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# Triple Dipped in Psycho

Kristin Rothell  
*Concordia University - Portland*

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Footer Logo

# Triple Dipped in Psycho

*Kristin Rothell*

Spooky Story Contest Winner

I feel her hot breath on the backs of my teeth, her impenetrable will battling with my own for control of my muscles, her dark and soulless eyes struggling to take charge of my molten chocolate orbs.

My fight for supremacy over my own body is constant, a desperate, last-ditch attempt to fend her off until the wee hours of the AM when my will is nothing compared to hers.

But when I feel his calloused hands on my arms, feel his large body encroach on my space, his rank breath waft ever closer to my delicate nostrils, I feel nothing but revulsion. This foul, grotesque being dared touch me. Touch *us*.

I allow my struggle to compound hers, feel my will slide to the wayside, but I am stuck in my own body, unable to give her the control she so desires when I actually *want* to.

He whispers drunken nothings in my ear, murmurs words of what I suppose sound seductive to a deaf whore, but to us . . . To us he sounds like a man reaching into oblivion in a desperate attempt to find something real. A man in search of grounding, in search of *control*.

I know his struggle all too well, her words echoing my own as I beg him to stop. Where my voice is weak, pleading, hers rings with authority, with venom, with a promise of pain and death should he not heed her warnings.

And then I feel it.

That sudden *release*.

At exactly 3:33 AM, her presence in our shared meat suit overrides my own. Our hands tighten into proper fists, our body heightens with anticipation, with desire to inflict damage on the man who so erringly thought to damage *us*. The hairs on our arms stand on end, our entire form vibrating with barely contained rage and aggression.

*My turn.*

Her words echo in our shared experience, as I see him through her eyes, see his true self.

His face is shallow and gaunt, like the man hasn't been fed for weeks. His eyes leer out of black as pitch hollows, pupils blown wide like he'd just shot up with the latest hit off the street. Where I saw him as muscular and powerful compared to my smaller and weaker frame, she sees his weakness, his frailty in the quivering mass of craving and wanton *need* that seeps from his every pore.

The hand on our breast is grasped in one of our own, the bones grinding against each other as our hold tightens past the point of pain. His breathless exhalation of agony is enough to spur her on, rotating our body so our knee finds the sweet spot between his weakened thighs. With a satisfying *thump*, our would-be violator crumples to the ground.

A primal urge to finish him off washes across my brain as I desperately try to reign her in, to make her see he that he's down, he's done. But it isn't enough for her, the scent of blood in the air as she swings our leg and smashes our boot into the soft flesh of his neck. His desperate gasps fill the night air, his body heaving to take in oxygen he can no longer suck into overtaxed lungs, hands scrabbling for purchase at his neck, clawing for air that *just won't come*. Her assault continues, my consciousness turned away as his blood splatters the alleyway, weeping for my loss of control but also the wretched knowledge that whatever she does while wearing my body will ultimately be on my head.

The next morning doesn't come fast enough.

With the dawn comes control. As the bright orange rays of morning penetrate the night sky, my body tingles with relief as I fill its every cell. I feel her, her hunger satisfied for the time being, slinking in the corners of my mind, always watching, always alert, waiting. I exhale shakily and allow my body to assimilate to *me* again; without her influence my limbs feel heavy and sore, like after an exhaustive workout that leaves you wanting nothing else but to crawl into a hole and die.

But judging from the smell, something has already beat me there.

The blood on my clothes attests to the fact, the splattering of soft, grey tissue a clear indicator the man did not survive her assault.

*I can't let her do this again.*

*Ab, ab, ab*, she taunts, those haunted eyes flashing before my awareness as she speaks, a cruel and sadistic smirk on her faint lips. *This vessel's mine come 3:33 AM. I'd like to see you try to stop me.*

I look around and silently thank her for the decency to bring us back to my apartment. The steps to the balcony are swift and easy. The split-second decision sends her reeling, long enough for my own smile to cross my face and my body to tip over the railing.

The wind tunneling around us drowns out her screams and for the first time in years, I'm finally free.



*Parker Lake* © Garrett Broberg