

Pie

Maggie looked at the clock after being rudely awoken by her husband's fourth late night call that week. It was unusual for him to have to fix that many boilers at this time of night.

'Where are you going?' she yawned.

'Just to fix another boiler', he muttered, a little too quickly. She let him go without anymore quizzing but wanted to investigate her, now strong, suspicions further. As soon as she heard the front door close, she got dressed, grabbed the car keys and ran out to start her pursuit.

'So it's true', she thought to her self as she watched him run out of a clearly over luxurious house with no sign of a tool box. She must have waited for at least two hours. She drove full speed all the way home to ensure arriving before him, so as not to arouse suspicion. In the morning both he and she would act perfectly normally. He would ask her for his usual lunch of homemade pie. But tomorrow it would be different.

The next morning, the pie was waiting for him on the table. It seemed to have a different aroma to that of her usual pie. He picked up the ready wrapped piece and was walking to the door when she offered him a fresh, hot piece. He obliged, willingly, as the scent was irresistible. She smiled encouragingly as he appeared to enjoy the first bite. Served the pie, watched him die.

Kat & Jodie