

Unlikely Accomplices

By Brooke Allen

Meredith walked along her usual route down the hallway of her hotel. The blinding overhead lights blended with the white walls. She rubbed her tired blue eyes. Her exhaustion was overwhelming.

The door behind her slammed open. A man fell on the floor.

“Sir, are you all right?” She aided his shaking legs.

“Please, you have to help her,” Stranger said.

“Sir, what’s going on?” I replied.

“Please, please, help me.” Stranger grabbed Meredith’s hand and forcefully led her into the room. The door handle crashed into the wall. The wallpaper cracked. *That won’t be cheap to fix*, she thought to herself.

A king-sized bed sat in the middle of the room wearing a plain white comforter. The bathroom door stood slightly ajar with a long streak of light lining the red speckled carpet. It took several aching months for Meredith to decide on the arrangements of the rooms.

Meredith gasped as she saw the body of a young woman laying at an awkward angle in the corner of the room. Victim's blonde hair was clumped, and the sides of her dress dripped onto the carpet.

The carpet’s thin fingers grasped the thick blood and swallowed each drop.

“Oh my God. Is she?” Meredith said.

“No, she can’t be, she’s not. This is our honeymoon.” Stranger’s knees hit the ground. The carpet hungrily soaked up every drop of his tears. Meredith backed up to the side of the door. Her fingers shook as she swooped her blonde hair behind her ear. *He was supposed to be gone.*

“Save her. We need to get her help,” he pleaded.

Meredith ran to the counter and picked up the silent phone. She took a deep breath before dialing to compose herself. She peered out the foggy sliding door and noticed several moths flickering around a naked bulb outside the room. Their innocent eyes merely glanced at the small site of Victim's gruesome body as the wind carried them further. They refused her a second glance, only concentrating on the thirsty tongues emanating from the soaked red carpet.

Victim’s black dress was pulled up just enough that Meredith could see her lacy red underwear. The nail on her ring finger was torn off, and the skin was puffy and jellylike underneath. Threads of the carpet clung to the lonesome nail on the ground, beginning to devour it.

Meredith hung up the phone. “An ambulance is coming.” She glanced at Stranger. His foot beat against the ground. The threads on the carpet moaned with each quick thump. They were becoming impatient.

He wiped his tears and said, “She’s not gone. They’re going to save her. She’s fine.” He crawled over to Victim and tapped on her face. Red fingerprints were left on her cheeks. “Baby, it’s time to wake up.”

Meredith crept over to Stranger and placed her hand on his shoulder. “How about you go to the lobby and wait for the police. It could be a bit until they’re here.”

“No! I’m not leaving her,” he said and shook off Meredith’s hand. She took a step back, surprised. Her knuckles turned white as her fists tightened.

“Take care of him,” she said.

The carpet’s tongues wrapped around Stranger’s shoes.

“What is this?” He asked. The threads snaked around his body. They clawed at each other, all longing a taste. His body contorted as he attempted to free himself.

His screams dimmed. The tongues hummed peacefully.

Meredith sat down next to Victim. She placed her head on Victim’s shoulder and stroked her stained hair.

“Such a pretty one,” she said as her fingertips carefully glided up Victim’s thigh.