

Femme Fatale

Pau Ching Yee, Louise

Bill pulled his car into the driveway of the Hong Kong Sheraton Hotel to meet his blind date, arranged by none other than his best friend. His heart leapt with joy as he saw an attractive, svelte blonde woman approach his car. But his joy was short-lived. As he got out of the car to greet her, he found himself staring point-blank at a mean-looking gun. Fortunately for Billy, he had years of training as an army Commando. He instinctively ducked as the bullet whizzed past his ear.

"Next time, aim lower," Billy said, snatching the gun out of the blonde's hand.

"Volunteering to be my practice target?" The blonde retorted. "I don't mind." Before Bill could respond, a heavily jeweled fist connected with Bill's face and he staggered against the car, one hand gripping the gun and another covering his face.

"Playtime's over." Bill straightened up and pointed his gun towards the blonde.

"Let's take a ride, shall we?" said Bill, waving his gun towards the car. "Ladies first."

When the blonde didn't move, Bill cocked his gun and edged nearer to her.

"I hope you do realize you're not the upper hand here. Here you are, completely at my mercy and facing your imminent death. Get in the car now or I'll kill you." Bill threatened. He smirked slightly, seeing the fear spread across her face as his words sink in.

"Kill me. But if you do, you'll never know who sent me." The blonde sneered.

Bill sighed in exasperation, his patience at the tipping point. Bill's arm shot out like a coiled snake, his vice-like grip no doubt bruising the blonde's arm. His gun pressed roughly onto the blonde's thigh, earning a surprised gasp from her.

"Correction. Get in the car or I'll shoot both of legs. You won't die, right away. But I'm sure you'll have a blast watching yourself bleed slowly to death. Your pick." He snarled against her ear.

"Fine." She murmured unwillingly. Feeling the cold metal pressed against her thigh, she was certain that being shot in the head was far better than ruining both her legs.

"Swell." Bill tugged her around the car and shoved her into the passengers seat. Bill got into the driver seat and glanced at the blonde, seeing her slender figure trembling terribly yet still trying to put on a brave face.

"You're a tough little thing aren't you?" he teased. When the blonde didn't respond, he continued, "Relax darling. I just want to know you better."

"Really?" The blonde said in disbelief.

"Yeah, before I kill you." With that, he started his car in full gear and sped away into the night.

Bill's car zoomed on the highway, the blonde grip tightly on the dashboard, expecting a vicious swerve every now and then.

"What's your name?"

"Erica. What's yours?" Bill ignored her.

"So... you I guess Charlie sent you, didn't he?" Bill tried to pry information out of her.

"I guess you can say that." Erica leaned back in her seat, casting a shadow over her eyes.

Bill shook his head disbelievingly, trying desperately to figure out the motives behind his best friend's betrayal. Erica pretended to study her nails as Bill muttered to himself furiously.

Just when the silence was becoming unbearable for the both of them, Bill's mobile buzzed on the dashboard. Bill frowned, glancing at the incoming number, he turned to the blonde and sniggered, "Well speak of the devil. You can tell him just what a dandy job you've done." Placing one finger on his lips to signal her to be silent, Bill pressed the mobile on speaker.

"Charlie! To what do I owe the pleasure?" he spoke with feigned enthusiasm.

The line went silent for a few seconds, then a deadly voice drawled out, "Bill. Where exactly are you?"

"Near the airport, with my lovely new friend. Why'd you ask?"

"The airport? Do you have amnesia? Did you get hit on the head or have a concussion—"

"As a matter of fact, I did get hit in the face--" Bill interrupted.

"NOT IMPORTANT! Your date has been waiting at Sheraton for about an hour! Do you know how many strings I have to pull to get my chief editor's daughter to go on a date with you? And now you're where? At the god damn' airport? What the hell is wrong with you..." Charlie rambled on. However, both of them seemed to concentrate on each other rather than him.

"But I thought... You lied." He glowered at Erica.

"Yes and I'm going to hell for it." Erica shrugged indifferently. Reaching out, she took Bill's mobile.

"Charles, Charlie ... whoever you are, Bill is not available at the moment, so if you'd please leave a message... though he'll probably not get a chance to hear it... Well nice talking to you." Disconnecting the call, Erica rolled down the windows and flung the phone out of the car.

"What are you doing?" Bill panicked and tightened his grip on his gun.

Erica turned to him with a steely expression.

"Now, your play time is over Billy boy." Erica's hand reached for the gun fearlessly and in the spur of the moment, Bill pulled the trigger.

Click.

Click. Click.

“Shit.” Bill swore. Erica laughed manically and retrieved a small pistol from her dress and aimed it at Bill.

“Now you listen to me or I’ll paint your car windows with your brain.” Erica then instructed Bill to drive off the highway. After a long while, the car ended up in front of an unfenced cliff.

“You want me to drive off the cliff?” he asked incredulously.

Erica replied indifferently, “No. Your job is done.” Without warning, she swung her pistol at Bill’s temple, knocking him out cold. Erica then got out of the car and picked up a nearby rock. Opening the car door, Erica placed the rock on the pedal. The car roared slowly to life and sent Bill to his watery grave. As the sound of the waves softened after the impact of the car, Erica turned to see an SUV approaching her. Recognizing the car, a Cheshire smile stretched across her face as she got in the backseat.

“Is the task complete?” said a man in the opposite seat. Erica settled snugly in her seat and cross her legs.

“It’s done. What’s my next assignment?”

The man across her handed her a file. On the file, Erica caught the name “Charlie Chow” was stamped on the top.

“Consider it done.”