

Ravenna turned to see her sister staring at her with distaste. It had been twenty years since she had seen anyone in her family, not that she had thought she would ever see them again. But here her sister was looking at her like she was the filth between her nails. "Well? Are you going to come or not?" She grunted. Ravenna tilted her head as she watched her sister pick at her left pinky. *I'd rather rot in my own grave.* Her inner voice laughed. How ironic that her beloved mother had passed away at the ripe age of fifty. Ravenna's only regret was that she hadn't done the job herself. "Well? I don't have all day!" Her sister rolled her eyes so far back into her head Ravenna swore her sister could see her brain. "I guess." Sighing she signed her release form the nurse handed her. *Finally, I am free.* A dark smile passed across Ravenna's lips, too quick for her sister or the nurse to see. *Free.*

They arrived at the funeral home with only ten minutes to spare. Not that she cared, but her sister seemed to. Not her problem; as soon as she could she would slip out the back door and out into the dark alley. She had plans, big plans. "Don't look at anyone and definitely don't talk to anyone." Her sister eyed him from her chair. "No one can know where you have been... For that matter just keep your trap shut, you hear me?" She snapped. Ravenna shrugged, she didn't plan on sticking around regardless. "Here." Her sister shoved a wad of cash and an iPhone into her hands. "In case I get busy. Use these to call a cab after the service." Her sister moved away from her and headed to the door as the music began to play and people started filing into the small room. Her cold gray eyes made note. Death. She was always so fascinated at people's reaction when it came to witnessing it. As people passed by and shook his hand Ravenna tried her best not to wince. It had been years without human touch and now she was being forced to touch these filthy people. Time couldn't move fast enough.

An hour into the farewell speeches Ravenna found her opportunity and slipped through the door without notice. She had had years of practice with the nurses and doctors in the asylum to become like a shadow. To become unremarkable to the human eye, a speck on the wall. *Time to get the fun started.* Ravenna let out a maniacal laugh. Who would be her first victim on this cold foggy night? She had several venues in her mind to find the perfect prey. The question was, were all her old haunts still around? Her dreadful sister was at least helpful in providing her with the means to find out. Ravenna pulled the cellphone out of her back pocket and started typing as she continued walking away from the funeral home.

Two of the three nightclubs were now out of business thanks to the pandemic that had struck the past year. It was a bummer, but that didn't deter Ravenna from her plans. With a quick swipe she discovered her favorite haunt **Bloodline** was still active and thriving. A sigh of relief and anticipation escaped her as she stopped under a street light and held up a hand to summon a taxi. It didn't take long before a cab pulled up to the curb, its fluorescent yellow shimmering underneath the light. Ravenna popped open the back door and hopped in. "Where to, pretty lady?" The cabby was a scruffy looking man that Ravenna thought could use a shave. "Bloodline on 6th and Wyvern."

The building was the same as Ravenna remembered, it's sleek black brick with crimson highlights. There were no windows on the front of the building making it appear even more

imposing. A smile played across Ravenna's lips as she opened the door to the cab. "Keep the change." She handed the driver a hundred before exiting the cab and heading for the double metal doors. Two bouncers stood with black sunglasses although the sun had already set. She eyed the line that wrapped all the way around the building. *So many, so eager. * The real question was whether she was referring to the clubbers or herself.

Ravenna nodded at the bouncers and then opened the doors. The loud thumping of the bass from the music inside made Ravenna's insides hum, she barely heard the complaints of the people in line waiting for their turn to enter the club. Straight away she headed for the bar, a familiar blonde head could be seen over the crowded venue and she grinned. "Well I'll be damned! Rave! Where the hell have you been? What's it been, five- no six years?" Ravenna clapped hands with the blonde and nodded. "Emil; had to do another stint for that little *incident* back then." Ravenna, of course, was referring to the man she had kept captive for six days and tortured in her mother's basement, drinking his blood until he was almost dry.

The thing was she didn't feel pain no matter how hard he tried and over time it bothered her to the point where she began to relish in the pain of others. Normally she didn't keep her prey that long but there was something about this guy that made her feel immense pleasure watching him writhe with pain. "Damn bro, Mammon didn't help you get out?" Ravenna gave a non committal answer. "Just because he is a demon my ancestors made a deal with doesn't mean he gives a shit." The blonde nodded in understanding. "Point taken. Want a drink?" Ravenna nodded, "The usual..." She turned and leaned against the bar, her elbows propping her up as she scanned the crowd.

There were a couple of men that piqued her interest. Now the problem was to figure out which one was worthy of her attention. Emil slid her a glass filled with liquor mixed with a thick red substance, having a soup-like consistency. "Thanks E, if you see your father don't tell 'em you saw me." Ravenna finished her drink in one swallow, the familiar metallic taste was euphoric for her. She slammed the glass down, winked at Emil then stalked the dance floor. If luck would have it, one of her targets would initiate the dance of the hunt and whichever of the two, would be the one fate wanted Ravenna to take.