



Be My Valentine

She plucked the petal from the rose, caressed it between her thumb and forefinger, and dropped it on the satin with the many others she'd strewn about. Their heady scent filled the room with their floral allure. She stripped away another crimson petal and carefully arranged it on the pillow. A crease in the satin faded away under the stroking of her long, shapely fingers. Everything had to be perfect. She pillaged the rose and chose another to denude until the soft pink satin pillowcase was lightly covered. Gerald always said there was nothing more romantic than satin sheets and fresh rose petals, so she was giving him what he wanted. The candles burning throughout the room provided the only light and their aromas intertwined with that of the roses. A smudge on the brass marred her lovely face with a pouty frown. Both disappeared as she rubbed the cool metal with a satin cloth. Nothing could ruin the evening. Nothing.

She lightly ran her fingertips across his warm brow to sweep the hair off his face. Then she trailed the backs of her fingers down his cheek in a loving caress that failed to express the depths of her devotion to him. He had such a strong, handsome face. She could spend days looking at him. She would do anything to please him. She loved him so much.

"It will be perfect, my darling," she assured him. "I promise. Just you and me. No one will interfere." She kissed his forehead, then his left cheek and his right cheek. Lastly she delicately kissed his lips and savored the flavor of them one more time. He let out a moan and she smiled. His eyes pleaded with her, but she did not give in.

"I'm not done yet, love. Be patient," she chuckled.

She turned with the quiet rustle of satin against skin and picked up the first bouquet of roses, which she lay next to his arm. Gerald always brought her roses after he'd cheated on her with some other woman. And because he'd always promised it would never happen again and that he only loved her, she had forgiven him. She placed the next bouquet of roses on top of the first so that they covered the greenery of the first with their bright red heads. The third bouquet lay on the second and the fourth upon the third. She continued on until he was embraced on both sides by roses, one bouquet for each of his infidelities.

His moans became more desperate and he rocked his head from side to side, displacing some of the rose petals she'd so carefully spread about him.

"No, sweetheart, don't," she admonished. She placed her hands on either side of his face to hold him still and looked deeply into his beautiful blue eyes. "It's alright, love. I forgive you, and I accept your apology. You see you were right all along. It will always be just you and me. It won't ever happen again just like you promised. Everything will be perfect. You will never be tempted by any of those other women to stray from my side again. You will always be true to me and none of them will matter. I love you, Gerald, and I know you love me too."

She bent and gave him one last kiss, but pressed more deeply this time and tried to ignore the satin gag that stretched his mouth unnaturally. Then she straightened and gently pulled the pink satin sheet a little higher across his ribcage and the steel band that held him in place. She hoped that the cool metal would not chafe his delicate skin. Gerald scratched so easily. As she smoothed the sheet over him, she created the illusion that he was relaxed within his bed of roses. That thought made her smile again.

She reached up and pulled the bottom oak door down over his legs. It snapped shut with a lovely click of locks colliding together and then finding their perfect fit as one slid into the other. Gerald moaned more frantically and she turned and gave him another lovely smile.

"It really will be perfect," she murmured. "You'll see. I love you, Gerald," she said and blew him a kiss. "Happy Valentine's day." Then she brought the top door down and listened to the locks fall into place. She could no longer hear Gerald's cries. They were too well muffled by the coffin.



"Don't worry, darling," she purred, stroking the fine wood. "I've picked out a lovely hilltop plot for you overlooking the city and I'll visit you every day. And you'll always be my valentine."