**Turning Tables**

I hear the door creak open and the familiar waft of cheap alcohol and smoke has me running to the kitchen. Her footsteps get louder. “Eric! I brought you your favourite snack, Double stuff Oreos, come on out! Stop hiding under the table, baby”. I shake my head and bury it between my knees. “Mommy went all the way across town just to buy these cookies for her favourite man in the whole world! So, don’t be rude to Mommy”. I tentatively crawl out from under the table and look up at her. I know the ritual well by now.I have to listen to mommy and make her happy if I don't wanna be punished. I stare blankly into her brown eyes as she kneels down, pushes back her long, dark hair and pulls down her skirt.

I wake up agitated, beads of sweat pouring down my forehead. I hear a ping from my phone and I see a message from Sage. My mood is instantly lifted. “I had a great time last night. Can’t wait to see you again tonight”. Its always the same thing. Women are so easy. Nevertheless, I can’t say I’m not excited for tonight. I jump out of bed and write her name on the wall right below number 32, aka Anna. I step into the bathroom for a hot shower, a huge smile across my face.

I’m impatient to reach the motel. The Uber driver is seemingly taking forever. I clench my fists ignoring the sting from the burn marks that mar my hand. Once we finally arrive, I quickly pay him and walk to the room. I feel the familiar rush of excitement as I open the door eagerly.

My grin soon fades when I see Sage standing across the room, gun in hand,directly pointed at my head. “Hello, Eric. Be a lamb and come in quietly, will you? “. What.the.fuck.is.happening.“Sage, no one has to be hurt here. Please put the gun down”. She snorts derisively. “You and I both know what you came here to do. Oh yeah,I know everything you did to all those women. But you didn't actually think you were the only sicko in town,did you?”. I am speechless and still just trying to process everything that's happening. A part of me wants to simply let her kill me right now but my primal survival instincts kick in. I find myself cautiously turn around to close the door, when I suddenly see my Uber driver run towards me shouting, “Sir, you left your wallet in the car”. Before the horror of his imminent death even sinks in, he falls down flat, a bullet shaped hole now in his head. I know this is my only chance of escaping and decide to make a run for it. But I feel a sharp pain at the back of my head and am now powerlessly sprawled on the floor. I look up to see Sage standing over me and tying her long,black hair into a ponytail,her tiny black negligee leaving very little to the imagination. She bends over,a sort of mad smile creeping across her face lighting up her deep brown eyes. I watch as she unzips my pants, before my eyelids finally give in.