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*Var får jag allt ifrån? Varnar er för att den innehåller lite brutalitet och blod, men inget direkt allvarligt...Och om ni absolut måste veta så snodde jag sparken från Trinity i \"the Matrix\", vte inte hur effektiv den är, men jäkligt cool :P*

### **By blood begun, by blood undone...**

She awoke with a start. She did not know from what, but a loud bang sounded in the air, almost like a basedrum, so it was quite reasonable to believe that something like that had disturbed her sleep. She peered at the alarmclock. The soft, red glow of the numbers illumined the room clearly enough for her now adapted eyes to see her surroundings nearly as if it had been clear day.

2:45 am. Thirst burned in the back of her throat, and she stretched her body in an almost catlike way as she got up from the bed. She peeled off the blue satin slip and let it fall to the floor as she picked out some clothes from the large wardrobe. A pair of black jeans, showing off her long legs, paired with a tightfitting red top, and, after some consideration, a black, formfitted leather jacket. She glanced in the mirror and smiled slyly. Perfect.

She closed the door to the apartment behind her as she got out into the citynight. Pointedly avoiding the popular and crowded nightclubs, she walked the mostly empty streets, seemingly without a goal. The occasional car went by her, headlights passing over her before disappearing down the street, as did the odd group of people or amorously entwined couple. She ignored them. Not what she was after; not tonight.

Turning a corner, she caught sight of a mark on the greyplastered wall. It was crudely done, but clearly depicted a black cobra poised to strike. 'Entering gang-land', she thought, and licked her lips. 'Black Cobras. Yet another notorious band of murderers, hallicks, burglars and junkies. Not likely to be mourned by any respectable community.' She walked on, feeling curious eyes watching her from the shadows, but not sensing that they were worth to bother with. 'Rabble scum,' a mental sneer of contempt. No obvious change in scenery, apart from the fact that more and more shops had barred windows and metal fences in front of the closed doors.

A black car with tinted windows rolled up beside her. The one on the passenger's side was rolled down. Not surprisingly it revealed two men; the driver a brutal-looking black guy with a large gun tucked into the waistband of his jeans, the other a white fellow with hard, hungry eyes with deep circles underneath and a flashy gold-watch on his left arm.

"You lost, babe?" the white man asked, eyeing her. "Can offer a ride if ya wanna. No good place for a...woman to be alone at night. Bad things might happen."

She just continued walking, ignoring them. The man quickly grew very annoyed and openly threatening at her silence. His friend stopped the car and they both stepped out, going towards her slowly as she stopped. They were inches from her now, the big black guy on her left and his smaller companion on her right. "Listen up, bitch..." the black guy growled, but he was brutally cut off as she snapped a lightning-fast scorpiontail-kick at his chest, followed by his head being dunked forcefully against the brickwall. He

slumped down on the ground, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. She licked her lips again.

She turned to the other man, who stared wide-eyed at her, still fumbling to get his gun out.

“Who the fuck sent you?” She laughed at him as he pointed the weapon at her, all the while glancing nervously at his big, brutish companion.

“No one sent me, but I’d put that thing away if I were you. It’ll do you no good.” Another step towards him. The hand holding the gun shook slightly. She parted her lips and trailed a pink tongue over the sharp teeth. A squeaking sound came from the man as he stared at them. Sharp teeth, pointier than usual. She snarled at him, baring the teeth even more as she let out an animalistic growl.

“Who are you?!” he stammered and backed away. She smiled wickedly at him.

“Would it be too cliché to say ‘your worst nightmare’?” she asked calmly before she lunged at him. He barely had time to scream. She sank her teeth into the soft skin of his neck. The small human part of her that was still left almost made her vomit at the taste of the flesh and warm, pulsing blood in her mouth, but then the vampire part kicked in, and she fed.

It was not a pretty sight she left behind, two bodies torn and emptied of blood, but she did not care. With every time she fed she became more and more a vampire. The night was her time, the city her hunting ground and the ignorant humans her prey.

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