

Chapter Twenty-Six

"John," Connie Raymond shrieked, while standing in the middle of their bedroom, "it's not enough that you go off on your so-called business trips, but lying to your own wife?"

"They are business trips and what do you mean, lying?"

"The note, John, what did you do with it, Huh? Did you give it to the FBI or the police ... nooo, you kept it, right?"

"What makes you think that?" he asked, while brushing his teeth.

"Because an FBI agent came by yesterday. She said that she'd been contacted by the police and asked if we'd been bothered any more."

"And?"

"I asked her what she thought of the note and it was clear from her response that she didn't have a clue."

"What did she say after that?" he asked, while thinking to himself, oh shit.

"I made up a story. I told her that I had written a note containing a summary of everything that happened that night."

"Good thinking," he replied, while exiting the bathroom.

"So, what are you hiding from me?" she asked, her hands folded across her chest.

"You wouldn't understand and it's better that you not know."

"Better, are you nuts? Remember, it was my life they threatened."

"Don't worry, I'm looking out for you," he said, while taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

"Is that what you thought when you told me to put the alarm on and go back to sleep? Couldn't you tell that I was scared out of my mind?"

"What could I have done? The police had already ruled out forced entry and I was in Los Angeles."

"Well, they missed something, didn't they?"

"What do you mean?"

"The note!"

"OK, but I repeat, I was in LA."

"And that's another thing, what about all those trips to LA? What the hell are you doing there so often, screwing some young bitch?"

"Don't be ridiculous, you know that I love you and would never cheat on you. Believe me, it's all about state business."

"I hear the words, John, but there's little proof. Do you even remember the last time we had sex?"

"Not that again," he whined, as he turned, prepared to leave the room.

"Don't you walk out on me while we're having a discussion," she shouted.

"This is no discussion, it's a goddamned inquisition," he mumbled, as he left the room in a huff.

Her eyes beginning to water, Connie reached for the stuffed animal that had been resting on a beside chair, pressed it against her chest and fell back on the bed, sobbing.