

Amber Anderson

Dance With The Devil



BookRix-Edition

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To my Abnormal psychology teacher. And my kids for loving the supernatural as much I do.

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Meet Your Maker

The moon was out amongst the stars, as they shown down on me hunting for someone, anyone, Not caring I was thirsty and needed someone. The ache in my throat was becoming more pronounced as I hung in the shadows. I loved the night, it kept me hidden from the very people I was trying to single out to hunt. Blending with the shadows was so easy, it was one of the things that you first learned becoming one with the night. Alleys were the best places to creep among the shadows and wait. Of course being one that could just waltz into the bar next to them and lure them out, but where was the fun in that? Being beautiful enough to enchant any man that I came across in the bar. One look and I would have owned them.

My hair was the color of the lightest blond almost like snow with just a streak of the pale yellow reining though it. My eyes was that of the clearest ocean that had an ice white color that flaked though them. Not looking like I was as powerful as I was only standing 5' 2" and very petite at best I weighed 110 lbs.

Loving that fear I could sense from them as they look around asking "Who's there!" "What do you want!"

That was my pleasure in life, to feel their growing fear. With the sound of their heart beating faster and the blood flowing faster through their veins.

Shaking as I closed my eye to think about the very moment when fear had consumed them and me being the one to deliver it. Loving the hunt more than anything and all I had to was be patient someone would be stumbling out soon enough.

Sitting in the shadows awaiting my prey, hearing the rats that traveled up and down the alley. Smart little nasty creatures though, they never came to close to where I hid.

Never close enough to be caught by my hand.

Smiling, closing my eyes and using my senses to take in everything that was around me at the time, and to bask in the night air.

The air tonight was warm and feeling the dew from the night sky, it made my skin moist from being out waiting. The moon was bright and truly magnificent. Having seen so many different moons, through my long existence, but this moon had a orange hue to it and was round as it hung in the air to stare down and protect the night. The stars surrounded the moon as like they was it's personal body guards, loving nights like this. Calm and peaceful made it easier for the humans to have a wrong since of security, that the moon lighting the night sky slightly would protect them from what ever was creeping out in the night.

Leaning back against the alley wall waiting for someone, anyone, knowing that it was about the time for the bar to close and it wouldn't be long till possibly a drunk would come stumbling down the alley to go to his car or just pass out in the alley from being so drunk, most likely not remembering where he is or what he was doing.

Hearing the door to the bar open, fully alert sitting in the shadows in a cat like crouch waiting for them to walk down the alley to where I hid. listening to the footsteps, smelling the liquor that he or she was full of as they staggered my direction.

Watching the corner a man hugging the wall trying to walk turned into the alley. Excellent, he was drunk so drunk he could not stand. He was older maybe in his sixties, graying black hair and in a business suit. Frowning to myself a bit, not really caring for the older ones, they wasn't full of life like someone in they're thirties or twenties but, it was blood and I was thirsty.

My throat felt like it was on fire, that only the blood could quench for that moment. Watching him he stopped in the middle of the alley and slid down the wall to the pavement

under him. Snores started to raise from his throat from passing out right there on the ground.

Great, now I am going to have to go right up to him and wake him. Where was the fun in that? I want to feel his fear! Wanting him to fear me. Not to wake up and fear fill him for a few seconds before he was bled dry.

Taking in a deep breath moving up the alley through the shadows where the man had passed out. Staring at him from my spot in the shadows as he lay straight across from me now, standing slowly starting to walk to this man. Stopping half way to him, pouncing on him. Picking him up with one hand raising him up over my head, pulling my lips back over my teeth to show my fangs fully extended hissing at the now half awake man dangling in my grip. When he finally rested his eyes on me, he smiled and started to gaze from my face to his surroundings. Watching as his eyes became fuller and understanding washed over his face. Spinning his head back to my face, taking in my fangs and my eyes. His heart started to speed like a firecracker had just been lit under it and was going to take flight and explode. Smiling at him, cocking my head slightly to the right feeling his fear radiate off him. I smiled slightly attacking as quick as a black mamba would to get his prey, I was on him tearing at his neck to get the sweet nectar that my throat was begging for.

The man was flinging and hitting me with his arms, and kicking me with his legs trying to escape my grip my hand had on him. He wasn't going to get away it was a useless attempt on his part. All the kicking and flinging of his arms was going to make it easier for me actually, as the blood draining from his body was coming quicker because of his panic. It doesn't take long in the first place, but when they put up a struggle it goes twice as fast.

Barley moving now his breath became more ragged. Hearing his heart coming to it's end.