Hood Bat

By : Jalen Hill

He stalks the night and he brings you a fright. Hood Bat is a vampire that is unkillable and is the Turnsville Dark Knight who is also the world's story as a monster that drinks blood without a single thought about it. Once a young personal detective enters Turnsville's grounds he is bound to never get out because Hood Bat lurks in the shadows waiting for the kill...

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Hood Bat

Into

Death is what I am.ï¿½ Life is what I taste.ï¿½ But, in between the two I am both its friend and its enemy.ï¿½ I've roamed the earth for many years in this perfect form of seduction, and blood lust.ï¿½ Every women put before me is merely a snack or nothing but, something that is merely a creature made by my glorious God who has damned me to an eternal hell.ï¿½ More than likely it was fate and not God.ï¿½ I have loved I have hated, I have fought, I have killed, and I have hardly created the other race of humans who are the cheat codes to life.ï¿½

ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ I am a vampire.ï¿½ I am the most powerful vampire on earth.ï¿½ Over the years as a child I begun to obtain new powers and have somehow managed live for about two millennia and I am the Hunter the killer the avenger and...

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Chapter 2: Blood drops

Blood Drops

Rain poured down on the small city of Turnstown. It was quite like a ghost town with empty streets. No one drove down the road and no one occupied the streets except for a young woman who was walking down the sidewalk with a frown on her face and walked with hips that any man would love to have his hands on. She had blonde hair that she wore in a tight bun and passed a skyscraper that was at least four hundred feet tall and gave off a sinister look.

The woman froze as she heard a drop of liquid hit the pavement and she whirled around. Nothing. Nothing was there at all. She was being paranoid but, she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong. When the woman turned back around she was shocked to see a figure standing a couple of feet away from her. It was misty outside and soon it began to rain. The woman kept her distance and chewed the bottom of her lip. Something was up and was making her body tingle all over.

"Hello my sweet." Suddenly, an orgasmic feeling welled up within inside the woman as she felt a sharp pain sink into her neck. She squirmed as a cold hand grabbed her breast while the other covered her mouth. The hand on her breast slid down her skirt as a snake would slither down a tree branch. She then squeaked like a mouse as the figure grabbed her middle. "How do I make you feel?" The figure slowly moved his hand away from the lady's mouth and she uttered out, "W-who are you?" The figure let out a chilling laughter that made the woman's spine tingle. "I am your protector." The woman dropped to the ground and the figure wiped at its mouth with the sleeve of its jacket and blood dropped from his elongated pearly white blood stained fangs.

Chapter 3: Turnsville

"Brett, what is this?" Brett shrugged his shoulders and his client Mr. Bosley slid him a folder that was full of pictures typed infromation and graphic charts. "If I had to say than it is the information I gathered for you." Mr. Bosley frwoned and continued. "Brett honestly, these pictures look nothing like bigfoot. This information is bull shit, and these charts mean nothing to me at all whatsoever." Brett rolled his eyes and leaned back in the chair. "If you don't like it than just give me my money and I'll just be on my way." Mr. Bosley's frown deepened and he spoke softly, "Brett take the money and get out. Your fired." Brett smiled as Mr. Bosley wrote his check and sent him away. It wasn't the first time a client of his was un satisfied with his work. It had to be at least his eightieth. Or was it his one hundred eightieth? It didn't really matter now. He was going to go home and relax without anymore annoynces for the day but, he was wrong. Oh so very wrong.

As Brett exited the building he overheard two men dressed in grey slacks and boutton down shirts conversation about a masked sireal killing going on at a town two miles from where they were. It sounded intersting enough to... investigate but he wavered the thought from his mind. Brett never got a murder case. The chances of him getting one was highly improbable.

Brett entered his apartment and sat on the couch. He couldn't stand people like Mr. Bosley. Always wanted the impossible. ***RING! RING!*** Brett grumbled and stood up almost hitting his head on the celing. His apartment was small and shabby. His sink hardly ever worked and the plumer he called hardly ever fixed the sink. She would sit there examning it than she would get to work. But, of course her butt would be hanging out and Brett would see her butterfly tatoo and before you knew it they were in bed sheets getting stained the feet would be tangled together and her jet black hair would be spread across her back while she groaned. Her name was Christene and she was beautiful. She had high cheek bones her figure was slightly thick but that was on her breast and hips and the way she walked should've been illegal. Brett and Christene had an open relationship and Brett didn't know or care for love. Brett got up and answered the old wall phone. "Hello?" Breathing entered Brett's ear and he finally, heard a raspy voice speak. "Hello Mr. Dickens. I've called because I wish to have you help me with your services." Brett smirked and lied, "The pay will have to be big. I've got **MANY** clients that I'm already working for at the moment." The vocice gave out a soft chuckle and responded. "I see. Well I can have you rest and assure that you will be paid handsomely for your services. How about... two million?" Brett almost choked on his spit and he sputtered, "Tw-two million dollars?!" The voice sounded amused when he spoke again. "Yes money is no object for me. THat will be your first payment. The rest will be given to you through out the case I'm about to assign to you. As you may have over heard there is a masked murderer going on in a town called Turnsville. Rumor has it that the murderer is a vampire and I would like to see if this is true. Find out all the infromation you can about this 'man.' A cab will be there for you shortly." The person on the other end hung up and as soon as he did Brett got his clothes packed. Vampire? Brett had heard sighting of them but doubted there existence from time to time. This time he was going to finally, get some action. As soon as the cab came Brett got in and he was in Turnsville within 30 minutes.

Chapter 4: An Expected Visitor

"S-sir I didn't call anyone!" The figure grabbed a fist full of the man's hair and yanked. "WHO DID YOU CALL?!" The man trembled in fear and shook his head. "No one I swear!" The figure relaesed the man's hair and paced back and fourth until he finally stopped. "You filthy little liar. Damn your children, your children's children, and all of those who come after!" The figure rammed a sharpened dagger into the man's chest and blood splattered over the figure's face. "You die here and now!" The figure picked up the man b the cllar and sank its teeth nt the man's head who cried ut in pain.

Chapter 5: No Need

Brett read the letter over and over again sitting on his bed. The moment he arrived in Turnsville a man in a black suit cam up to him and handed him a letter while calling a cab for him to return back to New York. *As it turns out I no longer am in need of your services. I have hard of your epic fails in other cases and hav decided to take this case on myself. Brett flopped back down on his pillow and sighed in annoyance. Clientds these days....*

Chapter 6: An awaited Trap

The Dark figure watched a man with jelled spiked hair a brown trench overcoat throw a lamp on the floor and screamed. The figure was pleased that this ivestigator had gotten he message. What was his name? Brett.... Bett Steel. Yes he was sure he would no longer be a problem but suddenly the figure paused. Mr. Steel was thinking about heding back to Turnsville. No thiswas not the plan. The figure placed his hand on the window and sent a message to Brett through his mind. He was telling him to forget the idea and stay home to watch some televison and relax. Brett stopped for a second and shook his head. The man was stubborn and he was hard to influence. Out of all the years the figure had lived he had never seen someone so stubborn! Why was he so hard to convince? Actually the figure was hardly able to push into Brett''s mind. Feeling frustrated the figure took to the night forming a paln in his head. He would have to open up hotel Black again for this one.

Chapter 7: The Night Mare Begins

Walking down the streets of Turnsville or rather actually Turns city which was full of cars and busy people who didn't even take a look up from their phones and other devices. It reminded Brett of his hometown NewYork where nearly everyone was just as busy as the people here in Turnsville. Brett was looking for a place to stay to and then he would start his investigation on this serial killer. Then a gust of wind blew throuh out the city and a flyer flew into Brett's face. He pried it off his face as if the paper had tentacles and read it.

HOTEL BLACK 8th Reopening!!!

Owner Derek Willaims has reopened Turnsville's favorite hotel after another two years!

Brett smiled to himself and looked up into the sky praising the lord. It was often that he would do so but he felt certianly now was the time. After, hauling acab Brett, appeared before thefour story black marble hotel within minutes. He slowly climbed out staring in awe. "Hey you, listen!" Brett turned around and the cabdriver leande out the window. "Listen kid last year there was a big murder here that killed three hundred people and the owner along with a few guest who survived and were found hiding inthe trash chute. The year before that an excutive was assaniated by an unkown killer. And the year before tha-" Brett put his hand up and questioned, "What is your poin excactly?" The cab driver shrugged his shoulders and answered, "All I'm try to say is that this place has been shutdown eight times because of murder and nine times out of ten the only one that lives is the owner and a few people. Those murders were planned by someone and the way most of them were killedtwo years ago makes you wonderif those folk were even killed by a human." Brett shook his head and insited, "I'll be alright and thanks for the story. Here take fifty dollars." The driver took the money without a thought and shouted good luck and drove away.

Brett entered the hotel and immediately felt relaxed. The place was nice. Brett could tell why the hotel was called Hotel Black. Thewall and floors possesd black marble. The couch was covered in black leather and was occupied by dozens of adults allyoung and old on laptops with wine in hand. Brett let out a long whistle. "This place is too nice! Wonder If I'll be able to afford it." Suddenly a hand clasped his shoulder and a voice said, "Are you a regular or are you new here?" Brett whirrled around and was greeted by a man in a crisp black suit with pale brown skin and peircing brown eyes. "Hello allow me to introduce myself. I am Derek Williams, the owner of this hotel."

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