The Slippery Slide

Stan Rogers was in a rush. His manual transmission 1998 Toyota cut through the air of the brisk countryside. The vast fields of north Ontario where covered in snow disguising whatever lay beneath. The car lurched and screeched as it's subpar driver jammed the stick around with no regard for the clutch.

marijuana

Sweat trickled down Stan's neck like tears. "I've gotta head them off, --"he muttered. "--gotta..." He choked on his words. He was choking on regret. The engine was now at 3000 RPM in 3rd gear. He was doing 120 on a slippery road. The light Toyota struggled to keep its grip.

Kim Rogers was in the shower. The naked man lying in her bed was perfect. Every feature, immaculate. He had chiseled muscles, cute dirty blond hair and a strong deep voice.

 Kim had met this bastion of genetic perfection while out with the girls from work. A few drinks and a healthy dose of resentment (stemming from her less than perfect husband) led to flirting. Flirting led to an exchanging of numbers. Ultimately leading to an invitation to the Rodgers' ski lodge up north. Kim's husband was busy that weekend. He had to work overtime at the office. Trying to close a deal or something else just as mundane.

The Rodgers couple used to go to their cottage often. They loved skiing. In fact they had met on a chairlift. But now the lodge was her hideout. With her husband hours away, the couple made passionate love. Kim embraced this man the way she had never embraced her husband.

When the deed was done, Kim felt dirty. Like stealing from the tithe basket at church. She needed the money, but it was a sin to take it. Needing to get her mind off of her guilt, the unholy couple sat down for tea. After several hours of dull conversation, which amounted to little more than Kim realizing that she had no connection with this man. But Kim's weak will soon prevailed and they went upstairs for a second time. This time, she was less enthusiastic.

After they finished, Kim took a shower. As she stood, hot water pouring over her body. She thought about the man in her bed, and who she really wanted in her bed. Soon she found that she was married for a reason. She wanted her husband. There was a knock on the door.

Stan was driving gently through the highways of north Ontario, In his trusted BMW. Though old, and probably time for a replacement Stan loved that piece of fine German engineering.

He planned to surprise his wife with the bonus he had made from closing an important business deal. However, when he'd arrived at the lodge he found her with another man. He yelled, he cried. A deep hatred grew inside him, he wanted her to die. Revenge was the only consolation for such betrayal.

Stan got back in his car and drove back to the city. On his way he arranged a meeting with certain people. Stan knew what he was going to spend his bonus money on.

Stan parked his BMW next to a new Jeep Wrangler and, a 1998 Toyota. They were the only cars in the parking lot of the cheap motel where he'd arranged the meeting.

Inside he met the killers. Stan, told them where his lodge was, who he wanted killed and how he wanted it done. Slowly with knifes. The two scary men were happy to oblige. They would make a killing off such work. They told Stan to stay put, and that they would call him when it was over. The two men changed cloths and planned out what they were going to do. "Don't call us between these hours." they said. "Don't leave here until it's over," they said. "The hills may have ears." they said.

Stan sat alone for a while. He contemplated his relationship. He pondered the times he'd had with her. All the ski runs he and Kim had done together. It was the memories of skiing that put the doubt in his mind. As cold feet set in, he found he loved his wife. He could forgive her. He would work less hours, be around more, give her a reason to love him again. There was still time.

Stan opened his phone to call them off. Dead. His phone was out of batteries. A lump grew in Stan's stomach. He had to catch them. There was no other way. Stan Got out of the hotel room and hopped into the driver's seat. He turned the key and the car revved to life-- then immediately died. Something was wrong in the engine. Stan knew the car well enough to know that. But he had no time to fix it.

 Stan needed a ride, and he needed it fast. He ran back to the hotel room. Stan started sifting through the coat of the killers. Bingo. Stan took the keys of the 1998 Toyota and sprinted out to the car. He slipped on the ice as he rushed out. Picking himself up he got into the car and set off.

Kim was crying. The unholy couple sat around the kitchen table. She felt terrible for how she had treated her husband. 'He must be beside himself' she thought. The perfect man tried to console her. But she didn't want to be near him. He tried to sweet talk her, he tried to make her feel good again. But Kim wasn't having it. She went upstairs. One look at her unmade bed set her right off again.

Kim violently tore off the sheets and took them downstairs. She went to the laundry room. If she couldn't clean herself, she could clean her bed. She loaded up the washing machine and crumpled to the floor. There was a knock at the door.

Kim couldn't bring herself to answer it. She couldn't face Stan now. She heard the door open. "Well aren't you a handsome man hulk."

Kim heard her lover scream as a knife plunged into his belly. She was scared now. She had to get out, she knew it was Stan. He's set this up. Without thinking, Kim snuck out the back door. It was cold and she was wearing minimal clothing, but the highway was close, so she ran for it.

Feet frost bitten, hands blue, Kim made it. She was only 50 or so meters from the highway when she spotted a 1998 Toyota heading her way. Kim felt a joyous burst of energy as she sprinted to flag it down.

Stan's hands were trembling on the wheel. 'Was there still time?' he wondered. He put more pressure on the accelerator. Stan's eyes were looking for the turn off to the lodge. It was close now.

Suddenly a woman ran out onto the road. Stan slammed the breaks, and the car slid uncontrollably on the slippery road. At 100 kph, the 1998 Toyota struck Kim.