

CLEAN

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KATYA:

Not much is known about my history. I am too young to be ex-KGB. But then some say they had child spies brought up fluent in five languages and pre-programmed to understand just how to bring down the West so who knows? I certainly have nose for bringing things down. And I am known all over town for my ability to dodge camera phones. I never pose for photos, if there's no proof of what I ever looked like then how I do look now is the best, yes? Anyway, back to now. Now I have my back to the door of my Mayfair floor-three apartment. Walk. Press button. Elevator. In. Down, three, two, one. The lobby is dented with bite marks of other girl heels, not mine - I wear steel-capped leather boots up to knee. They look shiny and sweet but they smash skull in blink. Not that I do this. I wink at porter. He has five-year-old daughter who come in sometime and I buy her Haribo, Tangfastic so I can steal all the fizzy cherries. I leave. Get into low-rise Maserati waiting outside and jump in beside guy I meet every night. He say 'hi'. Hand me a pack of playing cards. Ace of spades, queen of hearts - then, ones written with fake details of fake accounts of fake money that becomes real in my hands. He goes bit pale. Did I like the joke? I poke him in ribs. 'Let me tell you this. If any of these turn out to be less than 10k like last time, I have no problem to cut off your dick and tie around your neck.' He smiles, I think he happy that I think it can be long enough to do that with - his neck is very thick. He drop me off to where I need to be, the restaurant, to meet, to eat, to be.