

## Bloodlust

When I saw him I knew he was the one. His smug cool attitude just dripping with chauvinism. He leans on the bar across the room, talking to his next mark, a sweet looking blonde with many traits prized by the heterosexual male. She isn't the perfect girl, but she is perfect for him. Her makeup suggests that she is of low self-esteem and self-confidence, trying to cover up who she really is and fill the façade of who she wants to be. Her clothes suggest she wants to attract attention, as, thought it is a chilly night, she has chosen to adorn a miniskirt and a high-rise tank top. She is his perfect mark.

He's one of those guys you see with a fake tan and a shirt that's two sizes too small because it makes his muscles look bigger. Constantly positioning himself in a pose of flex, showing off his limited work at the gym. I somewhat admire those who attend gyms and train, I always want to but just never get around to doing it but it is one thing to keep fit and another to use it as a weapon. Most women melt at the sight of a fit, muscular man and he knows this and uses it to his advantage with his flex pose and tight shirt.

I watch him from across the room as I sip on my chilled brew. I feel the broth slide down my throat and instantly cool my chest. The feeling spreads to my arms and as the condensation buildup on the glass transfers to my hand I get a chill up my spine. Partly from the cool, frothy, wet glass and partly from knowing that I will indulge in my deepest desires tonight. I watch as he works his magic on the chosen girl.

She sits on a barstool, he at her side standing, while she sips from her drink, a sex on the beach if I'm not mistaken but I probably am. I can never really tell what drinks are which and which are better. He leans in close to her ear and whispers something evidently charming as I watch the pursed lips slide into a smile and she returns the gesture, whispering into his ears. His eyes widen and he knows he has succeeded. He works so fast its almost admirable. He buys her a drink and a spouts off few quick lines from *Douchebaggery For Dummies*, an aptly named title if I do say so myself, and I do, and he has her at his whim, ready to go wherever he wants and do whatever he wants. I've seen him in this and a few other bars for several weeks now. Each time a new girl. Some call him a player, others an idol, because of his abilities to wrangle in and take home so many women. But I see through it. I know what he really does. He demeans them. Hits them and beats them with his fists and tongue. Derogatory terms and sexist remarks rain down on his prey when he has them back in his lair. He thinks nobody knows, but I had an inkling about this guy and I soon confirmed my suspicions. I took the time one night to follow him and see what events transpired. Now don't go thinking I'm some creepy stalker fellow. I am no such thing, nor am I some "Peeping Tom." I am, however, an actor for the hand of justice, in my own mind.

He takes them to his house and, in the spirit of the kinky sexual mood, ties them to his bed. Oh how they writhe with pleasure of what they expect to come, but when he returns to the room with a small blade and brass knuckles, a new writhing begins; one of escape. I turn away and have to let him do his dirty work. A half hour has passed and he has had his fill for the night. She lays motionless, but I can see her bosom rise and fall with each passing breath. She is alive. A flash goes off and numerous others. I spy a video camera in his hand as he leans in

toward her face telling her that everything was recorded and he is not afraid to release such footage into the public and ruin the life of the girl. So that's how he keeps them quiet. No self-respecting person would want such footage ruining their social position and reputation. So they keep quiet. I do notice that he has taken care not to bruise the face. Only on areas hidden by shirts and pants. Sneaky bastard. He deserves what's coming to him. And tonight is the night. Tonight the swift hand of justice will act through me. Tonight, he dies.

I approach him with careful intent. I have only had half of my beer but I have watched him consume two of his own and a couple of shots with his newest girl. I push in between them and turn my back to him. I have witnessed that a man will do things completely unnecessary just to show off his manliness and testosterone so long as a girl is present. I know before I complete my dirty remark to the blonde that his fist is raised, eyes wide open and staring holes through the back of my head, and as his fist explodes into my head I am thrown to the side, away from the bar.

I knock over a few glasses to make sure some extra people are watching. They clatter to the ground and shatter, spraying their contents on pants, shoes, and bare legs. Now he has a crowd in front of which to perform. He will not let them down. He will not let me down. He will not ignore his male urges to show off. It's part of who he is. It's a weakness. My strength.

I stagger to my feet, acting drunkenly to make him think he has the upper hand. He thinks he has done what was necessary and turns back to his mark, says something of me and spits at me. You shouldn't have done that. Now I get to show off. I cock my own fist back and strike him in the right side ribs, left open to me as he leans on the bar swooning the blonde. He cringes but shakes it off immediately and swings back at me with a wild fist under which I duck and launch my own countering blow to his left side ribs. Now it is time for the barman to do his duty and beckon us to stop or take it outside. I have hurt his pride and he will not back down and acknowledge defeat. Good. I wave to the door and head outward, looking in my peripherals just to make sure he follows. Surely enough he does and as I turn to face him five feet out the side door of the bar, I fail to realize the bottle he has clenched in his fist. Dirty fucking bastard.

His powerful swing is softened by my arm raised in defense, but he caught me with enough surprise that the bottle follows through and smashes over my head, just behind the ear. I feel the blood trickle down my neck, its warm feeling driving me to reciprocate on my opposition. Grabbing his wrist I wrench it counter-clockwise forcing him to open his hand and drop the bottle. I catch his other hand as it moves through the air toward my face. I flick my right leg out and behind his left knee. Bringing my leg back, I wrap around his knee causing him to buckle and fall to the floor. He is at my mercy now. I push him over and fall on top of him, knees around his sides and begin to rain blows upon his face. He lays motionless and I stop. I have my first victory over him. Now to finish the rest. I bring him to my van parked around the back of the bar and, after binding his legs, feet, arms, hands, and mouth, toss him in the back. I return to the bar to finish my beer, hoping the busboy didn't take it back to the kitchen. It sits at my table awaiting my grip. I down it in one gulp, walk to the bartender and apologize for the mess. I leave him a generous tip and he waves me away for the night. Self-defense as far as he knows and cares. My generous tip sees to that.

I drive to the abandoned warehouse I selected earlier in the week as I planned my actions for the night. It's not a large warehouse, but it is secluded and far enough away from any watchful eye that I am safe from accidental observers.

The gravel ground crunches under my feet as I walk into the room I have set up with a wire frame bed I got from the dump. Such an easy way to come across anything you might need without attracting suspicion. No records are kept. No receipts printed. And it's free. His body slumped over my shoulder makes minimal noise as he breathes and I place him onto the rusted wire-frame bed absent of a mattress.

After tying each limb to its nearest corner post, I pull up my chair and open up the bag I have brought along. Inside are my own set of distinct tools. A box-cutter knife, tire iron, and cleaver. What fun I shall have with this one. I wait for him to wake, but after ten minutes I grow restless and annoyed. I jab him in his swollen bruised ribs and he moans with pain. His eyes open groggily and, as he takes in his surroundings, begins to attempt to free himself. I sit back in the darkness and watch him. He tries to free his hands by wriggling around and trashing while he yells into the darkness. Making threats to an unknown force when you're in such a feeble and submissive position is pathetic. I would pity him if I cared. But I don't. I lean over to the ground by my side and turn on the propane camping light. On low, it provides enough light for him to barely see me. I will crank it up to full brightness when it's time for work.

"What the fuck are you doing! Who the fuck are you? What do you want from me you motherfucker?" he yells at me when he recognizes my face.

"I tied you to the bed, I'm the guy you fought with earlier, and I want you to die." I have answered his three questions but I'm not sure if he takes the last one seriously.

"Why the fuck do you want to kill me? What the fuck did I ever do to you?"

"Please, would you mind your language? I'm not adverse to swearing as I do it often enough myself, but it is quite unnecessary. It will not do anything to change the position you are in. At least, not change it for the better."

"What? Let me the *fuck* go you son of a bitch!" he emphasizes the fuck and I smirk. Even in his feeble state, knowing his impending doom, he is still defiant to the last. Admirable. Too bad I must kill him

"Do you enjoy being punched? Cut? Beat up?"

"What?"

"Do you enjoy being tied to the bed and knowing that I can do whatever I want to you and you can't do anything?"

"What are you on about you sick f-"

I cut him off, "I know about your little activities you sick *fuck*. See, I swear too," and I wink at him.

“What are you talking about?”

“Would you stop answering my statements and questions with other questions? It gets annoying, and the last thing you want a man with blades and bludgeoning tools to be is annoyed, so stop asking useless questions and playing dumb. We both know what you do and what you did to all those girls you picked up in all those bars. It’s no secret. Not to me.”

“Yeah? Fuck you! What makes you different huh? You’re about to do the same to me aren’t you? You fucking coward. Can’t even fight me like a man! Gotta tie me up and shit...” he drones on and I think about sunshine on the beach. I don’t know why sunshine on the beach. I just sort of popped in there. I let him go on for a little while longer. He is hoping to aggravate me enough that I will question my manhood, like he did in the bar, and engage in fisticuffs with him man to man. No chance. I’m not that easily broken.

“The difference, my troubled, idiotic, stupid, pathetic *friend*, is that you deserve what you are about to get. Those girls didn’t. They were defenseless. They did nothing but live their lives, however meaningless they were. But you did what you did and your penance is...well...me.” And I smile a nice big smile for him so he knows I am enjoying this. I bare teeth and snicker to myself. I see the terror in his eyes as I bring up my box-cutter knife, though I think most people call them exacto knives. Now starts the pleading.

“Let me go man, please! I won’t tell anyone! I’ll never touch another girl again, I swear it man I fucking swear it! Just please don’t fucking kill me, just let me go, man, okay? Okay? Come on man! Fuck!”

“What did I say about the swearing?” I whisper in his ear as I lean in close to him. I rest the blade on his throat, but to end his life so quickly would be a waste. I carver the word chauvinist into his chest with beautiful penmanship. My third grade teacher would’ve been so proud of my penmanship, especially since it was a knife on flesh instead of a pen on paper. Perhaps I would have achieved higher grades then if they gave me knives and flesh. Oh well. Something to think about another time. For now I replace my knife in my bag and take out my silver cleaver. I hold it in front of his face so he can see his own look of terror. How fun watching him twist away from himself. He realizes the monster he is. The monster I am.

“So these are the buff biceps you used to pummel those poor girls hmm?” I slice with my cleaver, down to the bone. The tendons snap and muscle pulls away from the bone. That arm will never pick up a grape let alone punch another girl. He screams in the utmost agony and I relish it, enjoy it. It is like a symphony he is writing just for me. Nobody else will hear or has ever heard the notes which leave his lips. How sweet that he were to know my favourite song too. I guess he did his own research.

I follow suit and do the same to his other bicep and he adds to his symphony. Wonderful. He knows he will not live much longer but he will endure a bit more before I finish him. The tire iron is next on the docket and the cold steel feels extravagant in my hands. My adrenal glands are pumping at their maximum strength and I am exhilarated. I am overjoyed with the feeling of beating this man into a pulp. I guess this is what he felt when he beat those poor women. But my feeling is interspersed with the knowledge that justice is being served by

my hand. I bring down the iron with a swift motion and the thwack heard as it makes contact with his leg, just below the knee is soothing for me. The snap of bone and smush of skin is complimentary to his wailing, which has increased tenfold as I crush and pound his legs. They will not walk over to women anymore. Not lead them to his lair. I think now it is time to finish this fucker.

I look into his eyes and tell him it will last forever. I am going to leave him to die like this. The tears stream down his face and run over the dried blood which ran from his nose earlier in the night. The human body is so fragile. It is amazing to think it can survive more than a day. His will not survive more than this day. I begin to walk away but rush back to him and zoom into his face stopping centimeters from his nose.

“Just kidding, you sniveling little bitch! Haha!” I reach for my cleaver and place it on the right side of his neck. I draw it across with a swift motion.

The cool metal of the blade meets with the warm flesh of his neck. The skin slices neatly and cleanly, for the most part, until the blood spills out. He coughs and sputters and dies away into darkness as the crimson fluid flows from the opening. It travels down the sides and front of his neck, covering up my superfluous penmanship, which saddens me momentarily, and drips to the floor. I touch my fingers to the pool collecting on the floor. How marvelous blood feels. The viscous sticky fluid adheres to my fingertips and paints them red. It shines in the light from the lamp, gleaming and glittering. I touch my red fingers to my tongue and taste the copper metallic taste of blood. It sends my senses surging. The smell, taste, feel and sight of the blood forces adrenaline through my body faster, my heart beats faster and I lick some more of the blood from my fingers. But I cannot refrain from any more than that.

I lean in to his neck and sink my teeth into his vein, slicing it with ease and precision and begin to drink the hot, red liquid flowing through his veins into my mouth. This man was poison on this earth and I do not want to be anywhere near as evil as he was; beating up and hurting people. It is so wrong. For most. Some deserve it. He did. I might. If that day of reckoning comes, I will welcome it and wonder why it took so long. Until then, I will continue selecting to feed on the scum who deserve it. I begin my clean up. I must get rid of this body. The gas canisters lay outside against the wall and I retrieve them. I spill the flammable fluid over his body and the surrounding area. Time for this box to burn. I walk out the front with my bag in hand and toss a lit match backward behind me and as I hear the whoosh of the gasoline catching, I know my work is done. No evidence, just ashes. My thirst for tonight is quenched but my hunger beckons. Perhaps I'll pick up a burger on the way home.

This wasn't the first man I have killed, and, as long as I want to stay alive, he will not be the last. But I do not kill simply for the pleasure of killing. I kill because I need the blood to live and I choose my victims based on their lives. If karma does not act quickly enough to give retribution for the sins of a man, I will step in and even the score. It's a win-win situation. I get to live, and I rid the Earth of scum. Nothing too spectacular from your everyday vigilante vampire.