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TITLE: OVER COFFEE

Trapped between the motel and a bar, the Cafe of Pour Decisions is filled with noise from various conversations entangled within incomprehensible dialogues. A man was waiting tensely over his table for the anticipated arrival of his guest. He played with his hair in front of the café window's reflection, pulling out faces that betrayed a deceptive charm. Through the same window, a woman was watching him. She chuckled at the man's apparently humorous looks. Out of habit, the woman reached into her purse to find her phone, because she wanted to record this moment. When she turned on her phone, she saw a message that said, "Find me, I am waiting for you to arrive at the cafe for our first coffee together. I am dressed in the color you like." Raising her gaze from the phone screen, she saw the man's neck being gently strangled by a light blue tie. As promised, the man dressed in her favorite color and kept their appearance a secret from one another, as agreed in their text messages, she assumed. She hurried over to where the man was seated. Grinning broadly with delight, she commented, "You look dashing." Are you fond of the purple hair bow I also wore? The woman asked inquiringly, waiting for the man's answer. On their table appeared two coffee mugs, each filled with a steaming brown liquid. Now that his guest had finally materialized, the man felt relieved. The man with a quiet smile on his face, he answered, "You look...". The sound of shattered bones resounded loudly in the café, before he could say anything more. A burly man wearing a blue suit slammed his fist against the man's jaw. Just as the show was about to begin, shock and awe filled the cafe. The woman let out a loud, clear scream through the confusion, just as the coffee mugs overturned onto her lap due to the brewing chaos.