

The Window

He looked intently up at the window, the muted light shining through the curtains. Night had fallen around him as he'd waited, but he knew it would be worth it. Soon the light would go out and the window would slide open. Only a crack, but enough for him to pass through.

Inside she would be waiting. A soft, giving embrace waiting for him and him alone, her full lips turned up for his kiss, her thighs parted for him to slide between. His body hummed with anticipation, lust and desire burning within him. Lust for the luscious young woman up in the room; desire for the sweet blood that flowed through her veins.

It had only been a few weeks since he'd first met her, a few weeks since he'd introduced himself, since he taken his first kiss, stolen those first few drops of blood. Yet in that time he'd become obsessed. Every time he'd taken her he had craved more. He was addicted to her as she was to him.

So here he waited, his hands in his pocket, his attention fixed on the window, at the new centre of his world. He would wait all night if he had too. He had all the time in the world.

He sensed movement inside the room and his body tensed. Then the light went out and the glass slid open. With a wicked smile he walked toward the house.