

“This Is Gonna Be So Much Fun!”

by F.R. Southerland

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

Day 16: “This is gonna be so much fun!”

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“What was it like?” The wire hangers clacked together as she pushed them back. The skirt might work. She pulled it off the rack and held it out.

“There’s really not much to tell.” Sylvie took the offered skirt, upper lip pulling back over her fangs. She tossed the article onto the growing pile on the sales counter.

With a roll of her eyes, Nancy stepped to the next rack. She had always been curious about Sylvie’s life before she was sired, but the other vampire had never been too open about it. Now seemed as good a time as any to bring up the question again. “Then tell me what little there is, and stop giving me the bullshit.”

“I’m not the same woman I was before I became a vampire, you have to know that.”

“None of us are. What the fuck else is new?” Nancy jutted out her hip, one hand on it. She faced the older vampire and gave her a look. “I ain’t interested in how you were before. I know enough about that. I just want to know what it was like when you were sired. You had the choice, right?”

This time, Sylvie rolled her eyes. “Yes, I had a choice—and I chose to be strong. Isn’t that enough?” The words were abrupt, her clipped English accent doing nothing to soften the abrasive tone.

A tight smile pulled over Nancy’s face. After all, she hadn’t been given a choice. Becoming a vampire had been forced on her. “I probably would’ve said ‘fuck no’. Ain’t like I would’ve been like ‘this is gonna be so much fun! Murder me!’” She gave a scoff and tossed a fuchsia t-shirt aside. “As if.”

“You whistle a different tune now.”

“Yeah, because I know the perks that come with it. But then? When I was Little Miss Innocent—” If she could’ve ever been considered innocent then “—nah. Not a clue. But if I’d known? If I’d been informed or some shit, like you were? The answer would’ve been real fucking different.” She imagined it would’ve been liberating.

Sylvie gave a mild shake of her head, then turned to change her shirt. Her dark skin was bared, momentarily, before she covered it with one of the new tops. She smoothed out the front of it. “What does it matter now? You are what you are. And what you are is damn powerful.” A little flattery never hurt.

Nancy smirked at that. Sylvie did make a point. “Well, I can’t really argue with that.” She stepped over the corpse of the shop-girl and took hold of the tag hanging from Sylvie’s sleeve to help remove it.

“Sometimes, I envy you. But in the end, it really doesn’t fucking matter.”

Sylvie’s full lips moved into her own little half-smile. “Long live the Queen, yeah?”