

“Avoid”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
April 2019

Day 17: “Avoid”

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Ludlow's, demon bar or not, was always open in one way or another. It was quiet now, and with no wonder. Morning wasn't precisely peak time. Pretty much every vampire had left just before sunrise, with most demons having shuffled off shortly after. Very few demons remained behind past sun-up. A few patrons left were human—or close to.

Aaron had put in a long night running black market goods in the Underground. He'd call it overtime, if he ever actually got time off, but he was always on call. He was tired down to his bones and he hoped he wouldn't need to run something else. After this whiskey, he planned to head back to his shop and crash in the upstairs apartment, if he got that far. He wanted nothing more than to get some well deserved rest.

The whiskey went down smooth and he glanced up at the demon bar tending. It wasn't Ludlow, but one of his underlings—a demon just as ugly and green-skinned, if not as bulky and broad. Aaron gestured with his glass and the demon grunted and took it for a refill. As he waited, Aaron lit up a cigarette, placing the filter between his lips and producing an easy flame on the tip of his thumb. He put it out with a wave of his hand and reached for his refreshed drink.

That was when he saw her step through the door. 'Step' wasn't entirely accurate as she rushed in, sure-footed despite the high heeled boots she wore. Long blonde hair spilled out from beneath the hood of her leather jacket, smoke rising from beneath it. The smell of burning vampire flesh—fuck, there was nothing like it.

What the fuck was Nancy doing out past sun up?

She quickly scanned the bar and her eyes narrowed when she saw him.

“Shit.”

“Shit is right.” She marched right over to him and slid into the seat next to him. The scent of burnt skin and hair was even stronger. Aaron couldn't really see any singe marks—vamps healed fast—but he knew Nancy wouldn't risk going out in the day unless she had a damn good reason or some

crazy impulsive notion. It was up in the air as to which it was at the moment.

He took a long drink before he answered. "You trying to work on your tan or some shit? Day ain't your time, babe. Thought you knew that." There was an edge of amusement in his tone.

She rolled her eyes and grabbed the drink right out of his hand. She downed it in a gulp and slid the glass across the bar. It slid off the edge and shattered on the floor. "Cut the shit, Aaron. You've been avoiding me. Why?"

He did reply immediately. He took a deep draw from his cigarette and blew the smoke away from her. "You ever think maybe I've been busy as fuck?"

Nancy smirked and took the cigarette from him too. "Too busy for me?"

Aaron turned to look at her. Nancy had lowered her hood, dissipating the smoke that curled around her head. Her hair fell across her bare shoulder, jacket spilling open to show her low-cut bustier and the ample cleavage displayed. His gaze lingered.

"Fuck no."

She smirked more and passed the cigarette back. "Prove it."

Aaron flashed a grin. "Bathroom. Five minutes."

So much for resting,