

“No Worries”

by F.R. Southerland

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

Day 7: “No worries, we still have time.”

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Patience was a virtue, they said, but Carter had never quite been able to grasp it. Oh, he could wait, if he had to, but it made him jittery, over-anxious—like he’d downed three espressos back to back to back. And—as always—when it came to his daughter, that feeling quadrupled.

So when Mara paused, fussing with a sweater, he let out a groan. “We’re on a time-table here. Jasmine’s flight will be here in an hour and it’ll take almost that long to get to the airport, then find our way to the terminal—”

“Relax, Malcolm. No worries, we still have time.” She took a moment to view her reflection in the hall mirror, adjusting the collar of her shirt, pushing red hair away from her neck. “First impressions are everything.”

“She’s eleven; I don’t think you have to impress her much.”

Mara smiled at herself in the mirror before she turned to him. “Oh, hush. It’s my first time meeting her. Do you blame me for wanting her to immediately like me?” She placed a hand on his chest, smoothing out the wrinkles of his dress shirt. “I’m a part of her dad’s life, which makes me a part of her life. Of course, impressing her is everything.”

Carter sighed heavily, eyes rolling up to gaze at the ceiling before he glanced back down. He managed a reassuring smile. “She’s going to like you. Everyone who meets you likes you.”

“Mm, I really hope so.” Leaning up, she placed a kiss to his full lips. When she drew back, she used her thumb to wipe away the lingering smudge of red lipstick she’d left behind. “Come on, then.”

“Finally.”