

## You're staring

He raised an eyebrow at her. She sat across from him at the table of some uninteresting junk food chain. It had been the closest place to the motel that still served food this early. It was a rundown, uninteresting and long forgotten place they had found themselves in, the locals never going here anymore. The glory days of this place was over and now it was only junkies, truck drivers and weird travelers that made the restaurant not run out of business. Their busiest time of day were probably somewhere around midnight. This place just was that dodgy.

“So?” She levels him with an unimpressed glare. She has almost finished her hamburger and she chewed slowly on a fry. She had stopped asking him if he wouldn't eat or want any of hers a couple of days ago.

“So? You're staring. Intensely. The people working here already finds us weird, you don't have to make it worse” She picks up another fry and pops it into her mouth.

“Why would they find us weird?” she leans back and looks around the room. Taking it in. Studying the people in here. Trying to find a better answer than the one she already had. She didn't seem to find what she was looking for.

“Because you're an old dude and I'm a young girl. And to these people there are only three reasons for a young girl and an old dude to hang out” She held up three fingers between them. He figured his silence would urge her to move on. “One. They are father and daughter” she gave him a scrutinizing look. “And to be fair, we are way too different to fit that category” one of her fingers curled, two remained standing.

“Two. It's a paying man and a hooker” She looked down onto the food and then up at him again. “I mean, I guess you indeed are a paying man but I'm not *your hooker*” She emphasizes the words as if to make it clear between them that it would never happen. As if he had thought that it would take that direction. As if he wanted that. He snorted and shook his head a bit.

“What's the last one then?” He said, turning his gaze away from her for the first time during this whole conversation. She curled another finger, only one remaining.

“The last one is where I'd bet my money. It's a good thing I remain completely relaxed under that gaze of yours 'cause otherwise they'd probably already called the cops on you” He had no clue what she was talking about. She grinned at him and folded the last finger. “You kidnapped me” His gaze snapped back to her as she leaned back onto the chair once more. He hadn't realized that she had leaned over the table to make a more palpable tension. He didn't know if he was annoyed by her theatrics and sass or if he enjoyed it. It would take him years to realize that he was annoyed because he enjoyed it.

A quick look at the clock over the disk told him that this conversation was over. “It's time to head back to the motel now” she looked down at her own watch, nodding when she saw the time.

“Yeah, sure” she stood up, taking the little bag of fries and the barely touched drink in one hand. She took the tray with the waste and started walking towards the exit. She stopped and turned towards him when he still hadn't moved from the table in the corner.

“You gonna' sit there all morning old man or you coming? The suns about to rise and you wanna go to bed and I wanna see it” He sighed and rose from the seat. She was right, of course. He did want to go to bed.