

“Oh. My. Goddess. I can’t believe you are such an idiot!” Rhoslyn’s eyes flashed with silver fire as she stomped her spike-heeled boot onto the ground so hard the heel almost snapped.

“I had no idea you would be so sensitive about it,” Logan snapped. His blood was on fire and his fangs were hurting. He could feel his eyes begin to glow with the anger building inside him. She was making a big deal out of nothing. What had started as passion and romance had quickly transformed into an angry, name-calling shouting match.

“Sensitive? *Sensitive?*” she wailed like a banshee, “I’ll show you sensitive you blood-sucking leech!” Her hands were on her hips and she got up in his face flat out daring him to do or say something else stupid. And of course, being a male, he did.

“Look here you little bitch, *I mean witch*, if you’re going to continue to behave like this you can shove that broomstick right up your ...”

Rhoslyn cut him off, “Oh no you didn’t! That’s it blood breath. We are *so* done!” It came out as a hiss which meant she was super pissed.

“*Really?* What makes *you* think you get to decide when we’re done? I can make you stay,” Logan growled standing menacingly in front of her, his large body towering over hers.

“Your little mind tricks won’t work on me bat boy and if you don’t get out of my way I’ll cast a spell on you that makes you chip a fang.” She snarled at him, her threat sounding very real. He didn’t care.

“Is that all you got?” he asked with a snarl of his own.

“I could always make you shrivel up in your coffin. Then you would be as cold, useless, and shriveled as your dick!”

Did she insult his manhood? She must be angrier than he thought. He was shocked into silence for a moment as he grabbed his crotch. He tucked his cock back into his pants, as it had been out and ready for a passionate romp when Rhos suddenly jumped off him angrier than a nest of hornets. He looked up and realized she was storming away from him. *Bollocks*. He didn’t have much fight left, “My cock’s not shriveled, useless, or cold,” he halfheartedly called out to her retreating backside.

“It will be when I’m done with you,” she said with a wicked smile as she hopped onto her tricked-out broomstick.

“And you know I don’t sleep in a coffin,” He whispered, the fight gone from him.

“You might want to from now on, just to be safe, make sure it locks from the inside” she called out as she took off into the night sky stirring up a cloud of dust and leaving angry trails of electrical currents in her wake.

“Later fang face,” she yelled as she disappeared into one of the clouds.

A tall, dark shadow emerged from the grove of trees, “What did ya do to piss Rhos off this time?” Grim asked having caught the tail end of the fight.

Logan turned to his oldest friend, “How long have you been watching us?”

“I walked up about the time you tucked your cock back into your trousers.”

“Oh lovely,” Logan smirked. It wasn’t the first time Grim had seen him in a compromising situation, the two had been friends for centuries, “What makes you think I did something?”

“Dude, how long have we known each other? It’s always your fault.”

“We’ve known each other for almost a thousand years and it is not always my fault.”

“It is when it comes to women,” Grim snarked. “What. Did. You. Do?”

“I asked for her hand in marriage,” Logan replied solemnly.

Grim snorted, “I guess her answer was no?” he asked sarcastically.

“Kind of looks that way doesn’t it?” He gave Grim a steely look. “The answer had been yes...until I put the ring on her finger.” Logan looked devastated.