

From Comeuppance by Denise A. Agnew

(Nightmares & Echoes III Anthology)

He grabbed the big flashlight and his handgun from his glove compartment. He glanced at the weapon and then shrugged. No one to shoot out here, but better safe than sorry. He stuck the weapon in the waistband of his jeans then shifted it to his back. A fearful vision of bumping the gun the wrong way flashed through his mind. Wouldn't do to accidentally shoot off his dick. He smirked. *Can't happen with the safety on.*

As he left the vehicle cold wind blew across his body like the brush of dead fingers. He shivered again at the sensation and the morbid thought. A forbidden delight tickled him as he went to the back and opened the hatch. He liked this moment almost more than killing. Seeing the corpses and putting upon them yet another indignity.

His flashlight caught wide-open blue eyes staring at him, a mouth open in a silent scream.

He jerked back with a gasp. His heart thundered as his breath caught in his throat. "Jesus."

For a second he'd thought... he'd thought she was alive.

He'd rolled the woman up in her own living room rug, and when he'd tossed her in the back her face had been covered. He stared at her, mesmerized and fascinated. After he'd strangled the bitch her eyes had at least been closed. He'd never seen a corpse open its eyes after they were dead. Hair on the back of his neck prickled and another rush of wind sent branches rustling behind him. Whispering.

As he snatched his gun from his waistband and swung around, he was ready to shoot. The heavy-duty flashlight swung about and illuminated the copse of trees.

Nothing.

His breath rasped in his throat and his chest heaved. Fear tickled the hair on the back of his neck.

Leaves and branches made a hushing noise, as if to tell him to be quiet.

*Quiet. Quiet. Quiet.*

A chill went through him, hard and unforgiving. His navy blue sweater didn't block the cold. That's all it was. A cold wind.

Brushing off the scare, he turned back to the corpse.

Her eyes were closed.

*No. Way.* He snorted a laugh. "You have got to be shittin' me."