

Ave Lectori, morituri te salutant!

“IT WAS THE WORST day of my life. I don’t remember exactly which day it was, but it was late spring. The day had started off so well, and the sun had risen as it always did. Cows and sheep grazed peacefully around the huts that made up the village, the lambs now and then hopping playfully upon the grassy savannah.

As usual, the elders and other villagers had been hard at work since first light. Everyone had their allotted tasks to fulfill, except for the young children, who ran around the village, giggling and playing hide-and-seek. I was one of them. And yes, I thought this day would be a day like any other, a marvelous day without a care in the world.

Until they arrived...”

PART 1 : THE BEGINNING

Prologue

“How it all started...”

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March 2007

Oliver Richards rubs the condensation from the glass and gazes at the dark walls of the London Underground. Now and then pale lights whisk by as the train rolls toward the next stop.

It's half past ten in the evening and Oliver feels tired after a hard day's work. He turns away from the window and sighs deeply. He is irritated by all the nitwits wearing a red nose. Idiots. Fortunately, Comic Relief Day, when half of the UK population has that silly scarlet plastic nose on, ends tomorrow.

Oliver has never donated to charity, though he could easily afford to make a contribution, having earned a small fortune over the years. He just thinks it's a waste of money that finally ends up in the hands of corrupt 'non-profit' organizations.

His job as crisis manager is hard but lucrative. In fact he genuinely believes he is doing people a favor by sacking them so they can get on with their lives instead of living in limbo. Furthermore, his approach has saved many companies from bankruptcy by selling their assets.

The metallic screeching of the brakes turns Oliver's mind to the present. Three more stops to go. The subway isn't that overcrowded as during rush hours. He stares at the passengers who get out, sad looking commuters caught in the money system.

Only one person, an African woman, gets on. As she walks down the aisle in his direction, Oliver's eyes follow her. Brown hair, late twenties, good-looking, nice tits, short skirt. After pushing an abandoned newspaper aside, she finally takes a seat a couple of chairs diagonally across from him.

The subway starts moving again. From behind his newspaper Oliver's gaze wanders to the woman who is also wearing a red nose. The dark color of her unblemished skin pleases him as do her pouting lips. She looks at ease and takes her cell phone out of a brown leather handbag. As she puts the device to her ear, her eyes stray toward him.

Feeling as if he is indulging in light voyeurism, Oliver raises his newspaper creating a safe wall of paper between them. But less than a minute later – the urge is too strong – he again glances over at her. She has finished her call and writes something down in her agenda. While she is preoccupied, he shamelessly looks at her body admiring her breasts, hips and long legs.

How long has it been?

The last time he had unpaid sex was last summer on the island of Mykonos thanks to an abundance of alcohol, coke and wild women. But right now, with this beautiful woman in sight, he feels somewhat bewitched. Oliver weighs his chances but then lightly shakes his head. Surely, she is out of his league.

As these thoughts settle in his mind the woman looks up and stares straight at him. Too slow to react he gazes back at her. Somewhat timidly she lowers her eyes and tucks a lock of hair behind her ear.

A flirtatious move or just wishful thinking?

The subway stops. Only two more stops to go.

Should he make a move before she gets out?

While furtively looking at her, his eyes just above the newspaper, he can feel the lust pulsing through his veins. A few minutes later, as the subway lurches to the left, shaking with a whining sound, Oliver sees how the woman shifts back and forth. To sit more comfortably, she slowly crosses one leg over the other, lifting her skirt just enough to give him a view of her red panties between her legs.

Oliver swallows. He forces himself to look away and turns toward the blurred nothingness outside the misty window.

A few moments before the next stop, the woman gets to her feet, and walks toward the middle of the compartment.

“Dammit,” Oliver mumbles. Although it is one stop too early he puts his raincoat on, grabs his briefcase and hurries to the exit.

The woman is certain her ploy has worked as intended. Moments earlier, she had Oliver Richards drooling as he ‘just happened’ to get a look up her skirt, without her having to pull a Basic Instinct on him. She smiles as she prepares to get out at the next stop.

The doors open and she steps onto the platform. As she walks to the exit she keeps her head down to avoid clear camera footage. Once outside, she pulls the red nose off her face and throws it into a waste bin.

Oliver Richards is right behind her as expected. She had subtly seduced him, fully aware of the fact that the man is oversexed. She knows he often has one or more call girls visit him at home, and that he is into dogging – on multiple occasions she has spotted him taking part in outdoor group sex at Green Park, a popular hangout for doggers.

She feels his eyes on her swaying hips as she walks down the wet pavement. Confidently, she steps into the well-lit alley, the shortest way toward Oliver Richards’ flat.

No cameras here; the ideal spot for action.

A group of youngsters approach and, as they walk by, she discreetly turns her head away so as not to show her face.

Meanwhile, Richards had sped up and is now right behind her. “Excuse me,” he says in a panting voice attempting to start a conversation, “can I buy you a drink perhaps?”

She stops and turns toward him. Richards is a solidly built man, almost half a foot taller than her but she is not the slightest bit afraid of him.

“Buy me a drink?” she repeats sternly while playfully catching his eyes.

“Forget it,” Richards says, “sorry I asked. Have a good evening.” Without waiting for her response, he starts walking.

In a louder voice, she replies, “Okay, let’s have a drink!”

As if hypnotized by her words Richards turns to face her in disbelief.

“Where do you want to go?” she asks.

Richards coughs and seems to have regained his self-confidence. After clearing his throat twice, he says, “There is a nice Irish pub around the corner.”

“Is there?” she says, knowing the pub is not an option.

“Yes, or do you know a better place?”

She shrugs her shoulders. To nudge him in the right direction, she deeply looks him in the eyes. “Is that your style, inviting women you have never met for a drink?”

“One has to start somewhere, doesn’t one?” he says, smiling.

“Of course.” She runs her fingers through the brown wig on her head and takes a quick look down both directions of the alley. They are alone and she smiles back openly.

Richards steps closer, confident, but she backs off at once feigning fear. “Steady on, man. You are making me nervous!”

“Sorry I didn’t mean to,” he stammers.

“Are you some kind of a pervert that harasses women?”

“No! The moment I saw you I couldn’t keep my eyes off you. And again, sorry if I scared you.”

“Really? I am flattered,” she plays along, “so you aren’t planning anything then?”

“Uh... nothing you wouldn’t like to do, no!”

“Okay. I believe you,” she answers, feigning doubt. She takes a small step forward. “Do you live nearby?” she asks, knowing his flat is less than a mile away.

“It’s not that far. A ten-minute walk, I reckon. Why?”

“Maybe we could go to your place? That would be... cozier, wouldn’t it?”

Richards’ pupils seem to have doubled in size. “Ah,” he gasps a few times before getting hold of himself. “I could open us a bottle of champagne I only keep for special guests like you.”

The woman again curls a lock of hair behind her ear. “I can’t explain why but somehow I feel you are a good man,” she lies. Richards is a ruthless person with fast money on his mind at work, and a reputation for beating up women now and then.

Triggered by her body language, he gently puts his hand on her shoulder. A gleam of lust flickers in his eyes.

“I want you inside me,” she whispers in his ear and then kisses him on the neck.

Richards’ eyes widen even further. His breathing accelerates as she gently slides her hand between his thighs. Her direct approach overwhelms him. He can’t say a word and simply just groans.

She immediately feels he wants her, so she looks him in the eyes and tightens her fingers a bit. “I want you tonight,” she sighs.

“Oh, I want you too,” he moans with lust. “You are so beautiful, like a goddess.” Richards kisses her on the cheek, while breathing heavily in her ear. Eager for more, he places his hands on her breasts and caresses her curves.

To have total control, she unbuttons her blouse halfway, while her left hand is still in his crotch.

He admires her breasts, while rubbing his hand over her butt. “Oh my God. I don’t think I can wait any longer.” His voice is trembling with arousal. “Do you... do you like doing it outdoors?” He is all but begging. “You do, right?”

“Honestly, I have never done it outdoors,” she lies. “But why not?” she adds in a husky whisper. Richards jaw drops.

“Okay. I know there’s a dead end to the right of this alley,” he says unnecessarily.

She stops teasing him and withdraws her hand. “So, no one would see us if we...?” she asks, sounding unsure.

“Uh-uh, no one at all!” he quivers with anticipation. “No one will see us, I promise.”

She knows he’s right, and smiles openly at him, the old goat can’t believe his luck. Without wasting another second, Richards takes her by the hand and leads her toward the cul-de-sac.

She walks to the brick wall at the end, turns and leans her back against it. “So, you’re absolutely sure this is a safe spot?”

Richards nods and puts down his briefcase.

“Then take me!” To emphasize her point, she lifts her skirt and pulls her red thong aside.

“O God yeah,” he moans in excitement. The ignorant man steps closer while unzipping his fly.

Bye-bye, Mr. Richards.

In one subtle, swift movement she pushes herself off the wall and kicks one leg high into the air, striking Richards right on the temple. The man falls to his knees, an instant of disbelief in his eyes, before collapsing onto his belly.

She kneels beside her target, coldly and deliberately takes his head between her hands and twists it, snapping his neck in one sharp quick gesture.