

A
Night Creature
Trilogy

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The
Sleepless Night Creature

By

HDA Pratt

Books by HDA Pratt

A Night Creature Trilogy

The Sleepless Night Creature

The Elemental Cycle

Worthy

A Magical Creature Series

Flighty

Nerdiver

Nimfa & Master

I dedicate this book to

Karl Moscrop

My one and only betrothed

*Your Viking blue eyes are truly the centre of my universe.
I will forever and wholeheartedly love you and your eyes for
the rest our lives together.*

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One

A drink in his hand, the golden liquid catches the candle light just right for his eyes to sparkle. Bloodshot, the individual veins circling his grey iris like they are going to take over. Hungry to break free, I catch a glimpse of his ulnar artery pumping on over drive as he necks back the rest of his whisky.

Darting to the left, he slightly trips going for his prey. His overexcitement at seeing one of the least unusual looking whores in this house burns through him, his need to escape the family life he has made at home crying out. How funny it is to watch these pathetic creatures hunt and mourn the fact that they have grown a family, married like they are told to but then spend any night they can getting their rocks off with someone else. Chuckling to myself I see a young looking whore eye me up for the corner, thinking I am here waiting for the same need as these gentlemen.

Stepping back further into the corner I have situated myself in, the candle next to me dims as I push my un-holiness into the area around me. Not phased by the candle seeming to shrink and the shadows growing to hide me more, the girl talks to a gentleman just in front of me, her eyes never leaving my position.

Ignoring her for a moment I check on my drunken prey, his struggle to get what he wants is painful at best. How he is planning on getting his rocks off, when from the look of him I

do not believe he is even going to get to her before he passes out. Nicely dressed he looks to have come from a party of some kind, his maroon tail coats flap behind him as he nearly jumps over a passed out boy on the floor, way too young to be here. Hand in the air, he still carries his empty glass, his ginger hair slicked back tight against his head with the greasiest substance I'm sure he could find.

Focusing my hearing on him alone I hear every heavy breath he puffs, feel his heart pounding on overdrive as he nearly kills his body from all the alcohol and need for more of it. Muttering, he stammers a single word over and over and over again, hoping that she will finally turn from the hunk of rock, the beast of a gentleman who's lap the whore is sat upon. Why do they do this to themselves, piss each other off and wonder why they fight. All of them do it, even in small way sometimes, but if humans would just leave each other alone all these pointless wars they drag themselves into would never happen.

Take now for instance, there are twelve not bad looking whores waiting on the stairs, ready for some work. A quiet night it seems, or I am too early to have come here for the crowd of visitors; my prey could easily get with one of those whores. Why the need to go after one that has already found herself her own prey. At least wait another two hours and you can have her like she is a new flower ready for him alone.

Chuckling to myself again, my frozen heart jumps a beat as the girl I totally forgot about appears by my side.

“Alraght sar” Her country twinge of an accent drools at me.

“It’s sir” I correct

“Sorrar”

Still not looking her way, I pull the darkness further down around us, my own hunger beginning to set in as I have not eaten for weeks. Why, well I wanted to save up for one big evening of over indulgence. Finding a library deep within the city where I could stay and read all day and night, I relished the chance. After the kind librarian showed me to the section I was interested in, I feed. Feed my need of knowledge, of taking everything I could get from all the books laid before me. Though now, the blood pumping through all of the warm blooded creatures calls for me to feed, and feed deep.

“How’s yar evening gone? You look a little lonely and lost over har” Listening carefully, I can’t help but break down the way she over pronounces the words she’s saying wrongly.

“Har?” I quiz wanting to check one last time.

“Don’t like ow I speak sar?” She utter, pushing everything she has into keeping her odd twinge up.

Turning to her in a flash of movement, her eyes go wide as I give her my full focus. Pretty, I wonder if she must have slipped through my man’s drunken gaze and she is on a different level to every other whore here. Pale of course, just like most of the girls in this wet country of ours. Her eyes are

a deep brown, while her hair is touched by the sun. Golden and grown down to her breasts, her corset pushes her handful up nicely enough that any man's eyes could get lost in them. Her dress looking to be of a higher quality than the rest of the girls in here, I arch my eyebrow at her as my eyes delve into hers.

Flashes of pink and baby blue, her mind takes me into a bright white room with Victorian bay windows taking up the whole left side. Finery and elegance scream from every piece of hand crafted furniture in the room, as a maid gives a little boy on the floor a bottle to have. Wearing the baby blue I saw, a woman frozen onto her seat in the corner, looks just like the girl only ten years older. On her lap in a bright pink dress is a young blond girl giggling at the way her dolls hair has curled.

Pulling myself out of her mind, the glazed overlook the girl's eyes beam; begin to wash away as I uncurl my grip on her mind. Not seeing a thing I saw, she breaks her façade and lets her over educated self-free for a moment.

"What on this godly earth just happened?" Her eyes going wide again, she takes a step back only to find the other side of the corner I am next to. "I meeen sar, wat jist happen?"

"Too late young Claire, I know your secret." I whisper right in her ear, pushing my voice to sail to her through the space between us.

Shocked again, her eyes widen as she really takes me in. My whiter than white skin, my own copper hair is grown down to my shoulders, perfectly cut into a design to make me more alluring. A beard lightly sprinkling my face makes any one who sees me look at my lips, a beautiful firm set ready to kiss anyone. Eyes green, they shine like no eyes should, a light coming from the pupils as I look out into this world. A manly set jaw and strong cheekbones, I do not let fear grow into people when they see me from afar. But up close, when my fangs come out and the darkness swims around me, fear they never knew they could feel consumes them.

How I know I look this way, well my lover over a hundred years ago kindly and soothing told me. He explained everything about the way I am and the way I look since I cannot look in a mirror anymore. Hungry to see what he saw, I delved into his mind and soaked up everything I saw there. Wanting what I saw I made the mistake of turning him, making him what I was, only to be so drawn into him and his eyes that I drunk him dry. The pain of being a night creature, of being undead, well a vampire, I would have some sorrow in my history, otherwise how would I live so lonely for so long.

“Do not fear me my girl” I tell her bringing myself back to this pretty thing. Placing my hand on her forearm, I let the darkness I placed over our corner leave, returning the candle back to its original brightness.

Feeling her breath lessen, her eyes having dropped, she raises them back up to me. Her curiousness overtaking the fear that spun in her two seconds before, she lets her fake accent disappear. Who she truly is finds me, as her back straightens and she stands like the proud elitist that she is.

“I pray-tell, what are you sir?”

“Me? Just a creature looking for some food, for some warmth in the day to come” Giving her a smile I turn back to the room.

“And I am not good enough?” Sounding sad, I release my hold on her forearm but instead signal for her to join me at a table in front of us.

“My child do not be sad, it is a good thing you have not drawn my interest for tonight. Yes I do give you that you are desirable, but tonight my interest has been taken by another.” Hand in the air, I signal to the bartender for two drinks.

“Oh. My mother said I was always second; always second to win a school prize, always second to win a man’s heart. Never the best but never the worst was my father’s counter.”

“Where are your parents? You are say, eighteen rotations of the sun?”

“What a funny way to say it, though I guess you are right. My parents left me. Moved their whole family to Wales, a new

house awaiting them on a beautiful hillside. I stayed, having fallen head over heels for a boy, thinking we would be married by the end of the year and I would be head of our household. We would have maids and butlers that would cater to my every need while he worked and slowly took over his father's law firm." Her voice stopping as the barman set down two scotches, the same as I ordered when I first arrived.

Nodding he waits for money, expecting that as he brought them over that he would get a tip. Turning my eyes on him, I command him to leave through my thoughts alone, his mind already falling under my control when I spoke with him earlier.

"You haven't paid." She comments, still clearly catching up with me not being an everyday patron in this delightful establishment.

"I do not need to"

"You own this place? I thought Josepha did"

"I do not own this place, I just have a way with people now... What are we going to do with you?" I ask, my full attention now on her.

"What do you mean?" She puzzles, clearly a little afraid.

"Let's begin with his name?"

“Who? Clive” I nod, seeing that she is getting there. “His name is Clive Johnston Ashwood. He lives on Ashwood Street by the fountain in the estate there. The manor that was meant to be mine before that slut Cassandra came in and took first prize. Like I said to you, I am always second, always.”

“Firstly, the whinnying will seize immediately. Women have always been taught and teach themselves that you are the inferior sex, the lower being who will do what her husband tells her. I tell you Claire... you are not the inferior. In fact there is a reason men try to keep your sex down. You are higher than them.” I state believing what I say, excluding me of course. “Now do you like your name?”

“My name? Claire, you mean... wait you’re confusing me. Why do you keep asking me these questions?” Picking up her whisky for her, I place it in her hand.

“Drink and answer my questions. Where we go next will depend on your answers”

Swigging it down in one movement, I have a feeling she does this every night before having to go out into this house and find a client. The poor girl, all of these girls in-fact, but I know I can only help one of them, if she wants it. If she seizes it.

“Your name?”

“I am Claire Francis De’Lucatin and I hate my name. Hate the woman my mother has made me into. Hate that this is now

my life, because of men, because of Clive Ashwood.” Anger spilling from her, I feel her heart pounding, her hate for her mother becoming real. Burning like a coal fire deep in her chest ready to let her heat burn the next person that puts her down.

Good.

“Would you like a new name?” I ask, her eyes looking at mine.

“A new start...” I say slowly finishing my questions with my last question. “A new life?”

Dipping her head, she reaches out for my drink, taking it in her hand before bring the glass slowly to her lips. Whispering, I know she’s finally getting it, getting that I am not normal. Not human.

“Yes... I am ready for it to begin” Tipping my scotch back, her eyes light up as her freedom from this life is open to her. The joy that is filling her shines brighter than my eyes could even try to. Tonight this girl will die, but she will die happy.

Sliding my key over the table, just like any of the clients in here do with their whores, I give her my room number and tell her to wait for me there.

“I will meet you soon. I must finish my hunt, feed so I cannot feed no more.” Locking eyes with her, I show my fangs, making it as clear to her as I can “Your life will change

forever” Walking past me, she flicks my hair, already much more confident in who she is. If anyone deserves to become undead it is someone like her, someone seizing the night.

With Claire now gone I scour the room once again, looking for my next prey. Busier than it was before, I see now that only two whores still wait on the steps, every man in the room having a whore around his neck. Ignoring me after seeing me give Claire my key, the whores make it easy for me to scour the room.

To my delight, the dirt covered walls show my marron suited man has only just made it to the hunk of rock and the plain Jane on his lap. Watching the scene unfold, I laugh as he thinks he’s being suave when he bumps into them. Instead, his deep heavy breathing and sweat covered lump of a body knocks the whore so she falls off the hunk’s lap and he falls into her place. As drunk as the marron suited man, the hunk doesn’t even notice that they’ve swapped places and moves in to kiss his new whore.

Stopping him, the plain Jane smiles at both of the men. Focusing my hearing on her, I hear the words clear as day, wondering if she offers this service a lot. “How about both ya men comes with me and we all have a great time?” Her twinge of an accent truly being hers, it seems to do the trick for both men.

Standing up, the hunk brings the marron suited man up with him. Being far sturdier on his feet than his new ginger lover,

the rock carries him as the whore leads them down a side corridor next to the stairway. Laughing to myself, I think how convenient that this woman has just added herself and the hunk of rock to my meal. Gorging myself after the weeks of no food, this is something I will definitely not be turning down.

Following easily I sulk past all the busy clientele of the house, some seeming to find it hard to wait till they find a room from the look of the tents in their trousers. Sending a quick laugh into the ear of the last man I pass, he jumps up pushing the young lady off his lap. Giving him a confused look, the girl moves off to another potential client, not wanting to get mixed up with a man who's a little too rough.

Leaving the main room, I find myself in a tightly spaced corridor, the lighting in here darker than I even make it when hunting someone. Clearly one of the cheaper rooms in this fine establishment, the doorways only have half ripped bed sheets as doors. Noises that any high class mother would never want to be hearing escape the sheets as I pass. Using my sense of smell, I slowly make my way down a set of tightly built in steps taking me further into darkness.

Covering himself in ginger and pine scents, the marron suited man is not hard to track. His whore on the other-hand gives off the same smell as every girl in this place, all of them living in close quarters, washing only when they can find a mildly clean source of water. Knowing from this tiny fact that Claire

is of much tougher meat than her parents made out, any high elite could never dream of living like this.

Lights completely gone, the basement level is far bigger than the building above. Buying out the space from the other houses circling this one, this new space tells me the ruler of this house knows many people on this saddened street would rather make a quick buck selling the cold part of their homes they never use. After all, what better thing to have in your basement than a raging sex haven of dirt and disease or a spare room for all the items you do not own to fill up the place. Doors back on the frames down here; I see the benefit of having unused space from other houses means you get to keep the doors that came with them.

Turning left, then right, it is much more of a maze down here; the smell of the ginger man fills my nose as I savour the goal waiting ahead. Quieter and empty, I assume the rooms down here will fill up as the clients above begin to show real eagerness to get going.

Taking a final right, I feel a slight hold of my hunger as the young whore waits outside a room alone. Door closed next to her, I wait using my heightened sense of hearing to make out the noises in the room behind. Closed, it makes me so confused for a moment. I was expecting to find her on the bed, the men waiting to begin the offer she gave them. Instead it looks as if she has been ousted herself.

Flashing to her side in a single breath, her next breath is used up by the intake she has from me suddenly appearing. "Hello miss"

"Sar" She coughs out, her shock of me disappearing as she sees my alluring eyes. Seeing where Claire has taken her choice of words from, I ask the question biting at my lips.

"The gentlemen you came down here with, where did they go?"

"Why? You a pig? They an't don noting wrong" She huffs, my allure losing its power quickly. Whatever she feels for these men is strong; meaning her protectiveness for them is something I cannot compete with.

"It's just I overheard you offer them both your service and now you out here. A door behind you is closed shut and noises are coming from inside." I point out, closing the space between us. "I am definitely no pig. A bat maybe"

"A bat? Tat's a weird choice of animal. Anyhows, the two men you ask'd about are in ere. Alone, if you know what I mean" Wiggling her eyebrows, her once cute smile looks me up and down. "You though I feel, is a watcher" Saying her last words harshly right up to my lips, I smile bringing my lips apart to reveal my white diamonds pointing out and ready.

Her eyes shooting large, I seep into her mind looking for an explanation to the familiarity she has with these men.

Green and purple velvet is all I get at first, mixed with the deep dirty brown of her dress. Unfolding before me, a scene fills my vision, this woman's mind is doing all it can to fight me. Two men, like before only one sits behind a big desk, the hunk standing behind him with a hand on his shoulder.

The hunk wearing the green, the other the purple, I see this unfortunate plain girl on a single chair in front of the ginger ones desk. Cleaned up a bit too much for the accent she presents the world, I have a feeling these men are they reason she looks cleaner, the scene I'm viewing is a new meeting between the three of them.

"So it's agreed. We will pay you twenty bucks a night and you move in with Arnold as his sister. For this you pretend to invite us frequently to have alone time with the both of us at the whore house we have saved you from, only for you to wait while we ourselves secretly make love?" Raising his eyebrow like he is talking to a tiny child, the ginger man is everything I thought he would be. Harsh, rude and actually quite clever in his own right, the arrogance coming off of him as his golden wedding ring catches his desk candles light showing his infertility. This ginger one is a perfect meal for me after my, self-made, hunger strike, his higher and self-righteous attitude is one I love to see scared as I feed their life away.

"Twenty bucks! God ya"

Cutting her reply off I pull out of her mind, this arrangement makes everything that has confused me logical. Of course her standing outside would usually be weird but now....

Her pale grey eyes are coming back into sight, I don't let her confusion of having me in her mind wash off. Instead, I go straight for my food source. My left hand on the side of her head, I use my right to pin her shoulder in place as I bite down hard on her artery.

Blood spurting out across the wall in a rush of escaping red, I don't keep this kill clean. My hunger taking control, I let it feed on everything it can, biting her more than once to make the blood escape into my awaiting mouth. Guzzling, my usually far quieter dinner time is taken over by the need to have her blood now.

Drinking till my heart is full of warmth pounding into my body, I feel the blood soaking into my everything, driven by the hunger that is taking over. Throwing her empty life to the side the craving hunger still burning inside me takes control. Bashing in the doorway with an overdramatic kick that wasn't needed, the two men lay lovingly in each other's embrace.

Deeper than I thought, when I delved into the mind trance, it seems it must have taken a long time. With weeks of no blood and only just feeding on Claire, it is not a surprise so much time has passed. The off white shirt I wear is deeply covered in blood, as is my face.

Startled awake, the two men look at me flabbergasted for a moment. Who am I and why have I kick the door in. Knowing their first thought is the same as the girl, could I be a pig, I smile my fangs at them. Certainly not with all the blood covering me, I answer for them in my own head. Diving forward I give them no time to escape or even a chance to think of what is happening. Tonight is when these two are going to die and after their last love session I feel it isn't a bad time to go.

Going for Arnold first, I slice my sharp dagger pointed nail along his overly muscled throat, his blood spurting out over me as I cut too deeply. Crying out for his dying love, the ginger one moves to jump to his naked feet, the dirty bed sheets giving him a rash on his left side.

Grabbing him by the arm, I yank him back next to his lover as I feed deeply, the horror of my hunger scaring him so much no sound comes out of his mouth. Tasting better than their whore outside, my body always shivers from the next intake of blood it has been seeking. The hunks' blood pouring out into my mouth, I lick up as much as I can, letting the deep red substance feed my soul.

Stopping my gorge half way, I put the marron suited man out of his misery and bite down into the wrist of the man. Having wanted him all night to feed upon, his blood tastes the best, the hunt I had placed on him when I first saw him entering this house of disgusting smells, making my body beg for all of his blood.

Pure and heavenly, the blood that pours out of his wrist tingles on my tongue as it fills my mouth. Not letting any escape as I had with my last two victims, I savour all of it, his scream of pain taking over the fear that I have killed his lover. Covering his mouth with my hand not on his wrist, I do not want someone coming to find me mid meal. Living off the pain I feel shaking throughout his body, I drink deeper taking all the blood I can get.

Drinking harder and faster, his body soon relaxes as every ounce of blood flowing in him seeps into me. My hunger vanishing easily now, I let his arm go as I quickly finish off Arnold. Over indulging myself for certain, I have quickly fed more than I will need for another week. Letting myself grow this hungry, it's amazing I didn't feed on the entire upstairs room before I made it down to the basement.

Deep red and dark maroon colours now cover every dirty beige thing in this room and hallway. Telling myself off for letting the hunger get out of control, I slide off the bed to see how much mess I have truly made. Keeping your feedings, unless you are at home, to a calm pace usually means a small clean up. Tonight I have made my own little hell for anyone to see, for anyone to catch. Knowing I have Claire still waiting upstairs for me, I use my new absorbed life blood and get to cleaning up quickly. Being caught by another whore and her client is not needed tonight.