



Chapter 1: Unwanted Visitor

Thirty Years Later

Salem, Massachusetts.

More than a city known for the fanatics who came in search of supernatural adventures, Salem was a place that held history and power within it. A place humans of all kinds looked to regularly to find solace in something magical and enchanting. Not that I could complain about something like that, I had done the same thing.

The only difference between me and the fanatics...I wasn't exactly human.

Too many times I ventured out at night in order to sate my hunger, and just like always, I found my victim willingly. It wasn't like I had a choice. It wasn't who I was, but instead, what I was.

A predator.

A predator constantly hunting, seeking my next kill for desire, which coursed through the veins of any man who crossed my path.

Years of practice had led me to control my urges more than others like me, which also got me classed as tame. But even if I was more tame than others, I still had trouble controlling myself sometimes.

Though I made sure that I never killed them. I refused to be like my mother in that aspect.

Tonight was no different. I had left work with every intention of going home, but the urge to feed took over, and I was forced to give in. So under the slowly darkening sky, I had made my way towards the nearest night club in search of my next victim that gave me what I needed and made me feel a hell of a lot more powerful afterwards.

Pulling my keys from my pocket, I placed them in the lock of my front door and turned the knob. Lavender and patchouli from the incense burners invaded my senses, welcoming me home.

My home wasn't much, but after the s**t I had been through over the past few years, it was mine.

Walking into my small but spacious one-bedroom apartment, I smiled, happy to finally be home after a long day. Work had been agonizing, and though I hadn't expected to feed tonight, the offer that presented itself was too good to pass up.

"You're getting sloppy," a cool, sweet voice said from the shadows of my living room. I wasn't unfamiliar with the voice, and as she turned on the lamp on the table next to her, the dim yellow light filled the space around us. My smile fell.

"Sloppy, Claire?" I chuckled, setting my keys and purse down on the table next to the front door. "Never. I just finished up work."

The soft, green eyes of my sister narrowed while a smirk settled on her perfectly red lips. "Is that right? So, who was the delicious emo-kid with multiple ear piercings you feasted on earlier?"

I shouldn't have been surprised she spied on me. My sister had a thing for watching me so she could run back to our mother and tell her everything I was doing that didn't fit with the "code" of how we were supposed to live. Rolling my eyes, I moved further into the living room.

"He is like...twenty-four. I'd hardly call him a kid. Plus, I didn't kill him like you would have. I left him slightly...coherent."

The jab caused her to purse her lips in annoyance as she crossed her legs, laying her hands delicately on her lap. "Yeah, in an alley with his d**k out. Not very classy, Taylor."

"Perhaps, but in the end, we both got pleasure in some sort of way."

With a sneer on her lips, she stared at me with disgust. "Doesn't change the fact that you left him the way you did."

It wasn't entirely my fault the guy ended up that way.

"Oh, stop being such a prude. He enjoyed it...mostly," I replied, thinking about the cocky guy who claimed he could make me scream his name in four languages. In the end, it turned out he was the one who ended up screaming right before he passed out.

My sweet sister Claire, as my mother would call her, was the last person I had wanted to see this evening. Ever since we were kids, she had been a pain in my ass and did everything she could to point out my flaws to make herself look better.

Like kissing Mommy Dearest's ass on the regular.

Something I wouldn't do.

"This has to stop—"

"If you came to lecture me, I'm not in the mood for it," I stated coldly, "so why don't you tell me why you're here instead, and make it quick."

I wasn't a stranger to her random visits. Every year she liked to pop up and surprise me with her antagonizing remarks, delivering messages to me from my mother that I ignored, unless delivered in person. In fact, the last time she came round, I ended up with a bullet hole in my thigh.

A story for another day.

"The warm welcome you give is always joyous," she replied with sarcasm.

I ignored her melodrama and walked towards my room. Her heels echoed against my hardwood floor, letting me know she was following me. I wanted to protest, but it was pointless. Claire always did what Claire wanted to do. "Mother wants you to move back home. It isn't safe out here on your own, and I agree."

Home. That wasn't something I had thought about in quite some time. The dull, asphyxiating feeling of being back at my childhood home was more like a nightmare than a dream. "No, thanks."

"Taylor, this is serious," she snapped.

"So is my shower, Claire," I called back as I turned to jump in.

"Damn it, Taylor!" she exclaimed, snatching my arm as I tried to step into my beautifully-tiled shower I had spent a fortune installing. I wasn't typically one to be nostalgic, but when I designed this bathroom, I did it to replicate the hot stone baths of my home. It was the only place that I had ever felt solace when I lived with my mother, and the only part of my childhood I allowed to follow me. "The hunters are closing in, and the only way we remain safe is together."

Glancing at her grip on my arm, I narrowed my eyes in anger as my lip curled to show her my irritation. Sister or not, she knew I hated being manhandled. "Move your hand, now."

She hesitated for a split second until it sunk in what she had done. The rapid haste in which she moved would make one question whether or not my skin had burnt her. However, it was simply because she knew what happened to the last person who had touched me without my consent.

I'd picked him up by his throat and made him beg for mercy.

"I'm sorry. Just, please...come home." She finally sighed. "It would make everyone feel better if we knew that you were actually safe."

Desperation was in her eyes, and rolling mine, I decided to entertain her. "Fine...I'll think about it."

It wasn't a yes, but I would take it into consideration as long as it meant she would drop the subject and leave me alone. The only thing I wanted to do was enjoy my shower in peace without the irritation of my sister trying to convince me to go home.

"That's all I ask," she said, excited by the prospect of me agreeing to what my mother wanted. After all, it wasn't often I said I would consider it. "I'll go for now. Enjoy your shower."