

“You Think This Troubles Me?”

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

Day 10: “You think this troubles me?”

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Ludlow’s bar was a home away from home—or at the very least the closest Sara could find on Earth. The bar was a hub for demons and other supernaturals, and the lack of humans here was refreshing, and for that reason alone Sara visited the establishment. She didn’t make a habit of it. She wasn’t so fond of other demons either.

Tonight, she wanted a new change in scenery. Dylan’s apartment had become grossly overcrowded with pets and humans, and too much inane noise coming from the television, radio, the computers. Sara had had enough.

Drinks here were plentiful, and she made sure she had her fill. She gestured for another as she finished off the last in her bottle and dragged her eyes around the room. There were plenty of demons tonight, but none caught her eye, none impressed her.

Pity.

The same couldn’t be said of what the demons thought of her. Several eyed her, no doubt seeing her as human by appearance. Some had already glimpsed her true power and prowess. It was difficult to tell, of the one demon who moved toward her, if he thought her human or if he had an inkling of her true self. Either way, she side-eyed him as she lifted her drink.

“You’re a pretty thing,” he said, as he pressed his bulky weight into the bar. He wore a sour smell, like that of sweat, an unappealing scent. Her lip curled back in disgust, but the demon didn’t seem to notice it.

A clawed hands came out to touch her arm, the touch surprisingly gentle for such a brutish sort. “I could show you some fun. Dance with me?”

Oh, how... sweet.

Her lips pulled into a tight smile and she drew back.

The demon didn’t budge, instead tightening his grasp. “Are you troubled?” His breath was hot, releasing more of the sour odor.

“You think this troubles me?” She leaned in, her smile turning into something more seductive—a pout, her eyes half-lidded with false desire.

The brute leered, leaned in—

—her hand closed around his wrist and in a single, fluid movement, she slammed his hand onto the

counter. She seized the empty bottle with her other, smashed it, and embedded the jagged shard off the bottle-neck into the thick flesh at the back of his hand. There was a spurt of blood and a shout of pain.

Her hand closed around his throat, claws extended now, one pressed hard into his skin. The demon froze, eyes wide.

“No,” Sara said, sweetly. “It doesn’t trouble me at all.”