

*“In Need of a Challenge”*

Ah, the night; whispers of excitement and promise whooshed by in the evening wind, the pale moon tinting the earth with her ghostly charm. Leaves flitted on by, skidding across the rough pavement. Shadows danced in and out of the peripheral vision, causing second guesses and nervous giggles to bubble from adolescents, a picturesque opening scene for a god awful horror flick.

And a horror flick it would be.

Long, feral teeth were bared, accompanied by a swift lick of the lips; it was *delectable*, the scene bestowed upon him. Giggling females, clammy hands palming the wiry muscle of the male’s arm, paired up in twos; all in all, two girls and three boys, wanting nothing more than a good scare and some of whatever was in the bags.

*Cannabis. Booze. A good time.*

A low, animalistic rumble bubbled up from his throat as calculating eyes watched. Many years, he had done this same thing, watching his prey like a hungry jungle cat. It had gotten easier, and not just because he had had practice; years ago, his victims would run. Run, because he was a demon, a witch, a dreadful blood sucking agent of Satan.

But now? Now, they practically *begged* for him. Curious stares and furtive steps quickly turned into polite conversations and neck bearing. Like they *knew* he was not of them.

It had gotten worse. Since the century turned and nineteen’s became twenties, he now owned the label of *sexy*. Nothing about what he did was remotely sexy. Throat ripping and drinking every last drop of blood like it was going out of style was definitely *not* attractive.

At least, it shouldn’t have been.

Boredom became evident on his pale face, his teeth *aching* with the thought of this all you can eat buffet that was about to happen. Slowly, like a panther in the wild, he stalked down the tree he was

perched upon and began his decent. Quickly, using the god like speed he was blessed with (or cursed with?), he got ahead of them; a good hundred feet.

*You're lost; you need directions.*

He molded his face into one that felt confused, worried; then, he stepped out, blending in with the shadows in his “penguin suit”; did he mention that he had just come back from the opera and got separated from his *lover*?

The scenario, so old and unoriginal, has never failed him yet.

Reaching into the jacket, he pulled out the pocket watch; an ancient relic that had stopped working as soon as his heart rotted and stopped working as well.

A constant reminder that he was not *human*.

“...and then he was like – oh?” The voice of the taller woman sounded from behind him. Slowly, he turned around, hoping that he looked as dumbfounded as he made himself feel.

“Oh, hello. I’m sorry, but could you direct me to parking lot? I got separated from my wife...” Her hard, gray eyes softened, as did everyone else’s as they gave him the once over.

*I’ve still got it!*

“Yeah, sure Mr...?”

“Smith. Mr. Smith. A pleasure to meet you.” He extended a strong hand, a small smile hiding his weapon of choice. The woman took it, and her friends murmured agreement.

A bodacious blonde; an athletic black man; a small, tan man; and, last but not least, the quiet, intellectual one.

A feast indeed.

“Actually, we were just heading back that way, weren’t we?” Her eyes were sparkling with interest; his own, unnatural ones were silent; cloudy. Eyes were the window to the soul. One needs a soul to begin with in order to have windows for one.

“Would you mind letting me...tag along?” A quick, aggressive nod as she moved closer.

*God.*

He could hear the blood roaring through her beating heart; she was nervous. *Good, good.*

“My name’s Hannah, by the way. And that’s Juliet, William, Jose, and Michael.” In order, as he had addressed them in his head; the one named Michael was still staring him down. *Did he suspect?*

“It’s a pleasure,” he murmured warmly, walking with them as they began their chatter again.

*Soon.*

The woman, Hannah, had resumed small talk with him; where are you from, what do you do for a living (oh, ha ha.), this *wife* of his...

There was always the woman who thought she was the *different* one, better then the made up missing lover of his.

Amusing; it was truly amusing to watch these women swoon.

If only they knew. If only they knew what he truly was.

Would they stay?

“Well...we’re here!” Hannah’s voice stung his sensitive ear drums. Like cracking a face mask, his feral, blinding white grin broke out, replacing the calm, small grin.

*Dinner time.*

“Indeed...we’re *here*.” Hannah’s friends retaliated like someone had slapped them. He appraised the scene with electric blue eyes before going for the kill, unruly hair now showing as his hat fell to the ground, an ominous sign to anyone approaching.

Screams tickled his ears as Hannah began to weakly clutch at his biceps, like it would do anything to stop him from ending her short lived life.

*It wouldn't.*

Holding her close, he dipped down and latched on, sinking the elongated canines deep. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as he drained Hannah of every last drop.

*The others.* The small girl did nothing to sate his blood lust, a crimson trail now dripping down the corner of his mouth.

*Ah. Now to the others.* With quick speed, he let the corpse drop before gaining upon the intellectual one, *Michael*.

He liked males best; something about how sweet their blood tasted always got him. Females had their own scent tainted with the perfumes and chemicals of beauty supplies. Males were pure; and, he always liked a challenge.

“No! Please...no!” Michael pleaded, his hands attempting to stop his fangs from gorging himself upon the slender, exposed neck. Hungrily, he bit into him, savoring the instant flow of tangy, sweet liquid. The bane of his existence was also his elixir; he wished to live like a human, to survive like them, but he just couldn't.

He needed blood.

Michael had long ago stopped struggling, and his breath was getting weak; he could feel it on his ear. Soft gusts of winds played with his black locks as he let the second corpse fall. Finger prints were not an issue; he had lost them long ago. He was 'born' when his *doctor* couldn't save him from the dangers of the Black Death; yeah, he was *that* old. He had sat with kings, plotted with thieves, protected families, hunted and killed just because he wanted to; he had done all those things.

But there was one thing that he just couldn't get a hold on;

*A challenge. An intriguing individual that was worth his limitless amount of time.*