

“The Worst I Have Done”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 19: “Oh please, like this is the worst I have done.”

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Black smoke rose heavily into the sky, until it blended in with the inky darkness of the night. The fire licked out the windows. The firefighters had their work cut out for them, but honestly it was a waste. The building was a loss.

And he'd know. He'd burned down more than a few in his lifetime.

Emergency lights glared red against wet pavement. The milling crowd on the opposite side of the street had grown since Aaron got there. He stood back against the brick wall of the bookstore, watching the scene unfold. A fire didn't burn that fast or that hot on accident. This was deliberate. Arson.

“Pretty hot, huh?” He hadn't seen her move through the crowd until she was right beside him. The vampire's white-blond hair spilled across a bare shoulder. The smile on her face was beguilingly sweet. Nancy leaned in close to the natural over-warmth emanating from his body.

His mouth worked into a smirk. “You know me, babe. I like that hot shit.”

Her smile morphed into a devilish grin, pointed fangs prominent against her sultry lower lip. “Thought it might get your attention.”

It clicked then and Aaron sank back more against the brick, exhaling a sound somewhere between a scoff and a laugh. “Fuck. This is your work? Fire ain't your M.O.” He didn't have to tell her that. Fire and vampires generally mixed. If it wasn't for how wild she was in bed, Aaron wouldn't even be entertaining her right now. “You got my fucking attention.” He fished a cigarette from the pack in his jacket pocket and rolled the filtered tip between his finger and thumb. “What do you want?”

“I think you know what I want.”

Aaron took a minute to look her over, noticing—not for the first time—the low-cut bustier, full breasts half falling out. Short skirt showed plenty of her long legs and the heeled boots made her closer to his height, but she still has to incline her head back to meet his eyes.

“A good fuck?” He snorted. He put the cigarette to his lips. A snap of his fingers produced the flame on his thumb and with it he lit the cigarette. He took a long drag from it, blowing the smoke away from her.

“That, among other things.” She pressed up close to him, picking the cigarette from between his fingers and drawing it to her red-painted lips. “Maybe I need a favor.”

Aaron drew his attention back to the burning building, watching the firefighters at work. “This ain't

the way to get me to do shit. You fucking know that.” He put distance between them, bringing out his arm to nudge her away from him. She’d fucked up. “How many people were in there when you lit it up?” Even he wasn’t that reckless. Not any more. Not when it came to innocent people.

Nancy flipped hair over her shoulder, smugly looking back toward the inferno. “Oh please, like this is the worst I have done.”

She got him there. She’d done far worse. It wasn’t a consolation.

“Fuck off, Nance. I ain’t dealing with this shit tonight.” He pushed away from the brick. She could keep the cigarette—and that was all he was giving her tonight.