

Loose Ends

by Adam Sifre

He looked peaceful. Contemplative, really. With his head turned slightly toward the back wall, everything looked more or less normal. Peaceful. If it weren't for a single fly lazily crawling over his eye-lid, Janet suspected that no one would have thought anything was amiss. Not that there was anyone else here. That might work against her, but it was too late to change the plan now. She closed the door and went to wash up.

There was surprisingly little blood on her hands and other than a few scratches on her forearms, she looked no worse for wear. Still, just to be safe she took a quick shower, paying special attention to her arms and fingernails.

The whole thing had excited her immensely and she took a few extra, delicious minutes to pleasure herself in the shower. Thinking back, there was that first kiss, the night before their wedding, when she had taken him in her mouth on the kitchen floor, and tonight. Three heated moments, sexual diamonds scattered on a desert of neglect.

When she was done, she toweled off, put on a robe, and popped her head inside the room.

He had company. Or rather, more company. Janet glanced at the windows, but they were both closed. Still, several flies now buzzed above his face, landing on open eyes, lips, and nostrils for a brief respite before taking off again. Frowning, she closed the door and went downstairs.

She had intended to make herself a sandwich, but she couldn't seem to find her appetite. The dead husband didn't offend her

sensibilities. It was the flies, of course. Instead, she made her phone call.

“Hello, this is Mrs. Kane at 17 Winding Way,” she sobbed. “There’s been a terrible accident.” In a choked, stage-shaky voice, she told the officer on the phone that she had been in the shower when she heard noises. Now her poor, sweet husband was dead, the front door was broken open and she was terrified someone else was still in the house. She was quite convincing. She hung up the phone and waited.

Everything was dead quiet, as it should be. God only knows why, but she felt compelled to pop her head in the room one last time and check on the body. As she opened the door, she was greeted, and consumed, by a roar of buzzing.

When the police came, they found a broken door, and a dead silent house. No body. No victim.

Not even a fly.

