

The Cutaway Café

The quaint café in the woods was secluded. We were alone.

“The ribs are delicious!” Tim complimented the chef.

He smiled mysteriously.

“Unique flavor,” I agreed.

Our drinks were kept brimming.

Tim’s eyes glazed, then stared blankly.

“I feel odd,” I said before passing out.

Awakening alone in a cold, damp cellar, I attempted to sit, still woozy. Blood pooled beside me. I screamed.

The chef appeared, knife in hand, with a smirk.

“What happened? Where’s my husband?”

He licked his fingers. “We were short on ribs. Thankfully, you two dropped in. His were scrumptious! Can’t wait to try yours.”