever,” and the others responded with a, “Here, here,” before giggling and taking a mouthful of the citrusy libation.

It wasn’t long before a threesome of wannabe hipsters came over to their table to chat them up and invite them to dance. They introduced themselves as Rodney, George and Derek. Since they spoke well and didn’t look too bad in their black on black ensembles, day old beards and tussled hair, Vivian, Rachael and Mitsy accepted. Kimberly, the youngest of the sorority sisters, was definitely a little more introverted than the others and shyly offered to wait out the first dance of the evening.

She watched the three couples gyrate on the dance floor and slowly nursed her drink, feeling the alcohol buzz starting to wash over her.

The boys had hoped that the next song would be a slow

one, but when SpinnerMan cranked up the energy with a strong techno beat, they reluctantly escorted the girls back to the table and the waiting Kimberly.

“How about a round of Sex on the Beach,” Rodney offered with a sly smile. The girls grinned at each other, giggled and responded positively. Derek waived down the waitress and ordered. In preparation for the next round, the sorority sisters downed the rest of their Cosmos in one gulp.

Making small talk, the boys told them that they all worked for the same firm in the burgeoning Las Vegas financial industry. They didn’t mention that they essentially worked in the mail room. The girls told them that they were in the Mu Theta Rho sorority at UNLV. George was a graduate of UNLV and regaled them with stories of campus life.

“Did you know there are underground corridors connecting some of the buildings on campus?” he told them. “A great place for a secluded rendezvous,” he said as he placed his arm around Vivian.

When the next song was queued up by the DJ, Rachael announced that it was one of her favorites and pulled Rodney out of his seat and onto the dance floor. The others remained sitting at the table as the waitress brought the orange colored highballs containing the provocatively christened cocktails.

The girls were well on their way to becoming inebriated and allowed the boys to start taking advantage of their charms. Their wandering hands became more and more aggressive as the

girls cared less and less.

The consumption of alcohol continued, but Kimberly wasn't used to drinking so much, so quickly. After the next round, the obligatory round of Tequila shots, she began feeling rather queasy.

She barely had the presence of mind to excuse herself and hurry to the little girl's room to hurl her guts out. She just made it, practically falling into one of the bathroom stalls. As she retched into the porcelain receptacle, she somehow had a coherent thought and found it amazing that evacuating her innards like that always made her feel better, even if she was on her knees with her head in a toilet.

She emerged from the stall and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Not a pretty sight. She washed her hands and splashed cold water on her face. The restroom hostess handed her some paper towels and offered her a small plastic cup of mouthwash, which she thankfully accepted. She swished the mint-flavored liquid around her mouth until she no longer tasted her alcohol induced barf and felt more like a person.

Since joining the sorority this was not the first time Kimberly had found herself in this situation. In fact, this was becoming a regular habit. She shook her head and vowed that it would never happen again. She would change her ways. But first she needed a cigarette.

She rummaged around in her little black purse, found a dollar bill and tipped the restroom hostess. When she exited the

lavatory she made her way to the back service entrance. She had done this before when she needed to go outside for some semi-fresh air and a nicotine fix. She took a deep breath of the stale air in the back alley and coughed. She opened her purse again and found a menthol infused butt and a cheap disposable lighter. She took a deep drag, closed her eyes, tilted her head back and exhaled a cloud of smoke into the cool night air.

Her temples were throbbing and her forehead beaded with sweat. The ringing in her ears was so loud that she never heard the dirty brown van pull up behind her and the three young men get out.