

Bother Me a Little More

by F.R. Southerland

“Move over.”

Jamie didn't. The blond's attention was focused on the book he was scribbling in. He only gave Dylan a mild look of annoyance, then returned to his writing. He crossed out a passage. The song wasn't coming together like he hoped.

Maybe it was the distraction in front of him.

The demon smirked, said nothing, taking Jamie's silence as permission to do as he pleased—not that he ever needed much permission when it came to watching television. He flopped down on the empty seat, immediately stretching out his legs across Jamie's lap.

That earned a sigh and another look. “Really, man? You can't pick another seat?” There was no shortage of chairs. And there was the floor too.

“What can I say?” Dylan's smirk grew. He grabbed the remote and flipped on the TV. “Like bein' close to ya.”

Jamie fought to hide a smile and failed. He shook his head and rested his book against Dylan's legs. “Whatever. Don't bother me.”

Dylan's chuckle drowned out the canned laughter from the television. “Mm, never gonna happen.” His dark gaze lingered on Jamie a long moment before he flicked his eyes to the TV. He settled in with a sigh of his own.

Jamie, satisfied with that answer, smiled just a little more.

He didn't mind being bothered. Not really.