

OPPORTUNITY SEDUCES

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SCRIPTED IMAGERY

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I don't know if vampires really exist or not. I would lean towards not existing. I do know what exist though, and that's me. Ever since I can remember, I have been infatuated with death. I often fantasized about my own death and the death of others. It's hard living through life without the knowledge of what it really feels like to take someone's life. To see the breath escape and never to return. You only get so much joy from seeing insects and animals lose their life. I'm ready to see what it feels like to be the cause of this phenomenon.

I've been there where I've seen the struggle of someone grasping onto life. The fear of what's behind the darkness as they struggle to remain conscious but ultimately giving into the sleepy feeling, no longer caring if they ever wake again. The tiredness, the pain, the loss of power to remain awake. I myself wonder about this feeling, the curiosity behind the darkness. No longer dreaming, no brain activity, no nothing, just peacefully laying there with no thought or conscious.

These lustful thoughts about death give me a reason to deal death among the living. I constantly fight the urge to travel this path. I try to not find myself in situations that would seduce me to take someone's life. The reason I fight this urge is that the life I have is a great one. I can truly say that I am happy even if I am not completely fulfilled.

Believe it or not, I do believe in God and once upon a time I asked Jesus to save me. And maybe this helped me or maybe it hurt me. I'm not quite sure. Am I a product of the Devil, is that why my thirst for the death is so great? Is it possible God created me to show others that you don't have to succumb to the thirst? If that's the case, how do I share that with the world when I'm not even sure what I'm quite sharing.

Life is great though and there is currently no threat of me losing my mind and acting out my fantasies. I just pray that it stays that way, kind of half-heartedly though. Because If I would lose the

life that I currently have, that would open the possibilities for me to seek out the fantasies that I have suppressed for so long.

What is my name you ask? I'm not sure I should even tell you but for the sake of this story, I will go with Alex. Since names seem to be important. So, have you ever wondered what makes us, well, us? I mean more than the DNA that we own. More than the experience we possess. More than the environment that shapes us. I want to know why this code was written. Why my character was produced. I mean the actual purpose. Are we just a story, an entertainment for something more? These types of questions are what makes me wonder, why do I suppress my innermost desires?

This also brings up the reason we are all here and what we ultimately believe in. Do you believe in the curse of Adam and Eve? Do you believe in the life being created from a single cell and evolving into the creatures we are today? Can both things happen with the molding of life from a higher being? In either case, what's the purpose of the different coding of people? Are people like me a disease or are we some type of cleanser that is only activated when need be? So many questions to be answered. None of those answers will happen in any lifetime.

There are some that believe the brain can be rewired, that DNA can be re-coded, that people can be reprogrammed. Count me as one of those people. I do believe in a higher being as well, they call him God. I believe he continuously changes the code in us. I believe he uses people, environment, and dreams to do so. With me being older and life has completely slowed down I wonder if I would ever be at risk again. I wonder if my code will be rewritten or certain parts of my DNA activated. I wonder if I will ever find myself in a position to do some things that I always wanted to do.

I have a girlfriend. She's the love of my life. I'm not sure how it happened or when it happened. It was just one day I woke up with

her on top of me and I buried inside of her. Yes, the motions were pleasurable, but this feeling was different. Different than the others. I was appreciative of her being there. It made me want to fully open up to her. Be more honest. That is if there's really such thing as "being more honest". You're either honest or you're not. Withholding information is not being honest and therefore I never really considered myself an honest man. However, I was well trusted in the community for my honesty. I digress, I just wanted her to fully know me. I began to feel like she was the one. That one, that everyone speaks about. The one they believe is their soul partners. Her name you ask. Let's give her the name of Jennifer.

Jennifer became my life. She was the reason I suppressed my fantasies. Truthfully, after realizing my love for her that fateful morning it wasn't hard dismissing those ideas that would form in my head. No longer did I have the need to plot for a random person's demise. Sure, I still wanted to, but I no longer wanted to do it more than I wanted to please her.

They say love is the strongest motivator in our existence. The second strongest would be hope. The third strongest is jealousy and the fourth strongest would be hate. So, I have the greatest motivator of all. She has truly earned my love and respect. There is absolutely nothing that I wouldn't do for her.

You're probably wondering why I'm telling you this. Probably wondering what happened, or you can be one of these people that are just trying to find the truth. Well, nothing happened. Today is just the day that Jennifer and I will celebrate 5 years of perfection in a world full of flaws.

I'm headed to the store while my girlfriend watches people and bring home stories of the people she watched. I use this information to build characters in my stories. It's another thing that makes us match up so well. She has a Doctorate in Psychology and psychology is one of my favorite subjects. Our conversations are one of the most intriguing to me.

Along with psychology, sociology, and philosophy, these are all favorites of mine. However, my favorite subject is me. I find myself most intriguing and the way people interact with me I also find intriguing. The study of me when I die should be a study that people do. I plan to leave a lot of material behind for people to interpret, study, and figure out just what kind of person I am. I want to see them see that I travel through my mind and explored my actions.

So, I went to the store and it was pretty much uneventful. I was able to get the gift of my wanting. Now the only thing that is left to do is prepare for tonight. This might be the night that I will begin to be more open to her. I hope that I can do it. I know when you want to be more open it never works out the way you plan. It's funny too because I have already replayed some of the conversations in my head. Since our conversations tend to be about other people's mindset. In a way though, some of those people we used to talk about, one of those characters would be me.

I'm not going to lie, I guess in a way that implies that I am preparing to lie. I wonder why we make this statement? I digress, I am a little worried about tonight, but love is pushing towards being completely free. Of course, I have that worry about her looking at me differently. I don't know why though. I haven't done anything wrong. I just haven't completely opened myself up to the views that I have that is vastly different than the people I've spoken to in the past or what society tries to portray or says how we should be or think.

I'm thinking I should write a letter. I love writing and I'm very good with words. A letter should erase anything that I say to her that may cause her to give pause to what we have going on. This would make for a perfect night. I have my present, I have my talking points, and I'll have my letter.

Dear Jennifer is what I wrote before crossing it out. Again, I wrote an introductory piece before balling up the paper. Look words come easily to me but for some reason, I was struggling with an entry or introductory piece. I wrote; dear, hello, my queen, the love of my life, to the greatest woman I know, my sweet sunshine, but nothing fit. Absolutely nothing worked for me. Several sheets of paper later, about 2 hours had gone by and our dinner night was upon us and I was nowhere near ready. So, I just decided to be honest.

Letter

I'm not sure how to start this off and I've already spent countless hours on this. So, I just want to tell you that you mean more to me than all my fantasies in my head. Your life, your needs, come before mine. Of course, I will live to. I'm just saying that I will not do anything that will jeopardize our relationship. These five years though have shown me that you are perfect for me. Five years and you haven't had a problem with me. You listen to me jabber, you provide me with my alone time. You give me countless material to produce my stories. Your intelligence has kept me alive. I'll never have to worry about speaking to some idiot for the rest of my life. And I thank you for that.

I hope the new things you learned about me tonight doesn't give you pause. I really love you and would suppress anything that would make you uneasy. Also, it is not hard since you came into my life to not need or have this yearning of doing anything that shouldn't be done according to society. You are my number one priority. We can continue to travel and explore places that haven't been explored. We can also do more things that life presents. No scratch that, we can take from life the opportunities that resist us. We can do it all.

Since we talk about vibes, I know you can feel that this night would be different than any other night we've had the past five years. This is how I know we were meant for each other and I'll end with this. I love you more than life itself. Both literally and figuratively.

Good morning, so I know you're wondering what happened last night. Well, it did not go the way I expected. It started off the way I scripted, but once I started talking about my fantasies, the things that came next was not what I expected. Not at all.

I was already running late because of writing and rewriting the letter several times. When I finally finished the letter, I had not showered or was not dressed for the occasion. It wasn't going to be a fancy dinner or anything, but I knew there were certain things that she likes to see me in. And since this night was about pleasing her, I wanted to wear the part. So as soon as I wrapped up the letter I jumped in the shower for a quick wash up. I already had my clothes laid out that I was going to wear. Black boxer briefs, black jeans, and a black button-down short sleeve shirt with a red dragon on the left side covering the length of the shirt.

I made it downstairs to the dining room and noticed that Jennifer hasn't made it in yet. So, I took a minute to compose myself. I looked for a spot to hide the gift that I got her. I also tried to find an envelope for the letter I wrote but was unsuccessful. So, I just folded the letter into three sections. Put her name on it and underneath her name, I wrote: "for when the night is finished".

Moments, after I sat down at the dining room table and opening the uber, eats app, scrolling through the many choices they offered, I heard the keys entered the lock. My heart was racing, and I was anticipating the moment of meeting her on our five-year anniversary night.

“Hey, sexy! I’m sorry I’m a little late.” She said while approaching the dining room.

“No problem. I was running late myself. It seems to be that type of day.” I was calm in her presence no longer having that anxious feeling. She was stunning even though she seemed a bit rushed. Her hair in long locks neatly pulled back into a ponytail. Army fatigue pants, with a white long sleeve shirt. We embraced for a short second before making our way to the kitchen.

What we decided to do for our five-year anniversary was to cook together in the kitchen something simple. We did just that. We made seasoned ground beef, topped it with salsa, sour cream, shredded cheese, and chipotle sauce. She made burritos with the meat and I made a little taco salad with tortilla chips.

We sat down and looked at each other. I believe she sensed that I had something to say because she was more in tuned to me than I normally see her doing so. I didn’t want her to make me forget or take me in a different direction with our conversation, so I lowered my voice and said “We’ve been together for a long while now, but I want to provide you with information that may or may not cause you to see me in a different light. I am not the same as other people in society and my views are different...”

“I know your views are different we’ve been talking for a long time. I know you.”

“I mean, there are some things that I never shared. I mean the most inner part of me that I have suppressed and will continue to suppress because you mean more to me than my own desires or fantasies.”

“There is nothing that you can tell me that would surprise me. Remember what my major is in, remember I have a doctorate.”

I shook my head, let out a breath, and I paused, really thinking about the words that I should let escape when she interrupted with

“I know you better than you think. The only thing I was unsure of was, were you doing something behind my back or were you too safe to do what you always wanted to do.”

Now I was sitting there thinking, what the hell is she talking about. I must have said that out loud or my expression was saying the words for me because she continued “Look, I love you like I loved no other person in life. You made me feel like a person, you made me feel excepted. It’s what made me have that need to get to you know you. When I saw how genuine you were, it intrigued me even more. What I didn’t know was, did you know who you were, who you really were. I love your mixture of having your own mind and still looking out for me. You fit so well with me, I always thought that it wouldn’t work because of who I am...”

“You’re great! Best girlfriend I ever had and have. Never thought I would be able to connect with someone. And I feel like I understand you and I understand myself. I know myself, so I’m not sure what you mean but there are things that I don’t share with anybody because of the way people judge. But you’ve seen me the last five years. You’ve seen that I’m all about you and being myself. Now I’m ready to share more...”

“Wait, I thought this was going in a different direction. I’m not sure either of us is ready...”

“Wait, just hear me out, please. You have no idea what I’m about to say.”

“I actually thought I did, I thought I knew where this was going but now it seems like you are about...”

“Hold on, chill out, I’m just trying to be more open with you. I’m not about to do anything. But I have the need for you to know what goes on in my head.”

“Oh,” She chuckled “I already know what goes on in your head.”

“Ok, since you won’t let me share, then please tell me what I’ve been dying to say to you on this night.”

“Are you ready for me to reveal to you what I already know and what you should know if you don’t already know?”

“Uh? I’m not sure what you know, or what you think I’m going to tell you but I’m ready for everything. I believe we can be lifetime partners.”

“Are you sure about that. Because if you say this and then turn your back on me.” She pauses for a few seconds and then says, “I would feel really betrayed.”

“Look, why would I ever leave you?”

“You’re not the type to stay with people for life. Believe it or not but you’re are very harsh on your judgment of mates. And I do believe someday, you will bring your judgment upon me as well. Probably as soon as tonight. I could be wrong, and you could surprise me, but I promised myself a couple of years back that I would ride this out, for as long as it would take me. I truly enjoyed your company, your mind, and the freedom you allow me to be my true self. I just doubt that this will last.”

“Really, you think I judge people?”

“I think you judge your girlfriends.”

“I don’t’ judge any...”

“You do, if they are going to be a part of your life, they would have to meet and maintain certain criteria.”

I looked at her and wondered for a moment if this could be true. I mean I never realized that I don’t really give people any chances. As a matter of fact, it only takes once. One time for someone to do something that I didn’t like. Which makes me marvel at the fact that I’ve been with her for this long. This is the reason I love her

because she is so right. She is beyond my equal. With appreciation in my voice, I said “You are so right. This whole time, I’ve been afraid of you leaving me for something I might reveal, and you been living by my philosophy about enjoying the moment. You are very perceptive, and I love you for that. You must know, that no one is perfect, and I believe that to be true of myself even if myself refuse to make that assessment or makes a different assessment. I don’t believe anything is wrong with me. I believe I was created the way I was created for some unknown reason. However, I think I am more ready now to let you know that my mind has some unusual fantasies.”

“Let me guess, you visualize killing people?”

Astonished I sat there quiet. Could she know? How could she? I’ve been careful about the things I said to her. Interrupting my thoughts, she quietly said ‘It’s fine. Trust me, it’s more than fine. In fact, I’m ok with it”

“Wait, you are?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I do more than just visualize.”

“Wait! What?” Her eyes popped with enthusiasm. She had a smile on her face when she asked “Have you actually killed someone?”

“No, I haven’t killed anyone, I just fantasize about it. You seem way to excited for someone hearing about this. Other people, when I don’t get moved by someone getting killed or my excitement in the movies when I see someone getting killed, usually says something is wrong me. However, you, with a Doctorate in psychology, get excited. Am I to be one of your patients?”

“No silly, my excitement is from something else. You are finally opening up to me. This excites me. The thought of you sharing your lust with me excites me.” Jennifer paused for a second before

continuing, “Answer me truthfully, why haven’t you killed anyone?”

“That’s an easy answer, I love life. I love my freedom. I don’t know what will happen once I do it. Will I be able to stop? Will I enjoy so much it compromises the rest of my life? Could I control the urge to kill someone when the opportunity produces itself? And that’s just the physical part. What about the psychological part from the result of doing such a thing. Like, paranoia. For me mentally, the stress that paranoia can bring, could actually fracture my mind. I would love to figure this out, but I don’t have time. I don’t want anything to keep me from enjoying my life, my moments with you, and producing my writings.”

“Oh,” she pauses for a second before saying “if I could help you with those things, would you consider killing someone?”

“Ummm, I don’t know. You would help me kill someone? Or help me after I kill someone?”

“I would help you with whatever you need help with. I would help you balance life while fulfilling your desires.”

I sat silent, not prepared for that moment, that conversation, or her complete understanding of who I am. Then she said, “I have something that I want you to witness.” She grabbed my hand and took me to her car. We drove to her place, parked the car, and went inside. From there she turned to me and said, “I have a surprise for you downstairs.”

I was between curiosity and nervousness. I didn’t know what to think. She was pulling me to the basement. Step by step, my mind began to race. We reached to the bottom and turned right into a dark section of the basement. There was no door just an opening to another section, like a laundry room of some sorts. We walked right, then left, then left again into an opening. This section of the basement was probably eight to eight and a half by ten feet area. In the center, on a gurney, was a man strapped down. At this point,

my curiosity of who she was, and what this situation was all about, was all but gone.

“We could make this your first kill, or we can make this kill together.” she said gleefully “No worries about getting caught, no worries about this tracing back to you, no worries at all.”

I didn’t know what to say, I never been more scared in my life. It was a different type of fear though. A fear of myself, a fear of what I was going to turn into. A fear of what would happen if I decided not to go along with this. I’m not even sure of what this is.

I always dreamed of the day I was able to take someone’s life forcefully, but it was just a small fantasy. A fantasy that I never thought would come true or even have that opportunity.

The End