

Tom

by Kyle Eggleston

The man stared at her. Somehow he knew it would be dangerous to play with fire. Tom enjoyed flirting with fire. Even loved it more than flirting with disaster.

"Couldn't help but notice you're alone." Tom said.

Susan flashed a smile at Tom. "Yeah I am. What's up buttercup?"

Tom smiled. He hadn't been called that in years. The last person to call him that was his deceased wife.

Susan slid Tom a drink which he accepted. This would be Tom's second mistake. His first was walking into the bar and sitting next to Susan.

Tom never saw it coming.