

Tale 2  
by brett

“Five bucks!” The tall bald bouncer said leering down at him.

He reached into his tattered shirt and produced the crumpled bill. He staggered slightly as he handed it to the hulking figure, who was, at this point, a little bit blurry. The bouncer noted the stagger. What’d he care? The guy would be drunk when he left too.

The short hall was red-lit, glowing with the trashy, pulsing, sexuality of any cheap strip joint. As he swaggered into the dimly lit skin market he let his eyes wander over the many ‘racks’ of merchandise. He hadn’t intended to go shopping tonight, but it had been a bad day.

He walked up to the bar . He reached in his pocket, withdrew yet another five and threw it at the barmaid. “Whiskey.” Was all he said. The barmaid snarled, and looked as though she was going to say something, but glancing at the black-suited man at the top of the tall flight of stairs, she seemed to think better of it. She poured the drink and kept the change. He gave her the finger. She gave him one back. He smiled, and walked off towards the stage.

And then he saw her. She was swinging from a pole, waving her merchandise in the face of some horny twenty year old boy. As she twirled he saw them, glistening in the red light, black as ebony. Her eyes. They stared past him, threw him. They didn’t see him. It made him feel invisible. And that enraged him.

He weaved his way back through the crowd to the end of the stage where the stairs were. Silent, still, resolute, he waited for her to get off stage. It wasn’t long.

Now she was on the prowl. Now of course she saw him. Dirty skin-sac, he thought as he re-adjusted the earplug in his right ear... Hopefully the custom fit ones would be in soon. The foam ones irritated him. He checked his jacket pocket. Everything was in place. He reached into his shirt and produced a hundred dollar bill. The stripper’s ebony eyes lit up, like a starving dog who’d been shown a pot roast.

She led him into a dark back room, away from prying eyes, and more importantly, the eyes of the ever present bouncers. It was even dimmer than the main club, but he could still see her clearly. All the nights spent training his night vision had been worth it.

She didn’t even see it coming. She probably never even got to think about it. He slit her throat so quickly she was dead before she hit the ground. Her head barley remaining attached, held on by a five inch flap of skin and tissue. He took a brief second to ponder the sight of the nearly headless, nearly naked woman in front of him. It reminded him of something but he couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but he made a mental note to grab some candy later.

He bent over the corpse, and gingerly finished the decapitation. He took off his coat and carefully wrapped the dismembered head. Now for the interesting part, he thought.

He took out his pen knife, now a trusty companion in all his dealings, and sliced the corpse’s stomach open. He swore as black blood oozed out of the body, he fouled it. Everything would be covered in black slime now. The dissection would have to wait for next time. He didn’t have time to get messy. But he sliced a nice square of flesh off her ass where a pretty butterfly tattoo was and tucked it in with the still wide eyed brain bucket.

He quickly, and with the skill of a master butcher, dismembered the body and lay her out, arm to arm, leg to leg, and torso all in a line. He marvelled, as he slipped out, at how different it looked without the head. How, inhuman. He walked out past the bouncer at the door, all he had to do was stumble a bit and the big bald hulk once again cared nothing about his state, nor the balled-up jacket beneath his arm. And no one ever noticed the bone saw in his boot under his baggy pants.

As he got in his car he tossed his prize on the passengers seat next to him. The jacket fell away and the head stared up at him. He could hardly hold in his anticipation as he looked at those big exotic ebony eyes. He was going to be extra careful taking them out. Just then his cell phone rang, “What?” he said into the near-obsolete cell. “I’m not doing fuck all tonight, “ he said with a smile as he went to hang up the phone, “ Just going to go home and play with a little piece of ass.”