



The Lesser of Two Evils

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The prostitute's heavily painted eyes still bulged out of her pale, stiffening face while her steaming blood spilled onto the dark, fog-enshrouded pavement. Jack liked that the best. As the woman's blood spurted and poured into his skillful hands, he absorbed her evil, tainted soul, and consumed her dark energy as he had the others.

He inhaled deeply. A thick, hot, metallic scent mingled with the sharp tang of molding garbage from the nearby Dumpster and the clean wetness of the cool night air. Headlights passed by the mouth of the alley, but couldn't penetrate the inky cocoon concealing Jack and his victim from the world. Without fear of intrusion he savored the experience with all his senses. From the sticky, humming flow of warm blood to the sharp sweet-sour smell of blood and urine and fear, to the cut off gasp and cry that ended in a rattling rush of air, and the reddish glow of inner power that vibrated from within her collapsing body up his hungry arms in a current of power flavored with fear, anger, pain, and glory, the all too brief orgasm of sensation filled and dazed Jack's feverish mind.

The night air sipped at the edges of her heat and dampened the vital warmth Jack sought, leaving an empty, cooling body in his hands. Jack dropped the wrung out husk still gaping blindly onto the ground, and put away his precious tools. Jack felt Him once again sated and strongly bound within his body.

The Ripper would require another offering soon, but for now Jack could revel in the heady companionship.