

As Xavier crosses the cornfield, a cold breeze comes through and chills him. *CRUNCH!* He steps on cornstalks that fell across the path.

He grips his cloak and pulls it closer as he makes his way through the still erect ones.

He pulls his cloak tighter and rips it with his oblong pointy nails.

The tighter he pulls it the more pressure is applied to his throat by a ruby encrusted clasp.

A ribbon tying back his dark back loosens and slides down his hair, as the wind rustles through it. The ribbon falls to the ground and entangles with cornstalk roots. After blowing around in the wind, his hair falls against his back.

As his eyes turn from lavender to blood red, he walks around in a circle surrounded by tall cornstalks. After looking up at the moon, a single snowflake falls on his forehead.

He winces. He partially rips the cloak edge when he attempts to stand up causing him to fall forward and his face to connect with the ground.

His fangs grow to full length that causes him to scream out. After a fortnight of not feasting on human blood, his fangs throb against his gums and tongue.

He runs his tongue over his fang and bottom lip causing two drops of blood to flow down his chin.

As flakes fall down around him, he hisses and falls on his side with blood flowing from his nose and his eyes close.

After finding him in the morning, the farmer carries Xavier to the barn before laying him on a bale of hay.

The farmer grabs a plaid thermal blanket and turns back around to see the whites of Xavier's eyes. He drops the blanket.

The door slams behind him causing him to turn back around. A coldness chills him to the core and he falls backwards. He screams out as he gets pulled across the barn floor.

"Stop. Please. Don't hurt me," he says, as he feels sharp objects jab into the side of his neck.

Xavier sinks his fangs deeper and stares at the door. In front of him appears a semi glowing woman in white. Her auburn hair flows over her

shoulders down to her waist. A single flower around her waist protrudes through her hair.

“Don’t kill him, my child,” she says, as she steps toward him.

She gets closer to him and his eyes roll back. The warm blood flows down his throat. After his fangs retract, Xavier drops the farmer on the ground.

“Let him suffer.”

He looks up at her as she places her hand on his shoulder. As her fingers move up to Xavier’s hair, a menacing smile appears on her face. She runs her fingers through his hair.

“I need to feed more, Mother Nature,” he says, as their eyes connect.

“Not on him.”

She grips near the tips of his hair and his eyes shift to her neck. He stands up and moves his head closer to hers. His nose slips into the crevice of her neck and he takes a sharp inhale. Her scent makes him shudder slightly, as his fangs grow again.

“I’m off limits.”

As he wills himself not to sink his fangs into her neck, he growls before he turns and walks away.