

Meeting with Fate



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Michelle looked at her watch. *Only a few minutes until I can get home, turn my pc on and talk to him. Should I really be looking forward to it this much? It's not like I've even seen a picture of him.* She shook her head in an attempt to clear it.

What am I on about? Of course I should be looking forward to this, the things he does to me, the things I do to myself for him. It just would not be the same if I knew who he was. If he's waiting for me, I'll ask him if we can meet up. I'm sure he would rather be there in person instead of just watching.

What if he's got a scar or something? That could be why he hasn't sent me a photo or suggested meeting, but why would he be worried about a scar? It's not important. It's his mind I like. But what if he can't get it up? What if he only gets excited by watching?

The sound of the bell broke her train of thought. Michelle stood rapidly, gathering up her pens and paper and shoving them all into her bag. Once she managed to force her way outside, she ran to her car. Throwing her bag into the back seat, she got in and turned the ignition.

Michelle stopped at the end of the road. The lights had changed to red. She checked the mirror for cars. Her reflection caught her eye. She saw a young woman with dark brown hair, dazzling green eyes, a small nose, and a full-lipped mouth. She saw all this, but the focus of her attention was the long scar running down the side of her face.

How can he bear to look at me with this? She looked away in disgust. The lights turned green. She pulled away and turned left. She reached out and flicked the radio on, hoping some music would make her feel better.

Michelle parked outside the house she shared with two of her friends. She got out of the car, trying to compose herself as she walked to the front door. *Mustn't appear too excited or they'll know something's up. I can't let them know about this, they wouldn't understand.*

She stood still, with her key in the door for a moment. She took a deep breath before turning the key and walking in.

“Hello, anyone home?” She paused for a few seconds,

“Anyone at all?” She waited a little longer.

“No? Good.”

Michelle walked through into the kitchen and grabbed a can of drink from the fridge, a packet of crisps from a cupboard, and a glass from the dishwasher. She picked her bag up from where she dropped it and went upstairs to her room. Throwing the bag into the corner, she locked her bedroom door behind her.

She sat down in front of her computer and hit the power button. While she waited for it to load,

she took her shoes off and popped the tab on the drink. She took a long drink from the can and poured the rest into the glass. She threw the can at the bin, missing it by inches. She shrugged and opened the pack of crisps.

Silently berating the computer for taking too long, she reached over and turned the radio on. The sound of the latest commercialised piece of crap floated out. She turned back to the screen just as windows finally loaded.

Michelle logged onto her Instant Messenger, while she waited for it to load, she finished the crisps and took another sip of her drink.

As soon as the little box appeared on screen, she looked for his name. Excitement spread through her body. *What will he ask me to do today?* Just as she starts to type a message, she receives one from him.

JoshX99: hey babes, u have a good day at college?

Miss666: u beat me to it again, how do u do that evry day?

Miss666: it wasn't 2 bad, the last lecture seemed to drag tho, musta been cos I was looking forward to getting back to u.

JoshX99: heh, it's just luck, I seem to log in about five mins b4 ya. guess I live closer to my college than u do to urs

Miss666: Must be it, anyways i wanted to ask you a q.

JoshX99: Ya can ask, i might not answer, u got ur web cam ready?

Miss666: i want to meet you, i mean this is good, but id like it if you were here in person, ya could still watch, but sometimes it feels strange to be doing this to a machine.

Miss666: Yeah it's up and ready to go whenever you are, got my headphones, you got the mic going?

JoshX99: well if ya really want 2 meet then just gimme a date when you'll be there alone and I'll see if I'm free.

Miss666: Well I know Lucy and Liz are going out for the night tomorrow, hows six sound?

JoshX99: It's a bit short notice but I'll be there. But only if you promise to wear a blindfold.

Miss666: great, sure I can do that.

JoshX99: k, mics up.

“You hear me?”

As always, the sound of his voice sent a shiver down her spine.

Miss666: I hear ya. just let me get the cam up

Miss666: There, you see me.

“Yes, and you're looking gorgeous as always.”

He watched her through the web cam, but his mind was elsewhere. Usually he would be paying a

great deal of attention to the way she undressed herself, but not today. Her request has shocked him. He had thought it would be another month before she asked to meet.

Ahead of schedule, Master will be pleased.

“No, you’re going too fast still. Slow down and take it easy, it isn’t a race you know.”

He saw her nod her head, to show that she has understood.

I'll get a bonus for this. Maybe I should take Mike with me. I do owe him for last time and I bet he would enjoy her.

He began to pay more attention to the broadcast, as Michelle lay back on her bed and started to run her hands all over her body.

“Yes, that’s good. Now imagine it’s tomorrow already and I’m there in the room with you, what will you do to please me?”

He watched as she caressed a breast, his eyes followed her hand down between her thighs.

Mike will love her.

Michelle leapt off the bed and pulled her clothes back on.

Miss666: Sorry love, but my friends just got back I’m going to have to go, we’ll continue this tomorrow, ok?

“Yeah, that’s fine, tomorrow.”

He leant back in his chair as she disconnected the cam and turned off her pc. He stayed like that for a few minutes, before reaching out and pulling a can of beer from a bag between his feet. As he took a drink from it, he reached for the phone and dialled a number from memory.

“ ‘Lo, who’s this?”

“Mike, it’s Josh.”

“Dude. What's up?"

"What you doing tomorrow, about five?"

“Nothing mate. Why?”

"Michelle's ready. You want to lend a hand?"

“Hell yeah."

"Cool, catch ya later bro."

"Yeah later."

Josh put the phone down, and smiled at the computer screen. He gave a short laugh and poured the remains of the beer down his throat.

"Till tomorrow"

Josh tried the door; it was unlocked and swung open at his touch. He looked at Mike.

"Be quiet. She's only expecting me."

Mike nodded and followed Josh into the house. Josh checked around the house, making sure no one else was home. He came back and nodded to Mike, they walked up the stairs.

Mike stayed on the landing as Josh pushed open the door to Michelle's room.

She was lying naked on the bed, a thick black scarf wrapped around her head, covering her eyes. Josh set the bag he was carrying on the floor and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Is that you Josh?"

"Hey there honey."

Josh ran his hand over her smooth curves. Michelle gasped in anticipation as his hand slid lower.

"Do you trust me?" Josh asked.

"Yes."

"Then don't move."

Josh reached into the bag he had brought with him and removed four lengths of rope. He tied Michelle's hands and feet to the corners of her bed. Josh stepped back and looked at her lying spread-eagled on the bed, he found himself strangely aroused.

Mike moved in the doorway distracting Josh from his thoughts. Josh reached back into his bag and took out a slightly curved knife, about 6 inches in length. Mike smiled and reached into the bag he was carrying, his hand emerged holding a video camera.

Josh knelt on the bed, sitting astride Michelle. She wriggled, her lips curving up into a smile.

"Thank you Michelle. You will be remembered for all eternity."

"What?"

Mike turned the camera on and started recording. Josh raised the knife high above his head and plunged it down deep into Michelle's chest. She started to scream. Josh worked quickly; he had her chest open and his hand around her beating heart before she stopped screaming. He ripped her heart from her chest and placed it inside a box that Mike was holding.

Josh wiped the knife clean on the bed sheets and crawled off Michelle. Mike circled the bed, getting all the blood and gore on tape. Josh looked at the thing on the blood soaked bed. He was

still aroused.

Michelle's blood was splashed all over the room, most of it had ended up on Josh. He took his clothes off and walked through the house into the bathroom. Josh picked up a towel and wiped the blood from his body. He went back into the bedroom where Mike was still filming the corpse.

Josh took clean clothes from the bag and dressed. He gathered up his other clothes and put them in the bag along with the towel and the knife. Mike turned the camera off and waited.

"The master will love this one."

Josh nodded in agreement.

"You free tomorrow Josh?"

"Sure. Why?"

"You're not the only one who's ahead of schedule. I'm doing Claire tomorrow."

Josh picked up the bag and grinned.

"I get the camera tomorrow?"

"Sure."

They walked back through the house and out into the street where they said their goodbyes and went their separate ways.