

What I really wanted was a nice long nap and some Taco Bell, but of course, that didn't happen.

I was still dripping wet from my glorious, burning hot shower when the doorbell rang. Dressed only in my pajamas (a tacky Maroon 5 t-shirt and a pair of dilapidated sweatpants) I opened the door. I took one look at the person on the other side and cussed under my breath.

"I assume you know why I'm here, Miss Wallace," He said in his usual mocking tone, smiling innocently behind his Ray-Bans.

"Get out," I groaned.

"If you were a registered cryptid, this wouldn't be a problem," Marcus replied, very obviously ignoring me and letting himself in. I sighed and shut the door behind him.

The agent looked around, peering skeptically at my wide open cupboards, loose floorboards, and the embarrassingly large gaps in my walls. "I like what you've done with the place," He decided. "Very...ominous. Is that a raccoon?" He pointed towards a shadow in the corner and I quickly moved to hide it.

"It's, uh, Crinkle. Dumb cat," I laughed nervously.

"Right..." Marcus walked in a circle, testing floorboards with his loafers and clicking his tongue skeptically.

"You can go now," I said in what I hoped was a confrontational tone. Marcus just smiled at me, opening and closing drawers with absolutely no regard for my privacy.

"The SITF team is a little concerned about your recent...endeavors, miss Wallace." Marcus said. I stared at his uniform with loathing.

"Right, the Supernatural Investigation Task Force. I can assure you, I've done nothing wrong." I stood up straight and tried to look him in the eye to no avail. Marcus laughed and pulled up one of the floorboards, unleashing a terrible groan that sounded unnervingly like 'brains....'.

"Alright Jen," Marcus surprised me with the use of my first name. "Let's see what we've got this time." He ripped off another floor board.

"Zombies in the floor," He announced, making his way to the cupboards. "Ghosts in the tupperware," He said as the door slammed itself shut. "Ghouls in the stairwell," A moan came from the steps. Marcus told it to shut up.

"You haven't done anything, Jen, and yet you've got all these skeletons in your closet," he exclaimed as he pulled a bony hand out of my pantry.

"It's not my fault," I tried to explain, cutting him off as he reached for the oven.

"Not your fault? Care to explain why this happens to *every house* you move into?"

I didn't have a response to that. My mind was still racing when the oven timer chimed. I would remember later that I hadn't actually turned it on.

"If you'd agreed to register as a cryptid," Marcus was still saying as the oven sprouted arms behind him. "We could've gotten you a house immune to this sort of thing." A strangled noise escaped my throat as the oven hands reached towards the still oblivious Marcus.

Before either of us could react, the arms had grabbed Marcus and slammed him into the oven door. I screamed and reached to turn it off, but the oven chimed again and swung open, revealing a cake covered in layers of frosting that bore an uncanny resemblance to Marcus's SITF uniform. The oven had sprouted a mouth in the place where the clock should be.

"Supper time," The oven said in an eerily calm voice, handing me the second supernatural agent cake it had made that week.

"I wanted Taco Bell," I muttered and trudged back up the stairs with the unfortunate knowledge that I wasn't going to get a nap tonight.