

Just sayin' hi

She knows that it is someone else's feelings projected onto her own. She knows this. And yet she can't help herself as she hurries over one of the lanes at the bus station. She hasn't felt the need for this reassurance in years and yet, here it is once more. She quietly curses her friend for her strong emotions. This was an incredible stupid risk she was about to take and she hated herself for it immensely.

It was the wee hours of the morning and soon she would have to run for shelter, the sun an impendent doom on the horizon. But she had planned it all fairly well. In front of her, besides one of the lanes, stands a woman. She looks to be in her late sixties, and she looks tired. She stands in a large canvas jacket, a phone in her hands. It was an old thing, just a small smartphone, but it would do perfectly. She went over to the older woman, in a rushed but not too rushed way.

"Are you taking the bus soon?" she asked and the lady jumped as she was spoken to. She looked up and flashed a wobbly smile at her. She had tried not to scare the lady but it had been a hot minute since she handled humans, maybe she had forgot something. Like making a sound as she walked across the street. Or moving in a pace normal to humans. Or just the whole undeadness thing. She gave the lady a reassuring smile and kept a polite distance. That seemed to relax the lady greatly.

"Y-yes. I am young lady. Can I help you with anything?" she still seemed a bit unsure or frightened but still had that old-lady-politeness and care in her voice. She had taken a guess that the lady had grandchildren in about her age, at least the age she looked. It should help her gain some type of pity she figured, at least it used to.

"Oh my gosh, I'm terribly sorry!" She thickened her accent a little, making her seem truly upset and a little scared back. She did not have to play a part, just laying it on a bit thick made the lady relax her shoulders. "My phone just died and I'm supposed to call my granny and tell her I'm finally here! Could I possibly borrow yours?" She put down her backpack in front of the lady's feet. She looked the part of a young girl going to California to start a new life and be famous alright. A perfect cover she didn't have to actually play, people just assumed. "Here, you can have my backpack as insurance until I hand it back to you!" The lady looked between her, the backpack and the phone in her hand. Then she smiled a sad little smile and handed it over.

"No grandmother should worry about their grandchild for too long. I'm sure she would love to hear you are fine" nailed it. She smiled a relieved smile and took the phone. "Thank you a lot! I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't found you!" She smiled and years of practice made it look natural. She took the phone and walked away from the lady. She was very careful to stay within the lady's sight though, so she didn't think she would actually take her phone from her. She put in the combination which gave her an unknown caller-id before pushing in the familiar numbers. She had never been this conflicted about anything in her life. Things had changed forever when Damien had turned her two years ago. Her family wanted her gone more than ever.

A dial tone woke her from her thoughts. She had mistakenly pressed the small screen, a twitch making the decision for her. She held the phone to her ear, making use of her dead condition and not breathing. This was a voice she hadn't heard in years and a call she hadn't made in as many. She wasn't even sure the phone number was the same. They could have changed it. Hell, they could have moved since the last time she was there.

"Hello, this is the Abernathy residence, who dares to call before my morning coffee?" her human side wanted to gasp but she refrained, continuing to not make a sound. Her mum sounded bothered, just like she always did in the mornings before she had her coffee and a large amount of toast. It felt weird hearing her voice, as if she had been instantly moved back in time. As if she had slept over at a friend's place as a twelve year old and called in the morning to tell her mother that she was still alive. A knot she didn't think walking corpses could have made its way up her throat and she didn't think she could say a word even if she wanted to.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" Her mum now sounded very suspicious, perhaps believing it was all a prank. She once more cursed Amethyst for her god damned feelings and love for her family. It was those feelings that had made her do the call, but now, standing here, she felt nothing of the sort. All she felt was sorrow for a life she escaped but could have had and anger over the injustice that was life.

"Victoria?!" the sound of her mother saying her name made a chill run down her spine. How did she know it was her? Was her location blown now? Suddenly a million horribly thoughts ran through her head but she stood stock still, fear suddenly paralyzing her.

"Ohh, pup..." her mother had no time for more words before the fear let go of her body and she slammed the little red phone on the screen. She suddenly breathed again, even though she didn't have to, heavy sounds echoing at the still bus station. She put the phone to her forehead for a short while, shutting her eyes and just grounding herself once more. Fuck, that had been a horrible idea for so many reasons but in hindsight she was happy to realize that love for family was nowhere to be found, it all was a projection of her friends feeling onto her own. She deleted the call from the phones history and went back to the old lady. Something must have shown on her face because the old lady looked sad as she approached.

"Oh, honey. What happened?" the now concerned lady took a step towards her but Victoria handed over the phone before any chance at consolation was given.

"It's okay. She didn't answer" A small cough followed the sentence, making her more human. At least it made her feel more human. She did not give the lady time to see past the lie. *"Anyway, I made the call with unknown caller-id and it was to a home phone so you shouldn't be bothered with call backs at least. I also deleted the call so you won't press it and recall her by accident"* she cleared her throat and looked the lady in the eye.

"Thank you for the help with the phone and everything" she gave an unconvincing smile. *"And thanks for guarding my backpack"* She took it from the ground at the lady's feet and onto her back once more. She turned around and walked the way she came from and as on que the buss the lady was going to take arrived. She could not have planned it better herself. In a few hours, the phone would be multiple time zones away from her even though it was as she had told the old lady, they should not be able to track that phone down in any way. One could never be too careful. It had worked out just fine as a way of contacting her family years ago and she had perfected the way of doing it back then. Unless they had suddenly grown a really interest in technology (which they had never had before) during the two years she was gone, and by some technological miracle she did not believe existed, she would be safe where she were. At least for now. Like everything, it was all really a matter of time. She had at least learned something from this whole ordeal, she was now one hundred percent sure that the feelings she had felt was not her own but her friends. Stupid mental link.