

Snog, Marry or Kill

It's not like Jonathan has planned any of this, but at the same time he always knew that one day he would be the one to end his wife's life. Something inside him had stirred the moment he had met her in that bar on King St, She had been dancing. Jonathan had always considered dancing to be vulgar, but he liked it when Tina did it though. He wasn't sure if it was the long straw like hair she wore clipped tight to her scalp to cover her damaged mop of hair, or the nails she had done on her fingers, long like a big cat, which would be tacky and ugly to Jonathan when featured on any other woman. Maybe it was her dress, tight and bright pink. She stood out. Men were staring at her and that's when he knew he must have her. Whether for marriage or as his first kill. Her skills later in the bedroom that night made him lean towards the former. Together they had begun quite a life in the western suburbs of Melbourne. Jonathan had thought the life he had provided was perfect for Tina. He didn't care if her life was satisfying, he was fulfilled enough for the both of them. Friends and family probably would have called the marriage a charade, especially Tina's close friends. They had known about David, Tina's boyfriend, for months. Jonathon however still thought of himself and Tina as the greatest love story since 'Adam and Eve', something he reminded everyone with during their wedding vows.

It had been a hard day for Jonathon to say the least. A hard Tuesday. He had always prided himself on his position with East Bank and that had been stripped from him. All for something he never thought he would be caught for. Siphoning money from customer accounts had become easier for him as he advanced through the ranks of the standard corporate institution and no one should have been smart enough to catch him. He had only been stealing few dollars from random accounts every day. Even though he had been doing it for a few months he had not made much money, it was all about building it slowly so he was not noticed. Unfortunately the customers noticed. In between the debits for their soy latte's and their smashed avocados they begun to notice the small charges in their accounts and they were mad. Jonathan was frog marched from his office, not a corner office like in the movies, with lots of light beaming through the enormous windows. There was no huge Mahogany desk, no classic box of cigars sat for when the big deals were closed, no standard gilded frame of the family with 2.5 kids and dog.

No. Jonathan's desk was a small cubicle, fabric padded chipboard in slime green and a plastic topped desk covered in questionable stains from its previous users. The only decoration a nodding head dog figurine, with its springs over stretched, its head nodding limply at its side.

A red Prius was parked in the driveway, it caused Jonathan to frown, it wasn't a car he recognised. He shrugged it off, casually thinking one of Tina's friends must have had a new car. He also knew that now he would never hear the end of it. She would be desperate for a new car too, and he would not be in the financial situation to provide such a luxury for her. She would pout. He hated when she pouted. It made him want to hurt her. Jonathan swung open the front door, defeated.

"Tina?" He shouted as he removed his shoes and suit jacket. Putting them away in the hallway closet. He liked things tidy in his home. "Tina?" He repeated himself after he had not gotten a response glancing at himself in the hallway mirror. A gaunt middle aged man in a shirt too big stared back at him. His hair looked thinner and his face looked more wrinkled since the last time he had looked in the mirror. When had he gotten so old? It had been so sudden. He walked into the front room, there was no sign of Tina. Usually with a friend over she would be sat nattering on the sofa discussing frivolous topics. He shrugged it off, *maybe the ladies have chosen to gossip in the garden whilst they bask in the sun like snakes*, he thought and chuckled to himself. He entered the bedroom to change out of his business clothes. That is when it hit him. The moment he snapped. Tina was naked, spread eagle on the bed. The side door to the garden was wide open and for only a flash of a second Jonathan saw a man, nude, running away, his clothes bundled in his arms.

"Jonathan, I'm so sorry" Tina barely whispered, but Jonathan didn't want to hear any of it. He just didn't want to know. Rage coursed through him, instantaneous in his shock. His inner temperature rose fast, flushing his skin. It made him feel flustered. He snatched Tina by her hair and dragged her to the kitchen. She was screaming like an animal.

By the time Jonathan had finished with Tina not even her own mother would have been able to identify her. He considered what to do next. He wanted to keep Tina forever. She had ended up as he had predicted, his first kill. As dead as she was, he still loved her. He still wanted to be with her. He picked up her carcass in both arms and carried her almost lovingly to the bed they had once shared. He placed her down carefully, he remembered he had done something similar on their wedding night. He laughed to himself, it was different then, she was breathing. He stood over her and caressed her blood stain cheek.

“Don’t worry Tina, we will be together again soon.” He soothed. He walked to his side of the bed. Carefully removed his blood destroyed clothing and climbed onto the bed with her. He cuddled into to her rapidly cooling flesh and fell asleep. The best he had slept in years.

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Stood on the platform watching the trains come in and out of the busy interchange train station, Jonathan knew it was time. It had been a week. A week since he had lain Tina in their marital bed. The concealed gun in his pocket felt heavy. It was early days in his killing career but he already knew he preferred knives. Especially when the death was a personal one for him. A gun made it easier though. He just wanted to end it. The weapon itself came from his father, passed on in his will. It was nothing special but it would certainly do the job. Jonathan had never gotten on with his father and when he first was given the gun he cursed the old man for leaving him something he never wanted. *At least it had its usefulness now*, he thought.

He had sat there for at least an hour. Waiting. Waiting for the morning commuters to come with their bags and their briefcases, busying themselves for work. Their business clothes creased and not ironed. Reeking of perfumes that were too strong in some vain attempt to cover up their shortcomings. He used to be one of them, rushing to the station as he kissed Tina a hastily goodbye. A corporate yes man. *No kisses this morning though as he dragged himself to the station*, he pondered her rotting skin. This morning the smell had gotten too much. This

morning Jonathan had begun to realise what he had done as he vomited on the floor of the bedroom at the sight of Tina's dead open eyes.

Another train pulled in and the people piled off, shuffling to the escalators. The sky was a little more grey than usual. It was a good day for murder Jonathan posed. Recently his mind had been very murky. Everyday had become a good day for murder. As the passengers shoved and pushed their way on to the train that was clearly full to capacity there he was. He strode down the platform. He was proud. Prouder clothed than when he ran out naked in cowardice. Jonathan didn't like that. Jonathan stood, his feet slightly more shaky than he thought they were going to be. He pulled the gun from his pocket and held it up. Pointing it in the direction of the proud striding man.

"David!" Jonathan screamed his name, his voice rage and fear. The striding man turned, puzzled. Handsome and well put together. Turning as if he was about to greet an old friend. Jonathan paused a moment and let the man register just who he was. Panic spread across the proud man's face. His handsome features melting into pleading and crying.

Bang.

David hit the ground. The glorious grotesque sound of meat thudding onto concrete. Jonathan let out a slight guttural groan, revenge was orgasmic. Jonathan watched the blood already starting to pool. A train began to stampede down the platform. It almost cloaked the sounds of those who had watched and screamed. The crowd rushed. Jonathan simply stepped in front of the train. He was gone.

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The TV blared in the background. It piqued his interest slightly. More than the usual human interest and natural disasters that seemed to run 24/7 on the news channel. He remembered Jonathan from when they had first met. Down in the underground whiskey lounge,

musings over bizarre fascinations. In his Clubhouse, smiling to himself he could almost taste the smooth biting burn of the top shelf whiskey. He had always assumed Jonathan would not amount to much. A lot of talk but very little action. Maybe he had more backbone than he thought.

Photos of Jonathan's cheating wife and her lover came up on the screen. "Such a sad loss" the news caster said. She was an average looking woman. He shook his head. This was all too messy. He thought, *he never taught Jonathan to fly off the handle like this*. As Jonathan's face flooded the screen he was surprised. The Jonathan he knew stood prouder and took more care in himself. *Jonathan must have been spiraling for a while*, he thought. He commended himself on deleting his email account and stripping him computer of his and Jonathan's correspondence long ago. *At least Jonathan had used some of those special knife tricks he had showed him years before on that ugly piece of meat he called a wife*, he thought. It wasn't a complete waste.

He continued to sharpen the hunting blade he affectionately labelled his favourite. Maybe his next protégé would do better.