

Hunt's End

written by: Trendane of Windshift

A half-glance to the left. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see it. It crouched there in the hallway, staring at him from the shadows and drooling from beneath the sickening, green glow of its eyes. It was just like all the others. Hiding in the bare fringes of his vision, looking at him like a well-favored meal that one has been anticipating for weeks.

This one was more simian than most others; like a blackened blood gorilla whose facial structure had been shattered and stretched to something more lupine and allowed to set incorrectly. Its saliva steamed in a slowly spreading pool in the carpet as it glared at him. He tried not to think about it, but it was nearly impossible. How easily could you ignore a starving beast only a single, powerful leap away while it looks at you like a starved man with nothing to separate you but the air?

Still, this sort of thing was not uncommon for him. Scarcely a week went by that something like this didn't happen to him.

Or anyone else, for that matter.

That fact, more than anything, made the situation almost impossible to deal with. It was bad enough that he was aware of the demons and monsters that wandered the world, often able to actually see them...but the fact that almost no one else could, or would allow themselves to, made it all the worse. Anyone he told about them always thought he was carrying a joke too far...or potentially insane. Unfortunately, to his very core, he knew that neither was the case.

What to call this one? Gorillupine? Wolorilla? Both sounded equally stupid. But that always helped him to think of them in a more comical light. That made them easier to ignore. And, unlike most problems, ignoring demons actually helped a bit. They are drawn to fear, anxiety, and paranoia. Which is why they tend to plague those who can see them. Making their prey more afraid made the meat all the sweeter; the satisfaction of the hunt's end richer and more fulfilling than the meal alone. But demons are also opportunistic hunters. They won't waste their time with difficult prey when there is easier fare available.

And so the 'gorillupus' studied him from the shadowy hallway, trying to determine if its presence was known and it would be able to torment him enough to enrich his final flavor.