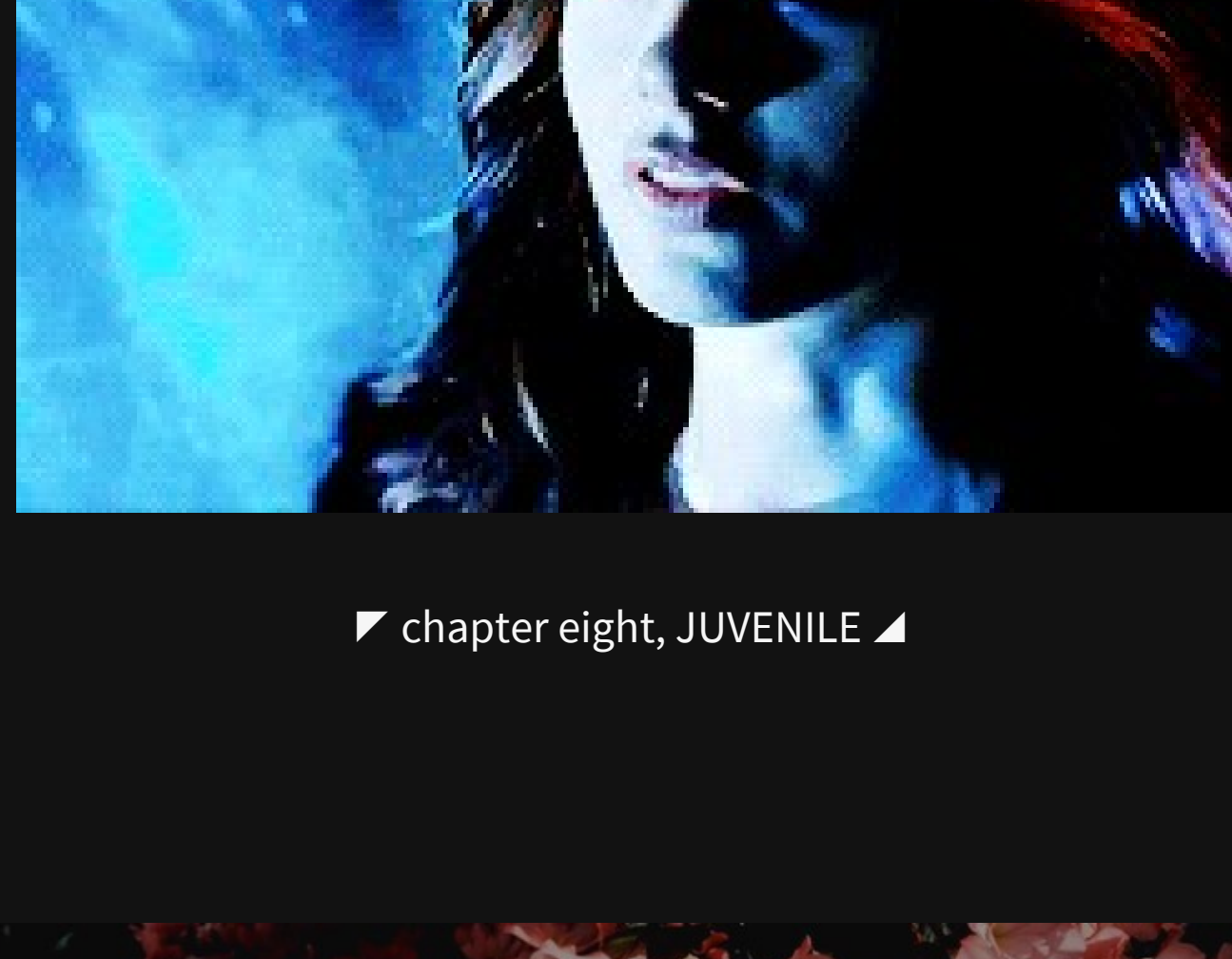


『 viii. JUVENILE』



▸ chapter eight, JUVENILE ◀

LITTLE THINGS MATTER

Davina and Brinley didn't do anything for New Year's. They went to the diner, spent time with Rosie, clinked together their glasses full of their favorite milkshakes and giggled at each other. No big celebration, no party or going home to family – just them at the diner.

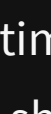
And it was nice. She liked it, spending time there and not feeling so down with no questions about how Finn was. She saw him before Christmas, almost cried because there were bags under his eyes that were never there before and his hair looked absolutely atrocious. He said everything was good, never elaborated, and she told him about her Christmas plans and asked him if they were doing anything special in there or if it would be another day.

It was nice to see him and hear his voice, but it was also nice to walk into Apple Eye's Diner and not having Rosie ask about it. They talked about work and how Brinley most definitely had an interest in someone – Bucky, Davina recalled – and then the conversation was turned back on her and Wanda as if there was something there. There wasn't; they held a simple kiss because of mistletoe tradition and that was it – nothing more. None of the other girls believed that.

And even though Davina wanted to tease Brinley about Bucky more, she didn't. Because a er the kiss with Wanda it was revealed that he was an ex-assassin for HYDRA and murdered a bunch of people. "But he's fine now – all of that brainwashing and everything has been removed!" Brinley assured her, although she really wasn't. So yeah – Bucky killed people which made her a bit scared and everyone could feel that tension, although he said nothing because "he's not much of a talker".

Sam kept everything light and Desmond looked uncomfortable in his own apartment. When they le , Brinley explained that he wasn't a people person so having his place of comfort crowded was a bit much for him. She understood. Davina herself mostly kept up conversation with Wanda and no one else because she didn't know the others and Brinley was busy having fun with her friends.

It was a bit selfish to see that she was hurt, seeing her best friend with everyone else. Because she still had Brinley to herself at home and the girl would never replace her with these guys she had never even heard of before Christmas, so it was fine. Poor Davina just didn't have a lot of people. She had four maybe; Brinley, Rosie, Finn, and Conrad – although those two have fallen apart quite a bit due to distance. That didn't matter now because Conrad was coming back to New York so she'd have someone else to help fill the void.



Brinley was spending more time out of the house at night she would finish grading and say that she was going over to Desmond's which meant that she was alone for the rest of the night. Davina didn't mind when she had a late shi , meaning she got home around ten or eleven, but hated it when she didn't and was stuck doing her homework – because she was still going to college – without the comfort and hu ing replies from her best friend as they watched TV.

But it was fine – Davina was fine. Brinley had her own friends and that was great, Davina had her homework. But on a Saturday, Brinley went out again which le her alone and, not wanting to go to the diner because Rosie didn't even have a shi that day, she decided it was time to give Finn a visit.

It hadn't been a whole month, no, but she missed her little brother and his eyes always seemed to light up whenever she came to see him. Whether or not that was because of her or just having contact with the outside world, she didn't know. She also didn't care enough to ask him.

Getting dressed, she headed out and got to where Finn was being held in record time. She went up, said she was here for Finn Patterson, and was lead back to the calling room, taking her seat. The door opened and a guard was standing behind her brother, making sure he only went into this room.

He looked around for a moment before meeting her gaze, smiling and she smiled back. He took a seat and both of them reached for the phones on the wall so they could talk to each other.

"It hasn't been a month already, has it?" Finn asked, a bit jokingly but they both knew he was a little serious because if another month passed that meant he was closer to being released.

She shook her head. "No," she admitted, "But I thought I'd come and see you anyway."

"I'm not complaining," he shrugged, "So what's going on? How's Brinley and Rosie?"

"They're fine. Have you seen them lately?" she already knew that it was a no for Rosie, whose last visit with Finn had been in November, but she didn't know anything for Brinley.

"Nah. Rosie came around a er Thanksgiving, told me about how you can't visit and everything – and that there was this cute girl sitting beside you," Finn grinned and she rolled her eyes.

"Shut up, Finn. Her name's Wan-Wendy and we're just friends – nothing else," Davina clarified, "Even though everyone else seems to think that something's gonna happen."

"That's because something will," Finn grinned, "I'm betting on it."

Davina snorted, "With what money? You're in juvie."

"I have some for when I get out and you better pay me if something does happen between the two of you," Finn still smiled.

"Nope. Not gonna do that. We're just great friends and I haven't even seen her since Christmas –"

"What? You can't be that busy if you're here with me and most people don't have every day planned out to a tie so I bet that Wendy's not that busy either," Finn started before seeing Wanda's gaze dart out, causing him to gasp, "You're ignoring her!"

"Am not! School's just been...hard recently and I've never texted her so wouldn't it be weird? Every time we hang out, it's because we just so happen to be at the same place. Nothing's ever planned so, I don't know, I don't wanna disrupt anything," Davina said in her defense.

"Okay, you're so avoiding her. And if you keep just happening to be at the same place, that clearly means the universe wants the two of you to be together," Finn said as if it were obvious.

Davina groaned, "You sound just like Brinley."

"Asher is a very smart person and you should definitely listen to her," Finn deadpanned, "But really – you should do it."

"I don't really wanna date anyone."

"That's bullshit."

"Hey! Language!"

"V, literally no one gives a shit that I swear here. No one. Everyone else does. The guards are more concerned if I show any sign that I'm gonna escape or get ahold of a weapon or fight someone – not swearing," Finn said.

"Wonderful," Davina said sarcastically, "How's Gibby then? He still doing good?"

Gibby – Finn's cellmate for the current time. Unlike Finn, he had an eighteen-month sentence which, according to her brother, he really didn't deserve either. She couldn't verify how true that was seeing as she had never met the guy, but she trusted her brother enough to believe him – if only a little.

"He's good. He cried when his mom came to visit him so some of the guys beat him up for being a wuss, but other than that...yeah, he's great," Finn told her.

Her heart dropped at the thought of someone just beating up somebody for having emotions and crying. It was a natural reaction to things – it was good to cry. "That's...terrible."

Finn shrugged, "I mean, yeah, but it wasn't too bad. They got him in the stomach a few times but let him leave a er that."

"That's still bad!"

"I know it is, V, but you gotta put it into perspective. I've seen a guy get his teeth knocked out so a couple punches to the stomach...it's not so bad here," Finn explained.

She frowned, "That doesn't mean I have to like it – you know I hate violence."

Her brother let out a small chuckle, "Yeah, I know."

There was a moment of nice silence, looking and seeing each other before Davina gasped. "Oh! I almost forgot to tell you; Conrad's moving back to New York."

Finn sputtered a bit, looking up with his own face full of surprise, "Wait – really? He told you this?"

She nodded in confirmation, smiling, "Yep! He called on Christmas, told me that it would be about a month or so before he moved back here. Never told me why or anything but whatever, I'm just excited to have him back."

"Me too. God, it's been way too long since I talked to him," Finn groaned, "Of course, it'll take a couple more months before I see him but, you know, at least he'll be here."

"Yeah, but he'll be here soon," Davina said, "It'll be nice to have him around again, I've missed him."

"Awe, that's so cute!" Finn teased her, "Do you miss your best friend, Davina?"

She rolled her eyes playfully, "Shut up, Finn."

"Never. But really, I'm glad that you came today, it's nice to see everyone," Finn admitted, "Mom came on her own last week, or was it last week? I don't know, but it was this month at least. And Tessa came around Christmas, wanted to give me some eggnog but it's not allowed, so..."

Davina laughed, "It's nice that she tried though, and that she came. I wish I could come more."

"It's fine, V, I don't expect you to be here every weekend or whatever. You're busy, so it's okay. At least you come around more than Asher," he added the last part bitterly.

"Brinley hasn't been coming?" she asked, frowning slightly.

"No, no, she has but I thought – I don't know – that it'd be more o en? Like I said, I know you guys are busy and everything but I was just hoping she'd come and visit more, and maybe the two of you together or something," Finn said, "But no, she came at the beginning of December and that was the last time I saw her. She said she'd be back the week a er Christmas to celebrate that and New Year's but she never showed."

Davina's frown deepened. She knew that Brinley had been spending more time at Desmond's with the guys, but she at least thought her friend would make time for Finn if not her. Guess she was wrong. "I'm sorry, Finn. She's been hanging out with some new people lately, guess it's been taking over more of her time than I thought."

He shrugged, "Nah, it's fine. I'm okay, so it's fine."

"Still," Davina insisted, "I'm sorry."

He smiled, a little hint of sadness in his eyes were seen as he looked up at her. Her heart broke a bit, seeing her brother like this because of Brinley not coming around, but she didn't let it show. "I'm fine," he repeated. Davina didn't believe him, but there wasn't much she could do about it so she settled on nodding instead.

"Okay."

Continue reading next part ◻