

Becky's Drabbles

Dinnertime

This damned stew again. Eat, don't look at her. Okay, one quick look. Remember to breathe. They missed that almost imperceptible crinkle of her nose, but I didn't. Adorable. What is she doing? Is she...?? Yes, she's trying to... by the Gods! Don't stare, you'll give her away. But how can I turn away from that devilish glint in her eye? She shouldn't do this. Reckless. She can't now, they're leaving. Her blue eyes can't hide their disappointment. She looks at me; they change. I shake my head and smile. We're alone. She grins. She'll be okay. So will I.

Not Again

Follow the rules, play his way. You've done it for twenty years now. It's easy. Don't talk about Nikolas. Talk about the good times, the past. He'll get that soft look in his eye, and not close himself off. That's the one. Smile for him. Never mind he still doesn't get it. Never mind he hasn't changed. And you have. Forget about that. Stefan... no, don't think about him, either. He got out. You called, someone helped. Yes, Luke, you were a hero. My hero. Things were so simple then. It would be so easy... yet so hard. Not again.

Reality

Luke's rough hands caressed her cheek. Laura struggled to keep from vomiting as the reeking smell of tobacco and whiskey made its way into her system.

"Not tonight, Luke," she said.

Ignoring her, he lowered his hand to her neck. "I want you, Laura."

"I have a headache," she replied, trying to move away from his grip.

His response was to mash his thin lips to her closed mouth.

No!

Laura bolted up, the memory of the nightmare still fresh in her mind.

"Are you okay, Laura?"

She smiled as he gently caressed her cheek. "Just a bad dream, Stefan."

Happily Ever After

"Who's this with you, Grandma? Your Daddy?"

Laura looked at the old photo the little girl was holding and snickered.

"No, honey, that was my second husband."

Katia crinkled her nose in disgust. "But... eww."

"That's the same reaction your grandfather had."

"I'm glad you're with Grandpa now," Katia declared.

Laura smiled. "Me too, sweetie."

"What happened to this man?" Katia asked.

Laura's smile widened. It had been almost twenty years since Luke had made his last mark on Port Charles. It had taken days to clear the spot. That darn parapet railing.

She'd have to celebrate later with Stefan.

Weird

"Excuse me?"

"I said you're a little... weird. No, actually, make that a lot."

"A lot weird? Laura, that is hardly--"

"Stefan Cassadine, if you correct my grammar I promise I'll bop you."

"Bop me? That would be an American colloquialism, am I correct?"

"Argh!"

"I take it you just 'bopped me.'"

"Your discernment of the prior action would be accurate."

"And Helena said you would never learn more than the monosyllabic words."

"You suck. Profoundly. Three syllables."

"To suck... to inhale with force. Yes, I love to suck."

"Now you're just teasing me."

"I thought I was sucking..."