

Dark Night

By Sentarla

The night was dark, darker than most. The full moon tried, but even it could not lighten the dark shadows that lurked around every corner. A young man walked quickly through the dimly lit street, checking over his shoulder every few steps as if afraid. After a few moments, his pace quickened to match his too-fast breathing and it became obvious he was indeed afraid.

Seeing a light ahead illuminating a tall building, the young man began to jog, trying to resist the urge to once again look back. As he came nearer to the light, he shivered hearing whispering sounds that grew louder as he continued closer to the light. A cold wind pushed against him, as if trying to slow him down.

Barely able to breath, the young man ran into the building and up the stairs two at a time. Out of breath and nearly out of energy, he reached the third floor and continued down the long corridor. Seeing the open door at the end, the frightened man surged through the portal, at the same time feeling what could have been a hand trail down his back as though trying to catch him before he could reach safety. Before he could turn around, the door was slammed shut and the young man jumped in fright.

Slowly turning around in total fear of what he might see, the younger man let out his breath and collapsed with relief; he was safe.

“Next time you might listen to me, Sandburg. No watching Vampire movies after midnight when you have to walk home alone.”

The younger man nodded and closed his eyes, trying to slow his breathing. Neither man noticed the pale figure on the balcony, or heard the soft words whispered in the night.

“Next time...”

~Fin~

A/N: Thank you to Bonnie for the beta. This piece came after watching Queen of the Damned. I was expecting a good movie but was disappointed, my muse however thought otherwise.