

A Busy Day of Nothing at All

by F.R. Southerland

The truck bounced down the drive. The bumps in the semi-paved road made the vehicle rattle.

Vivian gripped the dashboard, fingers splayed. “Jesus, will you drive slower? The truck’s on its last leg as it is. You’re going to make the engine drop right out.”

Glen obliged, tapping the brake—which only made the truck jerk and Vivian slid forward in her seat. She shot a glare at his grin and muttered under her breath. It wasn’t difficult for his sensitive ears to pick up the curse and his grin grew.

“It’s fine. I checked the truck this afternoon. No engine droppage any time soon. No legs either. Promise.”

She ignored the joke and remained unconvinced. “Sure. Then why is it still making that sound?”

“The mechanic said it’s normal.”

“What mechanic? I thought you checked it.”

“I did. I’m the mechanic.”

Now she was absolutely sure he was bullshitting her. A smile tugged at her lips but Vivian quickly forced her expression to return neutral. “Oh, new profession? I had no idea.”

“I thought ‘what the hell? I’ll give it a shot.’ And I think its worked out great so far.”

Vivian shook her head and braced herself against another bump in the road. “I think you’re full of shit.”

Glen laughed at that as he brought the truck into their drive and cut the engine. “All right, so you got me. I didn’t get it checked out, but I will soon. I swear to that.”

“Hope so.” Vivian grabbed her purse and coat from the seat and slid out of the truck. Every part of her body ached. It had been a long day at the diner, and the full moon was only a couple days away. Already she could feel the pull of it. This month was going to be rough.

“I will,” he assured her again, keys jangling in his hand. He jogged up the steps to the front door, unlocked it, and let himself in. Vivian followed close behind. She was so weary from the day she didn’t even bother to hang up her jacket or purse before she sank into the comfort of the couch. “I want to sleep for days.”

“Me too.” Glen flopped down next to her and instead of shoving him away, she leaned against his shoulder.

“Yeah, you had a very busy day of nothing at all.”

“Mm, not true. I drove you to work. Then, I picked you up from work.”

“Ah, yes. Very busy then. I’m sorry to doubt you.” She stifled a yawn.

Glen glanced over, gaze settling on his cousin. Working with the public was always draining. He knew that too well. It must be particularly hard on Vivian. She was still adjusting to being around people—particularly humans. It took a lot out of her to stay on guard, to keep the wolf in check, to smile and take orders and deal with the day to day rabble.

Feeling suddenly sympathetic for her, Glen gave her a small smile. “Get some rest. I’ll get dinner started, alright?” He stood up and Vivian groaned a bit, easing over onto the couch to claim the unoccupied spot. She grabbed a cushion and tucked it beneath her head. Her response was a noncommittal hum of approval.

It didn’t take long to prepare the steaks—rare, warm—but by the time he brought Vivian’s plate to her, she had already fallen asleep there on the couch. Glen took a few moments to make sure she was comfortable, left her dinner on the coffee table, and turned the light low. He wouldn’t wake her. She needed the rest, after all.

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