

## Ungrateful

By the light of the British moon, they walk down the street, stalking a beautiful woman with full thighs and seductive smiles. They follow the woman, her arm entwined with a man's, walking to the man's house. She is holding a white umbrella. The man is fat and rich looking: His hair is white, his lips full, and his watches made of gold. The rain pounds loud enough for their footsteps to be concealed. The rain pours enough for a hazy cover for them. They keep their hunt. The woman walks into the man's house at last.

They wait on the corner for the woman to walk out. The streets are narrow, bricked and dark. *The place is perfect, they think, for ungrateful people to sleep.*

They sit on the corner for hours. They think that perhaps the woman is asleep.

They wait.

They wait.

The woman comes out. They stand up quietly. The rain still pounds dizzily, as the woman adjusts her wrinkled clothes, slipping a handful of pounds into her pocket. She opens the umbrella. With a final smirk over her shoulder and promise to come back another day, the woman leaves. She walks down the streets, which remain dark from the grey clouds of impending doom. They follow her. The woman takes a narrow and empty alley towards her home. They think she be stupid as they walk behind her.

“You have time for another client?” They ask with faked velvet.

She turns and smiles. “Hello,” She says with the same smirk. They think her lipstick is disgusting. “Asking for my service in an alley? That will cost you extra, sir'ee.” She pushes her hip to the side, winking her eye, “and in the rain? That costs extra, too.”

They think that she would look better with a red dress. Yes, her skin is very soft looking... “How much, madam?” They smile convincingly, letting a faked hint of hunger glint in their eyes. Yes, this is the right one.

“Half is paid prior to activity.”

“How much total?”

She cocks her head to the side, “You're a cutie. You get a discount, hm? How about 60 pounds in total?”

They think for a woman of her facade, they'd rather burn 80 pounds to get rid of that ugly smirk. “30 pounds upfront, then, darling.” They say, handing her the required amount.

The woman smiles, leaning close until her chest touches theirs, “Then get working, sir’ee.” She drops her umbrella on the floor, kissing their neck with gentle moans. *Who would believe those are real?* They wonder, pulling the woman closer.

“Moan, darling, and close your eyes.” They put one hand on the woman’s rear, pushing her closer.

“Yes, sir’ee... “ She slurs, groaning.

With the other hand, they finger the cold metal in their pocket. *Wasteful woman*, they think. They push her to the ground and straddle her waist.

“Darling...” They start.

“Yes, sugar?” She purrs back with her lackadaisical smile.

They leaned close to her ear, breathing with heat, “What an ungrateful waste you are.” They say.

“Huh?” The woman squeaks out before they are pushing their sleeve into her mouth, carving into her abdomen with the metal of their pocket. Her screams are muffled into their jacket. They push harder.

“I knew you would look better in red...” They say, carving out an organ. She screams louder, crying and begging.

“You do not know... true jealousy... until you want something... and you cannot have it...” They smirk, caressing her paling face with sticky hands.

“You rid yourself of your child when there are others who would kill for the chance.” Her eyes widen slightly, gasping, crying, but unable to respond.

“Ungrateful.” They say, standing, looming over the woman.

“Ree...per...” She gasps, “Th... The Ripper Ma.n...” She feebly clutches her abdomen. She is already dead.

They smirk, “Interesting choice of names... but darling,” They chuckle, “my name isn’t even Jack.” They wipe the knife clean on their jacket. “They’ll find your body in the morning when the rain clears.”

They leave the woman on the floor, broken into silent sobs, body unable to breathe.

They smirk devilishly as they blend back into the alleys of England.

*Too bad*, they think, *this one wasn’t even interesting.*

