The Encounter

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The carpet was stained and matted, the wallpaper was peeling at the floor, and the sliding glass door was encrusted in dirt. Megan scanned the room while sliding the lock on the door. The designer purse she wore was sliding off from her shoulder, the zipper at the point of bursting open from being overstuffed. She glanced at the clock then at the bed and finally at the bathroom. She reached into her purse and pulled out the small handgun, cautiously sliding it under the bed.

There was a hard knock on the door followed by three more.

Megan leaned into the peephole. She placed one hand on the door lock the other firmly holding the doorknob.

Tommy stood in the door way, a smile ~~slowly~~ broke across his face. Megan looked him up and down “Come in,” she said.

Tommy entered the room keeping his eyes on Megan as he walked toward the bed. “So do we discuss the price now or after?” He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a flask, raising it to his lips. “Maybe a drink first?”

“I have three rules: I don’t drink on the job, I don’t do bondage, and no threesomes” Megan said. She took off her top as she walked toward the bed.”

“Talk about a stick in the mud” Tommy said, walking toward the bathroom. “So, are you new to this line of work, or did you just have a bad experience.”

“The price should have already been disclosed to you” Megan said, as she took off her shirt. She kept her eyes on Tommy as she pulled the shirt over her head. “Are you always all business and no play?” asked Tommy.

Megan headed toward the bathroom wearing only a bra and pants, sweat was breaking on her brow. She closed the bathroom door behind her.

Tommy took a swig from his flask, the alcohol burned in his stomach. He walked to the window and pulled the curtains closed and then locked the deadbolt on the door. He took another swig from his flask the burning wasn’t as bad the second time.

Megan pulled her pants off one leg at a time, trying to take as much time as she possibly could. “Maybe I can just call it off now. Say I’m sick or that my period just started.”

“Did you fall in?” Tommy asked.

“She opened the bathroom door to find Tommy standing outside the door. He was an inch from her face, staring directly into her eyes~~.~~

He placed his hand over her mouth. Then he turned her toward the mirror. Tommy’s other hand came from behind his back. The knife in his hand reflected the bathroom light.

Tommy’s grip tightened around her mouth. He held the blade to her throat watching her reactions in the mirror.

Megan’s eyes opened wider as she tried to scream again.

Tommy slid the blade across her neck, blood sprayed all over the mirror. Megan’s body went limp and fell to the ground. Tommy’s grip had loosened as he watched the blood pouring out.

He stepped out of the bathroom and watched as the blood ran across the hard bathroom floor towards the dirty matted rug.

Tommy wiped everything he had touched in the room clean, looking back at the blood that had covered all of the bathroom floor. He grabbed the Do Not Disturb sign and hung it on the outside of the room door as he walked down the hallway.