

Deni unlocked the door, and Amanda could've sworn she heard her take a gasp when she did it. She didn't say anything. She stepped in as Deni stepped aside. The room was stuffy and the lights were off. Amanda took a napkin and turned on the light to the living room. Everything was neat – which struck her as odd. A 20-something bachelor with a neat apartment? But then she thought maybe he had a maid.

“Was Carter a good housekeeper?” Amanda asked. Deni stood at the door, not entering in the apartment.

“Yeah, pretty much,” she shrugged, “I mean, his mom had a lady come clean up for him here, but for the most part, he kept his place straight.”

She nodded as she looked around. She went into the kitchen and saw pots on the stove with water. *Was he going to cook?* She wondered.

“Was Carter a cook?”

“No he wasn't. He had a chef.”

Amanda nodded again. She opened the fridge to find a couple of beer bottles and a loaf of bread – nothing else.

She looked at the refrigerator and noticed that there was a sticky tab, but no note. *The note is missing*, she thought. She looked around on the floor, but saw nothing. The floor was spotless, and the garbage can was empty. She wondered how many times a week did the housekeeper come and clean up.

“Do you know when the housekeeper comes?”

“I don't remember,” Deni walked in and stood by the kitchen door, “I think twice a week. If it's the same lady, she works for a service right outside of Hattiesburg,” she said, thinking.

Amanda moved quickly to his bedroom. Surprisingly his bed was a mess. The covers were thrown everywhere and his pillows were tossed across the bed. She slid on a pair of gloves and started looking in dresser drawers and closets. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. But as she was about to close his walk-in closet, she stepped on something. A note.

