

Unnatural

The vampire *flowed* - no other word for it - over the unconscious, feverish man. Delicately yet inexorably, her hands forced flesh to stillness, to reveal a vein. Then, with a flash of darkness and white teeth, his hot blood was in her mouth...

...and then promptly spit out into a sample cup. "Medusa neurotoxin," she told the waiting ER crash team. "Prep a quahog infusion, stat. Warn the surgeon. And priest."

As the patient was wheeled off, the doctor realized that the waiting room was empty. *For a change*, she tiredly thought. *God, I hate day shift. It's... unnatural.*

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