She woke up, with goosebumps on her neck, something felt off. She couldn't place what it was, it was a feeling , a sort of gut instinct. She looked beside her and could see her boyfriend fast asleep.

It was not the first time Jennifer had felt something off in the last few days. It was small things, losing things and then appearing somewhere else. But you could not be sure that you knew the location correctly in the first place. TV remotes, glasses, earrings, small things like these all misplaced more frequently than normal. Windows were being opened that had been fast shut a few minutes ago. It had led to small fights between the couple. The tension in the house had been quite high and her paranoia didn't help, but today she just could not convince herself everything was okay.

She turned to her side table to take a sip of water and try to sleep, but her glass was empty. She knew she had filled right before sleeping, it had been a habit of her since childhood, especially since nightmares started.

She got up to get some water, her sleep gone as the goosebumps on her hand rose and she felt uncomfortable. She came downstairs and walked towards the kitchen, the floor was slippery, like someone had just thrown water on it. As she walked towards the kitchen and switched on the lights, she screamed, a deafening scream that no one could hear, one that's in your head. As she fell on the floor, she screamed, this time audible. It was a scream that was piercing yet painful and she collapsed on the dark scarlet floor.

Josh suddenly awoke by the scream, raced downstairs to check what had happened. As soon as he entered the kitchen, his skin went pale, his soul left his body, his eyes frozen along with his body. No words could escape his mouth, no emotion on his face. He looked like a corpse at that moment.

After what seemed like an eternity of time, Josh finally regained some senses, he looked down to see Jennifer bleeding, some of the broken glass had gone in her cheek as she had collapsed.

He quickly grabbed his phone to call 911. Police officers had quickly arrived at the house. The chief detective had also come, he looked like he was just woken and had rushed to the scene. Yet his demeanor and outfit showed he was wide awake ready to crack any cases.

He saw a few officers and close friends consoling Josh. His expressionless face and his eyes told the detective that this man wasn't ever going to get over this trauma. Jennifer meanwhile was being taken care of by the medical staff, though now awake, she had lost sense of control. She looked like she had just escaped a mental prison, the medical staff had to hold her down by tieing her. While on the other side he saw a few officers puking from the horrendous scene that awaited the detective

As he entered the house, his nose filled up with a stench, one he was familiar with after working over 20 years in the force. He looked to his right and his stomach grumbled, he too felt like puking but he controlled, kept his demeanor up. The photographer was trembling, in his eyes you could see him regretting taking this job. The coroner looked puzzled, bamboozled by what had happened and how it had happened.

The entire floor covered in blood, as Bruce he faced the living room which was to his left. He saw two pairs of hands, only two pairs of hands. Cut just above the elbow, a cut so fine that experienced surgeons would feel jealous of. One of them; the one holding the TV remote, was that of the 5 year old boy while the one beside him was of his 2 year old sister. Their hands holding each other like they were watching their favorite cartoon together. The only thing was that their body was not there and all their blood drained and painted all over the floor.

He is now slowly getting used to the crime scene while also imaging the sights he is going to see next. He was training his body to not puke, to remain calm. Anger or the sudden adrenaline reactions had cost him a few jobs back in the day. Now getting his mind fully into the crime scene he went across to the shoe rack. He had taken a guess what was going to be there and his guess was proved correct.

There lay the feet of the kids, perfectly balanced and with their shoes on. It looked like they were just going out to play. Again the paleness of the skin and lack of blood was a disturbing sight but something he already imagined.

He did something odd, all the blood that had been drained out was spilled on the floor, none of it was on the walls or any other surface. It felt like the blood had been drained first before cutting the children and then carefully drained onto the floor,

The torso was found in the bed, like both of them were sleeping just missing their head, arms and legs. The heads were carefully put on the kitchen counters, just so you enter the dead eyes stare right into your souls, not begging to be saved. They were just looking at you expressionless or what felt like they were smiling. A crude smile that disturbed every single body part. It was a smile that psychopaths have after brutally killing their victims.

Bruce made his way into the dining room, a completely different style compared to the whole house yet still equally disturbing. The cutlery all perfectly set and there lay 4 plates on which the thighs lay. They looked like they had been cooked like they were steak. Two of the plates had broccoli while the other had a little serving of french fries. The boy, Daniel’s thighs was on what seemed the parents plate; a bigger meal along with the broccoli. While Lily’s thighs were laid on the children’s plate. Another abnormality was that the room was spotless, not a sign of any mess. All the cutlery set, the table perfectly aligned, the cloth and table mat all laid on the mahogany table. The cutlery perfectly aligned like it is in a fancy 5 star restaurant, maybe even more perfect. The floor, spotless of blood, not a single drop on it.

Bruce had a sudden realization and made his way all around the house. Everything was perfectly placed and alligened like the house had been clean and set for some important function. The only room that was messed up was Jennifer’s. The hallways, guest room, bathrooms, all perfectly set. He had a sudden gut feeling, but he wouldn’t know what that meant for the next 15 years. He went and saw the broken glass, it felt a bit too perfect in the way it was broken or was his mind playing tricks on him.

He headed out for some fresh air, just stared out into the wilderness, mind empty of any thoughts, just taking deep breaths after the sight he had seen. Went to the side and he puked, he couldn’t control it any longer.

He went back home after three strenuous hours of collecting facts and looking for leads. There weren't many facts that Bruce hadn’t already seen while there were no leads. It was a job done by a psychopath, but you could never tell whether a person is a psychopath or not. Bruce had seen people completely deranged and their personality change after even a small statement. Not only had he seen, he had witnessed the same 15 years ago. A nasty break-up it was, one no one expected, they were the perfect couple. At the end of it all Bruce saw how much a person who knew so well could change.

The next day the coroner, Dave came to tell about the autopsy of the body, well the different segregated parts of the body. Everyone in the office was functioning on coffee and they knew this report could give them a lead, a hope to find the monster who did this horrendous crime. Dave told them that whoever cut the body used surgical level tools and the accuracy of the cuts were well above what he had seen ever. Another interesting fact was the that the blood from the body had been drawn before the murder ever happened let alone the cutting. The huge pool of blood had been carefully placed there. Whoever this person was, he was more than a psychopath. The last thing was that the thighs had been perfectly cooked like a perfect steak, the french fries and the broccoli were also in perfect condition,

Whoever this was, he sure was a showman and he was hella proud of his crime thought Bruce. He knew it wasn’t going to be an easy solve. He knew countless hours of duty awaited him, his sleep was going to disappear and he was gonna live on coffee and energy drinks. This reminded him of some of his early solves, but when you are young, these things interest you, you are ready to push your body the extra mile to solve the crime. You wanted that feeling of success and the popularity was followed by. But after 20 years in the force, he didn’t have it in him to pull this off.

The routine interogrations began, asking the close friends, the neighbors before moving onto Josh and Jennifer. The neighbors had not heard anything weird in the night nor they had seen someone strange around their house. The close friends said all was fine with Jennifer and Josh, Jennifer had been in a particularly happy mood for the last week.

Josh looked like he had calmed down and could answer a few questions. The standard questions they had asked the rest were asked only to be met with the same answer. The only valuable info they got was Jennnifer was spending a lot more time roaming the house and with the kids. The kids though seemed very happy spending time with their mother.

Finally they called Jennifer for interrogation, she was smiling lost in her whole world. It was not a smile that normal victims had; not one that showed they were unable to process what had just happened. It almost seemed like a happy smile, you got the feeling that she had accomplished all she wanted to. All through she gave vague answers, nothing concrete, just words that barely formed a sentence followed by a hollow laugh. Bruce knew this wasn’t the right to interrogate her. She desperately needed a therapist before she could even give answers of any value.

The case went for 6 months without any leads, an autopsy that told them nothing about the killer. Interrogations that yielded as much information as  a moth. The only thing they had was the state of Jennifer, which wasn't really helpful to anyone.

They finally close the case a few days after the 6 month mark, all that was written was a homicide committed by a psychopath. Few years later Jennifer had died due to a drug overdose. It was an open and shut case of sucide, she was never the same after the case and therapy had little to no help on her. Josh had fared much better, he had been able to move on, it took time and a lot of effort but he managed it. Now he was married to one of his cousin's friend. He seemed much happier, but it could just be a fake smile to hide his pain, one could never know.

Around 10 years later after the case, one morning while collecting the newspaper and mail, one startled him so much that he almost fell.