

The Hitchhiker



James MacArthur

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Meeting with Fate

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Luke Batten was in his late twenties, he'd worked in the same office for ten years, working his way up the ladder until he achieved the coveted position of team manager. The pay rise that went with the job meant he could afford a nice house in the suburbs, which his wife was more than happy to furnish.

Luke was driving home from the office when he saw the hitchhiker. The man was standing on the hard shoulder; a duffel bag slung over one shoulder. His thumb stuck out; pointing in the direction Luke was going.

Luke slowed down to give himself a chance to decide what to do. His wife, Cathy, would have a heart attack if she knew he was thinking about picking up a hitchhiker. She always told him that he couldn't be sure who they were, that they could be cold-blooded killers for all he knew.

A drop of rain landed on the windshield of Luke's car. The weather had made up his mind for him. He pulled over to the side of the road just a few metres beyond the man. Luke watched in the mirror as the man hurried to catch up with the car.

Luke started to have second thoughts. The hitchhiker had long greasy brown hair, he had it tied back in a ponytail, and the shirt he was wearing had odd brown stains on the front. The hitchhiker had his hand on the door; it was too late for Luke to change his mind. He shrugged and wiped his hand on the leg of his jeans.

The passenger door clicked and swung open. The hitchhiker swung his duffel bag into the back of car and followed it, pulling the door shut just as the heavens opened and the downpour started.

"Hi. I'm Craig Collymore, thanks for stopping."

Craig smiled and stuck out his hand, Luke reached out his own and shook it warmly.

"Nice to meet ya. I'm Luke Batten."

Luke let go of Craig's hand and pulled back onto the road again.

"I'm only going as far as Greening, is that okay?"

"That's perfect man, that's where I'm heading myself."

"Any particular reason to be going to Greening?"

"Not really, I've got an old friend who lives there. Thought I'd drop in and say hi while I was in the area."

"Well it's going to take another hour or so, will that be okay?"

"He doesn't know I'm coming, so it doesn't really matter."

Luke nodded and focused on the road again. The rain was coming down heavier, making the road slippery and Luke didn't want to have an accident. Craig looked out of the window for a minute, before continuing the conversation.

"Ya know it's rare for someone to stop nowadays."

Luke was intrigued.

"Why's that?"

"Because of fear. People are scared that they might be picking up some crazed axe-wielding nutcase. The truckers never used to care about that, but a lot of companies are making new rules saying that they can't pick up hitchhikers."

Luke shrugged and sped up to over take a car.

"Makes sense I guess."

"Yeah it does, but if you look back at history. All the serial killers had driving licenses and their own cars. Hitchers are afraid as well ya know?"

"What of? That the axe-wielding nutcase you mentioned might pick them up."

"Hey weren't you listening. More likely the car driver is a nutcase than the hitcher."

"Then why did you get in the car?"

"You look normal to me."

"Ted Bundy looked normal to everyone who knew him as well."

Craig laughed.

"Good point, but I reckon the odds of meeting two nutcases in two days are pretty low."

Luke glanced across at Craig.

"Something happened to you?"

"Yeah, last night. Guy picked me up, seemed okay for a half hour or so, then he went and unzipped his fly and told me to blow him."

"Jesus! What did you do?"

Craig leaned round and reached into the back seat so he could rummage through his duffel bag. He pulled something out and faced forwards again. Luke glanced across to see what Craig was holding.

His breath caught in his throat and his heart skipped a beat as he saw what Craig was holding. Craig had a wicked looking knife in his grasp. It was almost eight inches long. Luke swallowed, a blade like that could do some serious damage to a person.

Craig laughed and put the knife back into his bag.

"That's what I did to him. I cut his arm, I was aiming for his cock though, bastard bled all over my shirt, but you don't need to worry. As I said before, you seem normal"

Luke laughed and lashed out with his left arm, catching Craig on the side of the head. He slowed down and moved his hand to get a better grip on Craig. He slammed the side of Craig's head into the doorframe until Craig slumped down in his seat.

Luke glanced across, making sure that Craig was unconscious. He flicked his indicators on and turned off onto a side road. He knew exactly where he was going and it wasn't far away.

Luke kept glancing at Craig as he drove. He didn't want Craig to wake up just yet. He saw the sign he wanted and turned off, into the entrance to a field. He checked that Craig was still unconscious before getting out of the car and opening the trunk.

He took a small bag from the trunk and slung it over his shoulder. Luke walked round to the passenger door and opened it. Craig slid out and landed on the soft ground. Luke shook his head in amusement and grabbed on of Craig's arms, dragging him into the middle of the field.

Luke dropped the bag on the ground and started to undress Craig's unconscious body. He folded each item of clothing as he removed it and placed them in a tidy pile a few feet away.

Luke was getting excited, his breathing had increased, and his heart was beating wildly. He unzipped the bag he had brought with him and took out four tent pegs and a mallet. Luke crouched down and pulled Craig's right arm out at right angles. He positioned a tent peg over Craig's wrist and brought the mallet down on the head of the peg.

The peg speared through Craig's flesh, sliding between the bones of his wrist. Luke let out a small gasp of delight. He worked quickly and fixed Craig to the ground with pegs through his other wrist and his feet. Luke moved to stand at Craig's feet. He found himself aroused at the sight of the naked man below him. He went back to the bag and took out a roll of thick tape. He tore of a strip and covered Craig's mouth with it.

Luke took several deep breaths to calm himself. He put the mallet back in the bag and slid the pile of Craig's clothes into the bag as well. He slung the bag over his shoulder and walked back to the car, putting the bag back in the trunk.

He was considering driving away and leaving Craig there for the wild animals to feast on, when his eyes fell on the duffel bag on the back seat. Luke reached into the bag and took out Craig's knife. His breath was coming in gasps as he turned the blade so it caught the light.

Luke gave a low moan and got out of the car. He put the knife on the roof and took his own clothes off, folding them neatly and putting them on the drivers seat. He picked the knife up and gazed at it in adoration, he turned and walked back towards the middle of the field.

Luke stood over Craig, watching him and waiting for him to regain consciousness. He held the knife loosely in his right hand; his left hand was busy stroking his erection. Craig's eyes opened a crack, snapping wider when they caught sight of Luke. Luke smiled and knelt between Craig's legs.

Craig tried to scream, but the tape muffled the noise. Luke slid the blade into Craig's stomach, the knife cut through the skin and muscle as if it wasn't there. Luke reached into the hole he'd made and slid his hand upwards, pushing past the inner organs until he felt something moving against his fingers.

Craig's eyes were as wide as they would go, tears rolled down his cheeks as Luke pushed his arm further inside, his fingers sliding around Craig's beating heart and squeezing. Luke kept on squeezing until the heart had stopped beating. Craig's face was frozen in a look of agony.

Luke stood up and looked down at the Craig's body, blood had flowed from the wound, staining the earth around him a deep red. Luke switched the knife to his left hand, wrapped his bloodstained right hand around his erection, and masturbated over Craig's bloody corpse.

He cried out when he finished, spraying his seed over the corpse at his feet. He turned and walked back to his car, opening the trunk again and putting the knife in the bag with the mallet. Luke took Craig's shirt from the bag and used it to wipe the blood from his body.

Luke put the soiled shirt back into the bag as well and dressed in his own clothes. His breathing was returning to normal as he got back behind the wheel and drove away. He made his way back to the main road and checked his watch. Luke smiled; he would be home in time to eat dinner with Cathy and the kids.