

Detective pursues serial killer and falls for beautiful potential victim.

Mirror Man

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/670.html?s=pdf>

MIRROR MAN

Copyright © 2002 William M. Heim

All Rights Reserved

ISBN 1-59113-087-5

Published 2002

Published by William M. Heim, Lancaster, PA USA©2002. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Book Cover ©2002
Carolyn A. Heim

Booklocker.com, Inc.
2002

MIRROR MAN

William M. Heim

Chapter 1

There were sounds of people all around him. Happy people mostly, chattering incessantly about those events in life that cause one to pump their fists in the air and yell “Yes, Yes” at the top of their lungs. People bursting with anticipation as they waited for the arrival of close friends. They wanted badly to share news of a promotion, or maybe to rave about a new romance. Those celebrating personal triumph were among the faithful gathered here tonight. A team of weekend warriors crowded against the bar, banging together sweaty mugs of sloshing brew to cheer their latest softball victory. Not far away, two tables had been pushed together, and three generations rose to their feet and joyously lifted their crystal champagne flutes to toast the arrival of a first born child. The fourth generation was here. Back further, deep in a quiet nook just far enough away from the kitchen to muffle the stampede of bustling waitresses, a lone couple locked eyes. The man extended his arms across the table, palms up, and the woman placed her palms on his, fingers entwined. They were deep into a ritual as old as the Willow trees for which this town was known and as unpredictable as a Missouri winter. White wines nearly untouched, an exciting chapter of their lives was just beginning.

All these people. He could feel their energy, and almost see the aura they exuded as he watched their animated movements tell a story. There was no need to actually hear their words, he could read their faces and bodies as well as he could read a well-spun tale. He was allowing the forest of emotion and humanity to envelop his very being. He could drink it in just as easily as the softball team’s beer bellied part-time left fielder and full-time stockbroker guzzled his Michelob. The hair at the nape of his neck was still wet from the exertions of his play, and a single drop of amber liquid that missed his open lips dribbled down his whiskered chin. It formed a bead that dropped unnoticed onto the bare thigh of

WILLIAM M. HEIM

his twenty-something full-time secretary and part-time mistress. *They're already shitfaced.* He suspected the stockbroker had left his best game on the field, and his performance in bed would be deadened by the alcohol. *Poor girl.*

He resumed scanning the bar, looking for more amusing vignettes. He sensed movement right beside him, and caught the scent of perfume.

"Ever seen anything like this?" A woman's voice interrupted his thoughts.

He turned toward the voice, and looked up from his stool at the auburn haired woman standing next to him at the bar. She was absolutely breathtaking, even without the alcohol filter that made most of the clientele here at least palatable. He guessed she was around forty, but a less astute observer might have said thirty-three. She was not slim by today's waif-like standards, but she could hold her own with any fashion model he'd ever seen. There was not an inch of flesh on her that was anything less than firm and toned, except maybe for the gentle slopes of her perfumed breasts, which could be seen peeking out of the top of her form fitting jade green dress. The color of her dress complimented her hair and eyes perfectly. This had to be her best *fuck me* outfit. He looked at her shapely legs and dropped his gaze to her feet. A least three inches of heels were strapped to her ankles. He smiled his best smile.

"This is incredible. Who would ever think that there would be a place like this in the middle of a gymnasium."

"Believe me, this is no ordinary gym. I sometimes think that working out is only an afterthought around here. This is a whole social event, every day, every minute. I've belonged here for three years now, and I still discover new wrinkles. It's never boring. I can spend hours just watching what goes on, the parade of studs and starlets alone provides an interesting backdrop. I've never seen you here before. Are you a member?"

"Not yet. Actually I just dropped in to see what it's like. A friend of mine recommended it. I can see why."

"No question about it, it's an experience. Is your...your friend meeting you tonight?" She lowered her voice and put on a sultry face as she spoke, and her message was clear. She looked at him with anticipation. *She's mine for the taking*, he thought. *If she only knew.* She seemed to fit his profile. This place was indeed a target rich environment. But tonight, he had different prey in mind. He looked at her with regret, and unlike most of his performances, he was sincere this time.

"Yes," he said finally. "I'm expecting her soon." He paused, unsure if he should be so bold, but after two Manhattans decided he would. "It's nothing permanent. Maybe another time?"

"Maybe," she answered, and let her fingers caress his wrist and arm as she turned and walked away.

MIRROR MAN

Despite the outward appearance of celebration and happiness, he knew this place also harbored those in desperation and decline. As he continued to wait for his “friend,” he allowed his dark side to take over. He resumed scanning this crowded menagerie of humanity. Despite its rich leather and wood trappings and its unusual location, it was still just a bar. There were those who came here to drown their sorrows and to drink the liquid courage needed to speak their minds, and it didn’t take him long to pick them out. There was a middle aged man and woman seated near the entrance, caught in the din of revelry, but engaged in a muted but heated argument that was anything but happy. They were framed by the neon lights that rimmed the doorway to the lounge, close enough to be bathed by the garish glow. The effect was surreal, like an Andy Warhol painting. And then there was the man seated by himself at the opposite end of the long bar, slumped against the wall. The man’s head was bobbing and weaving, like drunks often do before nodding off to a dead sleep. For an instant, their eyes met, although the drunk’s were unable to focus. They were empty, devoid of any hope or promise. He thought about seeing his own reflection just a few hours ago, as he shaved and prepared for this meeting tonight. *If the eyes are the windows to the soul*, he thought, *then God help us both*.

Detective pursues serial killer and falls for beautiful potential victim.

Mirror Man

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/670.html?s=pdf>