

## The Kiss Of A Latrodectus Mactans

In the dimly lit room, a heated argument followed by a smoking gun. The first bullet chasing another bullet. A dark shadow staggering closer and closer.

The defining sound of two bullets cascading into a skull. You could see his limp body twisting like a pinwheel blowing in the wind. A faint moan escaped his thin lips.

His eyes said what his mouth could not.

He landed on the white linen sheets like he was a bird shot out of the sky.

The Hotel sign blinked angrily to say "You are a monster". A shrill scream escaped her thin lips. Her slender frame was drenched in sweat hands clutching the sheets. She slowly opened her eyes expecting to see the man she once loved sitting on the edge of her bed smiling at her. This was another bad dream, or was it?

The shades were drawn in her room and a thin thread of sunlight spilled through the tightly closed drapes.

The clock cheerfully chimed in the small hall way. A groan escaped her lips.

"At least something is cheerful" she complained.

She could hear an angry conversation taking place down stairs. A Woman dressed in a black leather jacket with a red spider embroidered on the back rolled up her sleeve and pointed to a tattoo on her arm. The Butler rolled up his sleeve as well and showed her a tattoo of a Spotted Hyena.

"Enough pleasantries the woman hissed". "Did you do the job or did Edison do it"?

" I did the job Madam Latrodectus" Good" she hissed. " I am tired of having too clean up his messes.". " Did you dispose of the body?" Yes Madame"

" No lose ends good Jetson?" Yes, I injected the poison into his neck and placed the gun in his hand." Good it looks like he took his life because he could not take the pain due to the spider bites".

" We don't want sleeping beauty to break a nail do we"?

" No madam Lexus will not like it if one hair is out of place on Sleeping Beauty's head.". They laughed shrilly. "Madam "? Jetson said after he composed himself.

" What Jetson ". Her eyes were cold and leering as she smiled at him.

The hair stood up on the back of his neck.

The Spotted Hyena's in listed this spider who usually did her dirty work in secret alone and unnoticed? His mind raced. He brought his thoughts back.

"Jonson uses Leah' as window dressing and we both know who has brains and Beauty". "Lexus the leader of the Spotted Hyena's. " The polished woman in the black leather jacket said looking at the Butler.

" Yes, in part Madam but Lexus is smart and beautiful but she is too power hungry".

"Un like you who possesses brains power and Beauty". "Plus, many talents".

You flatter me so Uncle". She laughed and tossed her jet-black hair.

"You know what happens when you get too close to me"? Yes, Madam I do".

" You are way better looking than your twin upstairs" "Enough" she said as she placed her right hand on his shoulder and lean into him and whispered into his ear"

" Along Came a Spider "she whispered. "Along Came a shoe that crushed the Spider" He said with a smile.

She giggled and straighten up and turned on her heels and sauntered out the door.

He loved there. interactions. His Niece was a stunning woman.

She was like a daughter to him. His twin brother her father was dumb for favoring Sleeping beauty over Ashland. Sleeping beauty did not know she had a lethal beautiful twin sister whose bite is deadly.

He turned towards the open window and he could her his nice singing a tune as she walked down the busy Dusty Street. "Along Came a spider". "You can't deny her. "She will set your heart on fire".

"She will consume you and that will be the end of you". As she disappeared around the corner and was out of sight he turned from the window and closed it.

Jetson knew he had a long day full of butter duties. Jetson and Ashland's Father pledge their allegiance to The Spotted Hyena's.

Being a member of such elite gang had its privileges. This job was a cover up so everyone would think they were a respectable family. He didn't need this job he was the third wealthiest man in Boston. Ashland's Father was the second wealthiest man in Boston.

If his brother was to Marry Lexus, he would be the first wealthiest man.

Unless he was taken out of the equation. This would leave sleeping beauty without a silver spoon in her mouth. Then he could marry Lexus or just do away with both of them.

That way he would climb the ladder without breaking a sweat.

A loud knock at the door broke through his thoughts.

He made his way slowly to the front door and put his thin fingers on the antique glass door knob. Leigh business was selling antique glass door knobs and cast-iron statues of early English knights.

She said these glasses door knobs we're entrance for a new life. They are romantic symbols according to her. These door knobs were little glass miracles that were handles to your castle in the stars for your Fairy tale ending. The Knights were the gradians against evil forces that were sent to reck your life.

Jetson straighten his tie with his free hand and cleared his throat and sighed. "It's going to be a long day" he moaned.

He opened the door and was greeted by a stunning woman in a spotted jacket. She was occupied by a tall handsome man dressed in a royal blue tailored suit. The men exchange pleasantries.

Then Jetson took the woman's small hand in his. " What a beautiful flower he thought.

"Hello Lexus" he said and gently released her hand. A smile appeared on her face.

"You may enter" Jetson said. He moved aside to let the couple through.

" Shall I set up tea in the parlor Mr. Jonson for you and Miss Lexus"? " No Jetson we just stopped by to bring my daughter her dress for the gala to benefit the local homeless shelter".

" Lexus was wondering if Leah was up yet"? Jetson turned towards his brother and spoke I don't know sir " Playing his Butler role with such finesse that would land him Oscar for best actor.

His brother nodded as to say you are such a ham brother. These two brothers were rivals from the earliest days of the sand box too this present day.

Lexus chimed in " I will take a quick trip upstairs to check on Leah and drop off her dress "

Lexus floated across the room with ease and bounded up the stairs like she was announcing too the world she just had won a beauty pageant.

"Oh, Leah darling "Lexus sang out as she busted through the bedroom door.

Leah grounded and pulled the covers her head. "The woman has the grace of ten elephants at a circus". Leah muttered under her breath.

Lexus glided over to the window and gingerly drew open the drapes.

"What a beautiful sunny afternoon" she purred. "What's so beautiful about it "? Leah yelled. "Leah, you don't have to shout darling it's not becoming for such a fine lady as yourself to yell like a spoiled little girl".

Leah peeked out from under the covers and rolled her eyes at Lexus.

Lexus smiled her chemerin cat smile. "Darling, I brought you the Boston Herald newspaper and your dress for tonight."

Leah sighed. "Do I have to go to another boring party Lexus"?

"Yes, my Darling girl your father is counting on you to go".

Lexus strolled over to the bed like she had wings and gently placed the rolled-up newspaper on the foot of the bed with her Dress.

Leah looked at the elegant woman standing beside her bed.

"I am going to leave you now and don't forget your hair appointment at 4:30" she sighed and continued " the party is at 6:30 pm Sharp".

"Yes Mam" Is there anything else you want to tell me Lexus"?

"Yes, there is Leah darling the driver will be here at 5:45 pm Sharp don't keep him wailing". When she finished speaking, she leaned into Leah, she reminded her of a bird because she pecked her cheek.

Lexus tossed her chocolate brown hair and flashed a quick smile.

"See you tonight darling and she strolled out of the room and quickly slammed the old wooden door behind her.

It rattled loudly this startled Leah. The sound made her jump.

The birds were chirping loudly outside her window.

"At least someone's happy this afternoon "she muttered.

She gently picked up the rolled-up newspaper beside the Royal blue satin dress.

She quickly unrolled the paper and the edge of it grazed her finger.

A small speck of blood appeared. She Shuttered as last night memories

flash in her mind like a flash bulb from a camera. She could see the man eyes.

They were blank because there was no more life in them. The thunder of the

gun crashing into his skull. The awful sound that escaped his lips as he

was twisting like a pinwheel spinning in the wind. His lifeless form falling in slow

motion like a shattered vase landing of the white linen sheets staining them with his crimson blood.

The clock chimed in the hall sweetly snapping her back to reality.

She grabbed a tissue from her bedside table and sighed.

Gently wipes her finger off and glances at the Headline. "Crime of Passion"

She sighed and continued reading Senter Tomas J. Every was found brutally murder ".

" His body was found at the Stage Coach Hotel in Boston's High Park District" "He had multiple gunshot wounds to his right temple." a small needle mark on his left side of his neck".

and a pile of dead spiders were lying beside his lifeless body".

" Management explained it away by blaming it on an infestation problem". "The Hotel told the Police that they called the exterminators and the room was off limits to guests until the fumigation wore off and the room was cleaned by Housekeeping".

" He was last seen leaving Intoxications bar in China Town with a woman at 10:30 pm".

" The Police believe that the woman was in her mind thirty's.

"The details and events surrounding the evening is still to be determined". " Police speculate it to be a crime of passion"

"Senter Tomas was known as a lady's man"." He was believed to have been newly engaged to MS Lexus Winter Born daughter of Emily Winter Born and Mr. Henry Winter Born the third of Winter Born Estates on Powder Point drive in Duxbury Massachusetts".

"Ms. Lexus Winter born is not a suspect at this present time".

"A reward is set for one million dollars if anyone knows where this mystery woman is and her connection to our late Senter".

Please call the Boston Police at 617-536- 9494 ".

Senter Tomas J Every Ceremony will be a Charles River Church

11 95 Center Street Boston Massachusetts 02130 at

4:30 pm Wednesday October 11, 19 52

"He will be laid to rest in the Central Burying Ground Boylston street Boston Massachusetts 02116 located in Boston Common".

"Please respect the family of the deceased at this time as they mourn the loss of their loved one at this time".

The city of Boston Massachusetts will mourn the loss of the beloved Senter Tomas J Every"

Leagh finished reading the article and sighed and rolled the paper back up. She tossed it towards the end of bed. The paper landed perfectly beside her dress "I still got it she smiled" She was about to peel back the covers when she heard a frantic knock at the door" Her Heart skipped a beat" Who is it "? She said clutching the blankets.

"It's your father Leah "? "Yes, Daddy you may come in".

A quick turn of the small glass door knob and the old wooden door creaked open"

A tall distinguished Gentle man in a fancy tailored suit strolled through the open door carrying a shiny silver tray.

The aroma of freshly cooked bacon filled the room ".

"Hi Dad "Leagh said stretching and pretending to yawn

"Hi my darling daughter he smiled as he made his way across the room towards her bed.

I thought my princess was going to Sleep all day

"No Dad "Leagh said as she rubbed her eyes.

"Mary prepared a late breakfast for you Leagh"." So, I decided to save her the trip by bringing it to you ".

Leagh propped herself up against the wooden headboard

And pulled the blankets over thin shoulders once again.

" Thank you, Daddy," please tell Mary I said thank you".

" It smells delicious Daddy".

Leagh noticed her father's strong hands and his nicely manicured finger nails as he gently places the silver try on her lap.

There was a twinkle in his chocolate brown eyes.

" Daddy, don't you think about it "as a piece of bacon left her plate.

He placed the piece of bacon in his mouth and said" too late now Leah, unless you want it back"?

"Gross Dady "No You keep it". "Ok then darling I'll ask Mary to make me something as well before I eat all of your brunch".

"You didn't have breakfast Dady"?

"No Leah Your Dady is hungry"

He playfully went to steal another Piece of bacon from her plate.

"Get your own breakfast" Leagh said laughing.

A Grey Hair woman ascend the wooden stairs quickly and Made her way to Miss Leigh door.

Her wrinkled hands trembling as she knocked on the Old wooden door. The laughter stopped and silence filled the room.

The grand Father clock chimed three times in the hallway before the older women spoke.

"Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson"? The older lady called through the open-door way.

Mr. Johnson face went from joking to a dignified expression.

He turned for his daughter and looked in the direction of the open door.

"Yes Marry"? Mary opens the old wooden door all the way"

Her worn face was white as the snow on the street down below.

Mary's lips were trembling as she spoke.

"Mr. Johnson the chief of police is here to see you Sir".

"Marry it will be all right" "Did you order the car for Leigh  
for her hair appointment"?

"Yes, Sir I did" Mary gulped and smoothed her frizzy grey hair  
In place.

"Mary please tell Martin to put the tea on for our guests".

"Will that be all Sir"?

"One more thing before you go Mary please take

My daughter tray from her I believe she is finished eating he said  
the warm smile returning to his face ".

"Yes, sir will that be all

"Just another thing if you don't mind can you fix me the same brunch that  
You gave my daughter"?" I don't want to show up at the banquet wanting  
to eat everything in sight leaving nothing for the guests".

"Yes Sir "Mary sighed and mumbled under her breath.

"The police are here and all's you can think about is your stomach she  
quietly mumbled as she shuffled across the room to collect the tray.

She waddled like a grey goose Leigh thought as Mary approach her.  
Leigh handed Mary the tray.

Mary's worn lathery hands brushed up accidentally against Leigh's soft hands.

This is what the privilege hands feel like "Mary muttered under her breath.

She grumbled at Leigh and made her way out the open door. Like a flash of grey  
lighting the old cook bounded down the stairs and the room fell silent again.

Leigh broke the awkward silence. "Daddy, Do I have to go to another Boring Banquet"? Mr. Johnson Chocolate eyes danced.

"You would not abandon your poor father would you"?

"No Dady" "That's my girl " He turned around to face her and stroked her cheeks.

"Get ready my Dear girl you don't have much time ". "Yes Daddy"

"I am going to go find out what the chief of police wants and have the Delicious brunch Mary is going to make me". " I will see you at the Banquet tonight"

"One more thing dear girl go out the back door the car will be waiting there for you". I don't want the police questioning you".

"Yes daddy" " I don't want them to stress my girl" I am going to need you looking beautiful".

"I am going to go now darling daughter". "I will see you tonight".

"Ok Daddy"

Leigh thought to herself "how much longer do I have to keep this act up it's getting old quick".

Her father smiled at his daughter one last time and he was making his way across the room to the open-door way, he sighed and grumbled

"This act is growing old I should just hand her over to the police and be done with it".

Leigh smiled at him and purred

"Bye Dady love you see you tonight".

His face turned red and back to normal.

He thought to himself? "Did she hear him"? No bother it will all be over soon enough" He managed a fake smile and turned towards his daughter.

. " Yes, my sweet girl sees you tonight".

He spun around in a full circle like a ballerina.

His back was facing his daughter.

His Handsome face twisted and he clenched his  
teeth and balled his fists at his sides

He spoke to himself in a low tone to re compose himself  
and he returned to Dignified mode ".

No one would be the wiser about how he truly despised his  
Spoiled daughter.

He sauntered down the stairs to his drawing room.

Behind the Drawing room door an ocean of angry voices thunder against the walls.

Jim Johnson was no stranger to the police randomly showing up at his house.

They knew where to come for funding as well as accusing his family while having  
their hands in his pockets.

He knew how to manipulate the situation to his advantage.

A sigh escaped his thin lips. He smooths his thin mustache with his slender fingers.

Combs his raven Black hair in place with his left hand.

Adjusts his tie and glances in the old antique white mirror on the wall near the entrance  
of the Drawing room. Smiles at himself and whispers to his reflection Jim you are  
confident handsome and cleaver you got this".

He turns away from the mirror and marches less than five inches away from the old wooden  
door that leads into the drawing room.

Sighs and opens the door to a crowded smoke-filled room.

Police officers marching up and down like black panthers playing with a mouse.

The staff was lined up like school children at a fire drill.

Jim smiled to himself as his -brother James Jetson was arguing with the police captain  
about disturbing the servants and their daily duties.

Jetson was a fake last name that was given his brother to disguise his identity from the Spotted Hyenas who want to kill him because the disappearance of their original leader who was pronounced dead? The police supposedly found the body in an old Ford in the Boston T Station parking lot slumped over the front seat with an exit wound the size of a grape in his left temple.

Jetson being left-handed and a excellent shot was the first suspect in that case. But the police could not find any gun or weapon on his brother and no evidence linking him to the scene of the crime".

The case was closed and now is labeled as a Cold Case.

His brother disappeared for two whole years and no one had seen or heard from him for two years. He showed up two years later under a different name and having plastic Surgery and was looking for a job". Jim didn't catch on at first but discovered that Jetson was his brother who disappeared". Jim thought scratching his head muttering quietly that is a long story for a different day".

"Jim, Jim " The old Police captain recognized him

This broke through his thoughts. "Umm yes Captain"

Jim stammered slowly strolling over to a chubby disheveled older man.

The two men shook hands and exchanged pleasantries.

Did you hear about the investigation Jim?

Are we suspects Captain?

No Jim just following up on some leads

Care for a Glass of Brandy or cup of coffee Captain Albertsons? No thank his voice trailed and left an award silence like the fog surrounding the tallest building in Boston commons.

Captain Albertsons cleared his throat and broke the painful silence. Jim? Yes Captain.

Can you tell me Where Jameson was around that time?

His name is Jetson not Jameson this Captain has to go back to collage he muttered under his breath. He quickly covered up his annoyance.

Why Captain you are not suggesting he is a Suspect in the murder of that corrupt playboy who called himself a public official.

No Jim just inquiring about his wear abouts that evening?

Why don't you ask him yourself Captain?

Not necessary Jim you're his Employer correct?

Yes, I am and I also happens to be his brother.

He was down on his luck and I offered him a job to help him back on his feet.

I'm not here to Judge your family loyalty or reputation  
Jim I just need to rule him out of the suspect  
list. So, you are saying we are all Suspects  
because we are rich and are a respectable  
Family in High Park?

That has nothing to do with your name or reputation  
just answer my questions, Jim.

Before you say anything, Jim do you mind if Detective Sidney  
comes over and takes some notes? Whatever you  
Need Captain?

The caption waved at a distinguished well-dressed man  
across the crowded smoked filled room.

The tall man was thin with olive complexion  
and he glided across the room like a graceful  
ballerina.

The caption and the distinguished Gentleman  
embraced each other. Why Sidney you  
look amazing how is your Wife and children?  
How is life treating you in Merry old England?

Everything is Splendid Capital. My wife  
Silvia and Children are doing well.  
Thanks for inquiring. England  
is England enough small talk  
but we must catch up at your

local pub. You are quite right.

The cubby captain said flatting his crazy  
gray hair under his cap.

This is Jim Johnson of High Park second generation

I believe? His Father was amazing and a highly respected man

hopefully he rests in peace. Sidney turned to face Jim.

His perfect smile looked like freshly falling snow.