It was his eyes that had first brought him to her attention. She was standing in the hall talking to someone, and when she turned to leave, there were those eyes. They reached out and took you, she thought, holding you in suspense. It had been as though she was totally naked before him—as though she could feel his fingers lightly moving across her shoulders, down her breast and sides. All of this while a hundred other people walked past.

She remembered she had shuddered, then turned and stomped away in anger, but now she knew, from that first moment she had been attracted to him.

Attracted to what, those eyes? No, there was more. She had seen him several times later that day. Always from a distance, for she did not want to come under those eyes again. In fact, the thought that she might accidentally bump into him had made her feel tense all that afternoon. Whenever she had seen him though, at a distance, she could not help but watch him—to scrutinize his movement, his manner, his being.

He was tall and slender, but the way he carried his frame left no doubt about his strength. His movements were quick, but never erratic. Every twist of the wrist, every turn of the head, was confidently predetermined, as if for effect. The well-groomed hair, the smart stylish clothes—all of this was for effect, but she had to admit, it worked.

Perhaps if she had stayed at the house Thursday evening, she thought. She had plenty of good reasons, all of that studying that she was now incapable of concentrating on. “Oh, come on,” her roommate had said, “we deserve a break.” She had gone, and of course he had been there.

He had sat down beside her, and they had a couple of drinks. Thinking back about it, she realized they had hardly talked. She did not know whether he was intelligent or stupid, eloquent or pedestrian, Democrat or Republican. They had left shortly after to go to his apartment. She couldn’t even remember the pretense.

Everything about the apartment was tasteful—the couch, the lamps, even the print on the wall—all were disarmingly tasteful. It suddenly occurred to her that here was the key to her attraction. This
setting, this modest refinement contradicted, and made more desirable, the very essence of the man. He was primal. He was the modern ape-man, disguised partially by well perfected social refinement. But it was that primal quality that had reached into her, reached through the centuries of conditioning and cultivation, and touched the core of her primal needs and desires.

The seduction, if one can call it that, took little time. He had made love to her, then driven her to her sorority house. This was the most painful part to think about, because for her, the experience had been incomplete, the desire unsatiated. He had made her feel guilty. Not through words or actions, for she had not even displayed her frustration to him—had indeed hidden it. It was as though the event made her feel guilty, as if the inability was in her.

She wanted to be angry, to feel disgusted by him. She could not. Her desire for him was intensified. She wanted more than before to be wrapped in his strength. It was futile. She had tried to call him, another woman had answered the phone. She tried to see him on campus, but never seemed to be able to catch him. Now she wanted to be close, but was held off at a distance.

She became acutely conscious when others around her spoke of him. She spoke to them of feelings she had about him, never elaborating on her own experience. Feelings about him being untrustworthy, and there being something dangerous in his eyes. She thought she was being objective, but her friends noted the slight bitterness in her caricatures of his speech and manners.

Within herself, she did not care whether the others speculated about the cause of this. She knew. To her, he would always be the infidel, but despite this, she knew that if the time were ever to come again when he turned those eyes toward her, she would go to him. She could not help it.
MURDER
by Mario Quintana