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Mind Games

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Mind Games

Shaw: Mind Games

Cassandra Shaw

The light bulb above the porch flickered and died. When the doorbell rang the sound of death tolls echoed, they travelled through the interior of the sprawling Victorian house before him. The soft slap of women's pair of house slippers on hardwood floor echoed behind the glass inset, eye level in the ornately crafted door at the front of the aged house. As the door slowly swung open his eyes met a pair of icy cobalt pools.

The eyes were framed by the cinnamon hair and pale white skin of a young lady's face. The wandering his eyes did took in the subtle make-up and curled hair but focused on the satin robe she held close. Clinging to the line down her neck and shoulders and curving around her trim thighs to her knees the robe deserved the attention. She smiled showing a straight line of teeth. Vivian.

"Here so soon?"

"The drive was short. I can see I should have obeyed the speed limit."

"Let me slide on my dress, five minutes!"

With the door left slightly ajar Mark crept into the house.

This house is rather normal. As he escorted himself to the couch of a small but adequate living room Mark sat on the sofa adjacent to a brown leather wingback chair and the entry to the kitchen. *She's not ready yet, that's usual. Everything will be okay. . . Vivian can't know anything.* As he sat on the liver colored sofa he felt the urge to explore a little while his host was occupied. First probing with his eyes alone, then getting up and turning in a static circle Mark surveyed the room.

Light filtered through the bay window and led his eyes toward the back of the house. Though the day was gloomy and grey he looked toward the kitchen and saw sunshine there.

The walls and backsplash painted a cheery and morning sunflower yellow brought out the urge to move forward. As he turned the corner to his right he noticed an interesting pattern on the far wall in the kitchen, behind the dining table.

He crept closer, still not alarmed, just curious. His Hanes dress socks, night black Mezlan Orbison loafers and the floorboards cooperated; they did not betray his presence in the house. As he walked across the kitchen in silence he noticed the color of the pattern, red.

The scene past the kitchen consisted of more red with every step he took. As the now lifeless form took shape before him the bile rose in his throat, his airway constricted in panic and his legs rooted to the floor on the spot. The shock was almost too much for Mark, his shoulders shook with surprise, then slowly the shaking changed to slower heaving stifled laughter.

Mark admired the beauty of her handi-work. The exact cuts and precise science that was executed was done with an obviously steady hand. After the initial wave of disgust and nausea Mark's only urge was to examine the form closer, to get a feel for her trademark in its most recent victim.

"Almost ready!"

The light voice echoed from a far corner of the second floor. What? What do I do? As his feet started to respond to the electrical frenzy from his brain that said to run he heard her heels click-clacking evenly down the stairs.

He got as far as the living room.

Between him and the front door was the beautiful cinnamon-haired girl in a black almost knee-length chiffon dress. Her bare legs and knee high stiletto boots drew the eyes first. Then the top cut in a tight corset and a small, short, skirt attached at the bottom, her dress completed the outfit.

I can outrun her in those heels if I have to. . .

Well, he's still here. When Mark was left on the doorstep to await her return Vivian left the door ajar, a test of sorts.

I knew he'd come in. Those eyes. She watched as he shifted uncomfortably in front of her, probably not realizing that she could see him trying to inch his way toward the door, looking at it longingly and yet unable to tear his eyes from her bare flesh.

Vivian turned and reached for the door handle, it fit coolly into the palm of her well-manicured hands. *He can have the full tour of the house, he might even get to see the kitchen.*

Vivian suddenly slammed the door shut. The deadbolt fell into place with the sound of finality.