

Lover's Spat

by Mathew Paust

What broke through the fugue of questions and implications grappling in Blow's head was a distinct rise in tone and volume of Moriarty's voice in concert with the name "Blackbeard." The interruption arrived with enough force to shoo asunder the tentative connections he'd been making and to brace him for allowing his mind to drift while she was talking. He hoped she hadn't been talking long without his attention or he'd be in the shit, unless he could recover with enough grace to deflect any suspicion she might be nurturing that she was talking to herself. The only word he had to key on was "Blackbeard," and he was busted before anything came to mind.

"You haven't been listening, have you." Her voice a monotone, allowed for no escape.

[link to chapter in Author's Note]

