

Every Father
By
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“Please! Stop!” the Bleeding Man pleaded as Edward twisted the knife between his ribs.

Don’t back down, Edward thought. Press and twist. Press and Twist.

The Bleeding Man struggled, but Edward held him firmly about the neck while his knees on the man’s chest kept him from wiggling away. The Bleeding Man tried to buck Edward off, but his strength was leaving him. Death was near.

“Please, man,” the Bleeding Man started to cry. “Please...”

Edward twisted some more and didn’t feel any remorse at the man’s scream.

“Please?” Edward laughed. “Is that what my daughter said, you rapist fuck!?!”