

The Seducer

Above all, Robert believed in freedom. His life philosophy was well defined: love must be spontaneous to be a spiritual bond in the beginning and must remain spontaneous if spiritual love is to continue. Because he could never stop believing in freedom, his search for true love continued unabated.

The hard-thumping, florescent-exploding, smoked-filled, cavernous halls of raves were Robert's primary hunting ground. The electronic, rhythmic beats at first shattered his acute hearing, until his keen mind mentally focused to block out all distractions. After all, the cornucopia of young girls was too irresistible. Robert strolled the downtown core scanning telephone polls for last-minute location announcements. Understandably, raves were a well-kept secret to avoid unwanted police harassment.

Katy was a petite woman, barely reaching beyond five feet three inches. Her toned musculature was seductively revealed in a sleeveless, skin-tight, cream top with a bare midriff and a short-cropped jean skirt that just covered her pubic bone. She realized her success was integral to fitting in with the younger crowd. By 2 AM, most were strung-out on Ecstasy, slurping back smoothies by the bucket full, dancing until sweat drenched every stitch of clothing. Katy hung back in the shadows, resting against the wall, observing. Her goal was to capture *Him*, that illusive, jet-black haired man with the penetrating stare, who followed her throughout the night at the previous rave but at the last moment, changed gears and pursued another girl. Three deaths had been reported, driving a wave of fear throughout the city. But that never halted the goings-on amongst the teen population

because like all, the young were convinced of their omnipotence. Katy re-adjusted her top, observing her crushed bosom; sweat had beaded between her cleavage, and droplets had appeared on her forehead. The hall was superheated to induce partygoers to disrobe and frequently, aimless coupling occurred in washrooms, while outside couples kissed in threesomes. But Katy knew *He*, would not be so brazenly obvious as to seduce a nubile nymph out in the open.

Robert caught wind as she passed, the pungent smell of Moroccan myrrh, as though a dollop of syrup had been dabbed behind her ears; her scent curled his nose. He placed his drink on the ledge.

"I've seen you here before," said Robert to Katy. "You come all the time to these things," he further remarked. Katy's heart fibrillated. She didn't want to delude herself into thinking their encounter was coincidence. She instinctively felt he had been waiting for her, as she had for him.

"Yeah...I try to get out once a month. It's too boring staying in all the time. I need to let my hair down." His eyes adored her luxuriant, long, bone-straight, brunette hair with jagged bangs that made her look as though she was only sixteen, when in reality Katy was 26. He grabbed her by the wrist and flung her onto the dance floor.

"You drop E ever?" he asked curiously.

"Good heavens no! I never touch that stuff! I just like the music and chilln' out. And you?" she answered above the din of yelling. Robert smiled wickedly. "The stuff doesn't do a thing for me." His hand ran down her thigh as they danced, holding together their hot bodies, swaying to the one slow song intermixed with the cacophonous beats of rap.

"I love the taste of female. Women are better than chocolate...more refined than the finest wine and definitely more sumptuous than any dish a Cordon Blue chef could prepare."

Katy smiled, "...you're quite the charmer!" She felt his hardness press against her. *Keep your cool, Katy, she thought. Don't let this guy blow you over.*

Robert needed only to make contact with Katy's exposed skin to read her mind, drawing out her innermost, personal thoughts. Simple, worrisome thoughts raced in tandem: *How do I get him alone? How do I immobilize him? And God...I hope the wire behind my skirt is hidden!* Robert pulled his body closer, his mouth above her ear.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"K-k-k-aty," she answered hesitantly. She was surprised being near him opened up her vulnerability, becoming weaker and more pliable to suggestion.

"I think you smell amazingly. Let me treat you to ice cream. There's a little out of the way place I know, not far from here." Her resolve was quickly fading. She found it increasingly hard to believe he was the serial killer responsible for all of the young girls. She pinched hard her thigh to snap her reality back to attention.

"Maybe we should just stay and dance a little more," suggested Katy. Robert had to bite his inner lip to stop from laughing. *That's what she thinks of me that I'm a serial killer! I've never characterized before my biting tendencies as serial.*

"The music is boring," he replied curtly, "If you want to stay suit yourself." Robert dropped his grip around her waist and disappeared. Katy

felt a cold breeze when he departed and, completely out of character, she lurched ahead.

It was surprisingly warm, despite the cool April temperatures forecasted. Katy ran toward Robert in four-inch heels, clipping loudly on the cement.

"Wait up! You never told me your name!" Robert was already in front of her. Katy thought it was a dream. One moment she was walking behind, at least twenty-five feet and then he was in front. It was dark, she told herself. *I probably didn't see him coming up on me.*

"I'm Robert," he hissed, holding onto both of her arms with one hand, as he searched for the wire, ripping tape off her belly, searching in rapid motion for a badge and revolver. He found neither, but the electronic device lay at her feet. Katy looked up, feeling helpless.

"I can explain," she vainly offered. Robert only smiled. He picked her up, slipping his hands under her arms and jumped forcefully, up to the rooftop of the nearest building, eleven stories high. There he could do whatever he pleased and she could not stop him. Her eyes became unfocused, her breath weak. The dramatic ascent made her dizzy. She pulled herself together, drawing a picture in her mind, dressed in full uniform, striking a pose of power, her gun drawn, her arms cocked and ready. The static imagery brought her back. Robert's weakest moment was fleeting, a mere second before his teeth punctured.

"You are a master seducer, are you not?" said Katy with bold self-confidence he had never witnessed prior to this night.

"You seduce the ladies, trap, devour and desiccate, and then they're left for dead and you move on! I've known your kind all my life, searching, always searching. For what?" she asked defiantly. He was taken aback by her arrogance, by the finality of her words, by the accuracy of her evaluation. He stopped millimeters from completing his brutal plunge and pulled up, instead impressing upon her lips a passionate kiss. Katy's arms crawled upward as her hands slid around his neck, folding her body into his. He leaned back.

"No one has ever pinpointed me with such finite manner. Admittedly, I'm impressed. I search for true love, like everyone, but not just true love, unconditional love that is grounded in freedom," he explained.

Maybe it was his voice, or the succulent taste of his tongue, or the cushioned feel of his plush lips against her lips.

"I don't care what you do with me...all I ask is that we make love once so that I die with the sweetest tasting mouth lingering on my lips," she pronounced. He read her thoughts. *I can't believe I just said that! I'm supposed to arrest him! But I don't want to...God, how I want him inside me!*

Robert smiled broadly. His eyes twinkled as his hands passed over her neck, admiring the extended artery. He decided, at that moment, not to feed. Tonight he would make love for the first time in centuries, the old-fashioned way, with body, heart and soul.

As they kissed, perched on rooftop, amid the night sky of dazzling stars, their bodies were illuminated under a glaring emergency light. Neither heard the door handle jiggle. It was Katy's partner, Saylor Shaw, who had followed her out of the rave hall unbeknownst to her. His eyes could not comprehend how Katy and the prime suspect literally flew to the roof,

without wings or being propelled by springs, prompting him to toss away his flask of apricot brandy after witnessing the feat of anti-gravity. The door handle creaked, turning slowly. Saylor pushed open the fire exit, gradually, fearing the worst would greet him.

Robert pinned Katy flat against the building's wall. His hands were up her skirt, feeling the fibrous tissue of her womanhood, bringing his fingers to his nose to inhale her intoxicating aroma.

"Divine...simply divine, sweet Katy." She wanted her panties torn. She wanted to be taken in the dark, above the city's limits, away from the roar of traffic and pedestrian chatter.

"I don't want to wait," she implored, "Robert, I'm dying for you!" *I don't know what it is about this man...I can't help myself with him...I'm already his woman even before I am his woman.* But Saylor had inched around the corner, finding the lovers embraced, both oblivious to his presence. He extended his arms, taugth, erect, with revolver cocked, pointing at Samuel.

"Move away from the woman!" he bellowed.

Robert and Katy heard nothing; their lust lost within quickened heartbeats.

"MOVE AWAY FROM THE WOMAN!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. Robert's head moved in exaggerated, slow motion as his dark, soulless eyes followed one step behind, zeroing in on the darkened shadow, now coming out into the light. "Saylor!" cried Katy, "are you crazy! Get out of here...I'm alright!" Saylor took two steps toward and fired a direct shot at Robert. The bullet ripped through his chest and exited out his back, lodging into the wall. Robert chuckled. "And here and now, sweet Katy, is your moment of freedom. If our love is truly free, you will

choose my love over him." Saylor fired a second time, his body stepping into the shot, fully expecting the man to drop to the ground. His incredulity prevented him from forming words. His mouth draped open in utter disbelief, as Robert stood firm, his hand around Katy's neck, his body absorbing the phosphorous sting of metal. She looked into Robert's eyes and then at Saylor. Her decision was instantaneous.

"I can't do it, Saylor...I can't give him up. I know you'll think I'm nuts, but it feels right...how can I make you understand?" she trailed off, walking toward Saylor to place her body between the gun and Robert. Saylor fired, out of desperation, instinctively behaving as an automaton, drilled into his head by the Academy to act first before thinking. His bullet clipped Katy's right leg and she fell in a heap.

Robert erupted into the oldest rage of fury as he impaled extended incisors into Saylor's neck like a raging beast, sucking out a pint of red, savory blood. In his mind, torrid images flashed of skinning him alive and burning his exposed flesh on hot coals. He thought of Katy and looked back. Her hand was pressed upon her wound as she lay on the ground, transfixed by the scene before her.

"You killed him for me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, my love. Two hundred years I've waited to find true love, to find the one and only woman, who if given freedom would choose to return to my love." Robert leaned down and picked up Katy, cradling her in his arms as the blood from her wound poured out; droplets ran down to her ankle. His mouth found her wound and he tasted, momentarily, before stopping and clamping his strong hand onto the gash to prevent further

blood loss. Katy's last words, before passing out were barely heard above a soft whisper. "Take us home, my love."

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