



CRIMSON
THREADS &
BROKEN
VOWS

A MICROFICTION COLLECTION OF
ADULTERY & ITS DARKEST ENDS

Dedication

For those who flirted with fire,
and those who were left to burn.

Introduction:

The Tangle We Weave

Love. Betrayal. Desire. Despair. Death.

These aren't just emotions, they're catalysts. Each one can twist the spine of a story or snap it clean in half.

Adultery has always lived in the shadows, but even in darkness, consequences bloom. This collection explores the fine thread between passion and destruction.

These microfictions are flashes of human weakness and fury. Brief, bruising moments where trust shatters and blood follows.

In just a few lines, each tale opens a window into broken homes, broken hearts, and sometimes, broken bodies. Some choices can't be undone. Some acts echo long after they're over.

Welcome to the place where love goes to die.

Chapter 1:

Whispers in the Dark.

The affair begins. Secrecy. Stolen touches.

The first lies.

1. The Scent of Her

He began showering the moment he got home, claiming the grime of the city clung to him. But last night, his shirt smelled not of traffic or stale coffee but jasmine. She never wore jasmine. Her best friend, however, wore it just last week.

2. Late Nights, Early Lies

"Deadline," he muttered, already halfway out the door. She imagined spreadsheets and boardrooms. What she discovered later was blonde hair, laughter like gravel, and a string of motel receipts off Highway 17. The real deadline? His.

3. A Different Ringtone

His phone vibrated. Not the usual tone. Something softer. Intimate. He grabbed it too fast, whispering “Work” before retreating to the bathroom. She didn’t need to hear words. The cadence of secrecy was all too familiar.

4. Borrowed Time

Their lunches grew longer. More wine, fewer excuses. We’re insane, she’d whisper as his fingers traced circles beneath the table. He’d nod, lips grazing hers. They were thieves stealing time. And the clock was already counting down.

5. The Second Key

He was digging through her purse for gum when he found it. A small brass key. Not to their house. Not to her car. Tiny numbers engraved: 2B. A cold weight settled in his gut. Some doors don’t want to be opened.

Chapter 2:

Cracks in the Mirror.

The realization. Suspicion. Guilt.

The unraveling begins.

6. Lipstick on a Collar

It wasn't her shade. Hers was mauve. This was scarlet, smeared on the collar of his freshly ironed shirt. He claimed it was hers, from weeks ago. The shirt had just come from the dry cleaner.

7. The Password Change

He always used her birthday for everything. Always. Until one day, the password didn't work. Three tries. Locked out. He said it must've reset. So had their trust.

8. An Extra Glass

He said he dined alone. The table had two glasses of wine, one with lipstick. He said the waiter made a mistake. She said nothing. She'd been the one who tipped the waiter for the photo.

9. Found Earring

She found it in his car, a tiny gold hoop, unlike anything she wore. He laughed, said it belonged to his sister. He doesn't have one. But now, she has a plan.

10. Mirror Talk

She practiced confronting him in the mirror. Each line sharpened by anger, dulled by heartbreak. But when he walked in, smiling with roses, all she could say was, Thanks. Her reflection cried for her.

Chapter 3:

The Breaking Point Anger.

Confrontation. Choice. The storm arrives.

11. Dinner for Two

He came home to a candlelit table. Her best dress. Steak his favorite. I know, she said calmly. His fork paused. About what? She handed him a photo and a steak knife. Ones for eating. The others for explaining.

12. The Last Message

He left his phone unlocked. A rookie mistake. She read every message, every emoji, every moan typed out in text. She didnt cry. She booked a spa day. And a divorce lawyer.

13. The Vase

It was a wedding gift. Heavy crystal. She'd always hated it. He ducked just in time. The wall took the hit. So did the photo behind it of their honeymoon in Santorini. Symbolic, really.

14. Goodbye Note

She wrote it with care. No blame. No drama. Just truth. Folded it neatly and left it on the pillow beside his. She even signed it with a heart. Closure, in cursive.

15. Screamed Confessions

You don't satisfy me anymore! he shouted. She didn't flinch. Neither did your father. That's why your mother left. The silence that followed was louder than any door slam.

Chapter 4:

Blood-Stained Sheets.

Revenge. Death. The price of betrayal.

16. The Tonic

He complained of chest pains. She offered tea with a smile. Chamomile. And belladonna. By morning, he was still. Peaceful, even. She'd always believed in natural remedies.

17. Her Alibi

The night he died, she was at the book club. All five women swore it. They even discussed the ending. Ironically, it was a murder mystery. And no one guessed the killer.

18. Buried Secrets

She dug the hole herself. Five feet deep. One foot for each year he lied. The dog watched silently. Loyal, unlike his owner.

19. Last Anniversary

She wore red. He wore panic. Page 5 The hotel staff remembered the screaming. And the fire alarm. What they didnt remember was seeing him leave.

20. Crimson Sheets

He thought shed forgiven him. They made love for the first time in months. Then she whispered, Check under the bed. He did. And found the knife missing from the kitchen drawer.

Chapter 5:
Aftermath Justice.
Regret. Survival. And silence.

21. Courtroom Silence

Do you feel remorse? the judge asked. She looked at the empty chair beside her. No, she said. Only relief. The courtroom murmured. The gavel fell. Freedom rang hollow.

22. The Widows Garden

She planted roses where he'd once raised his hand. Now, each thorn pricked memory into her skin. She watered them with her tears and wine. They bloomed blood-red. Just like he did.

23. Inheritance

He left everything to the mistress. She didn't care. She kept the house. And the secrets inside its walls. They were worth more.

24. Confession Booth

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned, she began. The priest behind the screen said nothing. She continued. When she finished, there was still silence. Only later did she learn The booth had been empty all along.

25. The Quiet Years

Later, the whispers stopped. Neighbors forgot. The town forgot. But not her. Every night, the silence roared. Because the one voice she missed most was the one she silenced forever.

Epilogue:

Threads Unraveled

Every affair begins with a choice.

But choices become chains.

Lies become knives.

And hearts once warm turn into crime scenes.

Thank you for reading. If this shook you, angered you, or thrilled you, then it did what it was meant to do.

Crimson Threads & Broken Vows isn't just fiction.

Its a mirror. And sometimes, mirrors break.