

The Baby-Smooth Skin of the Bank Manager and His Mistress

By L.V. Rautenbaumgrabner

I was surprised, even impressed, by the total absence of pain on his face; no grimaces, jaw clenching, squints, tears, or sweat. Yet only hours ago, his hand had been shattered by a bullet. Mine; I did it. I shot the bastard during a botched heist as he was getting into his car and I came running up the street, firing. The bullet entered the back of the hand that held the car door, meaning the bullet's exit from his palm would be messy, not a clean abradable incision but rather a laceration, featuring torn tissue and destroyed nerves and bones. Yet, here he sat across from me on the other side of his desk, looking calm, almost as if he had the upper hand. The only giveaway was how he let his left arm hang down so the desk blocked my view, a pose he maintained.

"I've been here all night, Lieutenant," he said. "I haven't been outside even to a bar, let alone to rob a bank. And, no, you did not shoot me tonight."

I sneered at him, this puffy self-satisfied man. 'Bank manager.' That's the title in gold plate on his desk. What does a 'bank manager' do? He makes profits on your money, right? You deposit the hard-earned salary you sweated blood for, and he, the bank manager, plays with it. He invests, makes himself a tidy bundle out of your dough, keeping his own hands smooth and clean, never having to touch tools or get dirty.

"Let me see your hand, Saunders; the one behind the desk, the one you're keeping away from me, the one I damaged tonight."

"No, Lieutenant, I'm not going to do that. You've no warrant. Let me tell you what happened, though I know you're not going to believe me. I have a brother, Ed. We're fraternal, not identical twins, but we look alike. Ed robbed the Farmer's Bank tonight. You shot Ed. You came here, to my office, after the robbery because Ed planted a false clue, my card, by his car. My job, purely as his brother, is to keep you here. I don't need any of his stolen money. I'm what is known as 'financially secure'. The longer you remain, the more time Ed has to escape. That's what we're... Oh, come in, sweetheart."

My description of the woman who walked into the room will be inadequate. I would have to convey the shock she stirs in a male observer. I will try, but I will fail. A woman walked in, passed close by my chair, glided around the big desk, and sat in Saunders's lap. She was tiny, Asian; I can never tell them apart, Japanese maybe, or Chinese, Korean - who knows? She wore a tight red satin dress slit up the leg. The height of her sandals was such that you couldn't believe anyone could walk in them. All these vertical delights highlighted a delicate oval face with huge brown eyes, framed by rich straight black hair cascading a mile down. And she had breasts, enormous solid globes that burst over the top of her dress. She was tits on sticks, a fantasy come real.

"I see you admire my little sweetheart here. You have good taste, Lieutenant. Her presence will make the time go by more pleasantly for both of us. She is my alibi, witness to my not leaving the building. If you, Lieutenant, had her at your beck and call, would you have left here tonight?"

"Tonight Mr. Saunders tell wife he leave her for me," she told me with a little girl's halting English. "Call her now, please Charlie, call her now in front of this policeman. That make call official. Then we get married."

“Not so fast, angel.” His bland face had the amiable look he probably assumed when he told poor bastards he was foreclosing on their mortgage. “I know I told you tonight was the night, but, well, a lot of things have happened since then. Ed has gotten himself in trouble again, so we’ll just have to put that call off for a while. It won’t be long, I promise you, baby. Not long at all.”

This didn’t go down well with sweetheart who had probably been hearing a similar litany of excuses for years. Though she sounded like a child, lines around her eyes indicated a maturity. She was around forty or so, gorgeous, but not a kid. This liaison with a bank manager was going to be her curtain call, her last chance to cash in on her looks and likely amatory skills.

I saw her open a drawer and take out a gun, then suddenly shoot the bastard in the eye, damn me if she didn’t. Barely moving, she next shot into his other eye. When he first saw her point the gun at his face, Saunders brought his hand up, the one he had kept hidden from me, as a futile protective gesture or supplication. He had been telling the truth. I had not shot this guy tonight, but the girl sure as hell did.

After the shots, his body fell back in the chair, his smooth face now marred, horrible. Between her first and second shots I had withdrawn my own gun, but saw no reason to fire. Saunders was dead after her first shot, and I intuited she wasn’t going to do the same to me. She still held the gun in her hand, as I did in mine, but I didn’t think we would shoot each other. That kind of shooting is not what Nature had in mind when any man was this close to this woman.

She detached herself from her dead lover and sinuously walked towards me. She was apparently a lap-sitting sweetheart, since now she climbed onto my lap, pushing those giant breasts inches from my face.

Though I wouldn’t kill her, someone else sure did. Seconds after she boarded me, someone behind me put a bullet into the middle of her forehead. I continued supporting her back to prevent her fall, and she slumped against my chest. Her body interfered with my ability to turn around and the shooter kicked the gun out of my hand. It was a man who looked a lot like Saunders, except more wild-looking, hair disheveled, dirty clothes. And - and this here is the big one - a bloody bandage loosely covered his left hand.

“Bitch killed my brother. I could see smoke still coming from her gun. I warned Charlie about her but he wouldn’t listen. Crazy bitch. I’m going to have to kill you too, copper. It was you shot me in the street tonight, and you saw me kill this Chinese whore. So, you’re going to die too.”

He sat on top of his brother’s desk, facing me. He was nervous, agitated. I still held the dead woman against me and my gun was now on the other side of the room. Things didn’t look good. Just then, his brother’s body made some kind of sucking sound, maybe a body cavity was brimming over or gas was leaking. I’ve heard of such cadaver sonatas before.

He turned his head to stare at his brother. I had no weapon and couldn’t stand up, still burdened by the broad’s weight. The only thing I could do was to lift my leg and slam the heel of my leather shoe down hard onto his groin.

Now let’s talk some physics. When a man sits, his balls are usually situated to be protected from assault. But if he is at an awkward angle, twisted around to look in back of him, and you are very lucky, freedom of ball movement will allow heel and nads to

meet in shattering contact. The man made a sound I'd not heard before, his face went white, and he dropped his gun. Still clutching onto the girl, I leaned over, picked it up, and put him out of his misery with a chest shot.

So, the score was two brothers and one beautiful woman went dead within minutes of each other in this small office. The brothers were both at the same desk, one in a chair, one sprawled back on top of it. The woman was still in my arms.

Now, I have an ethical question. Inches from my face are two of the most beautiful breasts in breast history. But their owner is dead. If I touch them, nuzzle them, is this some sort of junior-grade necrophilia? Something weird you're not supposed to do or even want to do? But I wanted to do it. I pulled down her top and gently lifted one of them out. I saw the pale scar from the implant needed to create such giants. I expected an identical scar on the nether side of the other one too, and confirmed my hypothesis. The skin was warm, the area between breast and chest still moist.

I kissed each of them gently, tasting salt and a hint of what reminded me of jasmine tea like you get in a Chinese restaurant. I moved my lips over a nipple to see if it hardened in a post-death reflex action, but it remained flat. I knew if I hadn't kissed her I would have cursed the missed opportunity the rest of my life. If her skin had been cold, that wouldn't have been an appealing plan of action. But it wasn't. And it was. Then I pulled the top back up.

I lifted her, stood up, and laid her back on the chair. As I walked to the desk to call headquarters, I saw a green gym bag over near the doorway. The felon must have dropped it when he ran into the room after his brother was shot. I unzipped it and saw piles of tightly packed greenbacks. I removed two rolls of Benjamins and put them into my jacket pocket. I'm not a greedy man, but I never said I was a saint either.

Then I made the call.

L.V. named his sons 'The', 'End', 'Is', and 'In', but couldn't complete his little joke with 'Sight' because the wife started spitting out nothing but girl babies. After a while, he had to cease manufacture because of financial considerations; it would be over a decade before he could put his youngest onto the streets to earn her keep. Ah, some mornings it just doesn't pay to overpower the nurse and run screaming down the hallway.