

Blood Lust

The creature screamed into the darkness. The pain was spreading to its chest. It needed to feed soon. Its eyes locked on to a small animal of some sort approaching the alley. Its body trembled in excitement. Soon it would feed ... soon.

It stalked its prey. Its senses were on high alert. Its talons were out. It was ready to rend and tear flesh. It was invincible.

It leapt and grasped its prey in its hungry jaws. A swift bite, and the head came off. The creature became intoxicated by the smell of blood. Growling, it lapped at the blood, then pulled out the entrails and feasted.

Again it screamed into the darkness. It was the master of its domain. None dared stand in its way.

Now it hunted for pleasure. To hear the squeals of fear. To tear flesh and smell the coppery tang of freshly spilled blood.

Others of its kind roamed the darkness, but fled in fear when they caught its scent. It revelled in its cunning and prowess.

Eventually the night began to give way to dawn. The creature's lust for blood was sated. It headed for its lair to sleep away the daylight hours.

It made its way to the small entrance, pushing its way brazenly through the swinging door.

"Oh, there you are, Pusskins! Were you out all night again? Here, let me scratch behind your ears".

The small cat rolled over onto its back, purring with pleasure.