Babysitter

By C. Jade Wyton

Logan is not happy that his mother is leaving him and his brother home to go to some party with a vampire. Not at all. It worries him. And his worries manifest as bad behaviour— Much to the dismay of the babysitter.

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That was a vampire.

Logan squinted as his mother spoke to the little girl —one who looked around his own age, perhaps a year or two older than him— who stood in his front door.

He'd seen her on the Wikipedia page about vampires while looking up demons and related creatures, after finding out Creedence was his father.

She was in the mafia.

The vampire one….

So when his mother said "girl things" it wasn't only code for "possibly dangerous and illegal things" it was apparently also code for "joining the mafia"!

What the fuck was she *doing?*

He was glad he'd put that knife in her purse. He got the feeling she was going to need it.

'Hon, I'll be back later,' Tiffany hurried over to quickly kiss Trent on the nose, before turning to Logan and doing the same. '*Behave.*'

Logan frowned at his mother, doing his best to show her how upset he was she was leaving; but ultimately went ignored as she anxiously hurried out the door after the vampire girl.

'Wow. Mum didn't even wait for the babysitter to get here before going,' Trent observed, twiddling his thumbs with his own nerves. 'She *never* leaves us alone like this.'

'Yeah,' Logan agreed, giving a half-hearted shrug. 'Well. I guess she thinks we're safe now, with Constance being dead and stuff.'

'Mm…' Trent hummed.

His brother hadn't liked hearing what their mother had done— But Logan thought it was only fair he knew. He knew she had told him not to tell anybody… but Trent was family. So that was okay to tell him, right? And it wouldn't be fair if he was the *only* person in the *whole entire family* who didn't know what happened. So Logan had made him two-thousand punch-promise never to tell anyone *ever!* And Trent knew how hard Logan could punch, so he was never gonna tell anyone. Not at the risk of getting punched two-thousand times.

'I'm going to lock the door,' Logan decided, starting across the apartment.

'What? But then how will Josie get in?' Trent asked.

'That's the point,' Logan said as he locked the door. 'She won't!'

'*Logan!*' Trent whined. 'C'mon, Logan! Mum's finally being normal again— Don't make her mad at us!'

'She's *not* being normal, though!' Logan stood on his toes so he could put the chain-lock on the door, just for extra measure in case his mother had given Josie
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a key already. ‘She’s *still* being weird!’

‘Yeah, and making her mad’s not gonna make her act normal again!’ Trent huffed, joining his brother before trailing after him to the kitchen. ‘And like. If she’s gonna be out doing codeword “girl stuff” then she’s gonna be *too tired* to be mad when she comes home!’

‘So if she’s too tired to be mad then we won’t get in trouble,’ Logan pointed out as he opened the freezer and took out the tub of ice cream. ‘So it’s the *perfect* time to do things we’re not meant to do!’

‘And what if we *do* get in trouble?’

‘Then you can use your get out of trouble card!’ Logan told him. ‘Mum’ll honour it.’

‘How do you know she will?’ Trent frowned.

‘Cos I already used mine,’ said Logan, popping the lid off the ice cream and rummaging through the draws for his favourite shape of spoon. ‘When I eavesdropped on her talking to Grandma about her *girl’s night* in the desert.’

Trent opened his mouth to retort, but instead his gaze turned from annoyed to surprised. ‘Wow. You didn’t get in trouble for *that?*’

‘Nope,’ Logan shook his head and scooped the biggest scoop of ice cream he could. ‘She said that because we kept our promise to her and didn’t tell anyone about getting on the wrong train, she *has* to keep her promise to us! Even if she’s really mad and doesn’t want to.’

‘*Whoa,*’ Trent pulled his own scrap of paper from his pocket and stared at it in awe as Logan ate his spoonful. ‘So much *power*….’

‘*Mhm!*’ Logan agreed through his food. Then he swallowed and held out the tub to Trent. ‘Want some?’

Trent nodded and retrieved a spoon for himself, and the two boys sat together on the kitchen floor eating ice cream.

The tub was almost empty when Trent paused, examining the last serving with a pensive look.

‘Should we leave some for Mum?’ he asked. ‘In case she comes home sad?’

‘Good idea,’ Logan agreed, pressing the lid back on and replacing the tub into the freezer. ‘She’ll need sugar! Especially if she gives up her blood!’

‘What?’ Trent was now frowning again. ‘What do you mean by that?’

‘The girl Mum went with— She’s a vampire.’

Trent paled. ‘A vampire?’

‘Yeah,’ Logan confirmed. ‘A vampire. I saw her on Wikipedia.’

‘Is she gonna eat Mum?’ Trent asked.

Logan took a moment to think on it. ‘I don’t think so,’ he decided. ‘I heard Mum asking Aunt Ruby for help this morning, so I think she’s one of Ruby’s friends. And Aunt Ruby wouldn’t be friends with someone who’d drink Mum’s blood.’

‘But what if she *does?*’ Trent asked. ‘I’ve heard that vampires are part of the mob—‘

Trent was cut off by a knock at the front door, and both he and Logan went quiet as they hurried into the lounge.

‘Miss Goldman? Are you there?’

‘Nobody’s home!’ Trent called out; and Logan immediately smacked him.

‘Trent?’ Josie called through the door. ‘Logan? Is your mother there?’

‘Mum says you can go home,’ Logan lied. ‘We don’t need you to babysit us.’

‘What? No she didn’t,’ Trent blurted, looking at Logan with a confused frown.

‘*I’m lying!*’ Logan whispered.

‘Oh!’ Trent gasped. ‘Uh— Yeah! Mum said you can go home!’

‘Too late to backtrack!’ Josie called. ‘I heard you say she didn’t! Is she there? Did she leave you alone?’

‘Only for like, five minutes!’ Trent replied.

‘And only cos *you’re* late!’

‘Yeah, her lift came and she had to go!’ Trent agreed, stepping towards the door. ‘She couldn’t wait for you cos it was really important she was on time!’

‘Yeah, this is *your* fault!’ Logan told her, following Trent’s lead so they could stand together at the door. ‘So you should feel bad about it!’

He was answered by a muffled sigh and the sound of the door being hurriedly unlocked.

I knew it! Logan thought as the door opened a crack and got caught by the chain-lock. *Mum gave her the key!*

‘Aw, boys, come on!’ the teenage tabaxi’s nose poked into the apartment. ‘We’re going to have fun—‘

Logan flicked her on the nose and she pulled back with a surprised cry.

‘Logan!’ Trent exclaimed. ‘You can’t do that to the babysitter!’

‘Why not?’ Logan huffed, pushing the door shut again and turning back towards the kitchen. ‘It worked, didn’t it? Now come on! I gotta try something!’

‘In the kitchen?’ Trent responded, hurrying after Logan. ‘But *I’m* the one who cooks! You *hate* cooking!’

‘Yeah, but I read on Google that demons are fireproof!’ Logan exclaimed. ‘How do you turn the stove on?’

‘Mum said I’m not allowed to turn the stove on without her,’ Trent pointed out.

‘Yeah? And I doubt we’re allowed to lock the babysitter out,’ Logan retorted.

‘Good point!’ Trent nodded, and slipped past Logan to light the stove.

It took him a moment to get it on (he complained he still wasn’t used to how this one worked) but when he did, he turned it up to its highest setting and stepped aside so Logan could join him in staring at it.

‘Are… you gonna touch it or do I have to?’ Trent asked, nervously.

‘I’ll do it,’ Logan reassured; reaching up a hand and slowly —cautiously— poking at the flame. ‘Mmm…. *Huh*.’

It was… *comfortably* warm.

Comfortable.

Not too hot at all— It took away that chilly feeling that he always felt (and that everyone always said he shouldn’t have being half-triton) that made him want to press against the heater of his bed even when his mother told him not to burn himself.

It was nice.

It was *comfortable*.

And it made him want to press his entire *face* into the flames.

‘Logan what are you doing—‘ Trent gasped as his brother leant face-first into

the stovetop. ‘Logan?!’

‘I have found heaven, and it’s the flames of hell,’ Logan mumbled, turning his face so the flames licked his cheek.

‘It’s comfy?’ Trent asked, reaching out a hand. ‘Can I try it?’

‘Get your own stove!’ Logan half-joked, pushing Trent’s hand away from his face. ‘This one’s mine—‘

‘*LOGAN!*’ Josie’s shriek made both boys jump and Logan didn’t have even a second to react before the tabaxi was upon him; checking his face for burns with a frantic, ‘Oh my god, oh my god, oh my *god!*’

‘It’s fine, Josie!’ Trent reassured loudly. ‘We’re half demon! So fire doesn’t hurt us!’

‘Half de—’ Josie’s cut off as she looked over Logan one more time before whirling around to turn off the stove. She took a deep breath, seeming to compose herself, before giving the boys a wide smile and ushering them back to the lounge. ‘I didn’t know that about you both. Come on. How about we go play some board games?’

‘How did you get in?’ Logan asked, his eyes tightening suspiciously. ‘I put on the chain-lock!’

‘Tape and a rubber band,’ Josie told him. ‘And a YouTube tutorial.’

‘NO! You can’t do that! That’s— Are they *that easy* to get past?!’

‘Apparently so,’ Josie gave a light chuckle and led the boys to the couch. ‘*Alright*. What do you two want to do?’

‘Scrabble!’ said Trent.

‘Summon demons,’ said Logan.

‘Scrabble! Scrabble’s good,’ Josie complimented, before giving Logan a concerned look. ‘Summoning demons…. I’m not sure your mother would want us doing that tonight.’

Logan huffed, flopping into the seat beside Trent and crossing his arms as Josie retrieved their Scrabble board from the bookshelf—

Well. Their *Words With Friends* board; which was basically just a plastic Scrabble board with indents so the letters didn’t slide around when it got bumped.

It was apparently something his mother had gotten when she’d used to go out with her friends and drink. Though over the years it had suffered a few bumps and bruises.

It had permanent marker scribbles on it, adding house-rule custom bonuses. And a significant amount of the letters were taken from other Scrabble boards because everyone kept losing them and having to buy new sets— Only to lose half the letters from *that* set, over and over, until they got sick of it and just mixed all the letters they had left over together. Even if it meant that some letters had different values depending on what brand of tile they came from.

Logan looked down at his letters.

N U S T R P C

With a sigh, he followed Josie and Trent’s lead and began to rearrange the letters into could-be words.

‘Can I go first?’ Trent asked.

Josie looked to Logan, who shrugged and nodded.

‘Awesome! *Corn,*’ Trent said, placing down his letters. ‘Eight points. Your go, Logan.’

‘Cunts,’ Logan said aloud as he placed down his word. ‘Ten points, plus the double word score.’

‘Oh that’s a good one!’ Trent beamed.

Josie’s eyes went wide as she stammered and started to reach forward. ‘I-I don’t think that word’s appropriate—‘

‘Aunt Ruby plays it all the time!’ Trent defended, blocking Josie from moving Logan’s letters.

‘Yeah, and Mum says we can use swears at home.’

‘Um, w-well that’s alright but uh…’ Josie’s ears pressed back sheepishly. ‘The C-word is a bit extreme, don’t you think?’

‘No?’ Trent cocked his head. ‘Grandma said that “cunt” is a term of endearment!’

‘Yeah, and Mum says that she’s an expert on swearing!’

‘Cos she’s Australian!’

‘Yeah, cos she’s Australian.’

‘*Okay!*’ Josie chirped, clearly very unhappy with the situation but trying not to show it. ‘Well. How about we try and avoid swearing while I’m here, okay?’

‘Why?’ Trent asked, earnestly.

‘Because it makes *me* uncomfortable,’ Josie answered.

Logan heaved a sigh. ‘Fine. That’s fair.’

‘Yeah. Mum says that’s why we can’t swear in public— Cos it makes people uncomfortable and we gotta respect them.’

‘That’s a… good lesson,’ Josie sighed, awkwardly thumbing her own letters before forcing that stupid smile back on her face. ‘Okay. Well… how about…. Enzyme?’

‘Whoa!’ Trent exclaimed as the word was added onto the N in Corn. ‘Double letter on a Z!’

‘Yeah!’ Josie beamed; then, she took on a very annoying, condescending tone. Like a teacher would use. ‘Now, do you boys know what an enzyme is?’

‘Oh, uh— Uh— It’s to do with the stomach! I know that!’ Trent replied. ‘Andi talks about them a lot cos she’s a personal trainer at a gym!’

‘That’s one type of enzyme, yes—‘

Ugh, Logan rolled his eyes as Josie spoke; she was talking to them like they were kids. That always annoyed him— Even when they *were* kids their mum never talked to them like that. Sure, she used smaller words but… that *tone* annoyed him.

Like she thought they were stupid or something….

‘Logan? Hey,’ Josie tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and he cringed away. ‘Oh— Sorry…. It’s your turn, Logan.’

Logan huffed out a heavy, unhappy breath through his nose as he realised he hadn’t been paying attention, and looked down at his letters.

Hmm….

‘Pervert!’ he exclaimed, tacking his new word onto the second-last letter of his previous one.

Josie gave a heavy sigh, but said nothing as she placed down her own word.

And that was how it went for about twenty minutes, before Trent started picking at his nails restlessly.

'Trent?' Josie gave Trent a gentle nudge when he didn't realise it was his turn. 'Hey, what's up kiddo?'

Trent shuffled awkwardly, not meeting Josie's eye but instead looking to Logan. 'Do you think Mum's doing okay?'

'I'm sure your mother's fine,' Josie answered; seemingly not realising Trent hadn't been addressing her.

'It's just that the last time she went out with *those* friends…' he trailed off, casting another glance to Logan.

'She'll be fine, Trent,' Logan comforted. 'She's got a knife!'

'A knife?' Josie echoed with concern.

'Yeah, in case she gets in another fight,' Logan clarified.

'*Another* fight?'

'Yeah.'

'What…' Josie's brow furrowed. 'What is your mother doing tonight?'

'She's having a girl's night out,' Trent answered.

'Uh-huh….'

'Yeah. Last time she had one of those, she came home with a scorpion in her pocket!' he explained. 'And then we got to go to McDonalds!'

'A scorpion?'

'A live one!'

'Yeah, a live one,' Logan confirmed, uncrossing his crossed legs and toeing at their game.

'Logan, don't kick the—'

Logan flipped the board over with his foot, sending the tiles skittering across the floor.

'Logan,' Josie shook her head. 'That wasn't very nice of you.'

'So? I don't have to be nice,' he huffed. 'I'm a demon.'

'Logan, you *know* that Grandma said being a demon is no excuse to be rude!' Trent argued. 'She said that you were perfectly nice before you knew about Creedence, so you can't pretend that's the reason you're acting like an arsehole!'

Logan just shrugged.

'Oh, now, there's no need for name-calling,' Josie hurriedly motioned for the boys to stay calm. 'I know that you've both been having a hard time. Moving's not easy. And it makes everyone tense. Logan? Do you want to tell me what's wrong? Why you're feeling so—'

'You can talk to me like I'm a normal person,' Logan huffed. 'I'm not a baby.'

Josie took a deep breath, which she let out as a sigh before addressing Logan in a more adult tone. 'Logan. What's wrong? Is this about the fight you all had the other week?'

'Who told you we were fighting?'

Josie gave Logan a sympathetic look. 'I heard you screaming from my own apartment.'

'Whatever.'

'What was the fight about?' Josie asked. 'Come on. Maybe I can help?'

Trent shuffled in place. 'Oh, uh, it was about this man who came over—'

Logan punched Trent in the arm, cutting him off. '*We're not supposed to talk about that!*'

'Ow, Logan! That hurt!'

'Logan, no hitting!' Josie motioned for Logan to back away. 'Huh… a man who came over?'

'Yeah, he was why we had to move, cos he was following Mum around and— *Ow!*'

'Two-thousand punches!' Logan reminded his brother.

'Okay! Okay. Okay, that's enough. No hitting,' Josie repeated. 'How about we play another game?'

Logan gave a long, annoyed groan before flopping limply over.

'What about Stardew Valley?' Trent suggested. 'You like Stardew Valley!'

'Yeah, sure,' Logan snorted, rising to his feet. 'I'll go get my switch.'

'Okay! I'll get mine!' Trent beamed, getting up to hurry after Logan. 'You can wait here, Josie!'

'Alright,' Josie gave the boys a hopeful grin. 'All's not lost! Let's play some games and have a good time!'

Logan rolled his eyes headed for his room with Trent at his side.

As they reached the door to Trent's room Logan grabbed his brother's arm and pulled him forward one more door, dragging him into his own room to talk to him.

'Hey, Logan, my switch is in—'

'Yeah, yeah, I know,' Logan made a shushing motion. 'But I think we should do something else.'

'Huh? What?'

'Something chaotic!'

'Oh?' it was clear Trent's interest was piqued; he'd always loved causing chaos. 'What kind of chaos?'

'We can try and summon another demon— I've been looking on Reddit and found some cool ones!' Logan explained. 'I have them bookmarked on my iPad and everything! We can barricade ourselves in here so Josie can't stop us, and summon something!'

'I dunno… Mum said not to try and summon stuff in the house again,' Trent shrugged. 'And besides, the last time we tried we couldn't get anything to show up.'

'Yeah, cos we were trying to summon a *big* demon! Like, one with a name!' Logan argued. 'I've found a list of easier ones! Like abyssal chickens, and quasit, and vargouille!'

'Mm…' Trent looked hesitant, but bit his lip in a way that told Logan he was winning his brother over. 'I *do* like chickens….'

'Come on, then! Help me move the desk before Josie comes to check on us!'

—END—

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