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Pretty Man

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Pretty Man

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She had never saw a man that look so handsome in all her life. He was exquisite, perfect and a dream all rolled up into that one incredible body. So pretty! He stood six foot two, soft brown curly hair and the clearest blue eyes that she had ever seen, they didn't seem natural. He sat at the bar, casually drinking in the atmosphere with those pretty blues.

Sitting with her nose in a book and eating alone she tried to look busy. Their eyes met and it was like the world around them melted away. It was just the two of them sitting in the restaurant. No one else existed. He smiled. Swallowing hard, she tore her eyes away from him and looked back at her book, but the words weren't making sense. It was just gibberish in front of her.

He was still watching her. She could feel his eyes burning into her soul. Maybe it was her imagination. Glancing up, their eyes met again. No, she wasn't imagining him looking at her, he was. He was watching her closely. Like he was reading the most fascinating piece of poetry in existence. Where did that come from? Oh, it was his thought! She heard him think those words.

She did have a gift like her grandmother. They were sensitive to thoughts and sights. Alyssa thought it was more of a curse than a gift. Nothing worse than in the throes of passion and hearing your date's thoughts, where they couldn't even remember your name and all they wanted was sex. This guy was different though. He saw her. He could see her soul.

Was that him thinking that or her? She couldn't tell. She looked up at him again. His blue eyes swallowed her whole. Alyssa felt herself stand up and walk over to him.

“Hi,” she whispered.

He smiled.

“My name is Alyssa.”

I know, he thought. His mouth didn’t open; his lips just curved into a smile.

She sat down beside him. “Are you new here?”

He nodded.

She felt herself nodding too and her lips smiled back at him. Again, it felt like they were the only two people alive on the planet. He got up and started to walk away.

“Wait?” she felt confused.

Come, he called her. His voice soft, deep and inviting. Even with his back to her, she was sure he didn’t open his mouth to invite her. Telepathy? It was like her grandmother tugging at her to snap out of it. Don’t follow him! Stranger danger! The pretty man is dangerous!

She got up and followed him out the door and down the sidewalk, trailing behind him. He walked into an alley. She followed.

In the back of her mind, alarm bells were going off. The alley was empty, dark and cold. She just followed him down it like a lost puppy. He came to a stop, and she caught up to him. He turned around, towering over her, his hand reached out and found the back of her neck. His cold fingers tangled in her hair. Looking up at him in awe, she didn’t move as he lowered his head to hers. Their noses brushed against each other. Then his lips caressed hers. The world and her grandmother’s warnings all evaporated into thin air as his mouth covered hers. Taking her breath away. She felt her eyes closed. He held her close; his mouth kissed her hungrily. The kisses trailed across her lips, cheeks and down to her neck. She felt his teeth on her bare skin and felt her head tilting so he could have better access to it.

“Alyssa!” she heard her name. It was like having cold water poured over her body. Startled, she turned as her coworker called her name again.

Standing on the sidewalk at the mouth of the alley. “Hey! I thought that was you, what are you doing here?”

Alyssa turned to apologize to the man that was kissing her and she caught her breath in her throat. Scratching her head she looked around and felt stunned. Where did he go? She was standing in the alley alone. How? Why? Feeling a little disconnected and frustrated, Alyssa turned to her coworker Cindy and began walking towards her. With each step she felt like she was waking up from a dream. Putting it behind her.

“What were you doing in the alley?”

“I thought I saw someone.”

“In the alley?”

She nodded.

“Like a hobo?”

“No, no someone I thought I knew.”

“Who?”

“I don’t know,” she smiled and shrugged, changing the subject to the project they were working on.

Stepping out of the shower she wiped the mirror with her towel, looking at her reflection. Alyssa was just an average woman, nothing about her stood out. Looking at her face in the mirror, fresh, clean and no makeup. Then she noticed her neck! There was a sore on her neck. Tilting her head and leaning closer to the mirror she saw two punctured holes. That was weird.

When did that happen? Closing her eyes she remembered pretty man kissing her. Did he bite her? Did he? He did! What did that mean? Gently caressing her neck with the tips of her fingers.

A knock on the door interrupted her inspection. She quickly slipped into her robe and hustled to person knocking again.

“Just a minute!” she called. Hurrying over to the door she peeked through the peep hole and saw pretty man. What? How? She started to open the door and paused. What was he doing there? How did he know where she lived?

“Who’s there?” she called trying to buy herself some time.

“Me,” she could hear him in her head.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’ve come to see you.”

“I don’t even know your name.”

“William.”

Hmm, she desperately wanted to swing the door open and invite him in, but her hand went up to the two punctured holes on her neck. Did he bite her? Why? Why was he here? To finish her off?

Her grandmother’s voice whispered in the back of her mind, ‘Alyssa don’t open that door, stranger danger!’

Her hand that was on the doorknob loose. It dropped to her side. Swallowing hard and closing her eyes. Stepping back from the door. “Please leave me alone and don’t come back,” she heard herself call out to him. Her heart was pounding so loudly she was sure he could hear it.

Nothing. No reply. He didn’t say a word. Holding her breath she peeked through the peephole, no one was there. Frantically she opened her apartment door and looked up and down

the hallway. Empty. He was gone. Sadness washed over her. Stepping back inside her apartment she locked her door and went to the window. She saw a figure walking down the street that was pretty man. Biting her lip, she forced herself not to go after him. Her grandmother was right. Stranger danger. Pretty man would haunt her for the rest of her days.