

One blast in the night; neighborhood dogs barking in alarm...the deed done. Lying in a fetal position, under the warm blankets, unaware, blood pooling on the bedsheets. The figure in black turns and stealthily sips out through the glass door with a guttural whisper... "Die."

Chapter 13...

He as hers, she wanted him. She wanted him in a carnal, lust-filled way. She'd had the 'hots' over the years momentarily for other famous men, but this feeling she had for him engulfed her mind and body. She needed to feel his touch and no other.