

Siren of the Shadows - Part 4

For EB18

By TheSpiralledEye

“Your drink, ma’am.”

“Thank you.”

I took the martini and smiled at the young serving boy, who blushed and quickly dashed away with his silver tray. With a happy sigh, I stretched out my long legs and savoured the feeling of sun on my skin. It wasn't every day I got to enjoy this body out in the sunshine, but the summer weather was simply too good to turn down. I'd never gone to a country club before; it was even more opulent than I'd imagined. The pool was on a white marble balcony that overlooked the golf course and botanical gardens, and there was a fine dining restaurant just a few feet away; the smell of beef wellington and other delicacies lingered in the air. This was the life. A life I could now afford, thanks to my nighttime activities.

After almost getting caught at the museum, I'd decided to pair back, going for smaller fish, so to speak. Even so, I'd managed to fund a new apartment and pay the membership fee here without batting an eye. Sylvia Renarde, my new female identity was becoming more and more realised as time passed. After several months of experimenting, I'd learned how to make the mask do whatever I liked; it could be invisible, and I could make any outfit I pleased and any makeup simply by thinking. Today, I had opted for a pair of stylised white sunglasses with a black bikini with golden accents. The only thing I couldn't seem to figure out was how to change my hair and skin; they were always flaming red and pale, respectively, but that didn't matter. Nobody had come close to unmasking The Fox, even with those two distinctive features. I watched the other clubgoers behind my tinted shades, mentally compiling details on who had the fanciest clothes, jewels and watches. I'd stolen enough to live comfortably for the rest of my days, but after getting a taste of luxury, living comfortably was no longer the goal.

“It seems you have an empty glass. May I remedy that?”

The voice was smooth and deep, sending a shiver down my spine. I was thankful for the black glass hiding my eyes so that he didn't see them widen slightly as I turned before regaining my composure. The man was the definition of tall, dark and handsome, with a charming smile and strong jawline. My eyes immediately darted to the diamond cuff links at his wrists and the glint of gold watchband beneath his tailored suit.

“That would be wonderful.” I smiled before subtly adjusting my posture to show off my cleavage. “You know, you’re the first person to speak to me since I got here. Well, the first one who isn’t being paid.”

“I find that hard to believe.” The man grinned, quietly summoning one of the waitstaff and ordering us both another martini. “I think perhaps you’re so beautiful you’ve scared everybody off.”

“Oh please,” I giggled. “I think that line sounded smoother in your head than it did out loud.”

“...Yeah, you’re right.” He chuckled before offering his hand. “Remmington Collins.”

“Ooooh, old money.”

“You know me?”

“Not in the slightest, but nobody but gentrified old money types would name their son ‘Remmington’.”

Remmington raised an eyebrow daringly, but I stood my ground with a playful smile. One thing I had learned since taking up the mask was that women could do or say just about anything so long as their tits were on display and they laughed. I wasn’t rude anymore, I was charming.

“Call me Remmy.”

“Like the rat from the film?”

“...Rem.”

“Better.”

We laughed and I inched myself closer; old-money types like Remmington were sure to have big events hosted at their mansions. It was exactly the sort of event I could attend to line my pockets without raising suspicion. So I laughed and drank my martini while occasionally brushing my leg against his or leaning just a bit closer than would be appropriate. By the time we said goodbye, I knew Sylvia was firmly rooted in Remmington’s mind; something that would pay off in the coming weeks, to be sure.

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The Spectre watched through the window as the police chief sighed; the portly man was on his third cup of coffee for the night and his second cigarette of the hour. This morning’s newspaper sat on his desk with the front page taunting him; ‘Fox Strikes Again! Priceless Antique Dress Stolen from Fashion Showcase!’. The Diamond Gown was almost a hundred years old, made from golden thread and beaded with actual precious stones; it had been the crown jewel, no pun intended, of the Fashion Through the Ages Showcase. Then, The Fox had stolen it right from under the security guards’ noses on opening night. It was the

third high-profile case from the burglar this month, not to mention all the petty burglaries that had been attributed to her.

Silent as the shadows, The Spectre opened the window and sprung inside, making the chief briefly startle before his face settled into quiet annoyance.

“Spectre.” He greeted gruffly. “We have a door, you know.”

“The Fox needs to be stopped.” He replied, ignoring the jab.

“You’re telling me, I have city hall breathing down my neck and we have nothing; all we have to go on is that she’s a young, red-haired woman with an oddly wide and acrobatic skill set.” The Chief ran a hand through his thinning hair. “She’s probably already destroyed the dress and sold the gems off on the black market. A priceless artefact, destroyed.”

“I’m not so sure...” The Spectre replied, “I’ve catalogued everything we have confirmed The Fox to have stolen, notice anything?”

He handed over his notes and sighed, watching the chief try to make sense of what was obvious.

“No?”

“She steals valuables, but it’s not just monetary worth she’s after. Sometimes she steals little things; arrowheads, an antique dish, a fan. I think The Fox likes old treasures as well as ones worth selling. I don’t think she’s the type to destroy anything like The Diamond Dress.”

“Well, it’s not like she could sell it on the black market.” The chief’s brow furrowed. “It’s too high profile.”

“Exactly, I think she’s keeping it for herself, like a crow collecting shiny things.” The Spectre smiled. “A selfish cur who wishes to steal beauty for herself when it should be shared with the world! I plan to put a stop to her, once and for all.”

“You say that, but you’ve not come any closer than us to catching her.”

“That’s about to change.” The Spectre said defiantly. “Her reign of terror has gone on too long-”

“Terror is a bit much, she just steals things.”

“I shall not stand by and let it continue!”

“...I always forget just how dramatic you are.”

“We shall set a trap! Then she’ll be the fly caught in our web, and she will have no choice but to unmask and face justice!”

“You’re not listening to me at all, are you?”

“I allowed her to slip through my fingers, but no more!”

“Alright, so the trap? Do you maybe want to rewind and focus on that?”

“Yes, of course.” The Spectre cleared his throat, he was grateful he had such good self-control and was able to stop the blush rising to his cheeks. Something about The Fox

just...got to him. She was all he could think about; because of her crimes, obviously. Somebody getting one up on him and continuing to break the law just really made his gears grind. It had nothing to do with that lithe body and how it had felt pressed up against him at the museum. Or those ruby red lips and smiled wryly as she made her getaway. No! Not at all.

“We are going to work with the banks to create a new security system, a vault filled with items so rare and eclectic that The Fox won’t be able to resist. Advertise it to all the wealthy elites of the city, use the fear of The Fox to get them to invest, and use the vault to store their rarest items. Then, all we’ll have to do is wait.”

“You want us to build a whole vault? This department is on a shoestring budget as it is!”

“Get the wealthy to invest, like I said.” The Spectre smiled.

“Even if we get the funds, it’ll take months to get it up and running.”

“In the meantime, I will continue my investigation. I may even catch the Fox early. The Vault will be useful regardless. Trust me, Chief, this plan is going to work.”

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I ran along the rooftops with the wind in my hair and a smile. I didn't even have a target in mind tonight, I simply wanted to run free. I wanted for nothing now, but the idea of staying home too many nights in a row was unbearable. The city called to me, no, the night did. Or rather, it called to the Fox. I could feel heat between my legs that caused me to blush. Maybe the power was going to my head a bit and my pussy. I just couldn't help it. After years of being forgotten and meek, I finally felt powerful, and that power was intoxicatingly sexy.

Without thinking, I ended up on a familiar rooftop, staring into the office windows of Eloquence and Antiquities. My first ever con job held a special place in my heart and the fact that it also ruined Mr. Sutherland's day was just a bonus. He was sitting at his desk now, going over something on his laptop and I felt my smile turn to a sneer. It felt wrong that he was still in there, living a happy, profitable life selling things he didn't really care about.

The phone rang and I silently jumped over to the next building, hanging beneath the slightly open window to listen.

“About time, have the bracelets arrived from Europe?” his voice was greedy, I could imagine the glint in his eye.

“Oh...” His voice turned sour, “Yes, I am sure they are very nice, but woven bands aren't going to sell well next to jewels and daggers, you see...yes, I understand the cultural significance, but...I was under the impression they would be gilded or bejewelled. Did they at least belong to somebody worthwhile?...If i don't know that name, none of my clients will.”

He hung up the phone with a huff and I felt my blood boil; there he went again. Just because something was pretty, he'd decided it was worthless. I decided then and there to rob my old workplace again. It was almost nine, Mr. Sutherland was sure to be leaving soon. If all he cared about were the things with the biggest price tags, I'd ensure they were all gone.

It didn't take long for Mr Sutherland to finally leave; he even left the window open for me. It was like he wanted to be robbed. I slipped a hand into the window and opened it up, stepped into the office, and crept into the security panel. The security codes were even the same; this was almost too easy. Stalking through the shadows, I watched the night guard exit one of the showrooms and make his way to the other end of the building. He'd have a full circuit to do before he returned, and there would be plenty of time to get in and out.

I opened the display room door and was met with several cases filled with valuable items. It was a bit like being a kid in a candy store.

I looked into the next case and saw a set of particularly gaudy set of ruby jewellery; it was the sort of thing people only concerned with price tag would actually wear. I reached in to grab the first piece when I felt the familiar prickle at the back of my neck. The sensation of being watched, of knowing I was no longer alone. I spun around, my heart pounding, to find myself face to face with the one person who could ruin my perfect night. The Shrouded Spectre. His silhouette loomed in the window, moonlight turning him into nothing more than a shadowy silhouette. As he looked at me, though, I could make out those sharp eyes curved in a smile. His eyes, sharp and calculating, were fixed on me.

"Fox," he said, his voice a low. "Breaking and entering again, I see. For once, I seem to have gotten here before you were ready to make your getaway. You must be getting slower."

I forced a smile, masking the jolt of adrenaline that surged through me.

"Or you're just getting luckier," I quipped, keeping my tone light. "Always a pleasure. Come to join me for a bit of shopping?"

"Crime doesn't pay, not in the long run. You know this isn't going to end well for you." He stepped forward, the faint creak of his leather boots breaking the silence.

"Oh, darling, it always ends well for me." I chuckled as I playfully dropped the ruby necklace into one of my belt canisters.

I expected more banter, but instead, he lunged; I barely had time to dodge, but thankfully, my abilities kicked in. I dropped into a split and rolled out of the way, giving his back a kick on the way back up to my feet. He was knocked off balance for a moment, but then he used his momentum to turn and tried to sweep my legs. Of course, I jumped and countered with a swift kick aimed at his midsection, but he blocked it effortlessly, his reflexes

as sharp as ever. Our eyes locked, and for a moment, I saw the flicker of amusement in his gaze. He was enjoying this little dance as much as I was.

"You're getting slower," I taunted, flipping backward to put some distance between us and grabbing several of the ruby pieces on my way over. "Or do you find me distracting?"

"What I find distracting is a blatant disregard for the law." Spectre hissed before attempting to grab my arm again as I spun out of the way.

I feinted left and then struck out with a series of rapid punches, which he parried with frustrating ease. He countered with a sweeping kick that caught me off balance, and I stumbled, cursing under my breath. He was on me in an instant, his arm snaking around my waist, pulling me close.

"Careful, Fox," he murmured, his breath warm against my ear. "Wouldn't want you to hurt yourself."

His breath was warm on my cheek, and a strange tingle shivered down my spine. Something unspeakable passed between us, and I saw my chance. I leaned in, running a finger down his exposed cheek and feeling the stubble there.

"Such a gentleman," I whispered and felt his grip loosen ever so slightly, allowing me to slip out of his grasp.

Spectre chased me as I danced between the cases, and I couldn't help but laugh. There was something about fighting the Spectre that was undeniably fun. My body burned, and I could feel myself getting wet. Then, I felt something solid slam against my back. I turned in horror to see a priceless Ming vase that was on display wobble.

"No!"

I quickly grabbed the vase and placed it back safely in its place; unfortunately, that gave Spectre the opening he needed to wrap his arms around my waist.

"You know," I said huskily, "if you wanted to get this close, you could've just asked."

For a moment, we were both still, our chests heaving. I could feel his heartbeat against my back, the heat of his body seeping into me. I could tell he felt the spark between us, but unlike me, he was too good to use it to his advantage.

"You're coming with me."

"Not this time, darling." I leaned my head back and twisted my neck to press our lips together.

I planned on making it a chaste kiss, but my lips lingered. I could taste him on the tip of my tongue, and a soft moan escaped despite myself. It wasn't like kissing the other people I conned; there was something else, a spark. I almost relaxed back into him to continue but managed to stop myself just in time. As expected, his body stiffened in shock, and his grip loosened once more, allowing me to cartwheel across the room to the window.

"You shouldn't fall for the same trick twice." I grinned, blowing him a kiss. "Until next time, Spectre!"

He was running toward the window, but I was already in the air, throwing caution and laughter to the wind as I gracefully landed on the neighbouring rooftop. I turned, ready to give him a flirty wink to haunt his dreams tonight, but instead, I saw a great shadow descending on me.

"Shit!" I barely had enough time to sprint before the Spectre was on my tail.

My heels clicked against the rooftops as I dashed and leapt, but he was gaining no matter how hard I pushed myself. The Spectre was taller than me, stronger too. I knew it was only a matter of time before he caught me or my endurance ran out. That kiss trick wouldn't work a third time, and if he caught me now, it could all be over. The fancy new life, the rush of my new persona, not to mention all the personal treasures I'd acquired. He was so close I swore I could almost feel him. Then, I saw my escape: the crowded nightclub district, if I could just find a crowd to disappear into, I could use the mask to hide.

A hand brushed my belt, fingertips bouncing off my ass as I leapt across yet another alleyway and ran for the rooftop doorway that had been left open by some lazy employee looking for a place to smoke. Chest heaving, I ran inside, quickly sliding down the bannister to cut the Spectre's line of sight. I could hear him thundering after me in those heavy boots. I focused, turning my jumpsuit into a slinky mini dress and the utility belt full of treasures into an oversized clutch. I followed the thrum of bass out into the club and quickly twirled my way into the dance floor. People were too drunk to care, they mistook my flailing for being sloshed. Three or four seconds passed, and then suddenly, the door slammed open, and in he stormed, scanning the crowd for a masked woman.

A shiver went down my spine as his gaze passed over me, but fortunately, it didn't linger. There was no way (that he knew of) that the Fox could have changed so quickly. The music stopped as people began to murmur and point at the infamous vigilante. I held back a smirk, watching his hands ball into fists, and then, without a word, he swirled his cape around him and disappeared back through the door we'd come through. The music started back up but people were too busy whispering, tweeting and texting their friends to dance. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and smiled before heading to the bar. My tongue passed over my lips, tasting the lingering flavour of the Spectre's kiss and whispered to myself.

"Till we meet again, Spectre."

