

LOOT, STRINGS, AND HEARTBREAK

Aoife Hughes

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or events or localities is entirely coincidental.

January 8, 2023

© Aoife Hughes. All rights reserved.

Aoife Hughes asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work. All rights reserved in all media. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author and/or the publisher.

CONTENTS

01 Chapter One	1
02 Chapter Two	3
03 Chapter Three	5
04 Chapter Four	7
05 Chapter Five	9
06 Chapter Six	11

PROLOGUE

In the depth of the night I have always felt most comfortable. The stillness and quietness, but for the sounds of the wind and every so often a creak as a building adjusts itself, lets me feel like I've some control over my thoughts. The lack of stimulation allows my mind to breathe, and I can think clearly and focus on the task at hand. That is at least until *he* ruins it by opening his mouth.

"Do you think they're out?", Bill wondered aloud. As always he wasted words on things so obvious. To an external observer this might have seemed like a perfectly innocent and valid question. But, Bill and I have been at this a while and all the signs are there in front of him, same as me. To ask such a question fills me with worries about his competence for this job.

"No, the bedroom window is open."

"How'd you know that's the bedroom?"

I knew this would continue until daybreak if I let it. Bill has lived with me long enough to know that I heard

his question and was purposefully ignoring it.

01

CHAPTER ONE

O2

CHAPTER TWO

03

CHAPTER THREE

04

CHAPTER FOUR

05

CHAPTER FIVE

06

CHAPTER SIX