



Game Play is the anthology that inspired the stories for Sing The Blues. It is available for sale on Amazon. Even though one is based on the other, they are two completely different books.

Game Play is a collection of 7 erotic short stories discovering just how far a group of people will go to get their kicks. Anthony Riddle livens up his everyday job with behaviour that will leave his boss reeling if he is discovered. A visit by a lesbian couple to a sex shop who receives help from an unknown source. The misogynist who finally discovers the true meaning of 'fire in the loins'?

What games would you play?
How far would you go to get the outcome you desire?

[Amazon UK](#) [Amazon US](#)

Onto the Story!

I hope you enjoy :)

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 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?

A real cock was now pushing on the inside of his trousers.

Bloody hell.

Maybe his name could be immortalised in an expletive or something. Like Gordon Bennett or Sweet Fanny Adams.

But, he was still hard. He'd been thinking about murder for the last few minutes so he supposed that it wasn't that much of a surprise. Murder was sex for him. He turned everything back to death. Trouble was that meant he was almost always hard. A walking loaded cock lusting after all those bodies pounding the pavements every day; bodies just ready and willing to be de-gloved and eaten.

His murderous thoughts swung back in to the girl, back to the matter in hand.

He checked his watch. It was nearly time. Good. His cock was beginning to hurt in his tight trousers and she just sat there with her everything hanging out.

Fresh meat...no, fresh muscles...no, sod it.

That chant...where did it come from? Prison? Or another killer?

He liked it. It had a nice ring to it.

He hummed it silently to himself, going over his plan in his mind.

If nothing was right, he would have to start all over again. Lack of control was his nemesis. Those who could not obey him made bad victims, fighting against him and using his strength. It was so wasteful of time.

He took a long step forward.

She had her eyes closed. Perhaps she was longing for his touch? She would never see him naked, though. His body disgusted him; his particulars in particular.

He stood over her, his eyes dark and full of murder. He beckoned her to him and then moved his hand towards his groin. Oh, she knew what that meant alright.

But she didn't; not really. He was uncomfortable.

He leant forward and kissed her on her forehead. Her skin was soft and he wondered if her bodily fat was gradually oozing out through her pores; it certainly tasted like it. Ha! She was overflowing with the stuff. This might just be a satisfying one for him.

He carried on.

He would store most of her fat away for later. When it had hardened sufficiently, he would make candles to light the room with. The draft would bring the smell of human wafting towards him and his next conquest. He breathed in deeply. For now, it was the scent of her fallen, no, *skinned* comrades before her.

He continued on down. He wanted her to be putty in his hands and she would soon be that and more. He feigned pleasure as he carried on. The taste of the banana left on her skin, only slightly masked the salty taste of the perspiration on her skin.

“You taste divine...”

Smelled more like.

This was nothing like he had imagined. He knew from his mother that female skin should be soft and smell of perfume. His mother had cared for her skin more than she had him. She'd spent most for her waking moments bathing, washing and rubbing lotion in her skin.

It had become a ritual. It had overtaken her life and his. She took time away from him and his emotional needs. His father had left years before when he was just five years old. She had rubbed her husband up the wrong way and created a monster out of her son.

This skin, however, had the smell of fruit and sweat, much like his mother had when she died, midway through her cleansing. He was disappointed.

He decided he didn't want to go any further. *What, down there??* He wasn't totally mad. Why would he want to go where 'normal' people played? However, he lifted her up so that her legs straddled his waist. His cock was still waiting to burst forth but he denied it its freedom.

Instead, he tried to relieve some of the tension by moving his pelvis forward. It didn't work, of course. He needed more than her to satisfy his urges.

She whispered in his ear, her hot breath gently moving the delicate hairs inside his ears. He tilted his head away in annoyance.

“Now it's my turn...”

He dropped her, flashed her an angry look and was gone.

He'd lost the game.

About The Author

Tina Collins is a published fiction writer, experienced book reviewer and social media marketer for authors. She is currently living in the most diverse city in Europe: London. She is single and is happy to stay that way for the near future.

After a long break, she is delighted to be back behind the computer penning stories in the genres of erotica, horror and the paranormal.

She publishes two blogs one of which focuses entirely on her favourite animal: the horse. The other she publishes posts geared towards authors giving advice on book marketing.

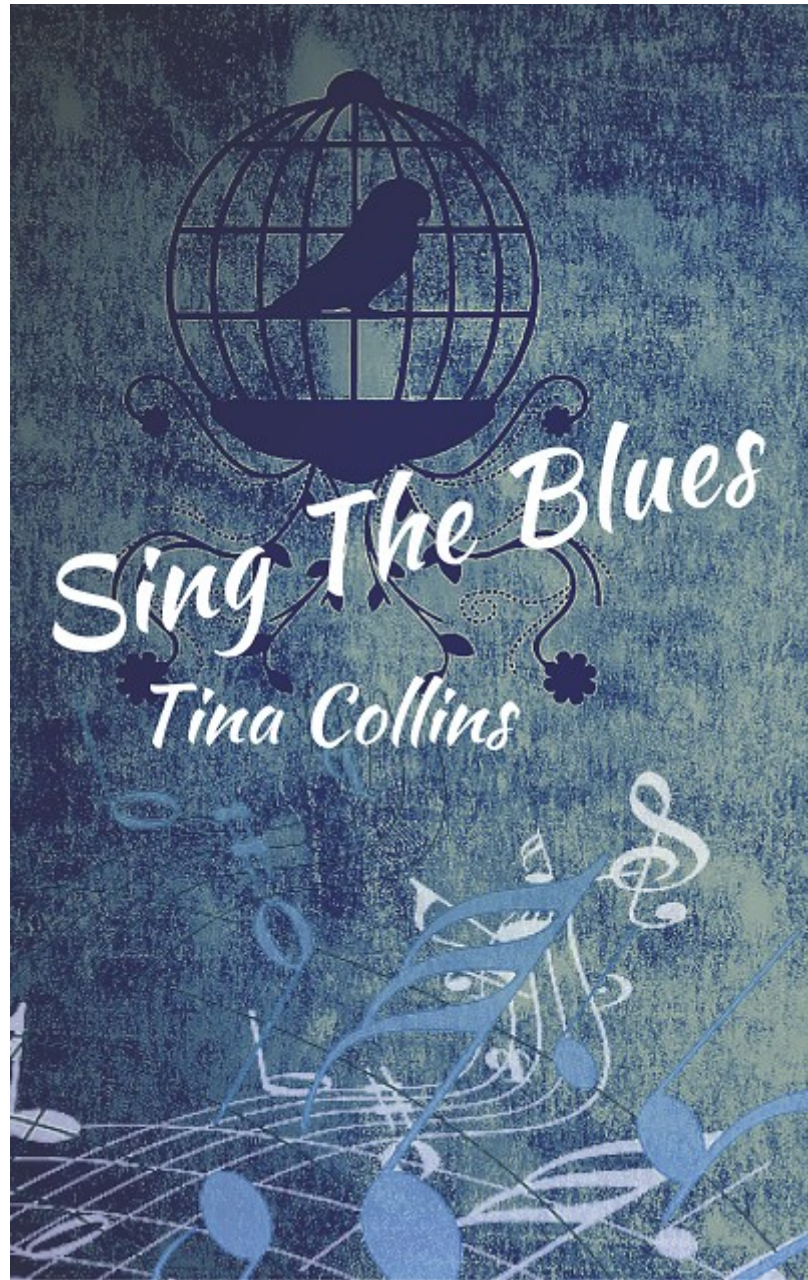
GamePlay is the result of a Case Study set up by herself. Recently, she has published an email course, **AVOID THE TOP 8 BOOK MARKETING MISTAKES**, the report: **Too Busy? Try These Tips To Streamline Your Book Marketing** and the report: **Why Writing Reviews Will Help Sell Your Books**

Her main website can be found at: <http://collinsmarketing.jimdo.com/>

You can find her other blogs here:

<https://bookmarketit.wordpress.com/>

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Sing The Blues

A Dark Erotica Anthology

Can You Hear Them Sing?

They all once believed they were untouchable; protected from the evil that saturated the earth. They thought of themselves as playing the game of life. Their objective? They couldn't say for sure.

Like zombies they were driven to satisfy a hunger that only carnal pleasure could fulfil. Money, selfishness, exhibitionism and revenge all played a role. They took what they could, most of them not understanding just how their actions impacted on others.

But, the beings and demons shadowing their every move, understood only too well. Now each and every one of them are singing the blues.

Pre order on Amazon

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