

## A Night of Blood Moon

There was a full moon out that night. A shiny disc in the sky that always seemed to get blood pumping. So many people think that a disc in the sky can manipulate their actions down here on earth. It holds no power but the power they give to it. That being said I hate full moons because they never let me sleep. It's like a spotlight shining through my window that even my shades cannot stop, telling me I must act, reminding me of what I must do. But I wasn't out tonight because of the moon. Tonight, I was out there because I wanted to be, it was my decision. My actions had worth, unlike the moon. On that night I was in the city, where even the stars hide their light. It had been a few years since I had last laid eyes upon the city's rows of stone towers, but something was wrong, and I had to fix it. People were turning up dead and the local wardens were either too busy or didn't care. That's where I would come in.

The first things first, I needed break into a wardens' station.

Last time I checked the wardens still hated me and would kill me on sight, so I'd have to break in. Lucky for me the wardens were a bunch of flat foot dis interested civil servants in a city that hated them. They had better things to do then to keep an eye out for a man that really only wanted a little information. Of course, there was no one at the front desk when I walked in. *Off engaging in dubious activities when they should be keeping watch. Leaving anyone's safety in the hands of those morons would be a crime all its own. Good thing I'm not one for committing crimes... ignoring the ones I'm currently breaking of course.*

Quiet as a shadow I slunk through the station, making my way straight to the records room. Once inside I locked the door behind me and began to flick my way through folder after folder. After going through several different cabinets, I found what I was looking for. A large group of files labeled *Unsolved: Brooklyn*. With one step complete I continued rummaging

through the much more manageable stack of casefiles till I found the one I wanted to look at. *Let's see, Population counts, Tags distributed, ah... here it is; unregistered kills. Looks like there's been a pack hunting over in Brooklyn's youth district. They should know better, but the wardens haven't been all that interested in doing anything, looks like this ones on me.*

I had learned all I needed. The time for investigation was finished, to take its place, the hunt.

As I left the warden's station, I'm fairly certain one of the wardens at the front desk got a look at me, but as I left, no one followed me. Who would he tell about me and who would believe him? It's not like people just randomly break into warden's offices. *Except for me of course and the really crazy ones. Then again, I'm sane isn't the best descriptor for me is it?*

The wardens had been kind enough to record all the locations that the attacks occurred, showing me a pattern that was heading gradually deeper and deeper into the youths' district. *If they want to pick on kids, they're gonna get more then picked on in return.*

One of the most important aspects of the hunt was positioning. I would need to find myself a good location with a dominating view. The Youths' quarter of Brooklyn didn't have a huge amount of tall buildings but among the desolate streets I was able to find an old radio tower to climb up. There I waited as the full moon rose ever higher in the sky, lighting up the surrounding area. *A city gone black with nightfall, a terrible thing indeed.* There were no lights on or people out at this time of night. People feared what the night brought, making sure to draw no attention to themselves. *So very different from the cites of old. If only there were more of me, This world would look oh so very different.*

A quick scan of the area and I began my set up. My prey had many avenues of arrival and escape but from the tower I would be able to spot them. Before I had entered the warden's

station I was sure to stash some weapons nearby if things went bad, as always it is better to be overprepared rather than under. In this case, I got lucky. In the next fifty cases I might not be so blessed. Regardless, seeing how they were not needed then I decided I would just hunt with what I had brought rather than go back and get anything more specialized. *Besides, I got Hans's miracle bullet, what could go wrong?*

The normal cloths I had been wearing were peeled away to reveal a light suit metallic plate that rested on my shoulders and knees. My career as a hunter had been a long one, and if I knew one thing from it all it was that I didn't see to many other old hunters. The best way to survive was to travel light; unhindered but not unprotected. Something far too many young huntsmen never got the chance of learning before they met their ends.

Of course, for all one's defense they must also maintain a good amount of offense. A shield is worthless without a companion sword. Slung over my shoulder, was an old scoped Mosin Nagant rifle. Sure, it wasn't the best gun in the world, but it could fire a bullet in a straight enough line and that really was all I needed it to do. When I loaded it, I ensured that each round had a good primer and a casing without any rust or cracks. It was always important to ensure that every little thing was perfect so when something does go wrong it doesn't get people killed. There are no fool proof plans, or flawless designs. I always planned for imperfections and was always overjoyed when they didn't arise.

With my rifle's firing capability confirmed I did a once over on my side arms. My rifle was a good weapon, but a manual reload every five shots meant I needed something in reserve. On one leg I wore a German made Luger P38 and on the other I wore a Colt Revolver. To most people a weapon selection like this might seem odd but to me it made perfect sense. The Luger was the first side arm I would typically pull. The gun could put 8 rounds on a target quickly and

accurately and that was important if I got into trouble. The only drawback was the gun was not completely reliable. Like most semi-automatic weapons there was always the possibility of a jam, so that's why I kept the Colt on my other leg. The possibility of both pistols malfunctioning was improbable, but improbable does not mean impossible.

Also, the Colt's bullets have got a bit more stopping power behind them. Sometimes that extra oomph came in handy.

The night continued on at its normal pace. There were times when my impatience would start to overwhelm me, so I'd put in a stick of gum and chew on it till the flavor died out. As long as I had a steady supply of the minty stuff, it was as if years could pass and I would remain unphased. A good hunter needed patience, although, my prey only kept my waiting for a bout two sticks.

Off in the distance I saw a grouping of shapes in the darkness. Even in the darkness I could make an easy assumption they weren't human. Even with the moonlight, I was too far away, and it was far too dark to make out any details, but still how much did I really need to see. They weren't just on a casual stroll at two o'clock in the morning. They were sprinting at a speed similar to that of a car while also managing to leap from rooftop to rooftop. *It would impress me if I hadn't seen it before about a million times.* My prey showed no signs of stopping so I would have to make them stop.

When I raised the rifle against my cheek it seemed cold. Sometimes I forgot how cool it could be at night. I should have realized that the night air was practically freezing, but I had been far too focused to worry about being cold. The sights of my scope soared onto the prey, and became locked stiffly upon them. I counted five but it's not good to think about the group. One was running a few feet ahead of the others he became my target. I guessed it was a male from

what looked like short hair flowing in the wind and I began to channel my focus. Sure, I had focused before but to make a shot like this I couldn't have even the slightest of distractions. *Breath, one... two... Breath, three... four...Breath*, echoed around in my mind until they were the only thoughts and then I disposed of them too. What took my thoughts' place was the image of my target. The rise and fall of his chest, every foot fall, even the smallest movements in the target's hair even though I couldn't possibly see it. Everything that my target did, I took into account and then I filled in the blanks to get the shot where I needed it to go. On some of the other factors of the shot I took even more guesses, all without losing the image of the target before me. There wasn't much wind, so I didn't worry too much about that. He was traveling at about 50 kph in a left to right motion from me and he was probably a little less than half a kilometer away. My sights got out in front of the target so to accommodate for the bullets flight time. Finally, the last of the air in my lungs trickled out of my mouth and I squeezed the trigger ever so slightly.

The shot tore out of the barrel and towards my target. Before I knew the result of the shot I had already chambered a new round and reset myself for another shot. The scope revealed that the bullet had gone a bit too far in front of my target. The prey on the other end of the scope didn't change their position or change directions. Apparently, they too were far too focused on a something else to notice the shot. If they were locked on to something it gave me all the more reason to stop them. Without a conscious thought, I made all the corrections I needed and squeezed off a second shot. This one hit its target, connecting with the creature's chest. The twisted like a ragdoll and fell off the roof it was on. The buildings obstructed my view of him but now I had four others to deal with. They had stopped and started looking around. *They don't*

*know where I am, how wonderful.* A third shot rang out from my rifle and as if hit by a huge gust of wind another fell backward towards the edge of the building and slipped from my sight.

Too many shots had been fired from my position and three of them were running at me; even faster than before. Another shot rang out, but this time the creatures had been prepared and dodged my shot before slipping into the alleys below and using them as cover. *Yeah, I guess buildings will stop me.* Even with them obscured I took two more pot shots at one of them as they briefly broke from cover. None of them hit the now rapidly advancing creatures. Throwing out bullets so pointlessly did me no good but hey what was I supposed to do it was what I was good at, well that and getting shot at, slashed at, and all the other dangers that a life like mine entailed. I got only one cartridge reloaded before they practically on top of me.

With an unholy speed, they had made it to the bottom of the radio tower and were already beginning to scale it. Things weren't looking good for me, but I kept my head. All I had to do was hold my ground. *I got the high ground that's all I'll need.* My hand went for my Luger and I started taking shots. At this distance aiming was much easier but that wasn't exactly an advantage I was glad to have. All eight were hits, center mass, but apparently when Hans had provided me with "miracle bullets" he had switched out the normal lead slugs with cotton balls or something as equally useless. It was like throwing pebbles at a lion, it has no effect besides making it angrier. With an empty Luger, I switched over to my revolver came out and I calmed myself. Even though they were only a few feet below me I didn't get stressed, only dissatisfied with the situation at hand, how I'd spent my night, and my life as a whole. *Now all I'll I have to is figure out how I want to play this,* I pondered for a millisecond before I made my decision, *the fun way.*

One of their heads appeared over the edge of the of scaffolding I was standing on. What I saw on its face only confirmed my suspicions. At first everything appeared normal, regular ears, nose, hair, but then I caught a look at its eyes. Twin pools of crimson surrounding black discs. Further down the face, its mouth instead of having a set of normal incisors, had four fangs protruding from it. A vampire in all respects.

I shot it point blank in the face and watched it fall followed by a reassuring thwack as it hit the ground. *Looks like these ones still have some power to them.* While I was admiring my hand work another, pounced on me from behind trying to take me off guard. The mistake it had made was thinking my guard was down and I made that blatantly obvious when I shifted my weight, allowing all the creatures force to carry it sailing over me and off the tower. Before the beast hit the ground, I emptied the rest of my revolver's rounds into it. It had managed to touch me which let's just say I didn't much enjoy that.

My shots may have been a bit over zealous though because the last one came at me and I was out of bullets. Before I had any chance to do anything it latched onto my arm. I tried to shake it off but it's grip was surreal. My strength was above average, but this creature's was greater. It seemed that there was no hope of breaking free, but even though he had a hold of me he didn't sink his teeth into me. *No doubt he wants to have some fun with me before he kills me. Let's have some fun then.* Both my revolver and my Luger would need two hands to reload. With my free hand I started going after the bloodsucker with a series of punches. The first hit did nothing to change the situation, neither did the second, or the third. Every blow only seemed to strengthen its grip and hurt my hand more. With few other options, I shifted my weight once again, but this time we both tumbled over the side

The ground didn't look to comfortable from that perspective and the vampire seemed to agree with me. The monster finally let me go and grabbed onto the side of the tower. I wasn't content with hitting the ground either and latched onto the beast's ankle. It was an awkward situation having to rely on the monster who's grip only moments ago I hoped would fail.

Relief washed over me when I managed to get a hold of the tower myself. The monster was right above me now and climbing down to disembowel me. As we raced towards the ground I tried to think of a plan of attack. I didn't have one so as soon as I reached the ground I started running. *Is it time yet, nah I still got time.* My ideas had run out with the loss of my guns. My pistols were still up on the tower and after a quick scan of the area I saw my rifle lying on the ground, probably dropped there during the scuffle. I wanted to go back for it but there was no time. Just as I was about to round a corner I was lifted from the ground and slammed into the side of a building.

"You really thought something like that would kill us." It was the other four neck bitters. The one speaking, was the same one that had slammed me into the wall, as well as being the one that got hit first by my rifle shots. Beside him stood a female and two males. The female must have been the second one I shot because I hadn't seen her attacking me at the radio tower. The last of them came running over.

"Hey, you caught him. Good." My body remained still as they gave me looks that a wolf would give a slab of meat. It was something you get used to in my line of work.

"What do you want to do with him? One asked. *Ten bucks says "eat him."*

"That bullet did a number on me, I'd prefer he suffer." The female replied. The leader listened to each of these ideas of what they wanted to "do" with me. The look on his face was one that would have terrified someone most people but to me, it wasn't all that. Just another



glare from just another neckbiter. Still, I remained silent not out of fear, but because I wanted to hear all the wonderful little methods they were planning on killing me with. I probably didn't have to remain as calm as I did, but I still had my gum. The leader finally answered.

“Why don't we turn him. He's a pretty good shot for a human.” *Now this I will respond to.*

“Try and turn me, I dare you. I'll still kill yah.” I said with a smirk on my face even if there was really no reason to. *I'm going to die tonight... Most definitely.*

“Really though? You're still going to try and put up a fight aren't you. How would you do that you might be good with your guns, but you can't even throw a punch.” Said the one that had grabbed me on the tower. He had coal black hair and the face of a twenty-year-old. It's hard to tell how old a vampire really is, but I guessed he was a young one judging by just how stupid he was. I stood up and chomped down one last time on my gum before I spit it in his face before I started to wail on him with a flurry of fists and kicks. They connected all over that neck biters body before the others peeled me off.

The leader had had enough of my antics. He tore me from the grasp of the other vampires and threw me to the ground. *Exactly what I wanted.* As I hit the ground, I rolled and ran for my rifle. It was a last-ditch effort to get away, and it ended like a last-ditch effort. My face in another wall. The walls were not getting any softer and that hit forced me to calm down a bit. I lifted myself back up slowly, Now with quite an ache in my head and maybe even a broken nose.

“I don't think he deserves to be one of us.” My mind couldn't decide whether to think the leader's statement was funny or insulting. *Nobody deserves an eternal life of misery and bloodsucking, but now a days it seems like most humans would kill to be a vamp.*

“Shove it Yaldson scum!” I said readying for whatever future pain was coming my way, because surely that vamp had something in store for me.

“You really don’t care if you die tonight do you huntsman?” His words sounded so empty, so hateful, and yet not particularly untruthful.

“Well at least I know one of you lamprey have a brain.” My words matched his hate word for word. Bloodsuckers deserved no sympathy and I most certainly showed none to this bunch.

With my every breath I had managed to push the vampires, searching for their limit. Finally, I had found it and I realized I had no idea what I should do. *Why am I so stupid?* All of the vampires were enraged, but their leader, their pack alpha, he was truly pissed. His eyes, before only the slightest twinge of red, were burning a bright crimson. *He’s tapping into his anger. It’s about time.* His arm cocked back like the hammer of a revolver and prepared to deliver a forceful blow. When neck biters like him got angry enough they had strength that rivaled that of a hydraulic press. If his arm connected it would turn my bones to splinters and my flesh to jelly. As always, I preferred to stay intact. To sit there and die, well... that didn’t interest me much, so I made my own move. As a quick counter-motion, I rolled right as he threw his punch. The blow clipped my jacket and impacted the pavement next to me, shattering it like the glass of a window. I was lucky, but luck is like blood; it always runs out.

To get up from the ground I had to dodge stomps and kicks of several of the pack. The pack leader was the only one that wanted to kill me outright, the others just seemed to be playing around; taking their anger out on their food before they devoured it. I was up and alive, but I had nowhere to run.

“You can’t think I’ll just give up? Let’s keep this going till morning. I’m up for it!” I said as I choked down another raspy exhausted breath. My will was ironclad, but my body was in

shambles. I was in good shape, but how long can one man last against creatures with fathomless stamina pools?

The alpha certainly looked like he could keep going. He glared at me and smelled the air.

“You’re bleeding huntsman; don’t worry it’s nothing dire, but that smell, oh that smell, is just such a pleasurable scent.” *Damn, that’s not good at all.* My blood was getting the vampires stirred up. The scent would have been similar to a shot of adrenaline. *By now, they should barely be able to contain themselves. How long will it take for them to tare into me? Can’t be more than a few seconds now. If I’m gonna get out of this intact, I’ll need one hell of a plan.*

I turned to run, my fear consumed me as the vampires wished they could my blood. Every fiber of my being told me to flee. Even though I was drowning in an ocean of terror body stood firm as a mountain. *Let’s continue this little dance then.* I turned around and goaded them once more.

“My, you neck biters are so slow you can’t even catch an old hunter like me, what shame you are to beck biter kind.”

“Grab him.” The Alpha said as he took a step towards me. I took a step back to match his, but I felt something tightly grasp onto my arms. One of the neck biters had gotten a hold of me. *Dear god! When did he get there!?* Now caught, the alpha decided to start lecturing me. I’m not sure if I would have rather gotten my throat ripped out. It would have at least saved my ears from having to listen. *Or maybe it wouldn’t of... oh well.*

“What are you going to do now? Beg for your life perhaps? You huntsmen think you’re all that until you face a real challenge.” All my fear and uncertainty were gone; melted away like butter in a skillet. I tried to keep a straight face, but I couldn’t manage it. I smiled and chuckled

while being held back by a creature that wanted nothing more to bite into my vocal cords. That just made me laugh harder.

“He’s lost it.” Muttered the one with a tight grip around my arm.

“Don’t let me ruin this for you. Go on, go on.”

“What’s so funny?” The alpha said in a serious tone. His mood was on a quick decline. The power he felt was being syphoned away by a fit of laughter.

“You think you’re actually a challenge that’s just too damn funny, I just had to laugh.”

“Please, just let me kill him.” Asked another of the neck biters. The leader eyed me up and down and then delivered a punch into my jaw. More blood began to trickle from my body.

“We’ll kill him, don’t you worry, but first I want to watch him squeal. Bring him this way.” Replied the leader.

They began to drag me down the alleyway. I put up no resistance. *No sense in making myself even more of a punching bag.* Minutes passed, as I was pulled around back alleys. Eventually, we stopped at the edge of another alley and I saw what they had stopped for. Across the way was a young couple briskly walking down the road. Their faces were painted with concern. The girl clung tightly to the boy walking next to her, not noticing the predators watching from the shadows.

“What luck, am I right Huntsman? Pay attention now. Those kids would have died regardless of your actions tonight but now, you get a front row seat to their throats getting ripped out.” The vampire alpha spoke in a cruel, cold tone. *I’m not gonna get another chance. I have to make a move.* Even though I wanted to get up and kill them all somehow, I was still being held down. “Leave him here, make sure he stays put.” I was thrown against the wall yet again. It was

as repetitive as it was painful. Then there was a sharp excruciating pain into the back of my leg. I cried out. My leg was busted, and my femur was in fragments.

Most of them began to move in on the young couple, but one stayed behind. He kicked me in the stomach a few times before leaving to return to the others. *Ouch... They think I'm done for. Not yet. Not ever.*

The blood from my leg began to pool bringing me some warmth on that cold city night, but it was quickly fading. With my leg mangled like that I couldn't help anyone, and I hated that more than anything. It wouldn't stop me from trying though. Nothing would. I began to drag my body towards the street one agonizing movement at a time. *It was fun but it's time to get serious.*

While my leg was out of commission for the time being, my arm was not. In my pocket, I kept a Derringer pocket pistol, just as a last resort. *I hate this part.* I aimed for a vital spot, ensuring a hit on my target, and pulled the trigger. The bullet ripped through the target, leaving a gaping hole. For a moment, putting it down before it got up with more rage than before.

The couple had noticed their stalkers and the slow pace they had maintained had turned into a hurried walk, common among city dwellers and frightened prey. Two of the vampires broke off and headed into alleys before getting in front of them cutting off their escape.

“What do you want?!” Asked the woman, her voice practically a scream.

“Nothing much. A quick donation is all.”

One of the vampires lost their nerve and charged at the couple. It was hungry, and it was intent on feeding. The problem was the vampire didn't notice me until I was slamming my shoulder into its chest cavity. The blow sent it through a store front's window. My return was met with equal parts surprise and shock.

“How did you do that? I broke your leg!”

“Chalk it up to human stupidity,” said the vampires’ leader, “he’s probably so doped up he can barely figure out what's going on.” *Let 'em think whatever they want to. It won't change anything.*

I had done my job. The vampires, attention was once again gripped by me and not by the couple.

“You two better run while you can, and don’t go out passed curfew again or else.”

After a quick, “thanks,” the two ran off into the night.

“Samson, don’t let our meal get away.” Said the vampire alpha to one of his followers. The bloodsucker took off into a dead sprint. He was moving fast enough to run them down within seconds. He must have thought that I wouldn’t have tried to stop him when he tried to go between me and the building. How surprised he must have been when he found a blade pinning him by the throat to wall. My strike had been so quick even I was impressed. His forward momentum almost tore its head off as the blade connected.

A noise that was a combination of a gurgle and a whimper permeated the surrounding air. I didn’t leave it in pain for long. I drew a machete from my coat and began the grim work of ending a vampire, permanently. A first slash cut down to the spine causing the vampire to screech in pain. A second strike cut down through the spinal column and aroused a gurgling like noise from the creature. A third stroke of the blade set the head and the body apart with only silence coming from the vamp. The whole time the vampires stood there in complete awe. Wondering how a human as weak as I could have done something like that. *Idiots.*

With a long dagger, I impaled the creature’s heart, to make sure it would stay dead or perhaps it was over kill. It’s hard to say. The only way to kill a vampire was to cut off its head but old huntsmen’s tales said that some vampires had been able to survive decapitation. So, I

always made sure to stab them in the heart as well. The heart was an important organ for vampires just as it was humans. Destroying it made sense.

“I’ve had enough of this!” Proclaimed the vampires’ leader. A shot rang out. It came from one of my guns, but I was not wielding any of them. A fresh pain shot through my arm feeling like someone had just stuck me with a red-hot brand. I would have fallen backwards onto the ground but, my legs instinctively shifted to keep me upright. However, the jolt of the bullet had been enough to make me drop my weapons.

I took off running and made it to an alleyway, bullets flying past as I did. *One of them must have gone back for my weapons when I wasn’t paying attention. Damn them... I hate being shot, especially with my own guns.* While I had momentary safety, I inspected my arm. The bullet had passed cleanly through a plate of steel that acted as armor and stuck itself somewhere in my arm. Armor might not have been the best word to use when I looked the steel plate over. It was barely an eighth of an inch thick. The lightweight plating was only meant to deal with minor dangers. After all the best way to survive a bullet or a fang, or at least not get hurt by them, was to avoid them. Even a few extra millimeters of armor add on quite a bit of weight.

I unhooked the plate from its harness and dropped it into a trash pile. Its integrity was already compromised, no need to keep wearing it.

“Got you.” The alpha came around the corner, commandeered rifle in hand. *There’s no running this time.* Death in the form of a warm rifle barrel pressed up against the skin of my forehead.

“Die.” said the vampires’ leader as he fired another shot point blank into my face. Blood sprayed up against the wall like a flower blossoming at Mach speed. My corpse slid to the ground lifeless as my grey matter intermingled with brick and pavement. The monsters gathered

themselves and prepared to feast off the blood pouring from my corpse, but something stopped them. My fingers began to twitch. Then they formed themselves into a fist before once more letting loose. Before any of the vamps noticed anything was wrong they were latched around the throat of the female vamp.

The hole in my head was closing itself, having the surrounding flesh stretch and contort to cover the bullet wound. When the flesh relaxed, and the hole was gone. My eyes flicker with a renewed rage and I was back once more.

“What are you?” The question the vampire asked was one that vexed me. No matter what was done to me I could not die. Whenever something should have killed me I would be restored without a trace of harm. I only knew I wasn’t human, but that didn’t keep me from fighting from killing other inhuman monsters.

“I have had enough of this for one night.” I said as I brushed myself off with one hand while the other continued to choke the breath out of the female vamp. She wouldn’t die from it, but I’m sure it hurt like hell. I wanted it to. *Time to get serious.*

From a hidden sheath in my now blood-soaked jacket, I pulled a kukri. A decent weapon for the task ahead. More shots rang out, only managing to strike the female vampire which I was all too happy to use as a meat shield. She tried to peel my hand away, but she couldn’t get a good hold it. *Too slick with blood isn’t? You only have yourself to blame lamprey.* She then began hitting my arm with what force she could muster. Given her vampiric strength, each blow hurt, but wasn’t letting go. *Not yet, Almost but not yet.* I counted one more shot I knew that the alpha would have to reload once more. Rather than doing that, he realized the futility of shooting me more and tossed the rifle aside



“Get in there!” The alpha commanded. The other vampires started to approach, it was already too late for their friend though. I shoved her to the ground and with a single swing of my kukri and lopped her head off in a gory moment of jubilation. She would still need a blow to the heart though. I made a mental note of it. *I'll finish it later.*

With the others approaching I backed further into the alley. *As long as I keep them in front of me I'm golden.* There were still three more monsters to face. The two remaining lackeys came at me together. *Idiots.*

While two enemies can look daunting the key to their defeat is their coordination. A disciplined unit can fight as one. These two were far from disciplined. One of them blocked the others view as they pounced on me. The first one I dodged with a quick sidestep followed up by an elbow to the gut. The second got caught off guard as a blade swung into him. The first strike cut deep into its neck, but it wasn't enough. It went about as far as the spine, where the blade got stuck in the bone. I brought down another blow on the creature's neck. Before I could strike a killing blow the first vampire dug its fangs into my arm. *Son of a bitch that stings.* I reversed my weight and slammed the attacker into the alley wall with my full body weight. Though the move was barbaric it was just enough to loosen the vamps bite. After a few slices, he was nothing more than a corpse waiting the rot. His companion followed him soon after.

*Where's their leader.* The Alpha had disappeared. *Coward.* I went about collecting the weapons I had manage to litter across the precinct. It didn't surprise me all that much, some vampires can only feel powerful in a group. Take away that and they slink back into the shadows. The Alpha I had faced that night wasn't one of those.

In a sudden burst of speed, I gripped my kukri sliced upward into the blackened sky. As my blade arm out stretched it made contact with something. The vampire alpha slammed into the ground hard with my blade lodged in the side of his head.

“Oooh, sorry pal... Looks like I was off by just a few inches. I’ll fix that for you right away.” I goaded. Even with a blade stuck in his temple he managed to speak.

“How?”

“Just because you had the drop in me didn’t mean I wouldn’t react. Look at it this way you’re probably used to dealing with run of the mill huntsmen. Don’t be too hard on yourself. You just happened to get unlucky this time. Better luck in the next life.”

“Wait... Please... No.” *Oh how wonderfully ironic. I bet he’s heard those same words from countless people he’s killed. I did what I did to countless other vampires and removed his head from his wretched shoulders. After a quick stab to the chest I shook his blood away. Blood, it always comes down to blood in one way or another.*

I looked over the street of carnage that now lay before me. *Damn tonight was fun. I was hoping they would have put up more of a fight but hey, they are city dwellers after all.*

I continued to walk down the street until I found all my scattered weapons. *Looks like the new composite shots didn’t affect regeneration at all. I’ll have to let Lennard know that his experiment was a farce.*

With all my weapons collected, I moved on to taking my trophies. *Every hunter takes a trophy of some sort.* From each vampire’s severed head, I produced four white canines. *How many of these do I have?* I wondered before I dismissed the thought. It didn’t matter how many I had because eventually I would have them all. That was the promise I made. The promise I intended to keep. Even with all the hiccups I had run into, I felt that my hunt had been a success and turned for

home. Morning wasn't too far off and I wanted to get some sleep in before the tomorrow night.

When the next hunt began.