

killing me softly

Von beloved-mistress

Kapitel 1:

The porter saluted smartly as I entered the elevator. A hard day was over and I badly needed some free time to relax. At last I could shut the door of my apartment and stood in a wide open room with black flagging on the floor, the windows stretched from floor to top. I took off my shoes and trotted directly to the sofa. It looked so comfortable that I was pulled to just lay down. I was so tired and knackered because I did not sleep a lot the last few days. And so I fell into a light sleep. In my doze I heard how the door opened and a bunch of keys made some noise, someone closed the door. I heard dully steps from the other side of the room, Frank, my best friend and roommate had to be back.

I heard a voice "Poor Lizzy, tries to keep the world in balance. Don't worry; I'll keep an eye on you!"

Then I really fell asleep, I dreamed curious things, bad flowers were my enemies and I lost something and was not able to bring it back. Completely weird stuff.

As I opened my eyes, I didn't lie where I lay down in the first place, I was in a big round bed now, covered with black sheets and a black blanket. I stood up and left the bedroom. Where was Frank? I heard the shower running and followed the sound until I stood in front of the door to the bathroom. As I wanted to push the door latch down, the door was opened with a swing, but not by me. I was wide-eyed, in front of me stood a naked man, but it was not Frank. The guy who had his towel over his shoulder looked very astonished as he saw me. Both of us didn't make a move.

I had to keep my eyes up to avoid a notion of something "down under". It was a really nice towel I had to admit, it looked so soft and fluffy., and the flagging around the bathtub really needed to be cleaned up.

"...So, you are not Frank..." Now my eyes slid down slowly.

"Well, ... I see, you're not Frank either!" He reached out his hand.

"I'm Leo! Nice to meet you!" I took his hand, but, contrary to my first impulse, I did not dare to shake it because otherwise something else may get in swinging too.

"Lizzy ...M'pleasure! Well...don't you want to fetch some clothes; you seem to get a bit cold?"

He looked down on himself, I tried to avoid to look down as well but it took some self-control.

"I think so, am I allowed to pass you?" I drew back and let him pass, but this time I had to have a look on his gorgeous back. I had to come back down to earth.

Once again I heard the entrance door opened.

"Is there anybody hungry? I got some fresh rolls!"

This time it was Frank in persona, his voice was ringing through the apartment. He went

straight into the kitchen and I followed him without making a noise. The moment he opened the fridge I raised my voice "Could you please tell me... who the hell is this...Leo?"

"You met him?" he warbled back.

"Well, if you want to call it like this..." a little bit of a smile got visible on my face although I tried to exercise on my self-control once more.

This very moment I felt a breathy warm wind in my neck and a shiver was running down my back, my look was pointed on Frank, the first moment I was not able to turn around because I was petrified somehow, and I didn't need to turn around because I already knew who triggered this feeling on me. Then Leo appeared next to me at the door frame.

I sat down at the breakfast table, my chair was pushed closely to the table; as I looked up I saw his blue eyes, they seemed to soak me up and some inches below I could see his beautiful smile.

"By the way, you can thank Leo for carrying you to bed; he turned out to be a real gentleman!"

First I heard Frank's voice like far away and then it came rapidly closer and closer, until I understood what he said.

"But you really keep on moving even though you are asleep."

The croissant I hold in my left hand fell down on the table, same like the knife I held in my right, I was torn between anger and delight. Anger I guess because someone completely foreign had stand completely naked in my apartment, made me shiver with goose bumps, obviously slept in my bed, ... not with me, but next to me, near enough to feel my movings at night. Delight, I later understood, because he looked so charming and smelled really sweet and exhilarating, it was this characteristically male scent. I had to get away from both of the two men, basically because they started to look me over right there and then.

"I think I need a shower"

With these words and without paying attention to the guys I left the table quickly, shaking my head.

I took my clothes off except of my thongs and put them onto the little desk which stood in the middle of the pompous bathroom. I did a turn around myself, first I saw a plain white door, an ordinary storage rack with many little multicoloured bottles of perfume in it. Then there was an enormous glass washbasin, on the wall above hung a huge lo-fi mirror, next to it a wide floor-to-top window. Next side there was an integrated bathtub with room for more than three people, besides a stacking with some folded and piled-up towels on it, then a large shower behind a glass-front. The bathroom was designed in a wide style. A little knife was bounded tightly around on my femoral, I never took it off, no matter where or when. I went into the shower, closed the milky door behind me and turned the water on. Hot water was instantly flowing down my body, it felt good and gracious and the sound of the running shower was very soothing.

I heard a little creak from the door of the bathroom. Mechanically alarmed, I let my hand slip down my thigh to grip the knife and waited what would happen. The doorway to the shower was opened slightly, I did not care who my secret visitor was, I was never disinclined to bump someone off. The power of concentration loaded inside of my body. The whole shower was filled with warm and foggy steam and I

could hardly see anything.

A silhouette appeared next to the opened door, I pushed out my arm fast and put the knife to the throat of the unknown person touching the skin. Surprisingly the person kept on coming closer to me, resisting the knife's touch and clicked the door shut. It had to be Frank or Leo, but Frank wouldn't visit me in the shower, that just wasn't his manner. The person brought my hand down slowly and put the knife away, I was unable to react.

"I think we won't need this."

Recognizing his voice, I was sure it was Leo, but this time, his voice sounded much meeker than before.

"What's going on?" I was so irritated.

"Shush!" He put a naked finger on my lips. He had taken off his shirt, but stood otherwise fully dressed in front of me in the shower. He pushed me slowly against the wall, I tried to put resistance to the move, but he caught my wrists and kept on pushing me softly against the wall tiles. His face came closer to mine. His lips touched mine, I tried to turn my head, but the rest of my body wouldn't follow cerebral commands anymore. He was so adorable, his scent so male. He kissed me again,... and again, a lightly sense of torpidness was growing inside of me. Could I resist...him?

Slightly my knees got weak, we sank to the floor, I sat on Leos lap, our tongs touched and I twined my arms round his neck.

I slowly stopped, taking a deep breath and tried to press out some words like "what was this?"

"Shush! You ruin everything, just enjoy it!"

He gently stroke my cheek and kissed me once again. He stood up tugging me with him, then opened the door and disappeared. I leaned back against the wall and run my fingers over my lips, as if I hadn't realized what had happened a moment before. The shower was still running hot and gently, same like before. From a distance, I heard my brain asking: But why did Leo come to me into the shower? What was it all about apart from the obvious?

I turned the water off and left the shower. The white carpet on the floor was fluffy and smooth, it was quite a pleasing feeling to the soles of my feet. The mirror was completely covered by the hot steam of the shower and I could just recognize myself dimly in it. After I had opened the window to let fresh air into the room, I felt the cold breeze on my breasts. My wet hair lay on my shoulders and the water dropping down left shiny lines on my body. With the hairdryer I had taken out of the storage rack, I dried the mirror first, so I could see myself clearly, then I bend down and dried my hair headlong with my hand going through my hair, as if in meditation. As I straightened up myself again I had my hair done like a gorgeous flowing mane. I tried to restrain it a bit and bound it together in a ponytail. I put a towel around my body and went into my room. Ahead of my roomy closet covered through a big mirror-front, I dropped the towel and searched for some clothes which would fit to the weather.

It was really hot outside so I put shorts and a tank top on. It was the hottest summer ever since many years and we would have to buy an air-conditioning system if we did not want to end like grilled chicken.

There was a loud ring; it took some seconds until I realized that it was the sound of my mobile. I ran to search for it. I looked into each of my purses. When I found it at last I answered in a rush, after I saw who called.

"This is Mother, receiving....."

I looked over my shoulder to make sure no one would listen.....

"Ok, speak.....I will be there to rock the baby...be on time!"

I hung up, grabbed my bags and my bunch of keys.

"Frank, I'm late, I have to go, bye love!" Every time I said these words, they touched a sense of farewell.

"It's all about the money,... honey. I expect you at dinner tonight!"

I closed the main door of the apartment noiselessly as I left.

My new job got no name, but a face; I took the photo from him and looked at it. Immediately my breath left my lungs, for a moment my heart skipped a beat.

"Something wrong?"

"No, nothing."

I grabbed my stuff and went to my car. As I sat down and felt unobserved, shots of pictures ran through my head, I visualized how it would be best to do it. On my way back home the sky turned dark with clouds, it was almost 4 p.m. I turned on the radio and ignited. Trees were running by and the music coming out of the speakers made me quite blue. Roberta Flack. Killing me softly. I never could stand that song.

The steps up to the apartment seemed to be endless. And the nearer I came to the door, the worse I felt. I unlocked the door and went in. Frank's shoes were gone, so he might not be at home. That would make things easier for me. I took my shoes off, so I wouldn't make a sound.

A few seconds later I stood in my bedroom, right next to Leo, who was sound asleep. I really wanted to say good bye to him, but if I had waken him up I wouldn't have been able to look him in the eyes anymore. My hand was gliding tantalizingly to my holster, nearly automatically, and I took it out. I had a long last look at the picture, hoping without hope he wouldn't be on it, hoping without hope I was wrong, but I wasn't. I pointed the gun on Leo's chest and shot. This was the first time I had my eyes shut tight as I shot, and it was the first time I felt something, and it wasn't something I would miss. I threw the gun in a corner of the room and ran in the living room. What had I done, Sweet Jesus, I shot my love, my real love. I was a monster, a pervert. I wasn't able to concentrate on anything. My tears were running down my cheeks and I heard myself sobbing uncontrollably, heavily beating my thighs in periodical fits of frustration. My heart felt like someone crushing it tight inside of my chest.

Through the noise of my sobbing I heard something, but there was nothing that could possibly make a sound. Frank was not around and Leo was dead.

LEO!?

I saw him sliding into my direction; I jumped up from the sofa and stumbled.

Falling backwards seemed to last ages, but I didn't touch the ground, I fell directly in Leo's arms though he was on the other side of the room, a second ago.

"You've been a bad girl!"

I saw spiky teeth behind his lips and the next sweet moment they were rammed into my neck.

Yes, I felt pain, bad pain, painstaking pain; the blood ran out of my body, my heartbeat slowed down steadily, then it stopped beating or so it felt like.

"That was a real bad dream", was the first thing that ran through my mind. It was still dark and by the time my eyes accustomed to it I felt quite OK. I stood up from the

black tiled floor, it was wet with some sort of liquid but I did not really care about it. I felt strangely calm and assured as I turned around, my heart felt like it would stop beating, at the same time I was sure it had already stopped a minute ago.

"Leo..."

I sank down on my knees and covered my face with my hands, next moment he was next to me, held me in his arms, kneeling. I felt protected and loved, I felt safe like I had never felt before.

"This was the only way to stay at your side."

Well, it might have been, but I didn't realize what that would imply. Not yet.

"Am I dead?"

He didn't answer but his hug got stronger.

"I know, you will never forgive me that I took life from you."

Silence, a silence coming from a void, coming from the absence of life itself, my view slid through the room, to the giant window, I felt his tears dropping down on my shoulders, he was nearly sobbing like a duty, a present of tears, but his tears were not what I wanted. I took his head between my hands and put it down a bit.

"Promise me never to leave me."

Our foreheads touched. Then slowly I turned around, I took his hands around me, put his hands on my stomach and leaned back on his chest. I looked out of the giant window, the sky had cleared up and I saw the sun going down slowly.

"Your last dusk."

His voice was full of sorrow it seemed.

"I don't mind."

"Liar!"

"No, I'm not."

The last golden rays of the sun were nearly gone.

"I will love you till the end of my... well ... I will love you till the end."

We kissed and laughed.