

Dark and Wicked Nature

He'd been there all evening, his gaze fixed on the bar, waiting for the woman he'd marked as his. He'd tracked her from her home, easily following her scent, her pulse like a beacon pulling him to her.

As she moved ahead of him, he'd somehow managed to hold himself back from taking her. As she greeted her friends with an easy embrace, a yearning jealousy struck him. He wanted to be the one wrapped in her arms, wanted her enclosed in his.

The darkness within him stirred at the recollection. His fists clenched, his jaw gritted. Deep breath in, deep breath out. Relax ... just a little longer.

For weeks, the dark need inside him had been growing, his control slipping a little more every day, until it rested on a knife's edge. As his control wavered and so did the risk to those around him, the fragile humans who had no idea what he was or the wicked need he had inside him.

He'd held it off for too long. Tonight he needed to hunt. He needed to unleash his true nature, to sate the darkness inside him with the woman he'd followed here. The woman called to him with her pale hair and curvy body. Swaying seductively when she walked, she conjured images of their bodies entangled in a carnal embrace.

He wanted her, needed her. He needed his cock and fangs buried inside her, feeding the ravenous hunger and lust that was like a roaring beast inside him.

He would watch her leave the bar and say good night to her friends. Then he would follow her until the time was right. She would sense something coming for her, hell he might even let her see him, tasting her fear as she tried to run; but it would be no use. He would catch her and take what he wanted.

The darkness stirred again, its claws scratching against his skin, clamoring for release. Deep breath in, deep breath out. Relax.

A gust of wind blew across him, lifting the strands of his hair and flaring out the long coat that covered him. The breeze blew across the street towards the bar just as the door opened and she stepped out.

Breath catching, teeth aching, body tensing - but he held himself still. Would the wind carry his scent to her? Would she sense him watching her? He moved further back into the shadows. Just a little longer.