

# “You Shouldn't Have Come Here”

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

Day 9: “You shouldn’t have come here.”

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Vampires weren’t subtle in the way they sent messages.

The first time he was jumped, Ian chalked it up to a random vampire—a stupid one who just wanted to pick a fight. And why not? A lot of them wanted to test out if a half-vampire half-human could actually hold his own.

Ian could. He’d proved it time and time again. The vamp dust that coated his clothes answered that.

The second one was a little less fighty, but Ian hadn’t been in the mood to chit-chat. That, too, had ended in dust.

The third one couldn’t be a coincidence so Ian held his stake tightly, still concealed in his jacket pocket, and actually listened. What the vampire had to say wasn’t good. Nothing they could ever say to him was good. Ian scoffed and turned, leaving the vampire to deliver his own message.

“Fuck no.”

That was a week ago. There were no more vampire attacks. His mother must’ve gotten the message. Good. Maybe she’d leave him alone now.

Ha. No. She wouldn’t. His mother—Alex, fuck, she didn’t deserve the mom title—was relentless. This had to be some ploy to get him to come to her, a trap to surround him, kidnap him, torture him, kill him, turn him.

The list went on and on.

In the back of his mind, the doubt loomed. This wasn’t over yet. It was far from over. The fact it took a week for anything to happen surprised him.

He hadn’t expected to open his apartment door and find her seated there, at her kitchen table. The lights were off, leaving the petite woman shrouded in darkness. Her scent—blood and death and a hint of something damp—assailed him the moment he stepped in. His first thought was of his roommates. Their scents were strong, but faint. They weren’t home. Good. Good. He didn’t have to worry about their safety.

“You shouldn’t have come here,” he said, managing somehow to keep his voice even. “You shouldn’t be here.” He’d made it very clear he wanted nothing to do with her.

Shame she didn’t feel the same way.

She smiled at him—wide, pointed teeth showing, no warmth at all. “Hello to you too.”

Ian kept his distance, hovering in the doorway, wary to move any closer. “What do you want?”

“Do I need a reason to visit my son?” Alex lacked the same wariness. Her chair creaked when she pushed it back.

“No, but you always do. Never a social call.”

“Mm, you’re right.” The small talk came to an abrupt end and her smile vanished. “Don’t ignore my messages, Ian. It’s rude.”

“Fuck you.”

She moved fast. Despite being prepared for it, his back hitting the door frame with the force of her shove shocked him. He lashed out, but her arm pressed to his throat. For a small figure, Alex was exceptionally strong. His fingers bit into her flesh, grimace on his face. He couldn’t move.

Her eyes were golden, her teeth longer, the threat real. “Do not ignore me. When I tell you to lay off my vampires, I mean it. Do you get it?”

The lump in his throat got caught as he tried to swallow, but he managed a nod. Instantly, he was released. Air came flooding back and he took it in with a gasp. “Yeah. Got it.”

That smile returned, even colder and crueler with her vampire eyes and teeth prominent. “There’s a good lad.” She patted his cheek, fingertips cold against his face.

The door shut almost silently behind her when she left. Ian closed his eyes, head falling back against the wall.

No. Not subtle at all.