

Another "Accidental" Tryst

by Mathew Paust

Blow took some comfort finding the front door locked. Pushing it open enhanced his sense of ease with the aroma of something cooking, something with cheese and onions. Ahh, they've left his supper in the oven, or they'd just stepped out and would soon be back. Or Lila was in the kitchen while his dad was out picking something up they needed for the meal. "Hello!" No answer. "Lila?" Still nothing.

What he saw in the kitchen swept away the relief he was feeling and replaced it with a sense of *deja vu* so strong it would, were it possible, have curdled his blood. As it was, the sudden intake of breath this view provoked carried enough saliva into his lungs to turn the gasp into a coughing attack. Three strides across the floor brought her to him. She smacked his back a couple of times with the flat of her hand—the one that wasn't wearing Lila's hot-pad mitten. "Jeezuz, Blow," she murmured in her throaty low-range voice, "we gotta stop meeting like this."

