

Can't Blame a Demon for Trying

by F.R. Southerland

It didn't really seem to matter how many wards she put up, or how many sigils she drew on her wall—Dylan always managed to get inside her apartment. Usually, it was when she was around. Inopportune moments, mostly. The middle of the night, having just gotten out of the shower, settling down to enjoy an entire pizza herself and suddenly having to share—those moments.

When she walked into her apartment, arms laden with grocery bags, to find him rummaging in her kitchen, all she could do was give a resigned sigh. “Shit. If you're going to break into my place, the least you can do is help me put away the groceries.”

A streak of orange flew out from beneath the couch and darted for the still open door. The kitten moved too fast for Andy to shut the door, and with her arms full of bags, it was hopeless to catch her. “Vivi, no! Goddamnit. Dylan.”

“M'not the one leavin' the door open, love. Don't blame it on me.” He moved lazily from where he'd paused, munching on a handful of Doritos. His expression was more than slightly amused, and it only grew more obnoxious when he saw the annoyance and frustration flash in Andy's aura. She always did have such a lovely one. It went so perfectly with her temper and the sharp look she directed at him.

He pretended to be put out by the implication of that look. “Fine, love. I'll get her. Hang out.” He passed through the shadow and out into the hall.

Andy took in a deep breath, watching as he retrieved her cat from the end of the hall and walked her back, cradled against his chest.

“Almost had it there, huh?” Dylan sing-songed, rubbing the kitten behind the ears. Vivi started to purr. Andy could hear her even standing several feet from him. “Almost got away.”

Andy rolled her eyes and the door slammed shut with force behind Dylan. She stepped to the kitchen and deposited the grocery bags onto the cluttered counter and took her cat back from him. “What are you doing here anyway?” she asked as Vivi wound herself in Andy's red hair and nuzzled her neck.

“Came to visit m'favorite witch, o' course. Why else would I be here?” He immediately began to rummage through her purchases.

“I can think of a dozen reasons. None of them good.”

“A dozen?” He repeated, mock surprise in his voice. “Why, you only need one. And it ain't good. Dirty, in fact.” And then Dylan flashed her that wicked grin of his and grabbed the box of Cheez-its from the bag.

Andy gave a smile in return, tight-lipped and sarcastic. It was tempting, she had to admit that, but no. That was a closed chapter of her life. “Take your snacks and go. And next time, text me for a booty call like a normal person, so I reject you with a series of emojis. ‘Kay? This face to face stuff—I'd rather not.”

“Well, you don't have to be facin' me—”

“Dylan no.”

He just continued to grin. “Can’t blame a demon for tryin’.”

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