

Lavender and Rose

I always pick them up when they're hitchhiking, but this woman—this woman walking down the highway would be so easy to take. The moon hides behind a blank sky, and the street lights hum in the fog. It would be hard to identify a man in the shadows on a misty night.

What are the chances that someone would see me grab her? Come up from behind and tell her I've got a gun. I don't, but these campus girls tend to believe those sorts of threats.

Take her on the street? Push her between the bushes? She wears a scarf that would quickly cut off her air supply. One big knot around her neck and pull. I wonder if the cops cruise these streets at night. What are the odds? All it would take would be one push into those bushes ahead. One push and she's down on a bleak night like this.

I like to strangle them. I like to see the fear in their eyes. As I conquer a woman, the sensation I get from watching her gasp conquers me. Ah, the sweetness of the kill.

Shit, is that a cop? I'll simply look at my watch—head down. Harder to see my features. But why take a chance? One cop sees a man strolling down a lonely street--a woman walking in front of him. He's going to notice. Maybe even make a note about it. *Medium-built man in white polo shirt, dark hair, maybe 5'11. Checking his watch.* Then, they find the body. Shit, if I grab her, what the fuck am I going to do with the body? Leave her. Just dump her in the bushes. It's so much easier plucking them off the highway, one by one. They're on an adventure and so am I. All it takes is one smack on the head with a hammer to quiet them down.

This is my chance. She's close to the bushes, close to her death. I increase my pace. Fucking bitch. One push and she's down. A dead night like this on a vacant street. She's asking for it—walking alone, the moon refusing to light her way.

She's seconds from the bushes. I shift into a run. A few feet behind her now. I shove her between the bushes and just as quickly tighten the scarf. I love this—the struggle. Before she can make a sound, I pull both sides of the scarf as hard as I can.

She thrashes like a wild boar fighting. She's pretty damn strong, but no match for me. I work out at a 24-hour club. What the hell—maybe I'll hit the gym tonight.

The moon slithers from the belly of the sky. Lucky break, I can see her eyes. She slows down her kicking, and oh my god this is so fucking good. That's right, girl. I'm your god. I hold your life in my hands.

The fear in her eyes sends a madness through me. I try to keep from howling in ecstasy although sound escapes my grim mouth in low growls. She fades. The pleasure is ruthless, and I can barely move. Neither can she. She's gone from girl to corpse in minutes. I peek through the bushes. No one in sight. Easy for me to fold into the night. I hurry through a deserted lot and steal like a rabid dog into the trees.

The moon makes peace with the night sky and hollow light streams through the trees. I snub my smoke out against a tree trunk. The lock of her hair is in my shirt pocket; it smells like lavender and rose.