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Word count: 80,000

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| BASKETHEADS  by  M. G. Sinclair |

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| Adult  Mystery |

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| CHAPTER ONE  Turquoise |

‘I’m sorry to say, you were right.’

‘And I’m sorry to say, I’m not surprised.’ She said that, but I could see in her eyes the shock. And the heartbreak. ‘What did you get?’

‘Enough.’ Reaching below the table, between the aluminum trim of the tabletop, and the speckled red faux leather bench, I unzipped my yellow messenger bag—there’s a tear in the edge between the zipper and its cover strip. It’s not worth fixing, I should replace it—pulling out the folder, I placed it on the table and opened it. ‘Everything in this folder is yours, should you want it. Most don’t.’ I said that last bit quietly; not intending to hide anything, just the truth of the situation.

Most of the files I pulled out were photos, then a few movement logs, and a dialogue between his employer and I. Adalaide grabbed them, slowly flipping through the documents.

‘Who was she?’ She asked.

‘A coworker, named Jacquelyn Bhor.’

She landed on a particular photo, taken from my car; Kent and Jacquelyn sat on the couch in front of the TV, lips locked with each other’s.

‘As far as I can tell, they’ve been involved for at least three months. I spoke to their boss; occasionally they’d both leave early together.’ As much as she was fighting against it, a tear began to well up in her eye.

‘So brazen. It’s like they wanted to be caught.’

‘Maybe they did. Or maybe they got so caught up, they forgot the subtleties. Relationships like this, born out of infidelity, can flare up quickly, but never last. Once the novelty has worn off and the sneaking around isn’t needed, they’ll realize that they’re disgusted by themselves, and the other. Love is built on trust, and a relationship born of lies will ultimately die by them.’

‘Does it make me a bad person to say that makes me glad?’

‘No.’

She wiped her eye with a finger, then breathed deeply. ‘I’m just glad that I found out before the wedding.’