

## FIRST CHAPTER: The head, currently

Madrid, April, an afternoon like any other in a difficult time, socially and economically, caused by poor government management. Over the last few years they had drove democracy to something which failed to motivate people.

The inspector of the Violent Crimes Brigade, Remigio Degás, found himself in his police car, parked in the area of the University Complutense Forensic Anatomy Campus. At this time in the afternoon it was a tranquil spot, perfect for couples looking for a bit of privacy.

Remigio was a big man, approximately 185metres tall (6 foot 1), with an athletic physique. He was stronger looking than fat. He was a very attractive man and had intense honey coloured eyes.

Vanessa was his favourite out of the prostitutes with whom he usually satisfied his sexual desires. In exchange for her service, he allowed her to sell drugs in her small flat, which gave her the margin to consider herself as one of the privileged girls of the profession. She also needed to stay attentive, as in her world useful information was obtained, another reason as to why the inspector allowed her privileges. The inspector was not affectionate towards her; he reserved his affections for his wife and lover.

Vanessa took great care with her mouth, so the inspector would react and be able to enjoy yet another orgasm. She was able to introduce profoundly the 25cm which the inspector was equipped with, a size known by virtually all of the prostitutes he had had contact with over the course of his investigations. The inspector began to feel how his cock filled with blood again, while he enjoyed Vanessa's warm wet mouth. The level of excitement grew at the same rhythm as his penis.

He turned her and was left directly facing her completely shaven genitals and then started to play with his tongue in a circular motion on her clitoris and meaty lips. Introducing his fingers he quickly managed to moisten Vanessa. He put on another condom and put her in position to penetrate her. She bent her body so that the glans fully entered and then began to move in rhythm while his hands grabbed her generous chest tightly. The anterior vaginal muscles adjusted themselves perfectly to his penis elevating the sexual pleasure he felt to limits where few woman could take him.

At this moment the inspector's phone rang, with a gesture to show his annoyance and without stopping, he answered the phone.

—Inspector, where are you? —. On the other side of the phone was the superintendent Gutiérrez, an old colleague of his, he sounded worried.

Remigio's voice sounded strange on the other side of the phone. —Hello, superintendent. —The rhythm of his respiration gave his whereabouts away immediately.

— Never mind — replied the superintendent—, don't bother telling me, we have work to do, come as soon as possible to Serrano 27 street. When you arrive here I'll explain.

He hung up without waiting for a reply, if he wasn't completely sure, he could at least guess what the inspector was doing at this precise moment. They had been working together for too many years, the sufficient amount of time to know everything about each other.

The inspector decided not to leave what he was doing unfinished, as he loved having anal sex with Vanessa, he asked her to get into position. Although Vanessa

didn't like anal sex with the inspector as the length of his penis caused her a little bit of pain, she knew it was the best way for him to come quickly. She got out a little bottle of lubricant and she put a good amount in the inspector's hand. He lubricated his dick and did the same to her anus, playing with his fingers inside it, until it was sufficiently lubricated; afterwards he pressed his member on it and pushed it in.

At first Vanessa moaned a little because of the pain, but it quickly passed. His thrusts began to be more and stronger. Vanessa noticed how the inspector's penis swelled up more inside her and how he removed himself from her. She immediately felt his warm wet semen on her coccyx and the weight of the inspector exhausted on her back focusing on the tremendous orgasm he had just had.

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It took them along time to arrive because of the traffic works the mayor had undertaken. This street along with other nearby streets had all been dug up, making the traffic chaotic. Serrano Street seemed like a festival of lights and colour: police officers, national police cars, ambulances, emergency cleaning service vehicles all of which had their emergency lights on. The inspector had picked up his current service partner on the way, Inspector Sara Salisachs, not before spraying his car with air freshener, like always, which was the motive behind his nickname "Fuck Freshener". Sara was his perfect partner; she loved sex and the good life just as much as he did. They had been working together for a year and they had managed to establish a mutual understanding which allowed the group to work well in every way possible.

After getting out the car and showing their badges they entered the building. The smell of death was immediate. The smell of a stately building was replaced by one which was more like a mausoleum. Policemen came up and down the staircase with gaunt faces, the expression of their eyes showed the horror they had just seen, despite being experienced men and women in misfortunes. They went up to the fourth floor landing where they found the superintendent Gutiérrez. Something big should be happening for the superintendent to be out of his office, either that, or it's a crime that could appear on TV, something which the superintendent wouldn't let happen.

He immediately directed them to go inside one of the four doors which were on the landing. The inspector felt something strange about his old partner, he noticed he was very nervous and that wasn't normal for him.

The property was a typical stately building from the richest areas of Madrid. The owners of the property were from the upper-middle class of the city, but some of the flats were lived in by various immigrant families or students not from Madrid supported financially by their parents.

While entering the flat, which was very luxurious and decorated like a date house, the smell of death and putrefaction was unbearable. The large hallway had various rooms on either side, each one decorated with distinctive motifs. The flat was well set up and everything seemed brand new, from the furniture to its finishing touches. Each bedroom had an en-suite, with a mini-bar and a different type of bath.

The superintendent indicated the last door to them. A young policeman ran out of it. Before he could find a toilet he vomited everything he had inside.

The show inside the principal suite was horrific, the smell was impossible to bear. The centre of the scene was found on the rounded bed underneath a glass roof. The superintendent did not want to enter the room again so he stayed by the door. Remigio turned back around and detected something in his boss' attitude which made him uncomfortable. He said nothing.

On top of the bed, resting on the pillow was a woman's head and there was only blood and guts where the neck should have been. They had taken the rest of the body only leaving the viscera positioned just as if the body covered it but there were no other remains. At the bottom of the bed, on the carpet, they found a note which was written with blood.

*All of the pleasure that you gave, with your body you paid.*

All of the furniture in the room had blood remains. On each painting and on each mirror in the room there was writing written in blood, it started from the mirror located on the roof and configured the word:

### *VICTORIA*

Sara felt like her legs were missing standing before a scene of such cruelty and dedication when committing the crime. The first impression that she had, was that the phrase indicated that the murderer or murderers knew the victim.

Remigio suggested that maybe, the word Victoria indicated that the murderer felt that they had won as if there was a challenge between them. However, this theory was soon to be discarded. As the scientific police had already been working for a while, they had located the owner of the severed head's handbag. She was called Victoria Landrú, 45 years old, married, without children, housewife. This confirmed the fact that whoever committed the crime knew the victim.

In the purse were two photos, one with a man in a loving posture, and another by herself on the Eiffel Tower. The inspector was surprised by the last photo which was taken from below, if you took your eyes away from the focal point of the picture, her face, you could see that below her dress she was wearing nothing. You could see her Brazilian runway with nothing but a strip of hair. She was a true beauty.