

The bar was as packed as it always was on a Saturday night. Chrissie would have rather been out clubbing with her friends as usual. But nope today she had to work, she hated being a barmaid. She hated the uniform of hot pants and tight tube top she had to wear. And she hated having to deal with drunken guys trying to cop a feel of her 'goods'. Several men had even offered her cash for special favours. One particularly wealthy man even offered to give her a grand for her company; Chrissie declined. No matter how much she needed the cash, she simply wasn't *that* kind of woman.

Brian the Bar Manager had told her to empty the bin behind the bar. So she quickly ducked behind it and scooped up the bin-bag. Tying a knot carefully she took the bag to the kitchen in the back. As she entered the smell of food hit her nostrils. Heading past the cooks she reached the backdoor which she unlocked before stepping outside.

The backdoor led to the alleyway behind the pub. Once outside Chrissie took in her surroundings, the alleyway was poorly lit as always the lamppost nearby flickered now and then. Looking both ways until she was certain there was no-one about she stood still for a moment and took in a breath of fresh air. The feeling of clean air in her lungs was a welcome break from the second hand smoke from a few of the smoking patrons. A shiver ran through her spine as she began to feel the chill of the night air.

Walking slowly towards the waste-bin nearby Chrissie tried her best not to slip on the cobbles on the ground. Reaching the dumpster she lifted the lid and recoiled from the stench of the rotting garbage. Looking away she dumped the bag before quickly shutting the lid once more.

Chrissie then turned and began to make way back to the kitchen. But she bumped into someone. Quickly apologizing she looked up at a young man.

"May I help you sir?" She asked.

The smile that had automatically appeared on her face vanished instantly, as the three others stepping from the shadows.

She stepped back towards the backdoor the young man caught her by the wrist and pulled her struggling to his friends.

...Chrissie really thought that this was the end. The thugs began to paw at her like vicious animals, ripping off her uniform and violently grabbing at her delicate and horrified body with their icy yet firm hands. One of them struck her with a vicious backhand, knocking her to the ground. Chrissie crashed onto the pavement; a searing pain shot through her head as it connected with the concrete. Her body felt numb and frozen; she was too terrified to move, she lay motionless, engulfed in the fear of what these brutes were going to do to her. A stream of warm blood oozed from her wound filling the cracks in the concrete. Her heart was erupting at a horrendous pace, as she wheezed uncontrollably.

The nefarious men now leaned over her like hungry predators about to devour their helpless innocent prey. Chrissie shut her eyes. She couldn't bear to see what they had in store for her next. All she could do was let out a terrified scream in a last desperate hope that someone would rescue her from this awful nightmare which was unfolding before her very eyes.....

It was then just as she had given up...HE arrived.

The man seemed to come from nowhere, he quickly floored the closest kid with a swift punch. A second guy charged at him, the man just *dodged* it and moments later the guy went flying smacking against the wall.

The third guy threw a punch but her 'hero' caught his arm, there was a silent pause; the man screamed and Chrissie was sure she heard something snap, he collapsed clutching his arm. The ringleader of the gang was all that remained. Christine tried to get up but her 'hero' stopped her;

"Please stay down, let me deal with this trash..." the voice was soft and soothing.

Chrissie just nodded and watched the fight. The young man reached into his jacket and pulled out a knife, clutched in a shaky hand. The attacker let fly with a swift slashing motion, trying to keep her 'hero' back.

The man's movement was too fast for Chrissie to follow, and seconds later the young leader was flat on his back the knife laying harmlessly on the ground. The 'hero' turned round and smiled at Chrissie before speaking again;

"You had better close your eyes; I don't want to taint my angel."

Chrissie did as he asked; everything went deathly silent. The screams that followed were the most horrific thing she had ever heard, but thankfully it was abruptly cut off.

Chrissie shook with fear as her heart thumped madly in her chest. Eventually she managed to regain some composure, slowly opening her eyes...an action which she quickly regretted.

Her attackers were all dead; in bits and splattered about the alleyway. Her Saviour stood in the centre of the massacre, twirling about happily. Pale bony hands outstretched; blood dripping from his nails. Chrissie realised that he had even taken his clothes off, and was prancing about naked, the men's blood dripping from his body.

As if he noticed he was being watched; the man turned towards Chrissie, a big smile on his face. She froze terror instantly gripping her. In utter horror she watched as her 'hero' grinned even more; his fangs glistening in the moonlight...