

The Axe Man

By

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The dank motel room stunk of cigarette ashes. The television flickered blue light onto the bed where Asia and Kierra's sweat-glistened bodies twisted with intimate pleasure. The newscaster drizzled in and out of reception about the Axe Man, a serial killer that had kept the fair citizens of this city indoors for a year and some change.

Finally, both women climaxed. Afterward, they grabbed each other's hands and kissed. They parted and rolled onto their backs. Both were exhausted, but savored the taste of each other.

"Could you imagine if Juan found out about this?" Asia lit a cigarette.

"He wouldn't." Kierra shook her head.

"We're not so innocent, you know. No one is, really. That's the sad part about being human."

"I guess." Kierra laughed. "The moment you realize that innocence is false... that's the moment you start living."

Asia blew smoke into Kierra's face before kissing her again. This time she held Kierra's lip pinched between her own lips for a brief second. "Touché."

"This isn't going to end well, is it?" Kierra whispered.

"That depends on your definition of well. I think our plan is very good. Way better than what Juan could come up with. Better than any man could come up with for that matter." Asia set her cigarette in the ashtray then slid her hand between Kierra's legs.

Kierra fought Asia's pleased expression, but it didn't take long for her to succumb. They quickly regained their prior momentum.

Without warning, Asia's head flung forward and blood shot from her mouth. Kierra darted to the floor, which stunk of cheap carpet cleaner. She watched Asia's corpse slump off the bed and land in the filth.

The axe that protruded from Asia's back was ripped loose. A curtain of crimson gore spilled from the gash.

A man's shadow shifted across the room and the flickering blue light cast from the television illuminated Juan's face as he raised the axe.

Juan's icy eyes found Kierra.

"Wow! That was a rush." Juan paced the room.

"Jesus Christ, baby. You killed her good." Kierra wiped blood off of her breasts.

"No one will ever know it was us." Juan nodded. "All the details are correct."

"What details?"

"The Axe Man leaves the blade stuck in his victim's faces. I've seen the investigation photos."

"I'm so glad you're a cop." She drew her arms open as if displaying the crime scene. "This is a perfect carbon copy of that maniac's work... speaking of perfect."

Kierra dropped to her knees. A moment later, Juan bent her over the credenza and ravaged her.

Juan had never shot anyone on the job before, not even when he worked the beat. It invigorated him to rip the life from a human being.

"You want to do the honors?" Juan extended the axe to Kierra.

She accepted the axe.

The square blade rose in front of the television then sunk into Asia's face.

"Eh." Kierra's hands shook.

Juan grabbed Kierra's naked ass, "Let's shower up and get out of here."

After a long shower, Juan and Kierra dressed.

They went over the details until the electricity died.

"What the hell?" Juan opened the door a sliver and peered down the hall. The hallway was dark too. "Let's go."

Juan led Kierra out the door.

The man in the hallway was tan, handsome, and held sideways grin. "If you're going to copy my work, and give me credit, then I feel I should take part." He swung.

Juan's severed head struck Kierra's face and knocked her to the ground.

"How did you know?"

"I followed the detective working on my case." The Axe Man whispered as the next chop crashed through Kierra's face.