

## WAYNE'S DEAD

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## CHAPTER 11

The man lays sprawled on the bed, the woman straddling him. She moves her body slowly, rotating her hips, occasionally lifting up, leaning forward, then backwards, building friction. His eyes are closed, his body sweating, his breathing heavy. She watches his face, waiting. Her body aches. She has allowed him to play out his favorite fantasy with her and he has been harsh but she does not mind; his reward is coming soon.

She moves her throbbing body, increasing speed, patient with his endurance. He grasps her hips, pulling her onto him harder, his head thrown back, his mouth forming a grimace.

She carefully reaches up under the wig, removes the thin piece of steel, watching, making sure his eyes don't open suddenly, placing the middle finger of her right hand in the loop at the end, and when he begins slamming her body onto his over and over again, she places her left hand on his right shoulder, ready. He shudders, then is still, and with her right hand, she quickly inserts the pin deep into the tender area directly beneath the sternum, forcing it with the palms of both hands.

His heart begins to leak immediately. He opens his

eyes, wide with terror. She smiles tenderly at him, placing her hand on his face, stroking. He begins to struggle, but is already too weak, his life ending as his heart stops.

"Goodbye Wayne," the woman says, her voice low, leaning down into his face, staring at him intently, watching the light begin to fade from his eyes.

Then hurrying, knowing there is not much time left before the blood will stop flowing, she lifts herself off him, gets up off the bed, runs to the bathroom, removes the condom she had inserted, flushes it down the toilet.

She then returns to the bedroom area, retrieves her tote satchel, goes back to the bathroom, placing the satchel on the back of the toilet. Reaching inside, she removes a scalpel, turns back to the dead man, sets to work.

When she has finished, leaning over him, she kisses him fully on the lips, then whispers, her mouth against his, "I love you, Daddy."

Making sure not to step or place her hands onto any part of the bed or carpet containing blood, so as not to leave any prints, she goes into the bathroom, throws the scalpel and steel pin into the sink, turns on the shower as hot as she can get it. She rinses the blood from her hands in the sink, then sticks her mouth under the faucet, greedily gulping water, her mouth dry from the antihistamines she has taken earlier.

She reaches into the satchel, pulls out incense and a

lighter, places the stick of incense on the back of the toilet, lights it, breathes in the sweet cinnamony smell as she removes the wig, tossing it and the lighter into her satchel.

After making sure her hair is tucked in tight beneath the skull cap, she steps into the tub, not bothering to draw the shower curtain. She lets the water course over her body, sluicing the blood away. She checks the tips of her fingers, satisfied they are still dehydrated from the medication.

She has shaved her pubis, legs, and beneath her arms that morning but runs her hands over her body again, assuring herself once more there is no pertinent hair anywhere that would be detected if the police are smart enough to check.

She relays in her mind what they had done before the act. She had refused anything to eat or drink, acting eager to play their game. Has she touched anything with her hands? Only him and surely a palm print could not be traced to her. She will check the bedroom again before she leaves to make sure there are no footprints from her. Her hands go to the scalp cap once more, making sure there are no stray hairs that will be washed away in case any eager-beaver homicide technician decides to pull the drain.

She takes the small packaged bar of soap, peels the paper off, throws it in the toilet, then begins to wash her

body with her hands. When she is finished, she turns the shower off, stands there a moment, letting the water run from her body, letting the air dry her.

She reaches out, grabs a hand towel, wipes the shower faucet and handle off, then throws it on the floor, stepping onto it. Retrieves another one, toweling herself off with that. When she is finished, she takes the soap from the shower, wraps it in a tissue, puts it into her purse, then flushes the toilet, watching the paper that had contained the soap spiral down.

She turns to the sink, rinses the soap off her hands, and with the water still running, carefully washes off the scalpel and pin with her fingers, placing them in a hidden section in the bottom of her satchel when she is finished, along with the wig and butane lighter.

She wipes down the counter and sink and the handle to the toilet with a dry washcloth, then bends down, picking up the towel off the floor, and stuffs the washcloth and two hand towels into her hidden compartment.

She snuffs out the tip of the incense with her fingers, throws the remainder of the wand down the toilet, flushes it again, her fingers swathed in tissue paper.

She walks into the bedroom naked, goes and stands in front of the dresser, surveying her body in the mirror, turning this way and that. She studies herself, sure she will be bruised from his assault, then goes to her clothes

which she had made sure would be far enough away from the bed to avoid any spraying, and dresses herself, watching the man the whole time.

When she is finished, her eyes survey the room, lingering on the wall behind the bed, ticking off items, making sure nothing will be left behind.

She has checked the bathroom before she left it; the condom is gone, the towels in her satchel. There are no glasses with her prints on it. She has not stepped in any blood.

Finally satisfied that there are no clues left behind and the room is clean from any residue from her body, she goes to the door, peeking out. There is no one in the hallway, so she steps out, making sure to use the sleeve of her coat to turn the handle, then stands there, removing the skull cap, which she also places into the secret compartment of her satchel. She shakes her hair out, letting it settle down her back, settles the satchel on her shoulder, then goes to the elevator.

She is not the same woman who came in with the man in room 506.