

Chapter 3: Mystery Man in Salem

Several days had passed after the police found that boy's dead body. My sister hadn't bothered reaching out to me again, and for the last few days, I had barely slept. My thoughts kept running straight back to that poor guy I had fed from. It wasn't possible. There was no way I had killed him. The only problem was...he was actually dead.

No matter how I tried to spin it.

The only thing I could think of was maybe someone else had found him after I had left him. I mean, it wasn't exactly good. I had just left him laying there, half exposed in the middle of a dark alley where any supernatural creature or human could find him, but I did.

Now because of that, I found myself watching everything more closely.

Every day since then, when I came to work, I'd find the police patrolling the streets, or someone would come in asking to put up a flyer so they could find any bit of information they could about the guy that had died recently. And every time they did, my heart raced with anticipation that someone was going to find out I had something to do with it.

I had to remind myself, though. I had been careful. I had covered my tracks and nobody had seen me...at least no one except my sister.

Fuck...what am I doing? If she saw me then God knows who else f****g did. So stupid!

Running my hand through my hair, I gazed out the front window of my shop again. People milled around dressed in everything from normal clothing to witchy, goth outfits, all preparing for the events coming up in the next few weeks.

The month of October, or more importantly, Halloween, was the busiest time of the year for Salem. It was when people from all over the world flocked here to take part in the town's festivities and possibly find their own spark of magic.

It was also the time of year I dreaded, being a succubus. It wasn't easy and during October, it made things a lot harder for me. The Harvest full moon was when my power was at its fullest, and no matter the control I had on myself, I would be driven by uncontrollable hunger on that night.

A night that drove fear into my damned soul every year.

"Excuse me," a snappy girl with bright pink hair and a nose piercing said, drawing my attention from the window. "Are you gonna stand there all day, or are you going to help me?"

I was all up for customer service and putting up with the "Karen" type of persona, or whatever it was these kids called it these days. But what I wasn't going to do was have her cause an issue in my store. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize that you needed help."

Scong, she rolled her eyes. "Are you blind then? We have been standing over by the candles for like fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" I repeated, my lips turning into a grin. "That's interesting because I'm pretty sure you walked in the door five minutes ago."

Glancing over to the dark brunette in sneakers, a miniskirt and a rather revealing low cut top, she shifted from one foot to the other as if uncomfortable about the interaction between her friend and I.

"Are you calling me a liar?" The bright pink-haired girl snapped, "You literally have one job, and you can't do that right. Where's your manager?"

The laughter that left my throat at this girl's attitude caught me by surprise. Typically, I didn't have issues with people who shopped here. Yet there were always those few special times a year I would have young entitled girls come into my shop thinking they could act however they wanted because it was how they acted at home.

Leaning over the counter, I rested my elbows upon the wood and smiled at her. "Oh sweetheart, that attitude may have worked where you came from, but it won't work here."

"Excuse me? Who the fuck—"

"Alright, I'm going to stop you right there...you aren't going to act like that in my store. So I don't know what you and your friend needed, but you can go ahead and take your ass on out of here before you regret what ends up happening next."

The bell chimed above my door, where a tall, handsome piece of ass with short brown hair and deep blue eyes walked in and glanced around, clearly looking for something. Something that I was more than happy to help him with.

The girl seemed to have noticed the man as well and quickly swept her hair back from her face as she fixed her top, pushing her breasts up, seemingly having forgotten she was having words with me.

"Don't bother looking to buy anything in here," she said to him, her voice laced with an irritating seductiveness that made me internally cringe. "This woman is a bitch and doesn't care about her customers."

For the first time, he turned to her, almost as if he hadn't even noticed she was standing there and smiled. "Oh, is that right? I was hoping to get help with something."

"Oh, I'd be happy to help you," she said, perking up at his comment. "I'd be way more helpful than this peasant."

Peasant? Was she being f****g serious right now?

Again, I laughed. This woman was absolutely delusional. At my laughter, he turned to look at me with a sexy grin that completely caught me off guard. "I appreciate your offer, but I think I'll take my chances with the woman behind the counter."

"Seriously?" she sneered, casting her gaze to me, "but she's a bitch."

"Yeah, maybe she is," he replied. "But I heard how you were acting when I came in, and it was less than impressive. So why don't you and your friend go ahead and leave before things get really awkward."

The pink-haired girl and her friend stared at the man in shock before she huffed, stopping her foot as she stormed towards the front door, her friend hot on her heels. I couldn't contain the laughter that left me the moment they exited my store, the chime once again echoing as I shook my head in amusement.

"Do you often get people in here like that?"

Looking towards the man, I paused to admire his chiseled jaw and well-cut physique before letting a small grin slide across my lips. "No, but today must have been a special kind of day."

"Special indeed." He chuckled, his eyes casting a quick glance over his shoulder to where the girls had disappeared before looking back at me.

Staring at him, I waited for him to ask whatever it was he needed, but when nothing but awkward silence fell between us, I decided to break the ice. "So...what can I help you with?"

"Oh, well, I was actually going door to door asking people if they had seen anything out of the ordinary around here," he said as he took a step closer towards the counter. There was something about the way his aura shimmered with a cerulean hue that intrigued me. Even the slight hint of an accent lingered on the few words he had said, made me curious as to where he had come from. I was accustomed to speaking to people from all over the world, but something about him...seemed otherworldly. I couldn't put my finger on it.

"That's an odd thing to be going around asking people. Why would you want to know if there is anything weird going on?"

"You don't watch the news," he deadpanned. s**t. He's talking about the murders, and it's pretty f****g obvious he isn't from around here.

"Oh, that. I don't often have time to watch the news."

"I haven't had someone tell me that one yet." He didn't seem overly bothered by what had happened, instead he just seemed interested in me, or maybe that was me just being presumptuous.

"Not unless I have to. I prefer to live carefree instead of worrying, like the rest of these people around here. I mean, one little bit of juicy gossip in these parts and everyone is in an uproar."

He laughed as he nodded his head in understanding. "I get it."

Something about him seemed different from most of the men I have met traveling into Salem. It was as if someone had picked him up out of a movie set and dropped him into my shop.

"So since I can't help you with what you came in here for...is there something else I can help you with?" I asked after a moment of silence passed between us. His eyes searched mine before he broke eye contact, letting them drift around the shop.

"This place is nice...you set it up yourself?"

Weird subject change since he came in here asking about the murders, but okay?

"Um, yep." I replied, popping the 'p'. "why, are you interested in this kind of stuff?"

A snort of amusement escaped him as he shook his head, his eyes finding mine once more. "Not me, but someone very close to me is...into this kind of stuff."

"Well, take a look around and see if you can find her something nice."

He hesitated for a moment as a smile spread across his face. "Who said it was a she?"

It was my turn to laugh as a smile crossed my lips. He wasn't serious, was he? It was obvious he had someone waiting for him back home. "Come on now...a guy like you? You're definitely taken by someone."

He didn't bother denying the statement, nodding his head and slowly turned towards the door to my shop. It wasn't the first time a man had come in here before acting irritable when he knew he wasn't available. s**t like that... I didn't let bother me though, it was what it was.

After he was gone, I stood in silence, pondering over everything. The s**t happening in our city wasn't normal, and trust me, I knew what was normal and what wasn't. I wasn't f****g normal—in fact, I was far from it.

Though, this was the first time the things going on were hitting a little too close to home.

If I was going to feed again, I was really going to have to be more careful.