

TEXT 5

This was the place where i got my heart crashed into pieces.

I thought while carefully stepping over glass that was shattered on the floor. As i watched the crime scene, so familiar it hurted, i couldnt help but to recall all the words he used to tell me. The acts of service and the gifts he made me receive. The tiny notes and quick glances he would send me. The passionate touches and hungry kisses...

"What a shame. We've lost an important businessman and a great person as well..." my colleague said, looking at the victim's body, that was now not so full of life as it used to be. All the drinking and clubbing, secret parties at our house, confidential hook-ups noone was supposed to know about...

"It truly is" i agreed, "who could be this merciless to kill person with a soul as kind as his?" i asked, and wiped away the unwanted, invisible tear that rolled on my cheek.

„I know you two were engaged, it must be heartbreaking to see him dead now..." my colleauge said, gently patting my shoulder as he tried to reassure me „...but we must make sure we will catch the culprit and avenge him!"

„That is true, we have to stay focused and solve this awful murder..." i whispered as if the sadness and misery i felt has taken away my ability to speak properly. I kneeled down, and slowly lowered my head on his chest.

I can't hear his heartbeat...

„I will go now, so you can have more space and time for yourself. If you needed something, just let me know" My colleague said, and truly left the room.

When it was finally silent, I could not help it but smile.

I can't hear his heartbeat. He is gone...

The urge to laugh was stronger than the fear of getting caught. So I laughed, manically, hysterically, and stood up, walking away from that darn dead body of his.

This was the room where all the secret rendez-vous and one-night stands with different girl happened.

No wonder it also became a place he got murdered at.