



NatWest

PRESENTS
THE SCAMMER HOUSE OF HORRORS

ROMANCE IS DEAD



A CHILLING TALE OF THE EVIL IMPOSTER WHO
STOLE HER HEART AND A WHOLE LOT MORE

Sitting in his dark, seedy bedroom, Victor scoured his favourite dating sites, looking for his next victim. His grin bore an uneven set of yellowing teeth as he uploaded an image of a tall, dark, handsome man that he had found online. He cast his evil net far and was quickly rewarded with interest.



Victor knew his tried and tested patter by heart. He played the part of Nate, a 34-year-old engineer from London, extremely well. His



malicious grin widened as his laptop notified him that he had a match. Slowly but surely, he reeled her in.

Emily was nervous, she was trying online dating for the first time. Nate looked nice, she tried not to be swayed by his handsome face and muscular physique. She was smarter than that. But he sounded so perfect, a former army captain who cared about nature, human beings, the arts and the environment.

Three weeks passed as Victor lay the necessary traps to snare her. She had irritated him at first, demanding a video call - but he was prepared for that – telling her he now managed a team on an oil rig and the Wi-Fi wasn't strong enough to run his camera. After a while of tedious convincing, she eventually believed him. They always do.

It was time to take it up a notch. She was ready.

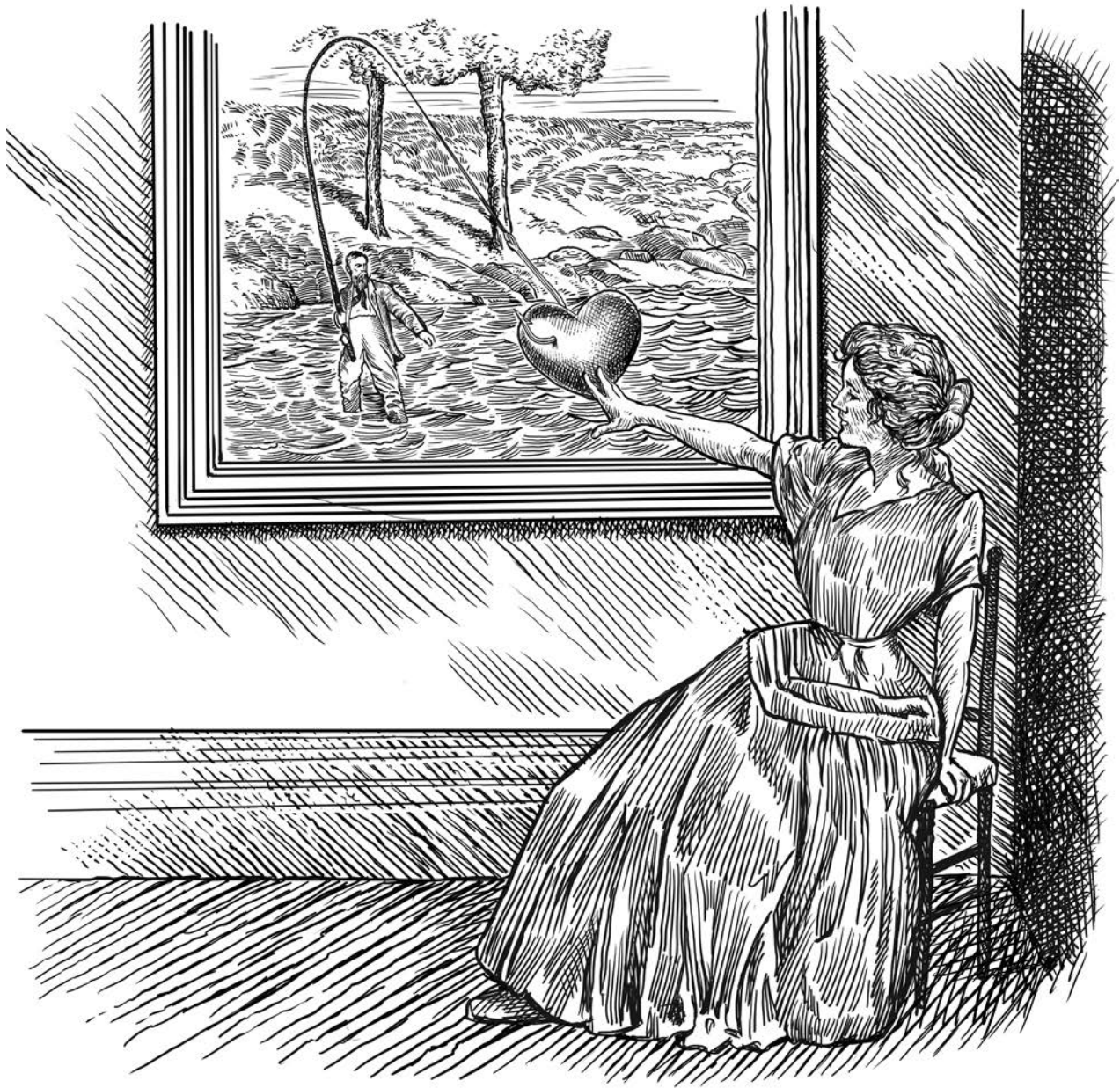
After the usual pleasantries that Victor hated but knew were necessarily rewarding, he began. 'My dear, I need to ask you a favour', he messaged, 'you are one of the only people I can trust, someone who would not betray me. I hate lies', he added ironically.

He imagined her sitting at her computer, daydreaming about how strong her connection with him had become in such a short space of time. How he needed her. Victor grimaced when she once again suggested they should video call. Once again, he evaded her - he was in control and that was never going to happen. He had too many excuses at the ready.

Victor rubbed his hands together. It was time to up the stakes. He wrote the same story he'd written so many times before, how he had



a safety deposit box with his life savings in that he needed her to look after. He needed to be sure she wouldn't betray his trust in her.



Of course, she would do this for him! Even when he told her that he needed her to pay the £8000 release fee, she agreed. They always do. It's not what you say, it's how you say it. He didn't really care that finding that sort of money would be hard. That wasn't his problem. He was sure she could sell a few things, maybe ask family members for a loan. By this point she would be certain that Nate was true to



his word and she would be paid back in no time. The things people do for love. Victor chuckled.

It took a few days to raise the money, Victor became impatient but convinced her that his sudden mood swing was only because this favour was so important to him. 'As was she.' He cringed. He knew that she wouldn't let him down when he told her he needed her most.

He received a message from Emily the next afternoon. 'I'm at the bank'. The subsequent message concerned him momentarily 'they are asking a lot of questions' she wrote.

He waited. The thrill of the moment consuming him – what would she do? His phone vibrated, he snatched it up and read the message 'It's fine, I told them it was for my boyfriend and that there was no impropriety.'

A few hours later Victor smiled his evil grin when he checked his account. He erupted into a sinister, wheezy laugh. And now to see how tight we can turn the screws before Nate vanishes. Forever...





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