

# THE DEAL MASTER

A Novel

Gerard F Bianco

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## CHAPTER 1

# VICTIM NUMBER ONE

Before she could react, he attacked her. He flung her backwards onto the floor and lunged at her, pressing the cold steel blade of a pearl-handled straight razor menacingly against the side of her neck. His face, only inches from hers, began to sweat. "Don't move," he said through clenched teeth.

He felt her body tighten under him in a heightened state of anxiety, but she didn't budge. "Good girl," he said. "Now turn over and easy does it."

Slowly, she turned onto her stomach.

"Put your hands behind your back," he commanded.

She hesitated and he moved the razor, ever so slightly, back and forth in a sawing motion. She winced as the blade made its way through the first, the second, and then the third layer of skin. A thin line of blood broke through the surface and oozed down her neck like a snake slithering down a tree. She did as she was told.

"There now, that's a *very* good girl," he whispered in her ear.

He used ropes prepared with slip knots and quickly bound her hands and her ankles. Next, he pulled a small piece of duct tape from his pocket and pressed it tightly over her mouth. Then he flipped her over onto her back. He stood up and looked down at her. He smiled. She was totally helpless, completely unprotected, and she was his.

Tears streamed down the sides of her face through eyes wide with terror, and she shook uncontrollably. She fought hard against her restraints and the ropes cut into her wrists and ankles causing them to bleed. Her shoulders, thrust backwards under her, began to ache and her full weight pressed on her arms, constricting her circulation and numbing the fingers of her hands.

He was agitated and edgy, and began to pace, almost as if he didn't know what to do next. Several times he ran his hands through his short cropped hair and down across his square face. Then, from somewhere off in the distance, a haunting melody crept into the room, the same

way fog moves slowly off the ocean and blankets the shore.

Suddenly, he stopped pacing and looked directly at her face. He was surprised. He remembered being with a young woman, but now it was his mother who was lying at his feet. He was puzzled and confused. Then, as if by magic, he was a little boy again.

"Mommy, are you all right?" he asked in a young boy's voice. "What happened to you, Mommy? Why are you lying on the floor? What happened to your hair? Why is it all red?"

He knelt beside her and stroked her face. "Mommy? Mommy, wake up! Mommy?" The young woman recoiled and tried to pull away.

He raised his leg over her body and sat on her chest crushing her breasts with his weight. He continued to stroke her. Then he lifted the razor and held it close to her face. The tape that bound her mouth prevented her from screaming and she began to whimper.

"What, Mommy? Why are you crying?" he asked, as he roughly pulled the tape from her mouth.

"Please don't! Please don't!" she pleaded, staring at the razor. "Don't hurt me!"

"I won't hurt you, Mommy. I love you . . . you know that. I only want to help you, that's all. I'm just going to take away that bad red hair, Mommy. It will make you better—you'll see."

"What? What are you going to do? Why do you keep calling me 'Mommy'?"

The young woman watched in horror as he slowly and deliberately combed the razor through her beautiful red hair, ripping large clumps away from her scalp. "Oh, nooooo . . . please nooooo . . ." was all that came out of her as she found it difficult to talk—even to breathe—with his full bulk upon her chest.

The blade was sharp, and yet it pulled, pinched, and stabbed at her skin as he shaved her. "You know I hate this red hair, Mommy," he said, ignoring her incessant sobbing. "I don't want you to have it."

After ten minutes there was nothing left but the white skin of her scalp stained with blood wherever the razor had dug in and left its mark. He sat back and admired his handiwork.

"There now, you look *so* much better without that red. But quick!" he said with urgency, "I don't want you to die, Mommy, so we have to put it back!"

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop calling me that!" she screamed.

Again, he ignored her pleas and gathered some clumps of hair that were spread around her.

"Come on! We have to put it back *now*, Mommy! Help me put it back."

"I can't!" she moaned. "You cut it off!"

"You *have* to, Mommy!" he said in a stronger tone. "Otherwise, if we don't, you won't wake up!"

"How?" she sobbed hysterically, "How can I? You cut it off! Oh, God Almighty, please help me!"

"Open your mouth, Mommy; you have to eat it."

"*What?*" she said in disbelief. "You want me to *eat it*? I can't do that!"

"But you have to, Mommy, otherwise you won't wake up," he repeated.

"*I can't!*" she shouted with all the breath she could muster lying under him. "Please don't make me do that. Oh God, please don't let him make me do that!"

"Don't worry, Mommy, I'll help you."

He grabbed her by the chin and tried to force her to accept her hair, but she fought him and clamped her mouth tightly shut. He pinched her nose, and she was forced to open her mouth in order to breathe. When she did, he shoved a handful of hair into it. She fought back spitting, gagging, moving her head from side to side, but he was strong and kept shoveling hair into her.

She was running out of steam and it became more and more difficult to fight him. She struggled bravely for as long as she could, but with every second that passed, and every gasping breath she took, more hair was shoved into her, which she inhaled into her trachea. Soon, she began to cough and gag, and it was not long before she felt the need to vomit.

Seeing that she was about to heave, he grabbed her chin, and with all his might, forced it upward. With her nose pinched and her mouth shut tight, her puke was forced from her esophagus into her trachea and bronchial tubes, drowning her in her own hair and vomit. Her eyes bulged and her body shook violently as she struggled against her suffocation, but it was to no avail. The cords that bound her held true. After a few minutes, she succumbed to the inevitable.

He smiled contently as he felt life slowly ease out of her body. When he was certain that she was dead, he released her and spoke to her, softly. He told her how beautiful she was and how much he loved her. He slid off her lifeless body and sat next to her. As he gazed upon her, his passion switched from love to lust. His eyes feasted up and down her lifeless body and his excitement suddenly knew no bounds. He took a deep breath, then slowly and deliberately, stroked her neck, her shoulders, and her breasts, caressing them through the material of her blouse. His craving grew and he opened his

eyes wide in an effort to take in every possible nuance of his pleasure.

No longer satisfied with simply feeling her through her clothes, he moved his hands under her garments and fondled her bare skin. Then, when that was not enough, he unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her bra down under her breasts, revealing them to his lustful eyes.

He began to rub himself which fanned his desire to an uncontrollable level. When he couldn't hold back any longer, he removed her shoes, cut the cord from her legs, pushed her skirt up to her waist, and sliced her underwear with the razor, exposing her most private parts. Then he spread her legs and raped her dead corpse while repeating to her, over and over, how much he loved her. When he was finished, he stood up, pulled up his pants, walked over to the phone, and dialed 911.