

“But I Will Never Forget This”

by F.R. Southerland

[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 11: “But I will never forget this!”

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New paint smell wasn't really that terrible, but for a werewolf's sensitive nose, it was bad enough. Lang certainly seemed glad for the break away from the fumes. “Just be glad we're painting the outside of the shed, and not the inside. Could be a lot worse.” Anne nodded to the tray on the table between them and he took one of the glasses of iced tea.

“Yeah.” He didn't offer anything more to that and instead gulped down the cold drink.

Anne watched him for a moment before she glanced back. Adam still toiled away with the paint brush, carefully working on the trim. When she'd asked Adam if he would help paint the shed, to get the job done in one day, she'd gotten Lang as a bonus—albeit reluctantly, on his part.

“Think your brother wants a break?”

Lang finished off his glass and reached for the pitcher to pour another. “He said he was alright to keep working.” He shrugged and slouched down more into the chair. The boy went silent after that, sipping at his refilled drink slowly.

Anne smiled against the rim of her glass. When she first met Lang, the boy had been very quiet, almost shy. He'd improved greatly since she'd known him, but he was still too silent for her liking. She'd like to see him come out of his shell a bit more.

She cleared her throat. “Should offer him a drink anyway.” She started to rise from her seat.

“I'll take you up on that.” Adam's boots crunched on gravel as he neared, the paint brush hanging from his left hand.

“I was worried you'd work yourself into a frenzy.” Smiling, Anne passed him a fresh glass.

Adam took it gratefully. “Thanks. Seeing you guys in the shade changed my mind about working through a break.” He took a deep drink, then nodded back toward the shed. “Its just about done.”

“Good. Thanks, boys.”

“Don't thank us yet. We still have an entire side to do. Probably won't take an hour—”

Lang gave a snort.

Adam's eyebrow arched eye and Anne leaned forward slightly. “You object?” she asked.

“Well, not really. I just think its going to take longer than an hour. As slow as we paint?”

“As slow as you paint, you mean.” Adam let out a short laugh. It sparked a small smile on Lang's

face, the first they'd seen all day.

"I'm not the one who was slacking off."

"So, round it up to two hours?" Adam grinned and nudged at Lang. The end of the still wet paintbrush swiped his arm.

"Hey!"

"Oops." He bit his lower lip before swiping again, this time deliberately, leaving a streak of red from elbow to wrist.

Lang gave a look of disgust. Anne barely was able to hide her laugh—and she definitely wasn't able to when he flashed a look at her.

"That's exactly what I mean." He swiped uselessly at the paint, smearing it. Fingers drew away wet. He made another face and leaned over, wiping it on his half-brother's shirt. "This isn't helping."

"I don't know. I think it is." Adam jabbed playfully with the paintbrush, but Lang swatted it, succeeding in getting paint all over his hand. With a laugh, Adam jumped back to avoid Lang's fingers grabbing at his shirt. Lang upended the lawn chair as he pursued him.

Anne laughed and shook her head as she watched.

"Will you forgive me?" she heard Adam call, laughter ringing out as Lang caught up to him. Tackled, the boys both rolled. It was nice, she thought, to see Lang relax and finally let loose with a playful side.

"Only if I can dump paint all over you." There was laughter, too, in Lang's voice. "Sure, I'll forgive you, but I will never forget this!"