

Trouble

by Sarah Buckner

When I first met her, they all told me what she was: a vixen with a cold heart, a succubus in red stilettos, and nothing but trouble. I was utterly infatuated with her long dark hair, tanned skin and a body that no one could look away from. I chased after her, my head full of lust and my heart full of what I thought was love at first site. She ignored me for weeks, months even, and just when I had started to lose hope, she spoke to me. Her voice was like ice, cold and alluring. I wanted nothing but to place a kiss on her deep red lips as soon as she said hello, but I held my composure.

We talked for a few moments, and she walked away. Just like that, she was gone and I was left there arguing with myself because of how stupid I thought I had acted. It never once occurred to me then that she might use me, and if it would have I would have been happy to let it happen. At least I would have known that I was nothing more than a pawn.

From that first day on, she would stop and speak to me. Her voice was always flirty, her eyes hungry for something I wasn't sure I could give to her. I knew that she was an experienced woman, one that most people called promiscuous, and others called slutty. I wasn't so sure that she was as bad of a woman that her reputation had made her out to be. I was so blinded by the demon of lust that she could have killed a man in front of me, and she would still have been the most perfect human being the creator of the universe had ever made.

After a few weeks of talking, talks soon led to small kisses and small kisses soon gave way to much more. I thought I was in love, but I was proved wrong in the end. On the day I took her to meet my mother, she told me of her own family. Her father abandoned her at a young age and she was left alone with a drunken mother to raise herself and her younger brother. She said she would be happy if her mother were dead,

and at the time I thought nothing of it.

My mother, like any one else in our small town, thought she was nothing but trouble. A bad influence, and someone she was embarrassed to have her baby boy seen with. I ignored my mothers advice to leave her alone, let one of the business men pick her up for a late night rendezvous and find a nice girl at the community college I was to attend in the fall. I thought I was in love, and love never killed anyone, right? Wrong.

On the way to drop her off, she asked me what I thought about her. I told her she was beautiful, and kept it at that. If I would have told her she was the reason I woke up in the morning and the most gorgeous creature in the universe, she would have been afraid that I was crazy. She just smiled and told me she loved me, and that she had plans for me. I wasn't sure how to take it, so I drove to my own place in silence.

Nothing in my mind would let me sleep that night, for I had an intense worry that the plans that were made for me where nothing but sinister. In my naïve and lust-filled mind, I was over reacting. When I saw her the next morning, my thoughts where proved right. She handed me a revolver and said that she loved me. This exotic beauty had told me she loved me, and in the heat of the moment I asked her what she needed me to do.

My initial reaction to the blood at my feet was sheer panic. My hands trembled and I couldn't form any sentences and my heart was pounding like a drum in my ear. I looked down at her mother, faceless and not breathing, and I knew then that she was trouble. I had never seen this woman before, but her face was somehow familiar to me. I saw my own mother when I looked down into her eyes, and then it all hit me.

Before I could make sense of anything, sirens where going off outside, and I was being told to come out slowly. I didn't know what to make of anything, and that's when I realized she wasn't an attractive girl I'd had my eyes on for months. I was that girl, or, that girl was me. She was in my head taking up space and using me, and I didn't even realize that she was nothing more than someone I had made up in my own mind to

make myself feel needed. I had created that girl, and now, she's ruined my life.