

Doyle Cerberus waited for the sun to go down. The stories told about vampires unable to go out in sunlight were old myths, things people thought would make them feel safe as they went about their daily tasks.

Daytime brought too many people with their camera phones and CCTV watching his every move. It was just easier to watch her at night.

He'd been following her for weeks – ever since he bumped into her at the mall he had become obsessed. Everything about her was burned into his brain, Her dark, silky hair. Her slender frame. The light musky scent of her perfume. He had wanted to take her there and then but there were too many people about. The shadows were his friend, easily concealing him in their embrace.

That day he had caught her scent, a mixture of coconut, lilies, and determination. She would not be able to hide. Ever. Once he caught the scent of his prey, he could tune everything else out, concentrate on just them and track them wherever they went. The girlfriend had a similar scent, but more of a vanilla smell than flowery. He hated vanilla.

The more he watched her the more he wanted her. After the time spent catering to Victor's every whim, finally it was his turn to get what he wanted. It was the little things that caused the feelings to grow. Laughing at a movie. Stroking her girlfriend's arm. The thought of those fingertips running up and down his flesh. The way the women's lips met in a passion he had never known. And how that kiss would lead to more, slowly moving down her body. The way she threw her head back. He wanted to make her do that, to feel her flesh with his mouth. To taste her. Have her.

But Doyle knew deep down she would never love him, not the way she loved her. Not if he took her away and turned her without her consent. She would see him for what he was, a monster. He didn't want that, not from her. She was too precious. So, instead, he stood outside her modern house at the end of a leafy suburban street and peered up at her slim figure silhouetted in the bedroom window blinds with a long-abided longing.

He watched her pile her hair up into a bun. She only did that when she was going to take a shower. It was Friday night, which meant Lana and her partner would meet up with friends for their weekly gossip session at the bar a few streets away. His breath caught in his throat as she unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall away, and he imagined taking hold of those perfectly-formed small breasts.

A familiar scent of coconut, but laced with the scent of rabbits and sickly vanilla wafted his way. He turned his head to look down the leafy suburban street to see the girlfriend walking toward him. Doyle stepped further back into the shadows and silently bared his teeth as Francine turned around and scanned the area like an animal sensing the presence of a predator. He clenched his fists to bury the need to kill. To kill her, the one that stopped Lana looking at anyone else. He would not get what he wanted if he acted on his jealousy. And now was not the time for haste.

Hunger was surfacing, and not just for Lana, he wanted blood. In order to try and clear his head, and stop the loathing for the one keeping her away from him, Doyle drove into the centre of the seedy part of town, the part where only the desperate or the crooks hung about.