

“Deal”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 16: “Deal”

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Sylvie curled her tapered fingers around the hilt of her knife. It was still sheathed, on her belt, but the movement drew the attention as she knew it would. The man's eyes dropped to her slim waist, eyeing the weapon. It wasn't her only one, but she wasn't apt to flash her fangs unless absolutely necessary. And judging by the way he looked at her and Nancy—with cocky contempt—it would probably be necessary before the deal was done.

He flashed his own flat, white teeth in a grin. “Your girl looks a little tense,” he said, his words directed at Nancy. “I can help her with that.”

Nancy gave him a look—a look Sylvie had seen her give to many people over the past few years. Her lips were closed in a tight smile, her blue eyes shining with something that could easily be taken as playful, mischievous.

That look, Sylvie knew, was murderous. This man would be dead before the night ended.

Good, she thought. She hated him already.

“Why don't you ask her yourself, big boy?” Nancy crooned, flipping her long blonde hair back over her shoulder.

Men always tried, and men always failed. Sylvie had absolutely no interest in them, even if he was considered good-looking, with his dazzling smile, combed back hair, and expensive leather jacket. He was far from her type, seeing as he was not at all female.

Sylvie's smile mimicked Nancy's. Her head inclined a bit, her hoop earrings swinging with the movement. “Pass.” The word came out clipped, her English accent making it sound harsh and cutting—perfect to get the idea across.

But the man was unconcerned with the statement and gave a little laugh. “Oh, you didn't even give me a chance.” He looked to Nancy. “And what about you? You wanna join in or just watch because I wouldn't mind fucking you first if your friend agrees.”

Nancy showed incredible restraint. If Sylvie had been running this deal, she would've cut him

just for the comment, deal be damned. She drew the blade a couple inches from the sheath, but a look from Nancy stilled her hand.

“Not yet,” the vampire queen murmured. Her pale hand went for Sylvie's wrist, a stark contrast against her much darker skin. She leaned in, lips against her mentor's ear. “Let's play with him first. Deal's not done. Ten more minutes, let him secure the payment... then you can rip out his throat.” Nancy smiled that smile of hers, blue eyes on the unsuspecting fool standing across from them.

None the wiser, he gave another wide grin. “Yeah, that's what I'm talking about, ladies.”

Sylvie very much doubted it, but she smiled too as she agreed to go along with Nancy's plan. She couldn't wait to close this deal.