

“You're Not Gonna Like It”

by F.R. Southerland

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

Day 17: “I’ll tell you but you’re not gonna like it”

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Ian stuffed his hands into his hoodie pockets and examined the apartment more as they stepped further inside. It was the first time he’d ever inside her dad’s place. It was pretty much exactly what he expected the rooms above the comic shop would be—spacious, but with enough clutter to give it that lived-in look.

Spooky Cat greeted them with a soft mrowr, rubbing against Kat’s shins. The feline gave Ian a cursory sniff before half-heartedly doing the same. Neither of them were her owner and so her interest waned quickly. Her fluffy white tail swished as she departed.

Ian had never been a huge fan of pets—at least, not cats. “Yours?”

“Dad’s.” She shrugged. “I don’t ‘ave m’pet here.” A proud sort of smile pulled across her face. “No one else like ‘im in this world.”

“Yeah, I know.” He’d seen Joey before—a terrifying slug like creature with rows and rows of deadly teeth. Cool, but creepy. “He’s pretty damn unique.” And certainly not his first choice of a pet.

“Yeah. An’ last time he got out, he ate through a wall so m’not s’posed to leave ‘im unsupervised.”

“Yikes. Where is he now?”

She glanced back at him and a smile worked its way over her face. He’d seen that smile before. Nothing good ever came with that smile.

“I’ll tell ya, but you’re not gonna like it.”

“I don’t feel anxious at all about that,” he deadpanned, casting a glance to the floor, where the shadows seemed darker than before. He knew where Kat liked to store things for safe-keeping—directly into the shadows themselves, where her unnatural entourage kept watch. He could imagine that slug snapping out at his foot, snatching him with all those teeth...

Well, there were worse ways to die, but Ian didn’t want to tempt fate.

“Yeah,” he finally added. “Let’s just keep it ambiguous.”