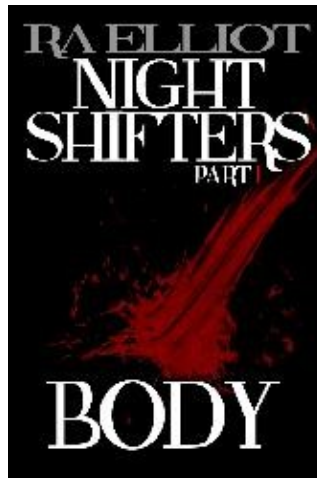


The NightShifters: BLOOD

By : **RA Elliot**

For the first time in almost a hundred years, the Metropolitan City of WestCoast is under attack by a powerful 'demon' that leaves his tortured and raped victims on the streets. The educated know them as NightShifters, a powerful race of superhuman killers with only one thing on their mind. Alyssa, a liaison for the Special Case Unit intends to capture and destroy this monster with the help of white haired woman named Elle. It is a fruitless battle they were still fighting and losing to this day. For Kai, the problem isn't finding the demon, but of how to get rid of him! After being mistaken for a girl and almost raped in an alley, the homeless runaway suddenly finds he is carry around a lot of dead weight and soon realises that something similar is lurking inside his own body. The NightShifters is a planned horror/fantasy series for those who enjoy the macabre spectrum of fiction. (This is the first novel of 4, i have written 3 already and only plan to upload content if it begins to gain popularity)



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A young womanâs mutilated body laid spread legged atop a raised wall like artwork on display. A crowd gathered, warded off by the dozen of forensics working late into the night on the opposing side of the crime sceneâs tape. The civilians would not flock so willingly if they were not already accustomed to blood stained streets. The smart ones hid away from him, from them.Â

Everyone knew they were out thereâs demons.

The educated knew them as NightShifters.

A stout man flashed his badge to the coroner. As he pulled himself from the crowd and under the yellow tape he readied his mind for the sight. Waiting for him in the moonlight was a woman whose white hair glisten as it wavered through the winter winds. Her diamond eyes glanced to him as full of life as they could possibly be, yet still cold and vacant as death. The main reason the crowd gathered was to see her, their symbol of hope, the people called her âthe angelâ. Luke knew her as simply, Elle. They called, begged for knowledge and such, so she took an effort to conceal her pale skin, hair and eyes but that was not the only reason. If a NightShifter caught a glimpse of her, he would cut her throat and be on his way before anyone could have time to blink. Now that Luke had recognized her, she pulled the hood of her grey cardigan over her head and tucked the white locks away. Elle told him nothing but the obvious and the rest, he already knew. A young woman dragged from the streets, raped, tortured, mutilated and finally laid to rest here.

It was nothing but the usual for Friday night, or any night really.Â

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Most could recall the bright sun and cheery crowd of the unveiling of the Grand WestCoast Mall two years ago. It was two hundred and fifty square meters of leasable land, able to hold more than six hundred specialty stores, one of the largest in the country. It was a prestigious honour for a young teen, an intern for the WestCoast Inquisitor to be an official photographer of the event. She feared the unsteadiness in her hand as she lifted the camera, holding it to her eye. As her finger dabbled over the shutter, she waited for the perfect moment, afraid of failure. The entire company was depending on her skill and precision. As she held the shutter on burst, Mayor Whitney Daye retracted the ridiculously oversized scissors from the red ribbon and turned her attention to a man that approached her. The crowd was calm as he held his hand out to the short, plump woman. Mysteriously, she handed him the scissors, only to have him force the two blades into her neck. Alyssa released the shutter and lowered the camera, entranced as the crowd roared in fright and begun to flee. The man dressed in a long black gown, dodged the guards attack, taking the microphone to his lips. The interference interrupted his heavy pant, screeching loudly from all surrounding speakers.

âYour town is mine now,â he laughed, disappearing in a bout of dark steam just before an officer attempted to tackle him. What she and many others had just witnessed was something this city had never experienced before and from that day onwards, the police of WestCoast were on constant clean up duty. Frequent attacks continued to take place over the cities five districts and still nobody had the slightest clue on who or what they were dealing with.

WestCoast quickly began to realize that this killer was no man at all, but a demonâs a NightShifter. Even now, years later, they knew nothing but that this villain was almost physically impossible to capture and

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detain. It was a fruitless battle that they were still fighting and losing to this day.

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