

“How Can I Trust You?”

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

Day 3: “How Can I Trust You?”

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There was a crazy delusion CJ once had, when she was eighteen. That was the year of actual adulthood, of being legal. The whole world was out there, waiting. And she told herself that she had everything together. She was ready for it. Nothing would stop her. She had plans.

That was the lie though (one lie among many, she'd learn). She didn't have her shit together. Her plans were just pipe dreams. She wasn't where she thought she'd be three years later. In fact, it was like she'd moved backwards.

All it took was one little lie (the biggest one of them all, the longest running, the lie that had been with her all her life) to throw everything out of sync. Was she resentful about it? Yeah. A little bit.

Oh, she'd been drunk before—all fun and laughter and hanging with friends and a bottle of vodka—but this was a different sort of drunk. This was despair and distraction and the typical sorrow drowning that, up until that point, she'd only witnessed. She was angry and bitter, and now sad.

She pushed away her glass and didn't decline when the bartender began to refill it. Slender fingers closed around it, and she started to bring it to her lips, but paused as she glimpsed her phone, right there catching the light from above.

The glass clinked when she dropped it on the counter top to reach for it. Someone had warned her once, about drunk dials and drunk texts, but at the moment, CJ felt compelled to do something, say something. It was a bad idea, but certainly not the first she had. She doubted it'd be the last either. She didn't care at the moment.

She brought up her uncle's number, leaning heavily forward against the bar as she focused on the screen and picked out the letters. If she'd had her father's number saved—probably a good thing she hadn't—then her texts would've been for him.

“Father... yeah right,” she scoffed. Well, she couldn't take out her bitterness on him, so Aaron it would be. After all, he'd been in on it too. So many lies.

It was just one, simple text she sent, the words surprisingly spelled correctly despite her inebriation.

[text]: how can I trust you?

Then she turned off her phone, pushed it away, and drew her glass closer to her.

It made her feel better and worse. Maybe if she drank enough, she wouldn't remember any of this tomorrow.