

Gazebo

Christening the gazebo with a cocktail party was her idea of a joke. The cement is barely dry.

Bella shimmers as she passes compliments and canapés to guests who adore the climbing roses and assure her, she's better off without that errant husband.

'Gone for good this time,' she says, and winks at me.

As she lifts a maraschino cherry to her lips, a bead of ruby syrup drops, striking her bodice.

Those lips have sworn eternal love, but I know what's buried beneath her gazebo.

Bella is a hypnotic flame. I'm damned if I'll be just another stupid moth.