

Chapter One

The water was cold. It slapped her face and had taken her breath away when he had plunged her head underneath. The hands gripped her hair tightly and she could not resist the force he used to hold her head underwater.

Her arms and legs flailed about in an effort to land on the object of her resistance. The need to breathe fresh air deep into her lungs mounted a fire inside them. She could feel the hands firm against her skull, but their lack of confidence was unveiled by the slight tremor which she felt vibrate through her body.

Odd how she could notice such things at this moment which she knew to be her death. It had to be the adrenaline that surged through her body making her acutely aware of all things, such as his smell. It was a strong body odor masked with cheap big box store after shave.

Finally, her body could fight no more and it relaxed, taking in the water that it had fought so hard to refuse. Peace came at last as her body slumped and her limbs went limp. He no longer had to fight to hold her head underwater.

It was done now. He released her hair, letting her head fall. Stepping back the realization that he had once again failed hit him hard. She was not clean; she was dead.