



Amy Will Never Know

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The condom's past its expiration date. Does that matter? It's not like she's going to get pregnant after all. She probably doesn't even have a uterus after all of these years, Walter Humes thought. The cellophane wrapper crinkled between his pale, oil-stained fingers as he extracted it from that dark corner of his wallet where it had waited for all those years.

But what if for some bizarre reason old Mrs. McCreedy gets exhumed? They might find out what I've done and then what would they do to me? The humiliation of everyone knowing would be god awful, hell it's unthinkable. But worse by far would be Amy finding out. Though he knew she would never be his, he did love her and was never without the hope that somehow, silently, she loved him as well.

No, she can never know about this. His skin crawled at the thought, and he thrust it out of his mind. Would a condom he'd transferred from wallet to wallet ever since high school still work nearly twenty years later? He hoped so.

He looked up at the old woman sprawled within the comforting v-shaped cradle of the old slate draining table he'd gotten from the university in Corvallis. Her faded blue flannel nightgown had ridden up on her pale crepe-paper skin at an alluring angle despite the varicose veins and age spots across her thighs. The pale blonde hair he'd remembered from his school days had just been turning to gray when he'd entered her class for the first time in the fourth grade. Now it was snowy white and hung limply from her thinning scalp. Her plump thighs and breasts, while comforting and enticing when he was a boy, had grown less taut and resilient. They poured to either side of her like soft dough. But despite all the physical damage age had done to this glorious woman, he could still see her the way she'd been. It brought all the old feelings back to have her here with him in the dark quiet back room of his mortuary.

Spurred on by a life of deprivation of the normal comforts of a woman, Walter parted her thighs and was assailed by the strong odors emanating from her nether regions. Death had been unkind to the fastidiousness of this lovely lady.

Should I clean her up first? Make her look her best?

No! Concentrate on the condom. Just do it. Get it over with.