

“Stirring Infidelities”

Agnes added yet more milk to the china cup and resumed her frenetic stirring. "Your Mary was out late," she said, staring owl-like over the rim of her glasses.

"Hmmm," Matilda said, noncommittally.

"With Giles Fairweather." A cruel smile twitched at the corners of Agnes' mouth.

"Do you have point or are you trying to bore me to death?" Matilda said frostily, all humour leaving her eyes.

Agnes sat straighter and took a sip: "Ugh... they call this tea? It's darker than the trees I saw them kissing under. Are you still saying they're not having an affair?" She removed her glasses and nonchalantly wiped away an imaginary eyelash.

Matilda leaned forward menacingly: "I'm warning you, leave Mary alone."

"Or what?"

"Or maybe they'll find you somewhere only a mole would dare to look."

"Is that a threat?" Agnes asked coldly.

"Take it how you like, you meddling cow!" spat Matilda. The room fell silent as she strutted out of the little coffee shop.

Agnes felt the flush on her cheeks and sipped her tea until people looked away and resumed their own conversations. She beckoned the waitress over: "My friend felt unwell. Can I have the bill please, dear?"

Lee Russell, 10/3/14