

Dessert

by Angie

Supper time was imminent when Mouse walked into Vincent's chamber and handed him a small brown envelope, receiving grave thanks in exchange.

The item felt curiously lumpy. Carefully, he slit the envelope and a small wooden cutting board fell into his palm. His brows knit as he turned it over. Then he laughed.

Catherine apparently knew what William planned for dessert. It would be a rare treat, and now one he would remember for a long time.

How had she known? He suspected a conspiracy.

He placed the tiny cherry pie carefully on his metal sheet, then left, still smiling.

