



I Stole Her Heart

by Sandra Banks

I stole her heart away and put ice in its place. And that was just the beginning. I worked on her as if she was clay to be moulded to the form I had chosen.

I spared no expense in ensuring that she was beautiful to look at. Her eyes were not acceptable to me and I arranged cosmetic surgery. She went to ballet classes and her movement and body were vastly improved. She liked ballet but I stopped the lessons when she began taking it seriously, as if I did not know what was best for her!

I did not neglect her education. Beauty alone would not be enough. I did plan her education to harden her view of the world. She should be a winner at all costs. Losers she despised as unworthy.

I was really pleased with her behaviour in public. She was smiling and patient. Men were drawn to her, whatever their age. Women liked her. In some way she seemed on their side. She moved gracefully through the room, spreading poison as she went as if she were my own private bomb.

Soon I would send her off on the mission. It would be a bloody engagement. I did not expect her to fail me - or return,