

Another Bloody Murder in Melbourne Tonight

Copyright © 2010 by Alexandra Chevallier
First Electronic Release

This book may be freely distributed as-is, complete with this copyright notice. All other rights reserved.

Another Bloody Murder in Melbourne Tonight.

It figures I'd see one the one night I let myself have off.

I saw him across the room. He was standing near the back, leaning up against the wall. Despite the dimness of the club, he was wearing sunglasses. Long raven black hair framed his extraordinarily pale face, a face delicate of feature. In another time and place, I would have said he was elven – almond eyes hidden behind the sunnies, high prominent cheekbones, and faintly pointed ears hidden by his hair. He was wearing a black leather jacket over a black t-shirt, and his slim hips and legs were clad by artistically ripped black jeans. The motorcycle boots he wore were also black, with silvery caps over the toes. He stood with a nonchalant air, arms folded across his chest. All in all, he was very beautiful, and he knew it. Most of the women in the club had noticed him, and I had seen several attempt, three women and one man, to engage him in conversation, but he told them each, politely, that he was not interested.

He was interested, all right. True to his kind, he had marked each of them for later consideration. Now, it was a waiting game. I wait for him to leave, I follow him as he follows his prey, and then I stop him before he kills them. Sounds simple, right?

It's anything but simple.

Eventually he stood up, and moved through the crowded room with the grace of an angel. People parted for him, let him through. I waited until he got past where I was sitting, and stood, following along in his wake. I hoped he hadn't noticed me, because if he had, I was probably going to be in a world of pain very soon.

Outside the club, the chill air of Melbourne's winter night hit me. I drew my jacket closer around me, and glanced left and right. There – he was crossing the road, over the silvery tram tracks that gleamed wetly in the sodium street lamps. I could see his prey now, a young red haired woman, who turned down one of the many alleys that crisscrossed the city. The man opened his stride up, jogging lightly across the road. Glancing both ways, I followed, darting over the tram tracks.

The cobblestones of the alleyway were slick, refuse littered the way, lapping up against the walls, leaving glittering dark stone down the centre. The walls were covered with posters and spray painted tags. I couldn't see him immediately, but I could hear his footsteps echoing quietly ahead of me. I hurried my step, but tried to tread carefully – trying to stay quiet. It was an impossible task. I knew he would have heard me by now, with his preternatural sense of hearing, and he may well have even smelled my sweat and fear. There was no turning back now, because if I did there would be another bloody murder in Melbourne tonight.

It still might end up that way, but two instead of one.

I was catching up. I saw him turn a corner, the silver caps on his boots flashing, his hands now visible, long elegant fingers lightly flexing, sharp nails looking black in the light as they extended to their full length. *Shit*, I thought to myself, *shit, shit shit*. I started to run, the dark nails confirmed that he was ready to take down his prey and I had moments to stop him. I turned the corner at a full run. The young woman's back was up against the wall, and she was looking at him, eyes wide and expression dazed rather than frightened. His sunglasses were nowhere to be seen. I didn't stop, I barrelled into him hardly moving him at all, but his attention turned to me, eyes burning red, lips pulled back from shockingly sharp white teeth. He hissed as he spun, and grabbed my arm.

"God damn it, woman, run!" I shouted at the redhead, as the vampire spun me around into the opposite wall. A crushing pain lanced through me from where my spine connected with the wall, my breath rushing out of my lungs. I saw the woman startle back to awareness and run off down the alley, screaming as she went. Good. Now I just had to get myself out of this no win situation, without all my usual tools for fighting vampires.

With my right hand, I reached into my jacket and fumbled for the small glass bottle that I always kept safe in a padded pocket. The vampire slashed at my face with his claws, I was barely able to deflect his blow with my left arm. He managed to get his claws caught in my hair. He tore them out, taking more than a few strands of my hair with the motion, I cried out in pain, but managed to make solid contact with the bottle. I pulled it out and smashed it against his chest as he tried to rake my face again. I felt blood beginning to dribble from my cheek even as the vampire screamed, a shrill high pitched cry of pain as his chest hissed and smoked from the holy water that had soaked through his t-shirt.

"You fucking bitch," he growled, his other hand grabbed my left wrist and lifted me up, and I was suddenly pinned against the wall, my feet dangling off the ground, shoulders crying in pain at the sudden motion. I kicked at him uselessly. The vampire sneered, perfect lips pulling back from his teeth again. I knew then that I was a dead woman.

He leaned forward and very slowly licked the blood off my cheek.

"Hunter's blood is so much sweeter," he said.

"Go to hell, asshole," I said, pleased that my voice didn't break. I kicked at him again, but he had me pinned well enough that I couldn't get enough leverage to hurt him.

He laughed wildly then, but his steely grip didn't lessen a bit, nor did he draw back from me. He switched his grip so fast I didn't have time to do anything. One hand at the back of my head tangled in my hair, while the other pinned my right shoulder to the wall. He used the hand in my hair to tilt my head and expose my neck. I felt his cool breath against my skin as he lowered his mouth, and then the sharp pain as his teeth pierced my skin. Warm blood welled out, but was caught by his mouth, and he began to drink. I struggled as much as I could, kicking and scratching at him, but he was relentlessly strong. Eventually I fell into some kind of lassitude. As my blood was drained, so did my energy

and my strength, and a strange lazy sense of pleasure stole into me. At least I'd saved the young woman from her fate, I thought as the world turned fuzzy and darkened.

Then I was gone.