

the door, sliding his hand along the dresser for support, his pinky catching and toppling a row of prescription pill bottles, like dominoes.

The kitchen tiles were cool beneath her bare feet. She left the lights off, the night sky shining through the French patio doors more than enough to see by. Heart pounding, she set her case down and grabbed the pad and pencil they kept by the phone. She should have prepared something earlier—a note that would explain. But words evaded her every time. She still had Henry’s watch, and she thumbed the inscription she’d had engraved on the back: *Forever us, forever love*. It felt cruel now, but how could she have known? Not that anything had happened yet; they’d both agreed it was better to wait. You don’t throw two marriages away over a case of butterflies. They’d wanted to be sure. She could feel good about that much, at least.

Ada wasn’t in the kitchen. Not in the living room either. Henry checked behind the shower curtain in the bathroom, in the spare room he used as an office. Everywhere but the basement because of his hip, but he called her name from the top of the stairs and ... nothing. Don’t panic. Think. He went back into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water from the tap. Moonglow filtered through the windowed doors that led out to the patio, and when a shadow moved against the cupboard—a breeze catching the unlatched door—he lost his grip, glass splintering along the sink’s basin.

On the street, the air was crisp. Not cold enough yet to see your breath, but soon. Ada’s skin prickled. She quick-stepped it down