



# Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:7:00

## The Chauffeur

By Paul Somerville

The drum of the rain beat heavy on the roof, drowning out the drone of the idle engine. He checks the instructions candidly passed to him by the waiter from the restaurant; they are clear, precise. A pick up point in the city. He takes a sip from the flask, warm strong dark coffee, made for him by his wife that evening. The guilt engulfs him like a wave, a small act of love shown to him by Kate, hitting him hard, like a punch to the stomach. This must be the last job, he tells himself. The last pick up, another whore to take to her punter. He had his fair share of them too; it was easy, too easy. Usually it was his regular pick-up, Maria, an exotic Columbian he had rode many times in the back of the car; perks of the job he always told himself. But this is the last one, then it's going straight – a new start, be the husband Kate deserves.

He read the note again, checking the location, no satnav and no phone. Ask no questions it says; not his usual job, it was odd, normally he picked the girls up from the restaurant – but this time the waiter just passed him the note. Draining the last of the coffee he sets off.

The rain is battering the windscreen, the wipers rhythmically swiping back and forth with little to no effect, the drivers vision

blurred, made worse with the glare of streetlights and passing traffic. Concentrating he turns left, recalling the instructions he was given, he would be told his next destination once at the pickup point. Ahead, a small bus-shelter, a lone figure, holding a small bag, waits beneath in the darkness, sheltering from the downpour. He pulls over and unlocks the doors as the figure moves swiftly to the rear passenger door and slides in from the rain. A hand, gloved in black leather, thrusts forward a small piece of paper, held between forefinger and thumb, not a word spoken. Taking the note, the driver checks the address, shoves the car into gear and moves on.

He navigates the vehicle out of the city, towards the countryside. The figure in the rear sits in silence, face hidden in the shadows, as the busy city streets give way to a dark and winding road bordered with trees and fields. A hint of perfume fills the vehicle, an odour of light blossom, with a trace of spice. He tries to see her in the rear-view mirror, but can only make out the outline of her hair, dark, straight and shoulder length; her features hidden in the shadow. She is staring out the window, blank and expressionless.

A few short miles on she turns and catches him looking in the mirror again. Leaning forward, her eyes come into view, dark, intense and beautiful, her face, illuminated by the soft glow from the dashboard, the only make-up she wears is a deep red on rounded lips, which form into a wry, playful smile. He can feel her warm breath now on the back of his neck as she leans forwards. Then she speaks, a deep voice, husky, a hint of an accent – Eastern European. “You like watching me? You like what you see?”

The hairs on his neck stiffen, sending goose bumps prickling down his back and arms, she is almost whispering now in his ear, a black glove reaches forward and brushes his shoulder, he gasps; then

she sits back, laughing quietly to herself. The driver tries to focus on the road, but desire has him thinking about those dark eyes of hers, her red lips; there is something enticing about them, inviting. Only a couple more miles to the destination, A couple more miles then he is gone, go home; but she is his type, captivating, mysterious. Maybe one last fuck, one more, Kate will never know. He glances at the flask, sitting in the cup-holder, again a pang of guilt swipes him hard.

The minutes pass, he cannot resist, again he glances up into the mirror. She is still staring back at him, then her lips part ever so slightly, the tip of her tongue, pinkish in contrast to the red lipstick, lightly brushes her upper lip. Her right hand reaches up, caresses her breast, pulling her jacket apart slightly, reaching inside. The driver tears his eyes away from her, heart thumping in his chest. She laughs loudly covering herself up again. "You are very naughty." she says smirking at his back, then her voice changes, from seductive to business, the contrast startling "We are nearly there. Next turning on the right."

The driver obeys, trying to focus back on the drive, to not get distracted. She tells him to kill the lights, slow down. They are driving down a small dirt track; the rain easing to a light drizzle. The outline of a building, a small farm-house forms out of the darkness ahead. Through an open gate, the tyres crunch on gravel. "Stop here," she commands, "I want you to wait, I'll be back. Five minutes."

"I was told just to bring you here."

"You were told not to speak, not to ask questions and to do as you were instructed." Her voice harsh, direct. "Five minutes. You wait. No questions."

Swiftly she was outside of the car, heading for the rear of the house, her movement like that of a black panther stalking its prey. He stares after her breathless as she disappears out of view. What has he got himself into here? He thinks. This isn't the usual job. The smell of her perfume still lingers as though she has left a ghost of her presence behind. In the mirror he notices she has left her bag, a small leather holdall on the rear seat, its open. He checks his watch, she has only been gone a couple of minutes, he waits a few more seconds, she isn't coming back yet. Turning back again, curiosity getting the better of him, he reaches around to check the contents of the bag. His heart beating hard, he looks inside, but it's empty; he frowns in confusion. Suddenly, two cracks of gun-fire erupt from the farm-house, breaking the silence, accompanied by two flashes of light in the upper window. He jumps in shock, dropping the holdall onto the footwell behind his seat. He tries to reach behind for it, but cannot grasp the handles. Without warning the driver's door is yanked open; she is standing in front of him, unmoving. Her dark eyes flash to the rear seat, then back to him. Her face expressionless. Taken by surprise, he opens his mouth, stutters, then says nothing. "Get in the back." Her eyes indicate to the rear.

"What?"

"No talking. Get in the back."

He clambers over the seat into the rear of the vehicle. Opening the rear door, she leans in, her jacket hangs open, revealing the swell of her cleavage, pale in the darkness. Her eyes change, they soften and glisten. "Now, take off your clothes."

"Wha-"

“No talking. Take off your clothes. All of them.” A small, playful smile flickers across her red lips, her voice lightens. She strokes the inside of his thigh with her hand, reaching upwards, towards his groin. Her touch is soft, sensual. He stiffens. His heart quickens, she rubs him through the material of his trousers, leaning further into him as he sprawls backwards on the rear seat. Her perfume filling his nostrils, his senses cloud in confusion, with desire. With ease she has unbuckled his belt. Her lips pouting. “Don’t you want me? Don’t you want to take me, be inside me?”

It’s too much to bear, he rips off his jacket and shirt, pulls down his trousers. Ready, he’s longing for her now, panting hard, erect. Never taking her eyes from his, she smiles softly, gently. Reaching inside her jacket she slowly reveals a small black pistol, and points it straight at his chest. Her face never once changing from the same sensual look. “Your wife sends her regards, to you, and the bitch in there who you have been fucking.”

His eyes widen in surprise, then a single shot. His naked chest implodes, blood gushes a dark crimson, almost black in the darkness. His mouth sags open, eyes wide in disbelief then dull as life slowly extinguishes from them and they stare back blankly.

From behind, the headlights of another car swing down the main road and onto the track, she calmly packs his clothes and belongings into the empty holdall. Raising two of her fingers to her lips, she kisses them and presses them onto the lips of the dead driver. “Bye-bye sweetheart” she says, turns and walks slowly towards the other car; holdall in hand.