

Chapter 1

April 11, 2008, 9:35 p.m.:

Your time has come, Merissa,” he told her, his words uncoiling snakelike in venomous intention. “I have no further use for you.”

“No!” she screamed, her desperate plea rendered to a garbled wail from the cheekbone-to-cheekbone gray duct tape covering her mouth. “*No!*”

Looking at him standing in the doorway, gun in his hand, the juxtaposition of events culminating in this moment ripped through her consciousness with the unrelenting speed of an assault rifle...



He'd called from his car, explaining that he wanted to give her a gift “to show his appreciation for what she did for him.”

“I just bought it,” he told her, “and I think you're really going to like it.”

With her makeup already off and lounging in Sean's sweats and her slippers, Merissa's plan centered around a glass of wine and finishing her book, but the thoughtfulness of his gift softened her resistance.

“You didn’t have to do that.”

“I wanted to,” he said.

“How far away are you?”

“Twenty minutes, max.”

“All right, but it’s Friday night, and it’s been a crazy week at work, so no shop talk, okay?”

“I promise. The only thing I’ll say is I’m sorry you got upset with me. You were right and I learned a lesson.”

“It’s over with,” she replied. “I’ll see you soon.”

“Hey, one more thing. If you don’t mind, I want to show you a magic trick I just learned. It’s a good one.”

“Bring it on,” she said, laughing.

“Is Sean there?” he asked. “I want him to see it, too.”

“No,” she answered. “He performs at a club on Friday nights.”

“That’s right, I forgot. You told me that before.”

When she opened the door, his first comment pertained to her new hairstyle.

“Wow, look at you,” he said. “You’ve got short hair now.”

She had no reason to be anything but unsuspecting when he walked in carrying the wrapped, box-shaped gift. Reaching into the inside pocket of his jacket, he removed a deck of cards.

“First the trick, then the gift,” he told her.

Directing her to sit at the table in the front room, he asked her to examine the cards before shuffling them several times.

“Take any card you wish, but don’t let me see it.”

Selecting the Jack of Hearts, she followed his request to insert the card back into the deck wherever she desired. “Now,” he said, “shuffle them as often as you want.”

She did as instructed before returning the cards to him. Placing the deck face up on the table, he spread them

around to allow the visibility of every card except for one, which remained face down.

“Is that your card?” he asked.

Merissa squinted and shook her head in disbelief after turning over the Jack of Hearts. “That’s a good one,” she told him.

“I’ve got one more to show you,” he said, placing the cards on the table, “but I’ll need two sheets of blank paper and something to write with. In the meantime, may I use your bathroom?”

Merissa entered the kitchen but dashed back to the table when she heard the bathroom door close.

“This will be my little disappearing trick,” she said, chuckling to herself. “To reappear as you leave.”

Grasping the Jack of Hearts from the top, she placed it in her pocket before hurrying into the kitchen to retrieve the requested items. When he returned, she watched as he printed the word *hello* on one of the sheets of paper.

“Now on this one,” he said, handing her the other sheet, “write the word *goodbye* in your regular handwriting.”

The instant she finished, before she even had the chance to look up, the violent motion of a clamping hand slammed over her mouth in the simultaneous placement of the gun against her cheekbone.

“If you scream, I’ll kill you.” His voice was a muted shout. “Do you understand me?”

Merissa couldn’t think at first, too shocked and terrified to respond.

“Answer me!”

Eyes shut tight, she nodded her head.

“Now lead me to your bedroom.”

Merissa didn’t know how long her ordeal lasted, but after he lifted his body off, she retained hope the worst was over. He continued focusing his attention on her as

he dressed, presenting an expression she couldn't decipher while straightening his collar and slipping on his jacket. Retrieving the thick roll of tape from the floor, he secured her ankles together, preventing any chance at movement.

"Can't have you kicking the door closed while I'm gone," he said, removing a glove from his pocket.

He walked out, leaving Merissa praying for his immediate departure. She listened for the opening of the front door but instead heard the sound of the sliding door leading to her balcony, followed by a jangling of keys.

"*Go away!*" she wailed.

Devastation shrouded her senses as he reappeared in the doorway with his gun in one hand and, in the other, the two pieces of paper with the words *hello* and *goodbye*.

"Your time has come, Merissa. I have no further use for you."

"No! *No!*"

"I have no choice, do I?" he told her, closing the door. "After all, now that I've had you, you're no good to me anymore."

He placed the sheet that said *hello* above one side of the headboard, using another strip of the tape. He attached the one that read *goodbye* on the other side. Merissa screamed in raw, stifled helplessness, begging with her eyes for mercy. He took a deep breath and gazed at her with an expression that seemed almost waxy.

"Don't you see, Merissa? Now that I've had you, no other man ever can. Not like my spread-legged *mother*."

As his gun hovered above her head, the cold-blooded, detached tone of his voice sent her mind reeling toward the realization of experiencing her final moments. A sudden, overpowering calm blanketed her senses as the unmistakable vision of her mother appeared—maybe in her

mind, maybe in the room...she couldn't tell...smiling at her daughter and beckoning her.

"I'll make this quick and painless, Merissa," he whispered, "but no one must hear."

He rolled her over, sat on the side of her body, and leaned forward to place a pillow over her head with his hand remaining on top. The ringing of her telephone didn't register under the weighted blackness, nor did the end of his gun nudged under the pillow against the right side of her forehead, as his concluding words crooned the chorus of the familiar Beatles' refrain, signified by the title of those two indicative words on the wall.