

## Crescent City (An Alec Winters Series, Book 1)

### Chapter 1

Alec Winters is now home. At long last, he's free to follow his true passion and, at this moment, it's exactly what he did. He sat very still, only moving on occasion to sip a café au lait, while he observed the family in front of him. People-watching was a pastime for the forty year old native of the Crescent City. People-reading was a gift.

After a breakfast of the famous beignets, that included coffee for the adults and hot chocolate for the young daughter, the family prepared to leave. They exited Café du Monde, crossed Decatur Street, heading up St. Ann toward Jackson Square. To the casual observer, Bill, Katie, and Jenny appeared to be a normal family on a Saturday outing in the French Quarter.

To Alec, they were not.

The girl, about nine years old, walked between her parents, wide-eyed and stiff-as-a-board. Not because of the scenery or the special excursion to the Quarter that day, but because her step-father lasciviously stroked the inside of her palm with his middle finger. His aura, reddish-orange, grew larger and uglier from the slight contact. He frightened her; she dreaded that she'd soon be left alone with him while her mother shopped.

Jenny had long, golden-blond hair, braided in two sections, hanging along either side of a flawless face. Her eyes were large blue sapphires. Her aura was a brighter shade of rich yellow than her hair and held a reddish tinge around the edges, giving off the impression of a sunset.

*"A frightened sunset,"* Alec silently mused.

Katie, in her early thirties, had lustrous brown hair that glistened auburn streaks in the sunlight. Her eyes, once emerald green, were now hazel. They were pretty eyes to go with a remarkably pretty face and a slender, youthful body. Alec keenly observed that the green orbs were flecked with brown spots, indicating years of refusal to see what was directly in front of her. Windows to the soul, eyes revealed the cries of the spiritual body. Katie had stopped looking into her own eyes and wasn't even aware of the change.

His eyes saw that sort of thing where it went unnoticed to other, more normal folks, unless they still retained their child-eyes. Most, lost the ability by the time they were eight or nine years old, but they could get it back if they so desired. The truth of the matter was that people, in general, didn't want to see. Child-eyes saw everything and a lot of what was seen could be disturbing. That uneasiness was responsible for disavowing the ability and refusing to see.

Katie's aura was also green in varying shades—it was an aura of growth and healing. She would recover from this bad relationship if she only allowed herself to do so. The look on her face, at this time, had lost all hope and was vacant and dead, frozen as stiffly as the one on her daughter's. She'd married a man nearly fifteen years her senior for security, for a home, and a better life for Jenny. Katie had placed her trust in Bill when he didn't deserve either her loyalty or love. He deserved a different fate and Alec would make sure he got it.

Bill was medium build, balding on top, and close to fifty years old. He had a small paunch that he patted often as if it was a reminder that, to some degree, he was prosperous. He was a predator hiding in plain sight, holding the hands of two beautiful creatures who couldn't guess the extent to which he'd go in order to claim his prize.

Now, Katie left Bill and Jenny at the corner of St. Ann and Chartres streets, assuring the pair that she'd meet them in front of St Louis Cathedral in an hour. Normally, Bill would have objected. He would've questioned her, nixing the idea that she go alone, but today, he itched for the chance to be alone with his step-daughter.

In the meantime, Alec wasn't noticed at all as he followed Bill and Jenny. They entered the well-manicured gardens and found a bench to sit on while Katie shopped. Bill placed his hand on the bench just as Jenny sat down, pressing his long middle-finger between the hollow of her legs and against her labia, squeezing lightly. She jumped to her feet, blushing and feeling sick and icky, but he only smiled.

"You'll like that one day. I bet you'd even like it now if you let me do it longer. Didn't you feel that tickle run up inside you? You know you want to feel it...you can't let some stupid boy teach you about this. Let me touch it again and I'll show you. Let me be the one to teach you," he begged, closely studying Jenny's face.

As Alec observed them, Bill's aura grew even larger. The dark reddish-orange center held a layer of red and black around the edges, pulsing and flaring wildly—the one true sign of a pedophile on the verge of explosion, desperate for the eternal waiting to end. Bill had been waiting for nearly six years. Now, merely the idea of his step-daughter's little pussy often caused a violent and painful erection, as it did at this very moment. He licked his dry lips, barely able to contain the unquenchable thirst for her.

There were very few passersby on this day, but Bill looked around nervously, just in case, before he rubbed his own cock briskly as if trying to hold it down and keep it in his pants. Then, he reached for Jenny's hand, pulling her back to the bench and forcing her to rub hard against his swollen prick. She stiffened in response and stared straight ahead as if the very action scalded her soul. Her aura faded distinctly, like a candle flame blown by a gust of wind, almost extinguished.

It was too much for the fifty year old man. He jumped to his feet, jerking her upright as well. Holding her hand, he pulled her toward the public restroom. Jenny blanched white, abhorring and fearing what came next. She resisted, struggling to get away from him and leaning back to halt his progress. Her efforts were useless—one of his hands was a band of steel on her wrist, while the other one slapped hard against her buttocks. The sting of sharp pain was a reminder not to fight him. He always won. He won now as he jerked her to a stop in front of the concrete structure.

"Don't talk to anyone and wait right here, damn you," he gritted out harshly. "Look what you've done to me. You know what it feels like. You know how hard it gets. You did this to me! You're a wicked little twit, a little tease, a fucking whore!"

He rubbed his groin against her body, sighing deeply, before rushing inside the restroom. He was frantic now and unable to contain his excitement for a second longer. It happened every time she was near, but touching her sweet-spot earlier had pushed him hard and fast to the edge. He needed release now and hurriedly unzipped his pants while heading to a back stall.

Alec, still unobserved, entered the block house that served as a public restroom for Jackson Square. He silently moved toward the hoarse, rapid breathing where he found Bill furiously beating-off. No one else was in the restroom and that made his job easier even though there was often a 'hear no-see no evil' mentality in the residents of New Orleans.

With one twist of his hand, the demon tore the locked door from its hinges. When he heard the loud crash behind him, Bill jerked away from his fantasy of fucking Jenny. Startled and angry at the intrusion, he stopped the rapid motions and turned to look at the person responsible, ready to give them a good cussing. It wasn't a person; it was the most horrible monster he could've imagined. A devil with blazing red skin and searing red eyes stood before him! Those horrible eyes stared right into his soul! Bill knew without a doubt that it had come for him and there was no escape. The massive body, at least eight feet tall, filled the entire doorway. In dread and panic, he fell backwards against the wall, banging his head hard, in an effort to flee.

"Oh, my god!" he cried out in fear and trepidation as the creature moved closer.

"Not quite," the monster calmly replied, but the words spoken sounded like a thousand angry

voices to the horrified pedophile.

Bill was terrified by the sight and sounds and less concerned that he was caught with his dick in his hand. He quaked in fright. His heart raced and his eyes grew wide as the reality of his sins slammed directly and forcefully in his face. He'd always known that what he did to small, innocent children was the gravest of sins. He knew he'd pay for it one day, but he'd convinced himself that the afterlife was a long time off. He'd never imagined that the payment would be extracted so soon or that it would come to drag him to hell and damnation on this very day...before he could finally get his step-daughter alone! Even at the very moment he faced the huge red-eyed devil with fangs and snarling face, he felt regret that he'd never succeeded in that quest.

"Who are you? What do you want?" his voice took on a shrill quality of terror as he looked at the punishment he deserved.

"I am your destroyer!" the devil roared, the sound as deafening as a thousand waves pounding the shore.

"Wait! Please, please wait!" Bill wailed. "I won't do it again. I promise!"

"You think you can postpone your punishment...is that it?" the red face snarled. His voice, a multitude of angry angels, made the final pronouncement as it bounced and echoed against the concrete walls. "Your punishment is now!"

"Why have you come now?" Bill cried out shrilly, now sobbing bitterly and cowering in fear. "I thought I had more time...I thought my punishment was after death. Please, give me more time, please!"

Red-eyes flashed fiercely as monstrous red hands reached for him. There was no escape and Bill cried out in pain as the unseen fire scorched his body from the mere touch. With clarity, and nauseating fear, he realized that hell was real. It was eternal fire and he would suffer this same pain forever. He felt as helpless as a small child—and the irony of that was not lost.

The huge demon picked Bill up, unceremoniously, bashing his head into the hard, porcelain toilet repeatedly. The violent beating continued until his nose and jaws were broken and the cartilage tore from his ears, leaving them only attacked by thin flaps of skin. His neck made a sickening 'crick-crack' sound as Bill's life finally fled his body. By the time the red monster was finished, it looked as if the pervert had been mangled by an attack dog, or worse. His face was scarred and misshapen beyond recognition.

Next, red hands ripped off the jacket, tearing it in the process. He went through Bill's pockets, strewing the contents on the floor to stage the scene as a robbery-gone-wrong. He took all the cash, sixty dollars, and discarded the wallet, car keys, and other miscellaneous items next to the body. The scene would assist the police who would undoubtedly assume the damage had been done during an assault.