

“Take What You Need”

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

Day 5: “Take What You Need”

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“You feeling alright?”

“What?” Neoma looked up from her book, pushing loose pieces of hair from her face. How long had Andy been watching her? She hadn’t even been aware of it.

The redhead must’ve been watching her for some time. She had that look on her face—pensive, worried. “Are you feeling alright?”

That was always such a loaded question. Neoma was certain she’d never felt truly “alright”, in her entire life, but she always felt something. That was the nature of being an empath, after all—or whatever it is she was.

“I’m fine,” she said, the lie coming so easily, as it always did.

Andy, of course, could see right through it. She always had been able to take one look at Neoma and just know. That was precisely how she looked at her now, with her long red hair spilling across her shoulder, blue eyes affixed on her—stern but concerned.

Better to quell the argument before it began. “Andy, I am. Really. Just tired.”

“Mm. I know ‘just tired’ for you doesn’t mean just tired.” She unfolded her long legs, closing the spell book she’d been looking through, and put all of her focus on the brunette. “You’re tired tired. Hunger tired.”

Neoma grimaced slightly.

“I called it, didn’t I?”

“Yes, but—”

Andy’s triumph at being right lasted only a few seconds. “But nothing. When was the last time you fed? A week? More?”

It had been a while. She didn’t try to really count the hours, or the days. She honestly didn’t like thinking about it at all, but it was a fact she couldn’t help. She’d need to feed sooner, rather than later. There was no putting it off.

She closed her eyes and ducked her head. Full lips parted in a soft sigh. “It’s been a week, at least.”

“Neo, I told you—you can’t do this to yourself.”

Concern left Andy in waves, cresting and falling hard. Neoma could hardly block out such strong feelings in her weakened state, and the charmed amulet she wore could only block so much. Andy’s

emotions had always been strong, fierce.

Right now, it was too much.

“Don’t lecture me. Please. Not now.”

“Okay, I won’t—but you know what you have to do.”

She did, but that didn’t mean she wanted to. It was easy for Andy to say that. She didn’t know what it was like, not really.

“Yeah, I know.”

Andy smiled softly. Her hand was warm when she put it on Neoma’s arm. She leaned into the touch. She hadn’t realized how starved she was for the contact. For a moment, they were teenagers again, in Andy’s bed, comforting one another with soft words and softer touches. Years later, their friendship had only strengthened.

She was grateful for her in so many ways.

Andy’s smile grew and she stretched out both of her hands for Neoma’s. “Come on; I’m full of energy. Take what you need.”

For a moment, Neoma was hesitant. It wasn’t the first time they’d shared energy, but there was always the risk she feared, always the fact something would go wrong. She’d take too much. She’d hurt her. But Andy was strong—stronger than she let on. And she could handle anything. It was one of the reasons Neoma loved her so much.

She let out a breath and mustered a smile of her own before she took her friend’s hands.

“Okay.”