

Apple Pie Man

Trent was very nervous. His fingers fidgeted on the steering wheel as he sped along the Interstate. Be careful, he reminded himself, don't want to get pulled over by a speed cop and wreck things. Today was the Big Day. He was finally going to meet his darling Cherise17214. For so long they'd been cyberlovers, and now he was finally going to be with her in real life.

His mind whirled, bits of thought flitting madly through it as he drove along. He thought about the photos she'd emailed him, pictures of her, naked in the tub or leaning on one elbow in front of the fireplace; of her sitting at the kitchen table at breakfast, a bowl of cereal before her and a half-peeled banana in her hand as she licked the white, phallic fruit suggestively; and the close-up of her glistening sex, so close that he could count the hairs. Trent had sent her his own picture, of course, and had been happy to find she thought he was sexy and virile. He remembered all their instant-message trysts, when she'd type to him of what she wanted to do when they could finally be together. He had loved the fantasies they'd shared over the Internet, and how she had whimpered with need for him. She had begged, over and over, "Stick it in me, ApplePieMan...oh, baby, stick it in me deep and hard!" Well, he was finally going to do what she had wanted him to do for so long. He ran his hand under his coat, fingering the bone handle of the razor-edged Bowie knife he had in a hidden sheath there. "Oh yes, Cherise," he chuckled, "I'll stick it in deep and hard."

A state trooper cruised past him and he smiled. On the side of the prowl car was stenciled "Serve and Protect." Trent had to laugh at that. Oh, they'd served, all right. They'd been instrumental in allowing him to be with Cherise. She hadn't been free when he met her. Her husband, Charlie, had been a fly in their loving cyber-ointment. He was always around, always in the way. Trent had thought Cherise would never be his because of her SOB hubby, but then they'd hatched a plan. Getting the instructions and materials had been easy, just like it had been child's play for Cherise to get hubby's fingerprints on some evidence and hide it in the basement. An anonymous tip to the police, warning them that ol' Chuck was a loony with a big hate-on for Uncle Sam and was building pipe bombs in his garage, and the trap was set. The cops didn't take it seriously until an actual pipe bomb turned up inside a corner mailbox and -- surprise, surprise, it was just covered with usable prints. A quick check on local loonies and they saw Charlie's name turn up. One quick search later John Law had found the planted evidence and Mr. In-the-Way was sitting in the state prison. Trent mentally patted himself on the back. "You're a friggin' genius, ol' man," he chortled.

Now he could finally meet Cherise face-to-face. It was a terrible shame that he'd have to kill her, but that's how it was. She was a monster, after all. Trent knew what women could do to a man, how they could weaken them by sucking out their vital strength-fluids. He'd hoped she wouldn't be like that when he'd first met her. But they'd barely introduced themselves before she'd offered him a cyber-blowjob. He'd given her a chance to prove she wouldn't really do that to a man, that it was all just bragging in

cyberspace and she had a chance of being spared. But no, she had assured him that she loved to do it, that she wanted to feel his manhood squirting his strength down her throat. So she had to be liquidated. She was a human vampire, a succubus who enticed lonely men into her web and sucked them dry, and he just couldn't let her continue killing lost and illusioned men. Trent was very good at his chosen calling - killing these human monsters who drained men and made them weak. He'd killed more than a dozen in the past five years, but it seemed there was always another lurking in the next chat-room. He'd found them in eight different states so far, tall and short, young and old, fat and thin. "Now, my pretty Cherise17214," he whispered, "it's your turn."

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Streaks of orange and pink were painting the western sky when Trent pulled up at Cherise's house. The lights were on inside as he parked in her driveway. He double-checked his knife, still under his coat, grabbed the cheap bouquet of flowers he'd brought, then walked up to the door and reached into the mailbox under the porch light. Yes, the key was there, just as she'd said it would be. And he knew she was waiting upstairs for him, lying naked and relaxed in her bubble bath. It had been her idea and he'd jumped at it. In the tub she'd be vulnerable and there wouldn't be blood running all over the floor. That was one of the most distasteful parts of his job, Trent thought. So messy!

He let himself in and stopped in the foyer. “Cherise, it’s me,” he called. Then he turned to the left, towards where she’d said the kitchen would be, with the waiting bottle of wine chilling in the ‘fridge. The linoleum floor and sink were visible through the doorway as he approached, and he’d only stepped through the portal when a gruff voice behind him sent ice water running down his spine.

“Don’t move, asshole.” Trent froze into a statue immediately. “So you’re him, huh? Well, Lucy never was the brightest bulb on the tree when it came to men.”

“Uhhh, no, mister, you’ve got it all wrong. I’m here to read the meter,” Trent lied.

There was a sharp, ratcheting sound and Trent could imagine the man behind him working the slide on a shotgun. “Don’t lie to me, fucker. I hate being lied to.”

“Okay, so you know me. Who are you?”

“Why, ApplePieMan, I’d have thought you’d guessed that already,” the voice teased. “I’m Charlie. Stupid Charlie. Dumbfuck Charlie. The Charlie that Lucy -- oh, sorry, Cherise -- deserved better than. Am I forgetting anything else you called me?”

“Look, Charlie, you’ve got a right to be mad,” Trent stalled. “I don’t blame you. But you don’t understand how it is. See, I’m not here to steal Cherise -- uh, Lucy -- away from you. I’m just here to...”

“Shut up, shithead. I know why you came here. But you don’t know everything either. See, this was all a set-up. Lucy and I played you like a hooked salmon from Day One. You think you’re the first? No chance. Just another dumb Internet Romeo who fell for a sexy come-on and ran away with his computer sweetie.”

“Where is Cher...Lucy?” Trent, using his body to hide his actions, carefully slipped his hand under his coat and grasped the cool handle of his knife.

“You don’t need to worry about that. I’m the one holding the gun,” and Trent felt something hard poke against his spine. He quickly calculated where Charlie should be standing, then raised the bouquet of flowers high above his head.

“Will you give her these, Charlie?” he asked. Inside he hoped Chuck’s attention was on the flowers for a moment. Then he attacked.

Spinning and dropping down in one motion, Trent yanked the shining blade from its hiding place. The movement caught Charlie by surprise and he didn’t react fast enough to lower the shotgun barrel, so it was aimed just above Trent’s shoulder when the

thick steel of a Bowie knife flashed upwards between his legs and sliced his scrotum in two.

Charlie screamed, a shrill shriek of pain, and his finger tightened on the trigger. The gun thundered, the roar like a cannon in the small kitchen, and heat from the blast scorched Trent's shoulder as the buckshot perforated the yellow countertop. Trent's hand knocked the black barrel aside and he rammed the knife into Charlie's ribcage.

For a split-second, everything froze. Charlie stood, mouth gaping and eyes staring, before his shotgun clattered to the floor. Then Trent jerked the knife free. A squirting freshet of crimson splashed across Charlie's shirt and Trent lunged upward and ripped the dripping blade across the injured man's throat. Charlie fell backwards, crashing to the floor. Bright, red blood bubbled from his sliced windpipe as he gasped and gagged and spasmed, then he was still.

Trent crouched on the floor, listening for something to tell him Lucy was nearby. He had to get away. She might not be a succubus after all, but if she was in on this deadly game, as Charlie had said, she might be there waiting to kill him. Hearing nothing, he picked up the shotgun and with his knife in the other hand he ran for the door.

She was waiting for him in the foyer. She stood, leaning back against the door, her seductive beauty still alluring. She was naked, with both arms above her head to emphasize the shapely curve of her breasts. "Is he dead, my love?" she purred.

“Sure looked like it to me,” he answered. “Now get out of my way. I’m getting out of this nut-house!”

“I guess I’ll have to replace him. No matter – there’s always another waiting to work with me. But Trent, you can’t leave now. You don’t want to leave now. We have so much ‘getting to know each other’ yet to do. Come, my ApplePieMan, let me hold you close.” She lowered her arms to embrace him and stepped forward.

“Keep back, Cher...Lucy. I’ll shoot you. By God, I will.” He began to raise the shiny, black gun, and then his eyes met hers.

Green. Deep green, like forest moss, was all around him. Everything disappeared for Trent except for the sparkling, emerald whirlpools of her eyes. His arm lowered, dropping the shotgun to the floor. His fingers went numb and the bloody knife thumped onto the carpet. Inside him a voice was screaming to run, but her eyes held him transfixed, a bug pinned to a board. Her voice was velvet as she whispered, “You wouldn’t do that to me, would you, Trent? Not to your Cherise. Come, let me hold you and caress you and make love to you as I said I would.”

His jaw trembled spastically but the words wouldn’t come. She slid closer to him, and now he could smell her perfume. Despite himself, his penis began to harden. Then she was kneeling at his feet, opening his pants with deft and nimble fingers. He couldn’t

help but watch her as she brought his growing erection out and caressed it lovingly.

Lucy's mouth opened and her long, forked, blue tongue flicked out to caress his testicles.

"I hope you've been a good boy, Trent, and saved all that delicious semen for me," she crooned. "I do so prefer an appetizer before I eat the brain."

-End-

<Note: the email handles used in this story are fiction. Any resemblance to real email handles or persons is accidental.>