Trojan Horse



Kristopher Mallory

Trojan Horse

by

Kristopher Mallory

Trojan Horse

A Dark Comedy Short

Copyright



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Trojan Horse

eBook Edition
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Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

Gillian

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Wrong Way Charlie

Prepared Fresh

Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane

She's Not Human

Universal Transmission

The Little Old Lady

The Price To See The Dead

Attempted

A Gift Of Bone

Payphone

What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

Trojan Horse:

"I read it in the checkout line and had to put the cookies back." – *Totally Made Up Guy 1*

Trojan Horse:

"Five stars. I'll never look at a wooden horse the same way again." – *Totally Made Up Guy 2*

Trojan Horse:

"My mom found this on my Kindle. We don't talk about it." – *Totally Made Up Guy 3*

Trojan Horse:

"I hid from three people I went to high school with in the cereal aisle just to finish it." – *Totally Made Up Guy 4*

Special Thanks

For everyone who has ever hidden from an old classmate in the grocery store.

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Trojan Horse

“I used to be Snow White, but I drifted.”

~ Mae West

Some idiot turned the corner of the aisle too fast and ran directly into the front of Linda's shopping cart before she had a chance to maneuver out of the way. Linda was about to say, *Watch where you're going, bitch!* But before the words hit her lips, the baby in the infant carrier started screaming his head off.

"God dammit," she cursed under her breath, and then to the baby, "*Shhh*, go back to sleep."

"Linda? Linda, is that you? Oh my God! It is you! How have you been!"

Shit, Linda thought, *I don't have time for this.* She tried her best to hide the look of contempt in her eyes before she looked up at the lady who ran into her. The fake smile she plastered on almost vanished the second she locked eyes with the other woman. Standing there with a fat face, stupid grin, thick glasses, and acne was a girl she had gone to high school with and was forced to sit next to in several of her classes. *Shelly Scumaker*.

With a name like Shelly Scumaker, it was not hard at all for the other girls in their school to come up with some interesting nicknames they could call her behind her back. The problem for Linda was that just by being the one assigned to sit next to Scum-Sucker (her personal favorite nickname), her own social status had suffered, and that was reason enough for her to hate the girl's guts.

"Oh… Hello, Sc—Shelly."

"Wow, I haven't seen you in like forever!" she said excitedly. She either did not pick up on almost being called Scum-Sucker or chose to ignore it.

"Yeah. Long time."

She tried not to look Scum-Sucker in the eyes; it was much too hard to fake liking someone when you look at them directly. Instead, she looked at the end display case and noticed: *Oreo Cookies were currently on sale, two for the price of one. Yum.*

"I thought you moved away! When did you get home?"

God, would this bitch just go away?

Linda had moved away about a year ago. She left home to stay with her boyfriend Greg at his parents' house. He had lived in the next town over.

"Last week." *Ooh, look at that, .99 off cream cheese.*

The baby let out a loud belch. Scum-Sucker looked down and saw the child sitting there. Her jaw dropped open with shock.

"Oh, my God! Is he yours?! I didn't know you and Greg were having a baby. What's his name?!"

Ugh.

"Troy."

"Wow! That's so great. I'm so happy for you. Why didn't you call and tell me? This is awesome" … *Blah Blah Blah. Remember to get formula. Blah Blah.*… "Do you need a sitter! I would love to—"

"No. I'm good." *That should shut her up.*

"Oh, O.K. So where is Mr. Wonderful?!"

Linda blinked twice. *Get the hint, damn.* Shelly copied her. *For Christ's sake. Fine!*

"We broke up."

Shelly looked at the baby and gasped, "You're kidding me!"

No, bitch, I'm not.…

"Yeah." …*and here comes the million-dollar question.*

"I'm sorry!" Shelly leaned in and squeaked, "What in the world happened?"

The dreaded memory ran through Linda's mind once again:

It was just over nine months ago. She was lying in Greg's bed naked. Greg stumbled into the room. He was probably still hungover from the night before. The clock said it was 5:19 AM. She could still hear people downstairs. People who were still drinking and listening to music. Greg had been passed out cold in the downstairs bathroom. She had figured he wouldn't wake up for hours longer, but here he was, crawling into bed with her.

At first, she thought he would just pass back out, so she pretended to be asleep. But once he noticed that she was naked, he immediately sprang into action. *Guys. But… fine, why not? He's drunk; won't take too long.* They started fooling around some.

She started breathing heavily. Greg suddenly stopped.

"What the fuck?" he whispered. He rolled over and fumbled for the light switch.

"Can't get it up, big boy?" Linda laughed.

Light filled the room, and Linda had to cover her eyes from the sudden brightness. But she could hear Greg retching. Then she heard the sound, the sound that everyone who has ever had way too much to drink has heard. The sound of chunky liquid projected at an unintended target. In this case, it was the floor.

"Eww, Greg! Go get a trashcan or something!"

"Oh. My. God," he said between hacking coughs. He jumped out of bed.

"Ugh! That stinks!" She felt like she was going to throw up herself.

"What the hell! Go back downstairs to the bathroom!"

Greg stood there with his mouth hanging open and a strand of saliva stretching down his chin. He looked at her in a way that she did not like.

"You," he said.

"Me? You're the one who puked on the floor, asshole!" *MEN!*

"You…" He waved a finger at her. "You… you…"

"Go clean up, damn it."

"Linda, did you cheat on me in my own house?"

"Go get a towel and cle—" *Wait, did he just say what I think he said?*

"What? Cheat on you? What is your malfunction?!"

"You bitch. Get your shit and get the fuck out of my house."

"You're a drunk dip-shit. I'm going to bed. You go pass out somewhere, limp dick." She rolled over and closed her eyes. *Why would he say that?*

"I said get the fuck out!"

What would give him that idea?

She rolled back over and looked him dead in the eyes. “I did not cheat on you. What the fuck would make you think that?”

He pointed at the floor. She looked at him like he was a stupid dog.

“Look,” he said. “Just. Fucking. Look.”

Whatever. He had nothing on her.

She leaned her head over the edge of the bed, and half covered in puke was an unrolled condom.

It seemed as if the party downstairs had just stopped and everyone was outside the bedroom door listening to their argument. The world was dead silent as Linda looked at that chunk-covered condom.

There has to be an explanation. Think.

Then, “Greg,” she said evenly, “we had a party. Some of your pals must have snuck up here and had sex while we were downstairs drinking. It’s just a condom one of them left on your floor. No big deal, honey.”

“Linda,” he spoke just as calmly as she had, “you’re absolutely right, we did have a party. And surely some of my pals snuck up here and had sex. Probably while I was passed out in the bathroom. But the problem is… the problem is… that I didn’t find the condom on the floor… Oh no, Linda, I found that condom IN YOU!”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

She snapped back to the present:

Linda blinked at Shelly. Shelly blinked back. Linda looked down at the baby. He looked back and snorted. *God, he was an ugly baby. Fuck.* She turned her eyes back to Shelly. Five seconds must have passed. Shelly just stood staring in anticipation. *With her fat, stupid face and stupid glasses, and stupid acne. Not to mention her stupid crooked smile that spewed her stupid judgmental morals. The Bitch, the Scum-Sucker.*

So what if I lost a guy who got drafted to play professional football? So what if I had to move back in with my mother? So what if I gained sixty pounds and live off of welfare. And so fucking what if I screwed a bunch of guys one night and one of them lost a condom in me, which got me

knocked up with a bastard kid… Who's she to judge me? She wants an answer? Does she?! Fine!

"Well…" Linda said, "I guess he didn't like what he found in me."

Ignoring what Shelly was now saying, she grabbed two packs of cookies off the rack, tossed them into the cart, and sped off in the direction of the baby formula.

THE END.



About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

What's Next?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES

A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler

Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

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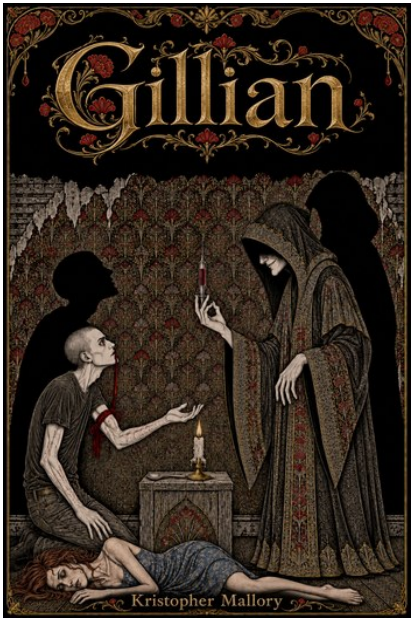
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are meant to be heard.

Trojan Horse has a complete audio narration, read by Jessa, a digital voice. It runs 9 minutes and it's free: play it online, or download it as an MP3 or an audiobook with chapters.

Listen free at stealthfiction.com

More from Kristopher Mallory



GILLIAN

This dark fairy tale is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

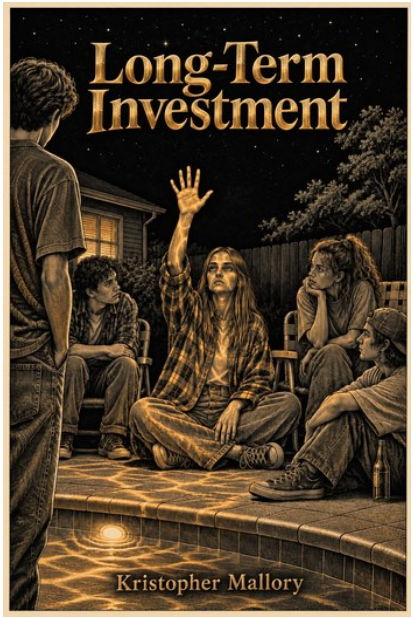
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Some addictions run deep and others summon demons too strong to overcome.

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Praise for Gillian:

"A fairy tale with the sugar scraped off, and a love story that refuses to stay buried." – *Stealth Fiction*



LONG-TERM INVESTMENT

This occult horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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Sammy keeps something he bought from Kristi Kurtis for five dollars at a teenage pool party, and as her life comes apart she still wants it back.

~~~~~

Praise for Long-Term Investment:

"Starts as a teenage memory and turns into a slow, cold dread you won't shake for days." – *Stealth Fiction*



I Know What They Are

This short horror story is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

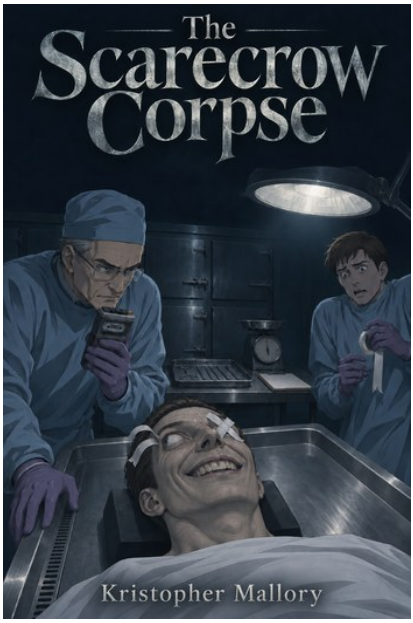
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A young woman interacts with the city's homeless population as she walks to work each morning. Her life takes a turn into strange territory when she meets a homeless lady wearing a lab coat and holding a sign that reads: I know what they are.

~~~~~

Praise for I Know What They Are:

"Brilliant. Everything came together at the end and I got chills as I finished it. Well done." – *Asaroki*



THE SCARECROW CORPSE

This conspiracy horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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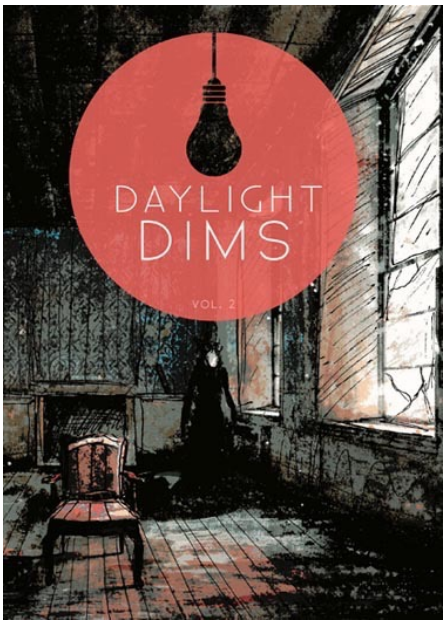
A coroner's intern is called to a body found on the Washington Metro Red Line, and it is not quite a body.

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Praise for The Scarecrow Corpse:

"Paranoid, grisly and deeply creepy, a conspiracy that keeps going deeper." – *Stealth Fiction*

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DAYLIGHT DIMS
VOLUME TWO

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

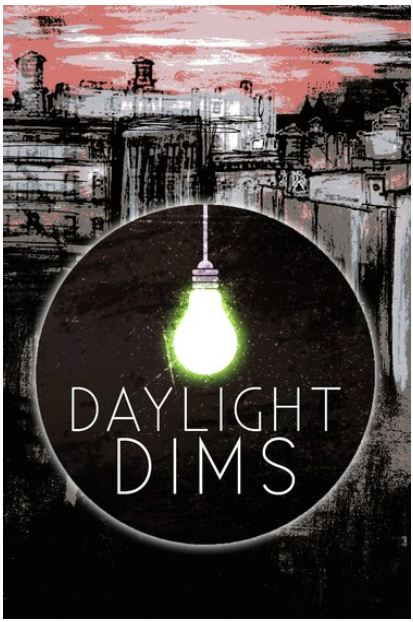
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

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Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*



DAYLIGHT DIMS

VOLUME ONE

Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

~~~~~

The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

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Praise for Daylight Dims:

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*