

“This Ends Now”

by F.R. Southerland

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

Day 6: “I Heard Enough, This Ends Now”

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One late night blended into a dreary day. It wasn't until night passed again that Mason stirred from his spot. The chair creaked as he moved. The minimal amount of movement for hours of end left him stiff. The tension in his muscles eased the more mobile he became.

Food, first. His stomach protested. Then sleep. He could sleep for hours, days. A month. As a demon—half-demon—it was entirely possible. He'd done it before.

His task still wasn't complete, and it wouldn't be for a while, so an extended hibernation would have to wait.

He navigated through the semi-dark of his spacious apartment to the kitchen. It wasn't as commodious as some of his other residences, but it had a coziness to it that he enjoyed. He found the tea kettle and began to fill it.

There was a noticeable chill in the air and a charge in the air. The cold air wasn't simply a draft, not with that hum of magic behind it. Fully aware that he was no longer alone, Mason continued to prepare his tea.

It was only as he turned to the fridge that he heard it. It was almost imperceptible—he may not have heard it at all, had he not had such honed senses. It was a low hum, more a feel than an actual sound. He ignored it and grabbed the carton of eggs.

The hum grew in volume, now most certainly meant to be heard. It buzzed, filled the room, filled his head. Before long, it was incessant, annoying. He could no longer ignore it.

He cracked eggs into a bowl and spoke, voice commanding. “I heard enough. This ends now.” Mason lifted his eyes and waited two beats. “Show yourself. I know you're there.”

A spirit's energy was not so different from a magical signature and sensing those came naturally to the half-demon. Hiding from him was absolutely useless. If there was one person the ghost should fear, it was Mason. His necromancy skills alone should've terrified him, but Victor knew Mason would not dismiss him so quickly.

It took longer than he would've liked to manifest completely, but he did, appearing only semi-transparent. A thin smile pulled at his lips. “How long did you know?” A dumb question, he knew, but

it broke the ice nicely—or so he thought when Mason mimicked his smile.

“I always know.” Mason tapped the whisk against the side of the bowl, unnaturally blue eyes finally regarding his old friend. “You have gotten stronger.” It was a statement, not a question—and far from complimentary.

“I have.” Victor was proud of the fact. In time, he’d be able to manifest easier, and with more stamina to remain. And in time, he might even come back permanently—but small steps. Mason, he knew, would not approve in the slightest. Victor wouldn’t let it dissuade him.

Mason made no comment and poured the eggs into the pan. As he grabbed a spatula, he paused and side-eyed the spirit. He had to wonder just what had brought him here, because there was very little Victor did without some sort of purpose behind it. His hesitation was only momentarily, but enough for the ghost to notice.

“You want to know why I’m here.”

“I assumed you would tell me in due time, but yes. What is your motive this time?”

Victor’s smile grew, slowly.

Mason had seen that smile before and knew there was no good behind it. This was no ending—not in the slightest. And he wasn’t sure he had to patience for it.

He sighed heavily and stirred his eggs. “Of course.”