

**DEADLY CAPTIVE: Cyrus**  
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In the Villain's Words

Part One

For this week's topic, I decided to turn to a man who is something of an expert in dubious and – more often – non-consent. He wasn't easy to find, he's been hiding out ever since the massacre at the Church of Peace, but I have some advantages as his author. I found him in Midland, North Carolina, and followed him for awhile, never getting too close. This late at night, I really didn't want to be talking to Cyrus alone, but since I didn't really have a choice, I'd settle for approaching him on a brightly lit, well populated street.

Instead, I trailed him into an alley. My nose wrinkled at the sour scents spilling from the big garbage bins lining one brick wall. I listened for his steady footsteps. Nothing.

*What the hell are you doing? Get out of there!*

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up as his cool breath caressed me. "You wanted to speak to me, Bianca?"

I swallowed, shaking a little, glancing back at the street to gauge the distance. Could I make a run for it? Then my eyes narrowed. "Don't play with me, Cyrus. I own you. You can't control me."

"I just did." He chuckled and put his hand on my hip, turning me to face him. "But I won't have much fun if I hurt you, will I?"

"No." *Damn it, why haven't I killed this guy off yet?* I did not like him touching me. "So enough with the bullshit. I have some questions for you."

"Do you?" His tone softened as he circled me. "Then join me for a glass of wine — or maybe whiskey? I won't have . . . a *conversation* with you here."

His eyes drew me in, had my mind grasping for the words to describe them. Which words had I used? Sky? Summer sky . . .

"Come, Bianca." He held out his hand. "I promise you'll enjoy yourself."

A wavy strand of black hair spilled over his cheek and I caught myself reaching up to touch it, knowing it would be so soft, like his skin. From the corner of my eye I saw his lips curling and snatched my hand back.

"I'm not going anywhere with you." I shoved my hands in my pockets and took a big step back. "Actually, you know what? Forget it. I'll talk to Joe. Or Vince. There's nothing you have to say that the readers want to hear."

"Are you sure about that?" He shrugged and hooked his thumbs to his belt loops, rocking a little on the heels of his Italian loafers. "Then kill me since I have no story to tell. What's the point of keeping me around?"

Good question. I frowned and looked him over, trying to decide if staying was worth the risk. Cyrus' strength hadn't diminished since the last time I'd written his words, but he had changed. His outfit seemed very modern. Expensive, a perfectly tailored fit, yet, somehow wrong. His arrogance was still obvious in his posture and tone, but it was . . . less pompous maybe?

"So what's your story, Cyrus?" My lips curled a little — I wanted to make it clear he didn't frighten or impress me — but my voice sounded like half my volume was stuck somewhere in my chest. Maybe under my rapidly beating heart, or lower, where I was . . . aware of him.

*Why must so many psychos be sexy?*

"Would you like to know about my first time?" His gaze drifted down my body and he ran his tongue over his teeth as I squirmed. "The situation fits your topic."

"You mean when you lost your virginity?" I wrinkled my nose. I didn't really want to hear about him doing his daddy's mistress when he was fifteen. "Nobody –"

"No, sweetheart." He moved a little closer to me, forcing me back until I was trapped between his body and the alley wall across from the garbage bins. "Let me tell them how I lost my soul."

"Ah. That." I bit my lip and shoved at his chest. Then I remembered why I'd come and what I'd brought with me for the interview. I dug into my pockets, found a pen, then brought it up under his chin. "Careful, Cyrus, I know how to use this."

He roared out a laugh, but he retreated. "Very well. Shall we go for that drink?"