

The Stench of Stella Ricci

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I should have known from the first fucking minute she barged into my office that she was trouble she was high stakes and I was over my head because I would be the first to admit I was a nickel-and-dime type of guy and she was a predator with finely honed killer instincts from a childhood that would have fucked up Mother Theresa never mind Stella Ricci that's what she was billing herself as anyway but you grease my palm or my asshole and I only ask the questions you want to be answered you want to be exposed but here she was in deep black head to stiletto heels with hair redder than HIV-positive blood and an attitude that required anyone in her presence to take a quaalude to calm down after-

wards as she was as they say rather intense she yearned for what the fucking pop phrase of the week "closure." yea, like the victims' mothers and sisters screaming for their dead teenage boys' bodies so they can put them to rest in peace in some fucking bucolic suburban cemetery and Stella, yes Stella, she wanted that too but she was hungry so hungry for how should I phrase this for a very big slice of the let them fucking eat cake or even let them fucking eat Marie Antoinette's pussy and Stella would in a flash she was hungry oh yea so hungry like a vulture with bad eyesight or a piranha with teeth problems but despite any and all fucking handicaps at the end of the day this blind vulture and this orthodontally challenged piranha still get the job done they still get their meat their prey so Stella was hiring me this fag dick she heard about who lived in the East Fucking Village of New Fucking York to find this guy she said you see this guy I was fucking this young nineteen-year-old kid down from some cow-shit state who apparently was hitting all the right places with his thick hick dick 'cause Stella wanted him bad oh she didn't say it but take it from me I smelled it on her I smelled it thru her skin her clothes her hematological red hair emanated an aura of obsession (and not the fucking Calvin Klein one either or the Nina Ricci perfume that she named herself after) the stench of fuck me till I die or you die Stud and if you don't fucking think I could or would or should kill you then you don't know how close you are to the abyss to the deep shaft to the fuck me morning

noon and nite give me ecstasy cocaine champagne eat that fucking pussy and now ram it with your still-innocent cock your still-innocent boyness but your not-so-innocent need to be controlled to be manipulated your need for discipline your need for humiliation she taunted him the night it happened the night he "disappeared" she was now telling me as if I were a sister or old lover (a not-uncommon tact when a client finds out you are a fag private eye) revealing on further reflection some genuine tenderness but she didn't know I had followed her into the toilet out in the hall of my office on Broadway and Bleecker Street and sat down in the next stall to get a whiff of her ass her piss her shit anything that came from deep inside her to give me the verdict no jury but my nose could give: GUILTY! she offed every one of those kids and then some...that soon hardened as she gets hinky that I am a smell freak intent on invading her world her refuge her private graveyard and now I am getting concerned for my own safety as I am now knowing in that never-wrong deep olfactory place what generates this need in Stella to get even to torture to kill to humiliate she has even been known to grant reprieves to suit her satisfaction to some victims pardons to others and release for the unimaginative ones this last type being her early victims while she was getting her kill-skills sharpened when she first started this rampage this kill-thrill this reign of fucking terror but we know this is a clever person (hearty laughs) clever? this is a devious person in the mold of

all abused children in the mold of all killers all hunters all fucking vampires of course this all below the surface as officially she came to hire me to find her missing boyfriend who she fears is in some "vague" kind of trouble some "vague" kind of danger and if I found him she would pay me five grand more to the three grand she slapped onto the cluttered desk in hundreds plus the kid's wallet with his I.D. a picture of him on some dairy farm and a red condom as she left giving me a phone number where she could be found so I hit the rock joints and the after-hours places and some trendy cafés and sure enough people know the kid they have seen him around nice kid they all said and even one of his old one-night stands who was still smiling as they recalled this kid's dick but somehow I was not surprised at that as Stella kind of looked like she knew what she was after and had been around a lot of blocks a lot of different ways and I think that was what she was into at first before the game became an obsession a psychosis a classic case of the depressed existentialist hitting upon her reason to carry on to continue living and that was devouring young kids with big gangly dicks before she upped the stakes and started this killing binge this killing frenzy this desire to annihilate anyone who either displeased her in life or who would please her in death and as I realized this finally in my mind now no longer just in my sensitive nose in those words and then clearly the problem became not only could I not help Stella find this kid (it would be like the cop bring-

ing Jeffrey Fucking Dahmer's little boy back to Jeffrey so he could finish what he started and have a good lunch) yea that's what Stella wanted she fucking paid me to help her get this kid back in her fifth-floor walk-up Lower East Side abattoir on Pitt Street where she prepared her boys for their last trip home their last trip to oblivion on the wings of her sharp switchblade she claimed had been broken into by none other than Richard Ramirez the Nightstalker and she had every torture and killing documented on high-fucking grade videotape each one labeled with the victim's name and dated volumes one thru fucking thirteen there was the Eric tape where she put the knife right thru his heart and the Josh tape where the torture went on for thirty-six hours and his dick was sliced off and put up his own asshole as we hear Stella laughing on the sound track and then the screams from little Lenny whose nipples were cut off and fed to the victim over fried fucking rice from some greasy fucking Chinese takeout on Avenue Fucking C before she smothered him with his own funky BVDs and the most bizarre was the one where big tall Helmut had his testicles snipped off with a wire cutter and was forced to eat them uncooked and then beg her to kill him to put him out of his misery out of his pain to snuff out this nightmare he was forced to live thru but I better be careful 'cause I was dealing with a fucking female serial killer a female Jane Wayne Gacy an even prettier Ted Fucking Bundy and that I would just be another slab of meat to Stella in her hunt

for this kid Todd was his name yea that was it and this all started looking like I was on some fucking designer drug out of San Francisco and I was not sure if this is all either in my nostrils in my dick's mind or in my subconscious in that bad dream part of the fucking right side of my brain that resonates like a migraine when trouble is close and my fucking head was pounding man was gyrating was spinning out of this world so I picked up the phone and called some fucking airline to get me on a flight to some fucking fifth-world country where only the vultures have wings and the piranha go to school for breakfast lunch and fucking dinner and this nice blond voice says she can get me on the midnight flight out of Necropolis so I give her my fucking Visa number and tell her to make it fucking Business Class 'cause I was out of there out of the fucking East Village and out of New Fucking York for good or at least until they put my client Stella Ricci on Death Fucking Row 'cause the whole world was smelling bad right now smelling rank and fetid with the stench of Stella Ricci...