

# **Edward**

## **By**

### **Kym Robinson**

He stabbed over and over again, until she no longer writhed against his clenched hand. The knife slipped from inside of his grip as the darkness of blood slickened the surface, he could feel her life gush across him. He could taste it. His thick moustache and round glasses were splashed with her coming death. He watched her as she no longer moved, she was still living. He had learned to relax while he took them. His earlier efforts were clumsy, erratic and emotional. An impulse that he needed to act upon with little calculation. She did not need to suffer any more. He smiled as her eyes widened, she was close now.

Edward swiped the sharp kitchen knife against her dress, she slowly leaked to death. One stab was never enough, it required several. Edward had learned this on animals. It was with his first human, his aunt. That he had appreciated just how often he needed to stab steel into a body. There was no one place to put the knife to ensure a swift death, they simply bled out. He called it 'leaking'.

The university girl that lay before him was pretty, it is why he chose her. She would never date a man like him. She was too good to him. He agreed. He still wanted her. Now he had her complete attention, he was the most important thing in her life. The last thing, the last man, the best man of her life.

"It's done," he said, his voice thick with saliva. She agreed, her heart had stopped, her brain no longer sent messages to her body. She was still. "Look at the mess you made."

He wiped his hands across his body. The last one he had done in the back seat of his car. He pulled over and gently stabbed her several times, she just watched him. She'd barely struggled. She could not believe that the nice, sweet faced bestecaled man who had given her a ride would do that. Would kill her.

Edward picked her up and threw her across his shoulders, he was a big man. Much bigger than most, he hulked over other men despite that his fluffy brown hair, bushy moustache and narrow eyes projecting a boyish innocence. It served him well. He knew that he

was strong, he had crushed a young woman's head inside of his hands. It was messy and unsatisfying. He regretted the miserable experience that she must have suffered. The feeling of her bone, hair and brain matter as it mashed between his fingers, like a broken hairy egg.

Placing her corpse gently onto a plastic covered bed, he slowly undressed her. Her naked body excited him. He liked to guess what lingerie they were wearing. Edward ran his hands through her bloody hair, he lifted it up to his nostrils and smelt her. She was perfumed and sweet. Unlike him, he permeated death and unchecked masculine musk. He would bathe with her later. Now, he would simply hold her hands and talk with her.

The morning neared, the fog of his evening had eroded, Edward woke up naked and spent alongside his guest. She was splayed and soiled, he looked at her with a stab of guilt. He was an intelligent man, but he did not think so. He knew what he was doing was wrong, yet he continued to do so. He did not justify it. He had no debate within himself, he absolutely agreed that everything he did was terrible. His victims as they lay lifeless, at various stages of decay all agreed with him.

He felt the urge arise up from within his loins, he climbed upon her and stabbed into her more with his body. She was silent, she did not protest. She was after all dead. It did not take him long to finish. He stood up and looked at the others, he wondered if they were happier now that they were decomposing. He no longer could use them like he did her.

"You are still beautiful," he whispered to a dark fleshed head that rested on a bench top, the pretty features of life long ago eroded. The putridness of after death mutating the form, bubbling skin and stripping the familiarity of what was into a mask of immortal agony.

Edward showered. He dressed himself, always respectably just as his mother had demanded him to. He left his house, confident that it would remain just as he left it. The morning was bright, birds chirped and the thrumming of lawn mowers reminded him that it was the weekend.

He left for work.

It was a short drive to the university where he worked in the library,

his mother had got him the job. He hated her, though he enjoyed the work. He parked in the staff park, climbing awkwardly out from his small car he looked down at a pair of short skirt wearing girls close to his age. They ignored his “hello”, both continued to walk by.

Edward watched them, he twisted his moustache as he admired their skin, the brown of their tanned flesh and how their skirts teased him as they flipped with each step they took.

He was greeted warmly by the others that worked in the library, they told him jokes and he courteously helped everyone with whatever task was asked of him. His great height was of tremendous benefit when it came to staking the books on the highest shelves. He stood at eye level with nearly them all. The other librarians and students needed ladders to climb up to reach them. He got his size from his mother.

He finished the day, remaining back for an hour longer than he needed so that he could make it easier for those that he worked with. He never checked his pay cheque and did not care if he was paid the right amount. Books were important, especially to students. He felt like he was doing them and society a service by making them available in organised systems so that they were easy to grab and borrow.

Edward had studied, though he dropped out after a year. He grew bored with the content, he loved to learn things but could not satisfy his quenching lust for information through class. Instead he immersed himself in books. As he left for his car he carried a pile that he would take home, he wanted to read them to his guests.

As he pushed his books onto the backseat of his car, the sweet scent of a female caught his attention. She was standing alone and seemed agitated. He wanted to help her.

“Are you ok?” he asked.

“Yes, well no not really. My friend has left me here and I need to get home soon.”

Edward frowned, his face displayed concern. She was pretty, like the others. He shut his back door and moved to the front of his car. “I could take you to where you wanted to go, I don’t mind,” he offered.

She looked him up and down, her eyes scanned his face. He smiled

softly, his eyes were gentle and his goofy demeanour was disarming. "Sure," she agreed.

He opened the passenger side door for her and waited for her to sit before he closed it. With familiar clumsiness, he fell into his seat, his long legs pressing into the console and his door. He turned and through his glasses he smiled. "Where are we headed?"

"Elm lane, it's really not too far. I just don't want to be out walking as it gets dark, because of what's been going on lately." She tied her seat belt on as he started the car, driving it out of the car park.

"What has been going on?" he asked, wanting to know.

"You know, the killer. All of those girls that have been going missing and the mutilated bodies that have been found"

He looked at her, swallowing as he did. She looked frightened and disgusted. "Do they know who is doing it?" he asked as he pulled up in traffic, the sun was slowly lowering.

"No, but I bet it is some creepy guy. You just can't trust people though, you know."

He nodded, his eyes looked her over. She was beautiful, better than the others.

"My friends and I think that he is hairy and ugly looking," she continued. "A real mean man, probably small and slimy, like a real sleaze ball."

He turned the car, "I think I know a quicker way," he said as he noted the traffic jam ahead.

"I just hope that they find him soon, he has hurt a lot of people" she sighed as he navigated through the maze of merging cars. From beneath his seat he felt an object bump against his foot through his shoe.

"Must be horrible to go through that. You make sure that you are careful." He looked at her, his warm eyes pleading for her safety.

"I will. I think I will start doing karate or something, just in case. You know. Just so if I am ever attacked I might be able to escape."

Edward reached down to the back of his foot, he felt the knife from a few weeks earlier. The blood on its blade had dried so that it felt like a sticky rust. He gently pushed it back under his seat. "You should, it can't hurt. If anything, ever happens make sure you push your fingers into his eyes so that he can't see. That will help you escape."

She squirmed in her seat like a small child. "Yuck! That would be gross."

"Better than being dead though," he added while tilting his head in a fatherly manner.

"Yeah true I guess."

"What number is your house?" he asked.

"148, thank you a lot for this. You are a really sweet guy." She smiled, her eyes sparkled and her nose twisted.

"Well if any of your single friends are in need of a goofy sweet guy, tell them I am available!" he grinned goofily.

"You're cute. What is your name?"

"Edward," he replied as he pushed with one finger his glasses back up onto his face.

"Nice to meet you, I am Sally." She shook his hand, her tiny fingers gripping his larger ones as he drove slowly into the crawling night.

The contact stirred a rigidity inside of his pants, he adjusted them though he could feel something push at him. Reaching down he felt the object in his right hip pocket. Reaching in he felt the familiar hardness, the lengthy roundness and the firm purposefulness of what was sticking from within his pants. His hand gun, a small calibre pistol he had used in the past when he did not need a knife. He had worked the day with it in his pants and only now realised its presence.

"I can't wait until I finish studying." Sally was still talking, her head bobbing up and down like it was stuck on a stick. Edward pushed the hardness back into his pants, it caused him discomfort. He adjusted himself as he turned to face her.

“What are you studying?”

“I am going to be a nurse,” she proudly announced. “I want to help little children and sick people.”

Edward nodded. “That is really sweet of you.”

“What about you?” she asked as she noticed the darkness surround the car.

“I work at the library. But I always wanted to be a cop.”

“You would be a good police man, you are tall, nice and kind.” She held onto the seat belt as she leaned against it. “And you would probably find the killer.”

“I might be able to find where he lives,” Edward answered.

“I wonder what he looks like. I hope I never have to come across a man like that!”

Edward slowly pulled the car over to the side, leaning towards her he looked at her through his glasses. “I hope that you never have to meet him either.”

She turned away from him and noticed her house, then smiled gratefully. “Thank you so much.”

He grinned back at her. She unlatched her seat belt and leaned up to him, kissing him on the cheek. He blushed. “Thanks again, I will have to come to the library more often I think.” She left the car and skipped towards her house.

Edward watched her until she entered the house. He knew that one should never assume that they got home safe, always make sure that they get inside before you leave. She was inside, so he left.

“Nice and pretty girl,” he smiled as he drove away, pulling the handgun out from his pocket he placed it on the seat next to him. Edward drove home, looking rearwards in his rear mirror in the direction of her home. “I hope that she never meets a killer.”

**The End.**

