

6.

He felt very content driving in to work that morning. The last girl had fought back; it had given him meaning, made his mission feel important again. It had proven he was right, she was a whore, a teasing whore who deserved what she had gotten. He ran his finger over the plaster on his left cheek where she had scratched him. At first he had been angry, angry that she had dared to touch him, that worthless bitch laid a finger on him. Then it amused him, and it had made seeing the last of her breath leave her mouth as he was strangling her even more enjoyable. He had been thinking about it in the shower this morning, he could still feel his crotch stirring when he pictured her begging eyes in his mind. Of course he had had to come up with an excuse to his wife as to why he had a fresh red scratch on his face. He had bought a kitten for his little daughter, saying that it had scratched him when he had cuddled it when he picked it out. His wife had been so happy about the new addition to their little family she had not asked any questions about the red scratch on his face, despite it being much too deep for it to have been a innocent little kitten. Sometimes her simplicity did come in handy. As he walked through the door to the bank, nodding and smiling at the two security guards standing there, he pictured the dying girl one last time before he started thinking about work. The filthy whore had deserved to die. At least now she was pure and could receive her penance.