

## Her

Perhaps smearing red across her lips would bring out her eyes. A red so deep that the pale blue waters would start to shimmer, teasing of creatures deep within. Perhaps it would attract the men, have them hypnotised by the boldness of her flirtatious statement, drawn further in until their lips too were smeared with desire. Or perhaps it would simply draw attention, a throwaway gaze from a stranger as the red drew across their vision. Something you couldn't ignore, but forgot as quickly as a stubbed toe. Without quite knowing what, it was something along those lines she wanted, and something greater still. The red lips were simply an extension to the way she stared at you from behind those lashes, how she twirled her hair when she knew you were watching. To float above the water while everyone drowned - to be the one they watched as they faded away. Her face remembered, her legacy immortal. Something along those lines.

“What can I get you, Miss?” The bartender stared at her with a fixated interest, eyes flicking momentarily down to her bulging boobs spilling out the dress. A slick black piece that hugged and sucked her body exactly where it needed to, throwing back reflected light at whoever dared gaze in wonder. She returned this man's stare, lapping up his wandering gaze. He was nothing special. Young, spotty and with a wavering voice that threatened to break. But she let him stare all the same. Holding off her response for just a second longer, looking away so he could stare with no guilt. She liked that best – letting them have all of her just for a few seconds. To feast where they please.

“Sex on the beach, please.” Not her favourite, but she liked the way it made them smile. Perhaps added with a wink it would make them blush, but she wouldn't try too hard. She was the one to be chased.

“Sure.” Of course, spoken with a grin.

The drink was made quickly, maybe some extra alcohol added just for her. Sometimes a hefty discount was applied, or payment forgotten entirely. Always a straw thrown in for fun. That was another thing she enjoyed – to sit at the bar, sucking on the straw whilst eyeing up the bartender, the man next to her, anyone that would look. Twirling her hair for innocence, sucking for a bit of flirt. Twirl, suck. Suck, twirl. The ritual continued until someone approached her. They always did.

“I couldn’t help but notice you all alone. Waiting for anyone, or can I join?” The voice came from a man a few feet away, yet to sleaze into her personal space. One of the polite ones. Others may simply sit, ordering her a drink without a word. Often she’d take it and walk away, enjoying the burning holes in her back as they stared in confusion. The polite ones were fun, supple enough to be able to mould into what she wanted whilst never breaking their fixation for her. But first she had to make them feel special. A quick glance up and down. A suck and a frown as she examined their face. Not taking in any details, simply making them feel scrutinised. To spark their nerves, make them want to pass her little test. She’d finish it off with a smile, straw in mouth, before giving the word of acceptance.

“Sit.” And of course, they would.

This evenings chosen man had a dusting of grey across his chin, creeping up into his hair and sprouting from his eyebrows. Unruly and unkept. Powdery white flakes lay scattered across the shoulders of his creased black shirt, their numbers growing with every turn of his head. A weathered face with lines cutting deep, fading eyes disappearing into the folds of his sagging skin. Sweat pooling above his upper lip, teasing to roll down his cracking lips. Features to make a widow turn her back - but for her it was enough. Anything was enough. Her ritual was like clockwork that moved seamlessly no matter who the onlooker.

To match her disinterest for his looks, the words flying from his mouth also filled her with disdain. Mundane questions with mundane answers, nothing worth true attention. Yet the man would always be completely transfixed as she twisted him further into her game, hypnotising them with words they wanted to hear and giggles they craved even more. Even if her indifference slipped through, neither of them ever noticed. Her focus was on her movement, the way she leaned towards him just enough for him to smell her perfume. The sweet smell of summer mixed with something to ignite desire. Cinnamon perhaps. Or jasmine. A tilt of the head combined with a smile was the way to give the man something innocent and playful, a bite of the lip with a side of batting eyes served up something sexier. Toying with the two sides was essential, she had to find what they responded to. Their preferred version of her.

For this man, innocence made his eyes bulge.

The game would continue for another hour, maybe two. Him getting more drunk whilst she fiddled patiently with her first and only drink, watching him fall deeper into the daze of drunkenness whilst she stayed in control. Her game became easier as her opponent grew weaker, voluntarily becoming something supple that she loved to play with even more. Without him knowing, it would slowly evolve into a game of predator and prey in which she was the seductive huntress. That would always be important – to have the mental upper hand. And then soon enough, as drunken confidence threw away any inhibitions, as it always did, he would ask the question.

“Want to come back to my place?”

And still, despite having him firmly in the grip of her red adorned talons, she would look down. Innocence, remember. Make him second guess her. Make him beg.

“Please.”

The satisfaction of knowing he wanted her. In this moment, it was only her.

The taxi home would be different every time, depending on the distance. The short ones were easy. Quick enough to tease him with a rub of the leg, hand wondering further up until the taxi stopped and she could hop out, leaving him hopeful for more. Feeling like he'd already won. The longer ones required more skill – simple teasing wouldn't last. Maybe there'd be some talking whilst moving closer together on the seats, a silent hand slipping behind his back and into his waistband. Eyeing him up, a kiss threatening to jump from her lips – but it never did. Not yet. A long journey was just the art of balancing on the edge of desire, never quite taking the full leap.

The tension had to be handled with fragility across the road, down the drive, through the door and up the stairs. Keeping them in her web the entire time, any small distraction threatening to tear the silk she'd so carefully spun. The bedroom was the destination, of course. This never needed to be verbally communicated.

Into the room.

On top of the bed.

If she didn't despise them too much then sometimes she would kiss them, just to give them what they wanted. It would be cruel not to.

But as he would start to frantically take his clothes off and reach to rip off hers, it would be time to have what *she* wanted.

A long slender knife drawn elegantly from her suspenders.

Sometimes they'd be so drunk that their eyes never registered. The only thing to bring them back to reality would be the pain. And by then, of course, it was too late. Others were so overcome by infatuation that they saw it and simply let it happen, because what a waste it

would be to not feel anything from her at all. Physically they were always bigger than her, but that was never an issue. Her command over them was something even greater.

That's all what she liked to believe.

A long slender knife drawn elegantly from her suspenders and into the heart of the man so willing to love.

The deep red blood seeping across her hands brought out her eyes, their shimmering blue waters now sinking deeper than before. Creatures unleashed. Her gaze locked with the man's, hypnotised by the boldness of her flirtatious murderous statement.

She was the last thing they'd ever see, and she liked that most of all.

Her face remembered, her legacy immortal.

Something along those lines.