

“You Should Have Seen It”

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

Day 18: “You should have seen it.”

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Vinnie breezed into the room, the open door bringing with it the chill of autumn air. It carried the scent of leaves and the promise of rain. Her red hair whipped into her face and she pushed it out of her eyes.

“Hey.” Surprise edged her tone when she saw CJ at the stairwell. She was dressed in her track clothes, hair pulled back into a high ponytail. Her expression mirrored Vinnie’s.

“Hey. We didn’t have a lunch thing planned, did we?” CJ knew they hadn’t. She had an eidetic memory, after all. She would’ve remember if they’d had plans.

“Ah, no. I was just stopping by. But if its a bad time—”

“—just heading out for a run, you know.”

“Yeah.” Vinnie shifted her bag higher on her shoulder, bottom lip finding its way between her teeth. “I can just come back another time.”

“No, no.” CJ started past Vinnie and grabbed the door handle from an older man who just entered. “Run with me. We can catch up, yeah?”

“Run?” Vinnie glanced down at her jean skirt and the wedge heels she’d worn that day. She wasn’t dressed for running, and even if she was— “There’s no way I could keep up with you.”

The other girl shrugged and headed out into the brisk morning. “Its a joke. Just walk with me.” Her tone was flat. She didn’t sound like she was joking.

“Oh.” Her cheeks flamed. She caught the door and followed after. The cold air hit her in the face again and she pulled her jacket tighter around her. CJ was already a short distance ahead of her. Vinnie hustled to keep up.

There was a determination in CJ’s steps as she walked—a woman on a mission. Or, at the least, a woman with some sort of direction. Once Vinnie met her steps as best she could, she spoke. “Really, we can talk later.” It might be better, she thought. “Besides, there’s some construction up ahead. They have half the road blocked.” She tried to work up her courage. She needed more time to collect her thoughts. “I think a car hit a hydrant. At least, it looked that way. You should have seen it—”

CJ’s steps slowed. She blew out a breath that hung heavy in the air. “Vin, stop—I know Mason sent you.”

That made Vinnie stop entirely. “He didn’t send me. I just—”

She rounded on her. “Its just nothing. I don’t want to talk to him. I don’t want him checking in on me.”

“CJ. It’s not—”

She shook her head, letting out a quick huff. “Forget it, okay? I want nothing to do with my father. And you can tell him that.” Venom dripped off the word.

Vinnie didn’t get a chance to protest. With a flip of her head, ponytail flying, CJ took off at a jog. Within no time, she was gone around the corner and Vinnie was left behind in stunned silence.

And all she’d wanted was to mend the rift. She really should’ve taken her mother’s advice and left well enough alone.