

# Not Waiting on Mr. Right

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by Mya Lairis

The woman follows the stride-sure man down into the high dunes just outside my rocky border. She is wearing too tight jeans and red blouse cut low to flash her plumage. Every organism has some method of attraction, so I wonder what she thought of him to warrant such an eager display. What criteria did she see in this man that declared him fit for association more or less prepared for the fantasies that are surely within his mind? Does she just see how attractive he is? James “Jamie Boy” Herdon.

She calls him Jamie as if they are old friends or close but the cold edge that his eyes take on every time she uses the short form, he cringes. She may not know him but, this man I have known for quite some time.

Her name is Lindsey and with her auburn hair, thick curls lifting in the wind, she looks at him as if she wishes to imprint him onto the scroll of her life. Perhaps she is enamored of how artfully rugged and edgy his tattoos make him look? Or is it his wry, devilish smile and toned physique showcased by the form-fitting tank and jeans that he wears? Her eyes do travel the contours of his frame – as humans are wont to notice first.

Curiosity has me rapt in a maudlin way. I have seen him with other women just as keen to accept a beer from him, a jar of moonshine or some other intoxicant passed underneath a moonlit night. They all laughed at his jokes and blushed at his crude language, just as she does now. Skye, Caroline, Penny and Emma – their bodies grew just as heated when he set his intense blue-green gaze upon them. They all shivered with an excitement edged by bold decisions and a desire for the remarkable. This girl, Lindsey is no different.

Unfortunately.

When seeking a proper companion or a potential one, there should be standards, I have always felt. A mate should not overwhelm the senses until clear thought is nothing more than mist unattainable. Passion, that thing that humans cherish is chaotic force and certainly nothing to copulate or procreate based upon. That emotion is like fire, too quick to consume, too eager to be great and magnificent and often oblivious to anything in its path.

This I know and wish that I could convey to Lindsey, but she cannot speak my language.

She looks at Jamie Boy hungrily as she bops her head to the loud bass and twang of the blues band coming from his truck. The vehicle's headlights provide some measure of illumination for the green disco that she sways in. Against the auditory backdrop of singer crying of her need for a *good man*, Lindsey giggles. She spills her beer after too sharp of a hip swagger.

Jamie Boy swiftly provides her with another from a case that he has brought with them.

In her eyes, I can see that she wishes to copulate. I can detect her scent, just lightly under her flowery perfume and the rich yeasty smell of beer. I can see everything except calculations of anything past this night. Is the compulsion to mate so strong and bright that blinds her?

*But you are a breeder*, I try to remind her, rippling as I do so. This male is not the right one. He is not the prince I see reflected in her eyes. Yes. He will lay her down, slide inside of Lindsey and perhaps even pull the breath from her lungs; however his seed is foul, tainted. His smile is a trick.

She doesn't even acknowledge the frog the croaks when my waters churn about him.

Of course Jamie Boy doesn't either. Instead he shimmies up to Lindsey's side and slips his arm around her waist. He shows her that he too can dance. She downs her beer eagerly then, not missing a drop in an effort to maintain a two-step that will surely be indicative of their festive future together.

I roil.

How could she not have noticed that he is a selfish man? Every time she blinks or looks away from him, the mask falls and what it reveals is nothing short of destruction. Even if she did not seek a companion for her future, he should never have been a selection, not even for the night.

She might have noticed his caliber if she were cautious or even patient but she is neither. This is their first date and already she is alone with him at the creatures' light. Darkness, even when illuminated by moon or Ford pickup trucks is not a time for humans and their poor eyesight.

Again a breeder should know better.

The song ends and a lesser known tune without the right tempo begins, giving the dancers an excuse to rest. Jamie gently plops down on the grassy shore, his chest heaving but his smile broad.

Lindsey joins him without a thought as to what legions live within the dark green covering. When she thinks that he is not looking, she tugs down her shirt, as if her chest were not amply displayed. They get fresh beers.

“Damn girl, you can move. Just knew you were the girl for me the moment that I laid eyes on you. Actin’ all shy and shit.”

“I’m not shy. I’m just not easy.”

Oh but I would have laughed if I could, but an owl does it for me, not far away in the trees.

Jamie Boy rears his head back and examines her face. His gaze lingers for a moment on her crimson red lips as if he is fascinated by the color. “I think you’re scared that’s what I think,” he says after a moment.

She holds her head up stoutly. “If I were I would never have agreed to this – whatever this is.”

“It’s nature baby. That’s what it is, a beautiful night about to be a spectacular night. The lake, the moon, the stars...”

Truthfully, I doubt if he has ever noticed anything of the like. Even as he speaks of his surroundings, his focus is solely upon Lindsey.

Some females adore that I suppose.

Lindsey cracks as he scoots closer to her, until their hips are nearly touching. She does observe the night sky, the ambivalent insects carrying on their own courtship dances and then her eyes settle upon me. “How did you find this place,” she murmurs.

“Somerset Lake? Oh, I’ve been coming here for years. Used to come here fishing with my daddy. Best fishing spot in Maryland. Good sized fish. Bass, Trout, crappie, some cat too.”

“Catfish?”

“Yeah. Got those, baby.”

While he regales her with tales of his greatest catches, I muse upon the irony of the past. Yes, he was a great fisherman even then. Jamie Boy was a child of six when his father first instructed him about fish, bait and currents. But the older man taught him little more than what he needed to start. The lesson happened only once. Jamie Boy taught himself how to catch. While his father napped drunkenly upon the shore, Jamie Boy learned all about lures, casting and especially bait.

I lost many to his wiles. So when Lindsey is pliable with drink and the laughter has ceased, I recognized the tick of a reel about to be drawn in.

Jamie Boy sidles up next to her and shows her a pipe filled with sparkling crystals. I become still. Familiarity with this scene makes me sad.

He places the tip to his lips to show her that his offer is no trick, and that perhaps it is something that they will enjoy together. Surely it is nothing that Jamie Boy himself cannot endure and certainly nothing nefarious that might ruin her life.

I do not move with hope when Lindsey says no, because I see him sliding his arm about her, whispering into her ear, kissing her neck and assuring her that everything will be fine. He is flower spewing pollen that bees can ignore but never for long.

That is not charm and it is not seduction, I groan inwardly and ripples radiate out softly at my action.

She declines him several times, no more or less than any of the others did. But then she submits, taking the pipe from him and allowing him to light it for her.

No he is not proper mating material but she is soon too weighted down by euphoria to care. She ingests the drug and exhales heavy plumes of toxicity that would damage the cells of any life she attempted to create, poison the very furnace that could germinate another doleful girl or roguish male... to take after his father. The possibilities for disfiguration, for impairment, or illness are not taken into consideration.

Perhaps the only thing that was every really noted was the thick, healthy black hair, hooded mischievous eye that drift between blue and green or was it the dragons and skulls etched brightly on his biceps and along the column of his throat.

There are more than enough runes and sigils of warning before her, but these young, human children do not remember even the simplest lessons their ancestors did.

Jamie Boy and Lindsey smoke, like little worshippers of my cousin Fire. They imitate his bravado, his gluttonous hunger and deliriously wicked revelry. They are so like him that even after the couple lies down among the grass; I swear that I can see sparks: pale, pinkish-brown flames flickering as they slither and collide together.

But what I actually see is only flashes of naked skin as two become one writhing in sync. I muse upon the concept ruefully as everything in nature is connected. Two flames can join; earth certainly can cascade and meld. And at the corner of my consciousness, I dream of great

leviathan oceans and brooding seas. A river or two perhaps could meld into a greater body... a lake could be free to flow.

"You wanna be girl? I want you to be," he whispers, his voice carrying out to me upon the wind.

I imagine that he is speaking to me, courting me. So many times I have heard his voice at my shores speaking those words, and I pretend that he is the coy one, that he toys with other girls to show me his prowess, but his true purpose is far too selfish.

He doesn't dream of futures or creation. He never did. I suspected it from the moment I first laid eyes upon him fishing with his father. Even then he took too much glee in the struggles of fish upon hooks.

And Lindsey is his catch.

Jamie Boy wears the illusion of care, lovingly guiding her down upon the grass. He peels away her clothing gently, kissing each patch of flesh that he reveals as if paying homage.

Lindsey wraps her arms about him, lifts her body to him as a gift. She is under his spell in a matter of a few humid seconds; so much so that she does not understand why he thwarts every attempt she makes to worship him in kind.

He is able to shed her clothes, to linger upon the depression between her breasts, the length of her neck, the curve of a thigh, but *she* is allowed to do no more than have her hands upon his shoulders a few inches below his neck and no further than his elbows.

It is all there for me to see even if she cannot. He unveils her first and fully upon the grass, pausing to memorize her nudity, her flat belly and rounded breasts, all the things that he will soon consume.

And she reaches up to stroke his cheek with a gratitude that is heartbreaking for the fantasy of love she must imagine him to be displaying.

He brushes her hand away and gives yet another blaring sign of warning in a time when they are useless. Jamie Boy does not strip his clothing away. He never does. While he moves her bare thighs apart, it is only to make room for his denim-clad hips, and the turgid, cock he has swiftly released from the opening of his jeans.

Lindsey cries out when he enters her, sudden and harsh. Confusion ripples across her features as it did for each of his prey. The shock of his invasion seems explained away in seconds, not as a fearful attack but as raging passion. His urgent, consuming pace must seem

like magic, inspiring beads of perspiration, electrical pulses within nerve endings, staggering pulses and gasps from Lindsey's lips.

He is not as quick as he once was. Jamie Boy has learned about endurance and stamina. He is hard and fast only up to the pinnacle of his desire. He has learned to seize his orgasm, push it down into submission; once, twice... at the fourth twitching pinnacle of his body's delight, he succumbs.

She has broken before him several times, able to do little more than cling to the grass and gaze up at the stars.

She looks happy, her cheeks glowing in the ethereal light. Her breathing settles down to weakened, sated gasps and she is able to wrap her arms about him for a moment at least.

When he slides off of her and sits up, I see Jamie Boy lift the cuff of his pants. From a sheath in his boots, he draws the thin, filet knife out. I look away. Metal is a treat, a leisurely snack to me savored over time and yet when I hear the gasp and shriek, I recall its other purpose.

She lashes out at him hard, defiant. She sobers in that brilliant moment of acknowledging the gift that life is and valuing it finally. But he is much too experienced in destruction to note a slap against the face.

Lindsey scrambles away from him and up to her feet, but Jamie Boy is fast. That physique that she admired so much was trained for speed, honed to be that of a predator and I can do nothing but watch as he rises up behind her. She gets no more than a foot away before he seizes her from behind, presses his body against hers and drags the knife across her throat.

It is over. The dreams that might have been stirring in the seed that has not even dried upon her thighs yet are dying. I presume she might try one last bolt, try to fight or that she might attempt to flee but Jamie will reel her in. He is an expert.

And then a miracle happens.

Eight females, breeders, ran from me. One who had been stabbed in her lung had attempted to run back to the truck, another who was slightly more observant, had managed to run all the way to the dirt road before Jamie Boy ran her down. Emma, the poor thing ran into the trunk of tree.

I know why they chose their paths away from me. They yearned to escape the nightmare of their poor choice and return back to civilization any way that they could. I find their bodies

eventually but my children have usually left only scraps and bones. Not enough nutrition for me to savor...

But Lindsey astounds me, the heartbreak in her eyes implies that there is little for her to return to and nowhere that she could flee that she would feel safe. She looks out towards me and she moves forward.

She stumbles within my waters and I can almost hear the desperate cry of 'sister, help me,' as she staggers in my shallows. She has her hand at her throat, trying to retain her red essence, bubbling as it spills from beneath her hands, through her fingertips and into me.

'Come child. Little sister of mine,' I reply with shallow eddies, making her path easy.

She wades out into my embrace, casting fearful looks towards the predatory stalking behind her as if he might take pity and allow her to die peacefully within my arms rather than painfully cradled by a being of macabre pleasure.

But he has no such nothing, scowling at me for having allowed her to move so easily.

I should be filled with happiness when he does move to rocky edges of my body, his foot breaking through my surface. He had always been so careful before to keep his distance. Yet lust for destruction is the habit that infects his blood far more than narcotics and it overrules any caution he might have considered. I observe him, but my true attention is on Lindsey. She is just one of many that this man has ruined, but the first to look to me for help, to silently plead with eyes filled with dashed dreams.

I welcome her into my depths even though she was not the one I wanted.

Jamie Boy saunters after her, gloating as no natural predator truly ever would. Her death will not be meaningful sustenance for him or his progeny. There is no purpose to it other than ecstasy of destruction. He wants to feel power, wants to witness her dying light and unraveled release.

She falls and he rushes against my strengthening current to get to her.

I make it difficult for him. The weeds that line my bottom reach out to entangle his feet, to wind around his ankles.

"Fuck," he sneers, his former glee dissolving as his prize regains her feet and moves further away. She is nearly chest deep, and has given up on trying to contain the flow of her life. To me it seems as if she wants release.

She has set her eyes up to the moon and I see that is where she has set her hopes and aspirations. Such a smooth transition from dreams of a fleshy future to the magnificence of the only true suitor that will always welcome her, the deity of stars far older than me, that have seen it all that birthed us all and that we shall return to.

Her hand falls away from her throat and her eyelids flutter closed as she goes to her knees and lowers herself beneath my surface. I feel her weight just as surely as I can discern her taste, the salt of her tears and the essence of her soul.

Her flesh reveals its quality. She would have been strong. Her children would have been strong, and healthy. But all that she was it to become mine now. I will honor her as best as I can. Her body will be a palace. I will try to preserve her beauty for as long as I can and after her bones are cleaned they will be pillars, coves, and sanctuary for so many.

My attention returns back to Jamie Boy, and his eyes scour my surface as if he could force me to release her by sheer will alone.

He is not fire and I am not seduced or intimidated. There is no need for me to be coy or suspicious of his motives, no need for me to discern his potential as a mate or his genetic background for the fruition of my offspring. He is exactly what I want and need.

He yanks against the tips of my many fingers, looking back to the shore. Frustration wrinkles his features as he jerks one leg free only to discover it recaptured before he can take another step. Crickets, frogs, birds of the night cheer, croak and twitter around me, cajoling me for my choice, but their criticism is irrelevant to me.

Jamie Boy fights and his strength is impressive. All of that fire, that energy he has generated with plans for destruction will be useful to me, will be perfect breeding material for my children and although the creatures of the night protest my choice, so many of them were products of even worse sires.

He fumes and perhaps he is wondering what tangle of weeds his foot has gotten caught in. Bending down, he grabs hold of my fronds and tries to yank them from their hold. He manages to break a few of my tendrils, stagger a foot or two forward, but by then the gentle courting stage is over. My soft loamy mud sucks upon his body and he knows then that it is no wild copse of wetland vegetation that has him.

His first few cries are raw, primal and defiant. Impressive, but there is little opportunity for me to enjoy them as he succumbs to my tugging hold, succumbing to my muddy will.



Perhaps he could have mistaken me for a sinkhole, my actions as some natural mishap that he should have been knowledgeable about when he chose his killing ground, but once I have him fully within me, Jamie Boy's shock at my intent is huge. Enormous... but soundless.

The pudding of my earth fills his mouth, cascades down his throat and into his lungs. I embrace the shaft of his body, cradling him with sensitive yet strong roots. His clothing is a hindrance that I swiftly rid him of: boots, shirt, belt and jeans. I strip away the artificial shell that he had deemed so special to prance about in as if he were the epitome of every eye's desire and I note him vulnerable.

Well, he is. His smooth skin and strong physique is the ideal to me and I caress every inch dreaming of strong tadpoles, diligent trout, and plush pussy willows, billions of fluttering, skittering and squirming insect progeny that I will germinate and give birth to.

I have plans for all of him, pulling hair, flesh from bone. I split his chest open seeking the nutrient-rich organs within, all of it I need, from the mineral rich blood to bone. I expel offal to get at what I need, grinding, sifting, dissolving... and how he writhes as I do so.

He should rejoice. He will be a father to billions. Jamie Boy...

He would have been a horrible choice for you Lindsey, but within my embrace, he was always destined to be my Mr. Right.

THE END