

## Terrorist

By Amanda Cobb

It had been four and a half hours since their last stop when Alexandros finally pulled in to a Motel parking lot. He had planned this trip to include just him, for once forsaking another victim. As he went to rent a room, his mind wandered to the blond woman he had locked in his trunk. She was bound and gagged, and probably scared out of her wits. He paid in cash, using his real name. Alex did not fear the police; after all he had convinced the woman to come with him willingly.

He always convinced them to come willingly. It was easy; all Alex had to do was thicken his waning Greek accent and ask for a guide. With his handsome face, piercing green eyes, and raven hair, most women simply melted and agreed. He knew that this compulsion was wrong, but he was addicted to the fear. Due to American television airing so many crime shows, most of his victims worked themselves into a panic attack before he ever touched them. Therefore it was never necessary to harm them physically.

Alex knew that he was escalating; his addiction had been causing him to be more physical with his victims, tying them up or beating them. It was usually both, because he needed more fear, more adrenaline. He wanted to be done, his increasing violence reminded him of his father. He was violent, too, especially to Alexandros who had been a shy, sweet boy until his father introduced him to terror.

When Alex was sixteen, he fought back for the first time. He quickly realized his father was afraid, so much so that Alex could taste it, literally.

After that day, he craved that taste, that smell that came when a person realized that they were about to die. He started with the younger children in his village, emotionally torturing them until they wept and pled for their mammas. The chase over, Alex would release them and not use them again. He didn't need to because their fear was palatable every time he was home to visit, even now as adults. His addiction both formed and sated, Alex applied to American universities, and attended the first one to accept him.

The campus offered a whole new assortment of fear. All of the students felt deep-rooted fears that they masked with laughs and alcohol. Alex quickly became popular with everyone; he was handsome, intelligent, athletic, and rich, so he studied his new friends and learned their secret fears. At night he would corner a fellow student and cause their fear to almost happen. He learned several important things during that time, the most important being that American men tend to express fear with their fists. This discovery led him to target women, after all Alex craved fear not pain.

He had many victims, moving from stalked, nighttime whispers to temporary kidnappings. He never crossed jurisdictions with his victim, never tied them up, and never hurt them. Until this victim, with her he had done all three things. Her terror

was so sweet that he couldn't help but cause her more. He had taken her into a local wood, with no cameras and no neighbors. She had tried to hide her fear, her chin set as she dared him to do his worst. This intrigued him so he stepped up his game and hit her.

Unfortunately he hit too hard, and she lost consciousness. He was still curious about her lack of begging and crying that he tied her hands and feet and placed her in the trunk. She regained consciousness as he was moving her into the rented room. Still she did not scream, he could tell she was terrified. He untied her and led her to the room's balcony. They sat at the table and stared at each other, one brave the other curious. Finally Alexandros began to tell her his story, confessing everything he had ever done. She listened in silence, her eyes never leaving him until he had finished.

When his tale was completed, he walked out of the room, and drove away. Once the car was no longer able to be heard, his last victim, Roxanne Ayer, a reporter for the LA times found some paper and wrote the story of a serial kidnapper, a man addicted to terror who was running from his own terrible demons.