

Moriarty lets her hair down

by Mathew Paust

She had come into his bedroom after the church ladies were in their rooms and the house was quiet. Not yet asleep, his muscles were still ticking down from their tensions of the day, mind darting through and around the questions and intertwined notions he'd known all along Moriarty was the key to resolving. He did not hear her enter the room, just felt and smelled her presence and turned his head and saw her standing near the bed, looking down at him. She'd removed whatever had held her dyed brown hair back, and it now draped over her shoulders giving her a maternal look that gently mocked the essence of danger always around her, in person or alone in name. She glowed now in the moonlight seeping through the blinds and penetrating the nightgown she'd found in his sister's bedroom while Callahan interviewed the church ladies downstairs. The shadow outline of her body brought him fully alert. He started to sit up, but Moriarty touched his shoulder and bent over and kissed him lightly on the lips—keeping the contact a little longer than the parting peck in the kitchen. She moved to the foot of the bed and sat, bringing a knee up in front of her and resting a hand on the blanket covering his feet.

[Author's Note has link to full chapter]

