

Lunch at Luigi's

by Mathew Paust

They were in the room Luigi's reserved for large groups. Blow preferred its privacy when lunching with clients. He'd called ahead to make sure it would be available for a brunch with Homer. Yet his unease persisted. Separation from the trickle of early lunchers on the other side of the open doorway couldn't shield him from his own misgivings. He had dropped Moriarty off at a strip mall she'd seemed to have chosen spontaneously, and watched her stroll to a discount fashion store. She turned, smiling, and blew him a kiss before disappearing inside. For future contact she had given him a disposable cell phone to use only for texting. Identification both ways was *BooBoo*, case sensitive. He'd put it on vibrate and slipped it in a side pocket of his jacket. Now at Luigi's he resisted several times an urge to check the device for messages.

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