

STEPPING from his 1955 Bentley, James Kalleen paused to admire British craftsmanship. Custom coachwork was very rare in the fifties, especially so on the Bentley S1 chassis. He turned and drew his lungs full of the moist, cool evening air. Feeling very much like Sherlock Holmes or at least Doctor Watson, he surveyed the grounds surrounding the tiny bungalow in the Village of Crawley outside his native London, the sight of a covert meeting with a secretive private sleuth. He felt his breast pocket to check for the envelope of cash that would pay for the information, information he would use to demonstrate his loyalty to Lord Debaughton and bargain for his repatriation to his beloved London. Approaching the porch, he noticed dim light around the slightly ajar front door. "One would never dare leave one's front door ajar in Cleveland," he thought. He took hold of the doorknob and knocked with the other hand as he opened the door wider. "Hello, it's James Kalleen," he said.

"Hello," returned the now-familiar voice from a room containing the source of the only light. He could hear fingers at work on a computer keyboard as he walked into the room.

"Tell me what you know about our Ms. Winter," demanded Kalleen of the high back of a black-leather chair. The chair swiveled around, and Kalleen found himself face-to-face with Beatrice Winter.

She reached forward and pressed a button on the telephone answering machine. "Hello," said the familiar voice.

Beatrice stood. She was dressed completely in black, tight black-leather pants and a black turtleneck sweater. She leaned aggressively toward him and supported herself with two hands flat on the desktop. "I suppose I know most everything about her, James."

Her tone had a strange authority about it. He gazed into her eyes unnerved by an intensity he had not noticed before this night until he followed them down to the desktop to see a large dagger. He was just about to speak, when he heard a noise behind him. He swiveled around, and he found himself face-to-face with Beatrice Winter. She was dressed completely in black, tight black-leather pants and a black turtleneck sweater. "Not quite everything," she said in the same tone of authority. He gazed into her eyes

unnerved by an intensity he had not noticed before this night until he followed them down to see a large dagger in her left hand.

Kalleen came quickly to his final realization. Lord Debaughton had been right. Beatrice Winter did mean to kill him. He heard a noise behind him. Before he could look around, the blades of twin Applegate-Fairbairn double-edged daggers crossed in his heart.

Kalleen staggered and fell dead to one side taking the daggers with him and leaving Beatrice staring into each other's eyes. They could not deny it, now that they had done it together. They both knew what they were as they stared into their eyes to see themselves see themselves peer into their shared soul, the soul of a killer. They were at the same place with their minds pulsating together. Enola Gay took no prisoners. With nowhere else to get it, they reached down and pulled the black turtleneck sweaters off over their heads. "You be Jonathan," they said as they stepped into their arms and met their mouths. They sank to the floor together in psychotic passion.

..... were enjoying the company and needed Ernest's prompting to get them to leave in time to make the drive across the island to the beach. "You may never get back to Kauai. I couldn't deal with the guilt if I don't send you off to see that beach on our Na Pali Coast."

Before driving very far, McCall pulled the jeep off on the side of the road. "It's a Van Gogh," he declared. They jumped out and walked to the stone wall at the edge. The view was astonishing, the same Arles countryside that appeared in so much of Van Gogh's work, the same shades of green. Long, evergreen, overlaid brush strokes pulled scattered, tall, and slender Cypress-like trees up into a swirling sky with its yellow sun. Unspoiled by buildings or utility lines, it was a hundred years back in time.

Continuing into the map, they were soon driving on unmarked red-dirt roads across sugarcane fields. They followed the map for nearly five miles of cane, both realizing that the drive back in the dark would be tricky. Finally reaching their destination, they were thrilled to have done it. After leaving the jeep parked alone but

among other tire ruts next to a trashcan, they walked over a mound and down toward the sea. Once on the beach, there was no sign that man or woman had ever been there. The sand was dark, made mostly of lava and was piled very high. It sloped rapidly toward the breaking waves. Behind them were the tall cliffs they had flown past earlier, straight-up lava rock with exotic vegetation clinging and vining with occasional bright flowers set off by deep-green mosses adhering to the black face.

"I'll be the shipwrecked English maiden, and you be the Hawaiian savage," said Beatrice with a naughty sparkle in her eye. Seeing that he understood the fantasy, she screamed long and loud then turned and ran off down the beach. By the time he realized how fast she was running he had a lot of sand to make up and took off after her as fast as he could run. They had gone over a hundred yards before he closed the gap enough to dive and tackle her. She kicked and screamed, fighting to free her legs from his grasp. He tore open her shorts and pulled them down, but as he did, she was able to wiggle out of them and free. Scampering on hands and knees for a few feet, she was able to avoid his dive to recapture her and was up and running again. Naked from the waist down, she was a sight that weakened him as he chased her down the beach. When she looked back over her shoulder to see if he was gaining, a foot hit a depression and she fell, rolling sideways toward the ocean. Before she could get her legs back under, he was on her. She struggled against his strength as he ripped her top open, but when he forced his mouth against hers and stopped her screams, she gave herself to him.

102

BEATRICE was up early, having cycled a level faster during the play rape of the previous evening. She decided to leave Jonathan asleep and take a morning run along Poipu Beach. He would need his rest if he was to keep up with her this day. The morning air felt so good that she ran for nearly an hour into the ocean breeze. Suddenly understanding she was an hour away from the resort, she stopped to rest on a lava flow that resembled a breaking wave.

Catching her breath as she scanned the Pacific-blue horizon, she ran a scenario through her mind, she and Gay confessing everything to Jonathan. They had to persuade him to become part of their support system if they were to survive without their mother.

She imagined his reaction at seeing the two of them standing together. No, that would never work. There would be so many thoughts racing in his mind if they did it that way. He would come to one realization after another as he tried to deal with it. She pictured his confused face, his expression changing when he understood how they had deceived him. No, that would never work.

Then it came to her. He was a man, of course. During sex was the way. Let him experience identical twin lovers before he could think about the rest. She closed her eyes and pictured the scene. No, even sexually turned on, it would be a shock. She ran another scenario, then another, then another. Then the best way came to her. She saw Jonathan, tied to a bed, blindfolded and sexually excited, maybe a little high on wine, less inhibited. She was making love to him, teasing him, arousing him to desire's peak. She knew his sexual wants well by now. And so did Gay. She could feel his tongue. She could see his excitement as Gay joined them. She saw her sister ease herself over him. She saw the three of them approaching orgasm, she and Gay leaning forward and embracing as she pressed herself against his face and Gay moved up and down over him. She felt him shudder, heard Gay gasp, felt herself about to . . .

She opened her eyes to Hawaii. Yes, that was the way to do it. Every man's dream come true. It would be much less difficult for him after that, less difficult for the three of them. Still, the blindfold would eventually have to come off and he would have to deal with the reality that he had been making love to identical twin psychotic killers. Even for her pulsating mind, his reaction was impossible to predict. At least, tired up, he would have to listen to their story.

McCall was returning to bed from the bathroom when he heard a key slip into the door. Pressing his body against the wall, he waited for Beatrice to enter, lunged forward, and grabbed her. A startled little scream was followed immediately by her laughter. She turned and wrapped around him, and he kissed her. "I'm all sweaty," she said weakly when he kissed her neck.

"Mmmm," he said, lifting her. Her arms went tight around him, and her mouth pressed against his. They fell together onto the bed. Passion.