

# The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

By : DouglasASteel

Authors Note: Please assist me in deciding whether or not to novelise this one. This is a Prologue so no back story or summary will be given.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/DouglasASteel](http://booksie.com/DouglasASteel)

Copyright © DouglasASteel, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

I can smell it, taste it and see it on my hands. Its wet texture, its dark colour. It's blood. A young girl's blood, she must have been younger than sixteen and I ended her life without a care, it felt good. The look on her face as I wrapped my hand around her neck holding her down, and drawing the knife towards her face, softly caressing the blade against her cheek, the fear in her eyes. It was invigorating, then stabbing her through her kidney and watching the blood oozing out as she grasped trying to stop the bleeding.

Now I am sitting here looking at my hands, her body lying motionless on the floor in front of me. All I have to do is get rid of the body, that's all. But the smell, it's addictive. It makes me shiver every time I get another whiff.

I was sitting there for more than an hour relishing in that smell before getting up and moving the body down into the living room where the burning fire is still raging. Leaving the body in the living room I go through to the kitchen to grab a larger carving knife, then walking back through to the corpse I sit next to it and begin to carve up her small body, throwing the pieces on the fire. After I was finished with the body I took the rug I was sitting on and threw it in the fire as well. With all that done I went to bed.

Well that was yesterday, but today will be just as much fun. Today I have a new maid coming. I had auditioned her on the previous Friday, and given her the job right there and then. It was now Monday and the day she was scheduled to start. I better get out of bed. What is the time? Ten twenty three, taking a closer look at the grandfather clock in my room I realised it has stopped. Damn. As I Changed into my daily suit, I heard a knock at the door. Running out of the door as I fixed my jacket and hopping down the stairs two at a time. Opening the door, boy it made my morning. There she is, standing in front of me. About five and a half feet tall, waist long brown hair, big blue eyes and a very cute face.

“Mr. Sadler, are you ok?” her big eyes are looking right through me.

“Yes sorry, Miss...”

“Stewart, Elizabeth Stewart.”

“So sorry, Miss Stewart. Please come in.”

Accepting my invitation she breezed past me in her beautiful yellow coloured sundress, her suitcase in tow. Taking her suitcase from her I make my way up the stairs, gesturing her to follow me to the guest room. As we enter the guest room I notice her eyes light up like fireflies and her mouth drop.

“I take it you have never seen a room this big?”

“Eh... no. Mr. Sadler” I cannot believe how cute this girl is, blushing as she closes her mouth.

“Please, call me Jack.”

“Thank you very much.” This was something I had not counted on. She is bowing to me.

“For what?”

“For taking me in. If you had not given me this job I would have had to go back to the orphanage.”

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

â How old are you?â

â Sixteen.â

â Shouldnâ t you be at School not looking for a Job?â

â I am, but the School year ends next month I will be leaving school so I can be at this job full time.â

â That wonâ t do, please finish your full school life. I will still pay for full time work.â

â No! Thatâ s too much. I cannot allow you to do that.â

â Nonsense. All children should reach the end of school without having to worry about more adult things.â This is making me smile, her smile of shock and gratitude. The tears began to stream down her face. There was a sudden impact on my chest and I realised it was her.

â Iâ m sorry for crying Mr. Sadler.â My jacket was drenched by now so I didnâ t really care.

â Itâ s Jack, now for today I just want you to settle in and learn your way about the mansion. Ok.â Pushing her away from my chest I wipe her tears with my thumbs.

â Ok, J... Jack.â Looking up smiling through her veil of tears.

Walking out the room I took a last look at the new â Daughterâ I had just acquired. Itâ s decided tomorrow I will go down to the orphanage and make her adoption official. She will make an excellent alibi whenever I need one.

\*\*\*\*\*

The giant English oak door of the abbey loomed in front of me, I was sure this was the right address. I knocked; hearing the echo from the empty building inside made it even more unnerving. A smaller door situated in side one of the giant ones opened before me, standing there was an older woman dressed in a nunâ s attire.

â Can I help you?â Her words were cold, passing right through me.

â Yes, I am looking for an Orphanage I have it on good authority it is within this area.â

â This is the Orphanage you seek.â It was although her eyes could now see me, glaring right into my soul.

â Perfect, who do I speak about adopting then?â

â The Mother Superior, Follow me.â

She gestured me in, and once I was in, closed the door. As we were walking across the courtyard I noticed several groups of children playing with old battered toys and torn deflated footballs. I also noticed that they were all girls, makes sense I guess. Passing through another door into a small corridor, with walls lined with pictures of angels, it makes uneasy all the eyes peering into your soul. Reaching the door at the end of the corridor felt like reaching the boss in one of those video games the kids played these days. The nun opened the door and beckoned me to follow her through, walking straight up to an older lady and whispering in her

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

ear. The nun then left and the old lady signalled for me to be seated. I sat down the low light of the room made it difficult to see the old woman's face.

â I hear you are looking into adoption, Mr...â her voice was old and heavy.

â Salder, Jack Thomas Sadler.â I won't shake her hand; I don't like nuns at the best of times

â So is there any reason you wish to adopt?â

â Yes, a young girl came to my house yesterday to start a new job as a live-in house keeper. She said that she was quitting school so that she could work and escape from the orphanage.â

â You are speaking of the young Miss. Stewart.â The old woman's voice changed as she spoke; it became soft.

â Yes, I wish to adopt her so that she can continue her school life without having to worry about the more adult things in life.â

â Adult things catch us all up in time Mr. Sadler. We don't let just anyone adopt on a whim.â Straightening her back and her voice becoming stern.

â Yes I realise that but I assure you I will take good care of her.â

â Well you seem... sincere, so we will do away with all the usual formalities. But I will have to ask you a few questions in order to complete the adoption form.â

â That would be most appreciated.â Bowing my head slightly as a gesture of thanks.

â What is your full name?â

â Jack Thomas Sadler.â

â What age are you?â

â Twenty seven.â

â Spouse or girlfriends name?â

â Don't have one.â

â Final question. What is your profession?â

â Doctor.â

â For my own curiosity, any specific field?â

â Neurology, but I work as a GP.â

â Right. Now just sign here.â

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

A man dressed in a black trench coat standing outside an Academy is not a look I want to create for myself. But I was passing on my way home and it was close to the time when Elizabeth said she was finishing for the day. The bell was ringing I assumed that meant that the classes were finished, my assumption was proven correct as children of all ages poured out of the building and on to awaiting bus or walking straight down the street. Amongst the crowd of children I spotted her with what looked like friends, I waved her over. Noticing me she ran over towards me a puzzled look on her face. She was about to speak as she stopped in front of me, but instead her mouth dropped as I drew her adoption paper out of my pocket showing it to her. The look her friend's faces are quite the picture at the moment considering their friend has just jumped hugging a guy they have never seen. I could feel my jacket getting wet again. This is perfect, this girl's trust I have it wrapped round my finger. She will do anything I ask, even lie for me.

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

## The Mind Of A killer - Prologue

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-28 17:17:33