

## Chapter 1

The blood drew her. The richness of the red, the thick fluidity, the touch. She was drawn to the blood.

But the blood never lasted. It changed color and dried up. The feeling faded as the blood faded.

She sat back on her haunches and watched as the blood created a red river running away from the body. The dirt was causing it to weave and wind in an erratic pattern. Amazing how just a grain of sand could disrupt the flow and change its entire course.

It would take a while to dry tonight. It was cold here and the moisture in the air would help keep it hydrated. But it never lasted long enough.

Why did she need the blood? She often thought about this. Why was it that the only thing that helped her feel whole and alive was the blood? It had to be wrong, releasing human blood, but she felt as though her survival depended on it. The need raged deep within her.

She touched the blood and brought her fingers up to look at them. It still felt warm on her skin, but it dried soon after touching it. So she dropped her hand and gazed at the pool on the ground.

The little rivulets had ceased. Soon the blood would separate and the yellow liquid would appear, and that was just not acceptable. She would leave before that happened because she could not bear to see it. She could not bear to see the blood broken and separated. It had to be alive and whole so she would feel alive and whole.