

“Will That Be All?”

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

Day 4: “Will That Be All?”

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“Will that be all?” She poured another cup of coffee, put on a smile, and went to another table. The customers left no tip. The smile faded.

“Will that be all?” The clerk asked. He looked just as tired as she felt. Vivian shook her head no, picked up the pack of cigarettes, and took the change when he counted it out.

“Will that be all?” She handed back the lighter as she took a drag. “What else would I need?” she murmured. The man just shrugged. She got it. It was just something to say. And she’d repaid his kind loan with attitude. She felt about ten inches tall. “Sorry. Long day.”

“Will that be all?” She asked it, sarcastically, when Glen made his request for food. She’d put up her feet, adjusted the cushion behind her back, had her tea in hand.

Her cousin’s easy laughter stifled the growl that threatened to leave her. “It’s okay, Viv. I know you get tired of saying that all day.”

Eyes followed him suspiciously before she settled back, relaxing with a sigh “Yeah, and hearing it too.”

“Rough day?”

“You have no idea.” She searched, for a second, around her seat. Her book was missing. “Hey, can you grab my book from the counter?”

Vivian saw the mischief twist across his lips a split second before he asked—

“Will that be all?”

Her head fell back when she groaned.