

A Inspiration for Horror.

The small town of Woodsbarry, Arkansas, bustled with news crews, tourists, fans and town folk as a local resident named Allan Dupre released his 10th book in his immensely popular on-going horror/crime series. The first book in the series was a instant cult classic selling in the millions with every novel that followed selling equally as well, spawning movies, TV series, even video games.

Fans of all ages from around the world flocked to the small bookstore he owned in the sleepy town, as every year with each new novel he held a book signing and took questions from his fans with the glee of a child as he loved seeing the joy on the faces of his fans as he signed their copies of his books and took pictures with them.

Allan was a common genet, he stood a small 5'6 with smokey gray fur with black spots running down from his shoulders to the base of his tail which had long black horizontal strips and his slender long muzzle had a dozen whisker adoring each side of it with patches of white fur under his eyes followed by almost paintbrush like strokes of black fur just behind the white, as the near snow white fur continued down his chin and belly.

He gave a warm smile as he looked to the vixen approaching him first in line, remembering seeing her camped outside his store to be first in line as his slitted pupil looked to her with a slight purr. "What's your name dear?" he asked while taking the copy of his newest book and signed his name as his large eyes twitched.

"Tracy." she giggled cutely and winked to him as he always found it surprising how many women flirted with him, though his fame and wealth combined with his 'cuteness' could likely be contributed to that as he signed on her book 'To my greatest fan Tracy, love Allan.' much to her near squealing delight.

"Hope to see you at the questionnaire!" he exclaimed happily as she took the book and hugged it to her chest like it was him. "Oh I will cutie!" she winked again and walked off swaying her hips as she did so making him chuckle as he went back to work as this lasted well over two hours before the questionnaire was soon to start.

A mixture of news crews, fans, and his friends and family in town filled the bookstore standing shoulder to shoulder in some spots as others were sat in the basic metal fold out chairs. Taking a seat on the small stage he leaned in close to the mic and smiled.

"Welcome again everyone to my yearly meet and greet with fans, I am floored again by how many of you continue to honor me with your presence and love for my books. As always I will answer any quest you have about me or the books, don't hold back now who's first?" he said as instantly hands shot up in the air all eager to ask as he laughed and pointed to a female teenager bear, a older male bear likely her father sat next to her as she hopped to her feet.

"Mister Allan, how did you get the idea for this series?" she asked curious as that made him smile, a favorite question of his that he loved to answer.

“That is a wonderful question dear, as many of you know the book series focuses on the FBI chasing a serial killer who has absolutely random selection in his killing. He never kills the same way twice, none of his victims have anything in common, it is just completely random.” he stood up with the mic and walked around to secretly stretch some as he was stiff for sitting too long.

“I got the idea from news reports we see every day, I can tell you right now I am sure everyone of you turn on the news first thing in the morning and see the reports of murder, it's a sad thing that happens every day. And another thing that happens every day is the same old police quote. “We cannot comment on this time.” I know you all heard it as I have again and again.” he said as his eyes looked over the audience.

“But really how often do we hear of them say they caught the killer?” he asked the audience with curiosity as he smirked.

“Very few times we hear about that, instead we get the same old “We cannot comment on a ongoing investigation.” and that made me start to wonder, when a profile is made on the killer they base their ideas on the evidence and type of crime. Take for example the victim was placed somewhere carefully after the murder, maybe even with a gift of a flower. This tells them the killer would be a older subject due to their calm nature and not just tossing the body in a ditch or river, maybe even apologetic for their crime due to leaving the gift.” he said as many of the crowd whispered and nodded to themselves in agreement with what he said.

“I also thought of how many people go missing every year and are never found, which lead me to think what if there was a serial killer out there who targeted his victims at random, killed in random ways?” he said while waving his hands in mock fear while smiling.

“It is terrifying because it would be impossible to construct a profile on this killer and anyone could be a target.” he then held a single finger up. “But what is truly terrifying, is this killer could be anyone and you'd never suspect them.” he pointed to the crowd.

“Could be my neighbor over there Frank, could be a family member, could be a upstanding member of the community or a celebrity even!” he exclaimed as he continued to pace back and forth.

“But this is what made me decide to write the book, because how would the FBI catch such a killer? How would they handle the outcry of fear? From that thought spawned my book.” he smiled to the bear as she giggled. “Thank you!” she said happily as he looked around. “Anymore questions?”

Of course this time everyone but the bear raised there hands making him laugh. “This will be a long day then.” he said which got a laugh from the crowd as he pointed to the vixen Tracy. “What's your question dear?”

She bristled with excitement as she stood up. “While reading your book I noticed the crocodile FBI agent in the book, while having a different name, resembles the famous Rend Williams who caught the hanged man killer. Is this similarity on purpose?”

That question made Allan smirk. “It might be.” he hinted and winked to the audience as if silently saying yes it is. “I had the pleasure of speaking to agent Rend when doing my research on the subject of this random killer. And even he was terrified at such a thought, he told me no matter how far their technology has come at catching these killers, such a person would be incredibly hard to detect with the

sheer number of missing people reported and unfound every year.”

She was excited she saw that similarity and giggled. “Thank you!” again she said with such energy as he chuckled, picking a member of the press this time to ask a question.

“Miss Katey of FOX news correct? You may ask away.” he said as the female timber wolf stood up and held her own mic to her muzzle, her cameraman eagerly behind her.

“While your books are immensely popular someone has to ask if you are aware several bodies have been found and confirmed murdered in similar ways as the fictional victims of your last book, if you are aware of this why continue making your books if a copycat killer is using your books for ideas?” she asked seriously as that made the audience whisper and talk among themselves.

Allan sighed. “I hoped this question would not come up but yes, I was made aware of it. While I feel deeply for the victims families, the sheer number of murders every day make it highly probable that it was simply coincidence. Though at the same time I am well aware of those with mental disorders or attention seekers who would use murders from my books as a means to get that attention are very real. I contacted Rend about this and should anymore victims be discovered who resemble the fictional ones in my book, I will discontinue the series.” he said honestly and sincerely hoping to pacify reporter as thankfully she nodded and said a quick thank you before sitting down.

Allan smiled and pointed to another fan, a male honey badger. “Yes sir, what's your question?” he said as the honey badger stood up and smiled. “Hope you don't mind a two part question, first is why choose to write a mixed horror-crime story in a market where both are heavily written about already. And the second question is, when will the next book be done?” he asked as the audience laughed as did Allan.

Grinning to the honey badger he chuckled. “Well I drew up watching crime shows, so they were a big influence on me. But Horror is my true calling you could say and I don't mean the slasher films of the late 80's to early 90's or the heavy gore and shock films of today, no I mean *true* psychological horror. Movies that don't necessarily make you jump and cry out in fear, but make you nervous, make you fear the unknown, fear the dark or have a feeling something is behind you breathing on your neck.” he chuckled while saying that.

“So while I agree of the over-saturation of those types of novels, I still absolutely love them. As for your other question.” he grinned playfully. “When I get home I'll begin working on ideas for the plot and crimes in the next chapter, and hopefully it'll be done within' a years time.” he said as the crowd cheered making him laugh as this continued for another two hours.

“I'm sorry everyone but that will be all the questions for now, if you'd like to buy anything or take anymore photos the store is open for another hour.” he smiled to the awwww's from the crowd as the hour passed swiftly as he locked up the store and headed home eagerly, all too excited to continue working on the next chapter of his book.

His house was rather plain and simple despite his wealth as it suited him just fine, sighing as he walked in thankful not to be hounded by reporters or fans stalking him back to his home. “Thank god, now I can work in peace.” he said while taking his coat off and tossing it aside as he opened the basement door and walked down into the darkness.

Flipping a switch flooded the large basement with bright florescent light as in the center of the room was a large stone pillar, three anthros tied to the pillar as they were blindfolded and gagged, two females a skunk and white tailed deer, and a male warthog. Across the room at the far corner was a beautiful lynx in her 20s, a metal collar on her neck with a large chain hooked to it and the wall allowing her more movement but still impossible to escape as she had a muzzle on to silence her.

“Now to get to work, who wishes to be the first victim in my next book?” he asked them curiously as he approached a metal table and pulled the blanket off of it revealing a series of sharp blades of all kinds, as the sight was something the lynx had seen many times now but still made her whimper which got his attention.

“Oh don't you worry sweetie, these aren't for you. No no no, your my master piece, the final chapter of my story.” he then grabbed a bone saw and looked to the other three anthros. “Any volunteers to be the first victim in chapter eleven?” he said with such a gleeful smile as he eyed the warthog.