

“You Know What I Mean”

by F.R. Southerland

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

Day 28: “I felt it. You know what I mean.”

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“Do you remember when we were kids?”

CJ passed him a sharp look. “You do realize who you’re talking to, right?”

Ian grinned sheepishly. “Right. You don’t forget things. Silly me.”

She rolled her eyes. Oh, he was in a playful mood. That was always fun. “That’s right. What about when we were kids? You got to be more specific.” There had to be a point to this. She popped the cap on her water bottle and took a sip while she scanned his face.

“My mom used to invite you guys over. For dinner.”

“Yeah.”

“I remember we sat at the table, while our moms were in the kitchen finishing up—”

“They did that a lot.”

“Can you stop interrupting me? For fuck’s sake.”

“Sorry. Proceed.” There were a lot of memories of those weird family dinners. Was there a specific one he was referring to? CJ tried not to look impatient for him to continue.

Ian exhaled, shook his head, then continued. “Okay, so we were sitting at the table, and I looked over at you. You had this look on your face. I can’t describe it and it was just... a small thing. One of those unimportant things, you know?”

She didn’t. CJ pressed her lips together and turned her eyes back to him.

“I feel dumb saying it now, but I felt it.”

“It?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Uh, afraid not.” She really didn’t. Was he trying to talk in riddles on purpose, or was he just really bad at getting to the point? She knew he had a tendency to ramble, when nervous or excited. “Ian, what are you trying to say?”

He blew out another breath, hefting both of his shoulders in a shrug. “You know what, I don’t even know any more. Forget it.” A defensive tone crept into his voice.

The fact he dismissed it was telling. It was an important thing. “No, what is it? Obviously

something.”

The half-vampire turned his head to her, bright blue eyes searching her face. A grin worked across his face, but it didn't touch his eyes. He looked down, shrugged again. “Seriously. It's a stupid kid thing. Who the fuck cares?” And that was it. Topic dropped. He reached out and took the water bottle from her and as he drank from it, CJ could only stare at him.

Who the fuck cares? Well, she might. But she wouldn't push it. It was probably another of those secrets better left hidden. There'd been an awful trend of that lately.