

### Chapter Sixty-Three

"I had a great time, Mel," Mick slurred, swaying back and forth as he attempted to insert the key into Melanie's front door lock.

"You think you'll get that anytime soon?" Melanie giggled, in between hiccups.

"Sure hope so, gonna lose my legs any minute now," he replied, as the the key found its home and he flung the door open. He staggered to the couch and fell like dead weight onto its cushy pillows.

"Make room for me," she cried, taking a seat beside him, her dress askew. "Should I make coffee?"

"Nah, don't wanna lose the buzz."

"It almost feels like old times."

"Old times?"

"Yes. Remember how we used to sit on the floor eating pizza and drinking beer until we were wasted out of our minds?"

"Yeah," he lamented, "I miss that."

"Me too," she replied, avoiding eye contact.

"So, why can't we do that again?" he pleaded, while tentatively sliding his hand along her exposed thigh.

Her breathing quickening, Melanie grasped his exploring hand and gently removed it from where it rested near her groin. "I don't think we should," she moaned.

"Are you sure?" he asked, in a demanding tone, while placing the palm of his hand on her mound.

"Stop it!" she hissed, as she yanked her body towards the opposite end of the couch.

In a fit of rage, he launched his body upon hers, bunched her skirt around her waist, his hand covering her mouth and tore away her panties.

"Stop it, stop it!" she shrieked, her stifled words barely intelligible. She twisted, turned and thrashed, all to no avail; she was trapped.

"Shut up bitch, you know you like it this way," he growled, as he lifted her leg onto his shoulder and forced himself inside, his hand slipping from her mouth.

"Get off me, you crazy bastard, get off before I call the police!" she shouted, still trying to dislodge him.

"Wonderful, my dear, wonderful, your acting is quite enthralling," he chuckled, his tone and diction clearly out of character.

With her right arm momentarily freed, she struck the side of his jaw. "Get the hell off of me, you sick animal!" she cried out.

He stopped abruptly, withdrew and glared at her with a rage contorted face. "What the fuck are you looking at?" he spat, in a deep sinister voice.

"A monster," she sneered, while writhing beneath him, partially freeing herself.

With a tight fisted hand and without warning, he punched her in the mouth. "That should put an end to your whining," he casually remarked. With Melanie lying dazed beneath him, he rose slightly, tore away her remaining clothing and with his fingers guiding a rodlike erection, reentered her with room shaking force. His thrusts, slow and deliberate at first, gradually built to a crescendo as his climax neared and at that very moment, ecstasy within reach, she awakened.

"Please, Mick," she implored, "let me up, I can't breathe."

"Sorry to disappoint, my dear," he groaned, "but Mick is no longer about."

"What?" she gasped, a mixture of confusion and horror contorting her face. "Who are you?"

"Whom I've always been," he replied, matter-of-factly, "Marcus."

With a macabre smile he placed both hands around her throat and squeezed, her face turning a dusky hue. And as the dying eyes glared at her executioner, he climaxed. He withdrew, dried his manhood on her skirt and stared at the limp body, as if trying to evoke a concealed inner emotion. But nothing emerged, she was just an inanimate object that had served his pleasure. Then, with a level of detachment unbecoming a human being, he closed his zipper and rose. It was a short walk to the kitchen pantry. Retrieving a box of heavy duty trash bags, he carefully wrapped Melanie's corpse, sealing the package with several rounds of duct tape. Then, with speed and determination, he ransacked her office and bedroom, filling an attaché case with her identification and credit cards, checkbooks and the like. After a second trip around the condo, making certain that nothing had been missed or left behind, he heaved her corpse over his shoulder and headed for the underground garage and Melanie's parked car.

The young heiress' wealth had afforded her a private parking space and although it was protective of her vehicle the same could not be said for her person. It was devoid of surveillance cameras.

A shroud of darkness covered the street as the red BMW crawled out of the garage heading for the Hudson River. It was early morning and most of Riverdale was still asleep. From her terrace high above the ground, he had noticed a small plot of land perched on a cliff overlooking the river. In the process of

being cleared for construction, it was the perfect destination. He lowered the windows, opened the trunk and extinguished the headlights. With a paring knife that he had taken from Melanie's kitchen, he slit the plastic bags, removed them from her body and tossed them into the underbrush. Positioning her body behind the wheel, he placed a stone on the accelerator and released the parking brake, sending the car flying over the cliff into the turbulence below.