

A Shadow of Midnight

By YukinaObsessionist

Submitted: June 13, 2005

Updated: September 12, 2005

The darkness of the shadows hides many secrets, some too terrifying and great to even begin to imagine, but one of the most terrifying of all, is not what the shadows hide, but who chooses to hide in the shadows. Watching you eternally, like vampire

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/YukinaObsessionist/15839/A-Shadow-of-Midnight>

Chapter 1 - Shadow Stalker	2
Chapter 2 - The End of the Beginning.	4
Chapter 3 - Oh The Tangled Webs We Weave	6
Chapter 4 - The So-Called Choice	8

1 - Shadow Stalker

I step out into the light of the street lamps, their glare is bright, but not nearly enough to get me worried. I trudge along, unwilling to glance to much around, that makes a person suspicious, suspicion is a very nasty chip on one's shoulder. Suspicion is a seed, sown in deep, by gossip, by action, by thought, it's as if someone hangs a sign above your head, then people jeer, and become nosy. The whole affair is a vile trait of the human race that sickens and disgusts me beyond all reckoning. It it one of the things that most peeves me, and it is a grotesque action indeed. I do however, provide a casual glance in the direction of a teenage boy, his clothes are neat and tidy, it makes me sick, but his kind are better prey, as they are usually less full of the crap that the world provides. I glance around casually, and cross over into a clearing in the park, I sit down on the bench, my dark brown curls fall over my shoulders in little ringlets, each seeming to represent an ideal place, a bit of gold and cinnamin highlight my hair. My hazel eyes glimmer beneath the soft caress of the moonlight, I force myself to shudder as if cold I'am cold, and place an innocent expression on my face. Like a doe caught in the headlights, except unlike the deer, I won't be roadkill anytime soon, or ever, of that I could easily be certain. As I had planned, the boy took the bait, he walks over casually, trying to be smooth and seem indifferent, he walks to me, " Hello, are you in some sort of trouble, Miss?" I bat my eyelashes a few times looking down slightly, " Well you see, my dog is missing, and I can't find him anywhere." Several fake tears slip from my face and down across my cheek, continuing to my lips, giving them a glossy sheen. My voice is absolutely amazing, the perfect mix of worry and concern, and innocent stupidity, acting was a strong point of mine, especially the dramatics. The guy gets this look on his face, like a little boy on Christmas, I could almost see the wheels turning in his head, except, I know he would be too stupid to have any real thought train. Then he says it, I almost ruin it and grin with delight, " Would you like me to help you look?" I lift my head up, my eyes seemingly shining, I say excitedly, " Oh, would you?" " I would be so very grateful!" His look makes me laugh a little, and he gives me a confused glance. I chastise myself in my mind and recover swiftly, " I'm just so happy, it's been a hard day, and losing my darling just made it so much worse!" " Noone has done me any favors today, your so very kind!" The boy smiles sweetly, obviously narcissitic and extremely pleased with himself, " I had to help, you just seemed so sad, I'am a natural good samaritan." He laughs, and so I let out a small laugh for his benefit. "My name is Rachel, a pleasure to meet you, mister?" He smiles even broader, obviously pleased at being called mister, " My name is Chip, it's nice to meet you too, well let's start looking, what's your dog's name?" I let out a small gasp and feign a bit of surprise, " My dog's name is Chip, wow, it's truly a small world!" He almost seems displeased by this, but smiles and laughs anyway, " Okay then, lets find him shall we?" He walks forward and deeper into the forest and I follow, a grin on my face, and as he turns to me it's gone as quickly as it had come. For at least an hour, the sound of his shouts fill the forest, and then I decide to end our little cat-and-mouse game, I pretend to trip and he turns to make sure I'm alright. That's when I reveal myself, my fangs slide out effortlessly, and I plunge my fangs deep into his skin, piercing the weak, mortal flesh. Streaks of crimson seem to glow by the light of the moon, it's beautiful, the way that the drops of blood travel down and paint his flesh, it would be so much more appealing and satisfying, had I a better canvas, but this carcass would have to do. As I drain him of his mortal essence and blood, he lets out a gargled scream, not quite as pretty as I would have hoped, but then I couldn't expect much from such a pathetic corpse of a boy anyway. I smile, and my face softens back into it's human form, the visage oh so perfect. I can't help but feel a little satisfaction for my acting performance. Looks like Chip really was my little doggie

tonight after all. My smile broadens, I laugh, and walk into the darkness of the shadows.

2 - The End of the Beginning.

People think of this world as being relatively safe, they feel my kind, and the kinds of other dark and light creatures are non-existent. However, Angels fit into the classification of mythical light creature, and people believe in them. People see what they want, and ignore what's right in front of their ignorant faces. It's sad, to think of how naive the people are. People come out of their wars feeling they've seen the worst horrors the world has to offer. However, there is so much worse, right this moment a girl was just murdered by her father, who looked on as she screamed and pleaded. A husband somewhere, is beating a wife right now, boiling her blood, and another just murdered her husband in rage. However, true horrors, are the unthinkable, unimaginable ones, my kind realize this fully. To look into a child's eyes, see all their life and their hope, their gullible innocence, it's pitiable, but my kind ceases to feel pity for humans, the real roaches that infest the planet. I could turn the strongest soul inside out, and rip them apart mentally, destroy them emotionally, and then physically tear them to shreds. However, of all the kinds mine is considered often, the least of the worry, but when you stop to think about it, to let the cold chills overtake you, the paranoia eat you internally, then externally slice you to ribbons. You see that monsters don't come up as much, as having a shadow stalk your every move, to terrify and mortify you. People almost never in their life, get the chance to experience true fear, oh yes, they maybe feel some lower form of it. However, true fear, that grips you, and paralyzes you, and makes you writhe and want to end your life to escape from it's torment, that is never brought up in normal human life. I smile as I ponder what next to do, that night with Chip was a few weeks ago, I've fed since then, it's not hunger that pains me, it's a longing for excitement, for something to end the dull, humdrum existence of this night. As I look up, my eyes catch the flashing lights of the Anita Cantina, the new hot-spot club, out of sheer boredom, I decide to stop in. As I walk to the entrance the club bouncer holds up his hand, "Whoa little lady, you got an I.D.?" I pretend to look for it, "Oh gee, I must have left it in my other pockets, oh please won't you let me in anyway?" I bat my eyelashes at and run my fingers through a bit of my hair, it works every time. The bouncer smiles and tilts his toward the door and shrugs, "I really shouldn't do this but, for you, I'll make an exception." I smile and as I walk by, put an extra little swing in my hips, I think he whistled. My eyes swiftly scan the room, searching for my next victim, my job becomes easier when my prey walks right up to me, it's a girl with dark, long, curly, auburn hair, and tan skin, her eyes are bright green, glimmering even in the ever-changing colored light of the club. She looks perfect, so ripe and so sweet, the girl stares at me for a moment then says, "Excuse me, haven't I seen you somewhere before?" The question catches me off-guard, I hadn't been asked that question in a very long time, I reply plainly, "No." The girl purses her lips for a moment, then says persistently, "You said that awfully quick, I could have sworn I've seen you somewhere before." I don't say anything, because the funny thing is, I could almost swear I'd seen her before, I just couldn't place where... I shrug, "Look I think your mistaken, besides, even if you had seen me somewhere before, why would it matter?" The girl shrugs this time, " Just curious." The girl walks away and is joined by a man who grabs her arm and pulls her into the back, now this I cannot allow, I refuse to allow females harm, it's a human moral, I'm sure, but I cannot allow it. I never kill a female so to speak, if I feed on a girl, she becomes one of my kind, always. I begin to follow casually as the exit through a back door, and as soon as it shuts and I open it, a net is thrown over me, and someone slams my head. I tilt my head and it makes a sharp cracking noise, then I clear my vision and see the girl, unharmed, and the man looking smug. I didn't like the look one little bit. I rip through the net easily, and the girl flinches a little, and the man puts his hand

on her shoulder, "No worries it'll be fine." The man glares directly at me, "Do you know why your here?" I tilt my head, "Because your an old geezer who wants to bag himself a big score?" He reels back, livid, obviously very vain, vain...narsisstic. That's when it hits me, "Your family of Chip,my little doggie." That makes their faces furious, the girl starts to step forward and the man pulls her back. I don't know how I missed it but all of the sudden, I feel a sharp pain in my neck, then, black.

3 - Oh The Tangled Webs We Weave

In this world, most people are the real monsters, they cause trouble's for themselves. They make their stupid love triangles, and wars, and weave webs of deceit, and mistrust. They blame their problems on one another, unwilling to accept the responsibility for their idiotic actions. They suffocate themselves with stupidity, and cause more trouble than already exists. It's another attribute of humanity that disgusts, there is a story that goes well with it. A man has a bucket of crabs, he brings them to sell and the man he was selling to asks why he has no lid to keep the crabs in. The man smiled and replied that he had no need, because they would make each other stay. As one crab reaches success, and finally starts out of the bucket, the other crabs will pull him back into the bucket, for if they cannot move on, neither than can the crab. End of story, it's a human pattern, an eye for an eye, fair is fair, blah, blah, blah. It's a despicable thought, one that infests and divides, multiplying on and on. Humans are such pathetic and grotesque things. "Ughhhh...." My eyes flutter open, and I realize I'm blindfolded, the whole area seems stale. I pick up voices and hold still, listening, catching only little bits, because the people talking would lower to a whisper, and in this state my ears aren't quite as accurate as usual. "I don't.....well if they enter the.....how could.....they told me that....." Another voice says with heavy assertiveness, "The time.....they know that.....it has to be done.....they said.....I know." My body ripples slightly, feeling a tingle, then I'am hit with realization, it was a fake conversation, placed to decode the real sound. I can tell because the voices begin repeating the same phrases, and then I feel the ripples of magical influx. I strain and focus, having a terrible feeling I knew what was to come, and then I hear it, a chant. Someone was casting a spell, and from the harshness of the verbs and phrases, and the foreign language, it was obvious it was not a nice spell, not a nice spell at all. I hesitate, then a plan forms in my mind, I grin, wrong move, maybe. Shouts fill the room and I smile with satisfaction and call out, "Hey, why am I all tied up?" "Is it my birthday early?" "Or maybe someone else's birthday?" I snicker to myself, pleased and unnerved. I feel a sharp slap across my face, and an angry aura, I grin, "Whatsa matter?" "You that easily offended?" "Seriously, come on, you think this is a game or something?" The blindfold is ripped from my face, before me stands the girl, glaring fiercely. I don't even bat an eye, just stare, calm, expressionless, it bugs her bad, I can almost see steam coming from her ears, ha, what a hot-head. She turns away, "Your going to bring Chip back." I let out an obnoxious and loud laugh, "Sorry honey, deals done, he didn't rate enough to be immortal and powerful, he was a dog, in fact, no, he was lower than a dog." I use just the right amount of emphasis on just the right words, her face is filled with fury, "Your sick, and wrong, literally." I tilt my head, "Whatcha mean?" The girl straightens and adopts a vain and haughty air, " I come from generations of families with mystical involvements, and you killed Chip, when he died, he was resurrected inside a genie's lamp." I tilt my head and burst out laughing again, "Ha, you gotta be kiddin me, that is pretty funny, extremely lame, but that's how most "pretty funny" things are, only hilarious things ever seem to be worth anything." She looks as though she wants to kill me, which is how most people look at me, except for my doggies, like Chip, though he was hardly even that. The man who was with her earlier walks up, he puts his hand on her shoulder and she turns and walks away, the man looks at me, " Your going to wish you had never been born." I smile innocently, " The first or second time?" His upper lip curls up in disgust, " Your a piece of trash, someone's leftovers, nothing more, and probably less." For the first time my face twists in rage and I arise from my chair, as I could have whenever I so desired, and dig my finger nails deep into his eyes, he screams. I glare loathingly at the grotesque heap withering on the floor, holding his hands to his eyes, his hands seeping

a dirty looking red, meaning his blood is impure and toxified, probably some combination of ciggarettes and alcohoul, I spit on him, "If you ever mention me as someone's leftovers again, I'll rip out your manhood, cut your stomache, and tear out and slice each and every organ in your garbage body." I smirk, "Just so you know, skin is the bodies largest organ." The man's face becomes scared and he looks even more pathetic, however his yell attracts the attention of the other occupants of the building, I hear yells, then the voice of the girl, "Cease and hold fire." Her voice haughty and vain, it grates inside my mind, disgusting and annoying, so pathetic." The girl looks at me squarely, a vain smile on her disgusting face, "Time's up." BOOM!!

4 - The So-Called Choice

People often find themselves faced with decisions, most of them aren't always difficult, but then when you think of the roach-like quality humans have, you start to realize the numbers increase. Indecisiveness is a key factor to many lives, but what would they do when faced with a life or death situation? Humans crack under pressure, it is a way of life and will always be. The humans that don't are the ones who deserve to be immortal, that doesn't however, always mean they are the only ones who receive the curse and gift that is immortality. Therein lies a new problem.

Once again I awaken to darkness and struggle to clear my vision, the sky is dimly lit, the stars of night barely visible, meaning sunrise is almost near. As I try to move I find that I'm paralyzed, unable to move, I realize with a start that if the paralysis doesn't wear off soon, I would be caught in the sun, and without the restoration and meditation that my body was used to, I would burn to ash. I hear a ripple of laughter, as if far-off in my mind and gaining ground. My eyes instinctively scan around, desperate to locate the source of the sound, my eyes see nothing, save for some scattered clouds within the dimly lit sky. Then I notice a figure looming closer and my eyes shut, allowing more focus, "Am I really such a sight?" My eyes open instantly, a short, pudgy figure standing over me comes into view, it grins, showing a row of bright, white teeth, somehow rather shiny within the small light. The figure laughs, it's body shaking and jiggling, "Must you look so unhappy, I'm not here to hurt you, not unless I have to, which I would sorely regret." The figure kneels closer, and a pile of long, dark brown hair falls forward, his eyes in equal opposition to my own, "You are a pretty girlie, a shame for what you've had to endure, but I'm afraid it does not get much better, my name is a secret but you can call me Haktek." All I can do is stare at the man before me, the sun continuing its rise, my eyes showing a glint of alarm. Haktek laughs, "I forgot, you can't talk, so sorry about that." He continues to laugh, and pulls some hair from his eyes and my mouth seems to click, I test my speech hesitantly, "Wha...t....do...you...wan...t...?" The words come out in bits, as if the voice box had been shut off and turned back on. Haktek stares plaintively for a moment, then sighs, "Well, Chip, as you call him, is now a genie, due to your killing him, not to mention the fact your help is needed to stop a terrible threat." I burst out in laughter, "You think I want to help you or dog-boy?" "Get real." Haktek's jaw twitches slightly, "He is no dog, and if you don't help you'll die." I laugh again, "How do you figure?" His eyes lift to the nearing sun, then back to me, "You bastard" Haktek shrugs, "Calling me foul things won't help you." "Why me?" Haktek smiles grimly, "You should have a guess." Had I a beating heart any longer it would have stopped dead within my chest, but before I can speak the sun rises enough to cause me pain, and the words fly from my mouth, "I'll help." The world shifts and seems to grind within itself, and suddenly stops, around me the world is different and I look around confused. "Hey." Whirling around I come face to face with Haktek and jump back startled, "How did you sneak up on me?" "Where are we anyway?" Haktek gives a childish grin, "I am good at sneaking, and as for where, we are simply in another realm." "Excuse me, simply?" Haktek looks around, "Mmmhmm, here you need not worry of the sun, in this realm it is not a threat to you." I take in the sun and shiver, still displeased by it, and Haktek, as if sensing the problem smiles, "It is not the sun of Earth, you need not worry." "I don't worry." I scan around, "I don't get it, where is the doggie anyway, and what's this about a threat?" Haktek's lips twitch, "He is no dog, you must find him, and as for the threat, I cannot

explain until we find him." "Him being?" "He will tell you his name if he feels like it." He starts walking, and I follow angrily, "Hey!" "Why can't you give a straight answer?" Haktek shrugs, "You never ask the right question." "Your a real jerk you know that?" Haktek chuckles, "As long as I'am real." "You never talk like a normal person." Haktek grins broadly, "I never said I was normal." I mutter, "Neither did I." "I heard that." Haktek says laughing. I shake my head grumbling under my breath, "At least tell me what we are doing." Haktek smiles, "So you've decided to help?" I glare, "You didn't give me a choice." Haktek shakes his head, "I did, you could have chosen not to." "Then I'd be dead..er." Haktek shrugs, "Still a choice." "I hate you." Haktek smiles, and laughs, and I stare into the sky, my face without expression.