

Donut Debacle

By F.R. Southerland

“Where are the donuts?” Andy could’ve sworn there was a box of them there, with about three left. But the table in the shop’s backroom was empty. It was no mystery, really, what had happened to them.

Vinnie.

“Really?” Andy leaned against the door frame, one hand on her forehead, frustration palpable. “I finally get a chance to sit down after handling Ms. Worst Customer Ever, and you eat all the donuts? How unfair can you be?”

Her younger sister glanced up from the catalog she’d been occupied with. “Pretty unfair where it counts, but I didn’t eat the donuts.”

Andy dropped her hand and looked across the shop. “There’s powdered sugar on your shirt.”

Vinnie paused mid-turn and straightened from where she’d been leaning forward against the counter, and looked at the evidence on her blouse. “Shit,” she muttered and immediately brushed away what she could of it. Busted.

“Uh huh.”

She made a face and continued to swipe futilely at the mess. “Okay, so I ate them. I never said the donuts were for you anyway.”

“You put a box of donuts in a communal space—assumptions were made.”

“Not my fault you assumed.”

Andy huffed out a breath. They’re just donuts, she told herself. Let it go. She mustered a smile and flipped hair over her shoulder. “Fine. But I’ll remember this.”

Without missing a beat, Vinnie looked back to her catalog and let out a small snort. “Okay. I’ll be sure not to remind you about it.”

Rolling her eyes, Andy went headed back into the store room. Little sisters. It was too late to return her. Might as well just deal with her. “Brat,” she murmured under her breath just before the door slid shut.

A smirk worked its way over Vinnie’s face. “Yeah, love you too.”