

I Have No Mouth Three Years Ago

"No," Vi snapped. "I don't want him in this house."

Evelyn flinched, steeled herself.

"I don't care if he's your 'friend', I don't want that perv here. Why you even put up with him..." Violet shook her head in exasperation. "Trust me, you're better off without that kind of person in your life. He'll just cause you trouble."

"He's not a bad guy," Evelyn said, standing straight and forcing herself to meet her sister's stony gaze. "He goofs off a lot, and says some dumb things, but he's not *bad*. Deep down, he's just shy and awkward."

"I caught him going through my bras," Violet stated, crossing her arms.

"He was looking for spare batteries," Evelyn said weakly.

"In my underwear drawer?"

Evelyn didn't have a response for that. But she refused to back down. As much as she loved and appreciated Violet, the house was as much Evelyn's as it was Violet's. She could invite over anyone she wanted.

The thought made her heart ache.

In the back of her mind, the rational part of her began listing everything Violet did. From bills and taxes, to paying for groceries and clothes, to giving Evelyn an allowance every week without fail.

Both of their names might be on the deed, but there was no question as to who was actually responsible for the place.

"He won't go in your room again," Evelyn promised. "I talked to him and he understands. Dan will be on his best behaviour."

Vi stared at her, unspeaking and motionless.

Evelyn wilted under her older sister's hard gaze. Her resolve wavering at the prospect of arguing. She didn't want a confrontation. She just wanted to have her friends over, that was it. *All* her friends.

As her shoulders slumped, she lost the ability to meet Violet's cool gaze. Looking down at the floor, she waited for her big sister to deny her.

She wouldn't argue it.

As much as she wanted the whole gang together, and as uncomfortable as it'd be, she'd tell Dan he couldn't come.

It wouldn't ruin their friendship, right?

He wouldn't take it personally...

"Fine," Violet let out a deep sigh, shook her head. "Fine. Whatever. You can invite him. But if I find him going through my shit again-"

"He won't!" Evelyn promised, happiness flaring in her chest. "He's not like that. Not really. You'll see!"

Violet just rolled her eyes, turned away.

"Dan's a good person," Evelyn said softly. "I know he is."