

THE INVITATION

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Short Story by



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The Invitation

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It was a lovely invitation, a handwritten invite with a box of her favourite coffee. Someone took the time and had been very thoughtful. She dressed nice, with dress slacks and her favourite blouse that brought out the hazel flecks in her eyes.

She was a little excited to see who her mystery date was. The invite was for the new restaurant that held a trendy industrial feel to it.

Arriving late she was worried her mystery man may have left. Looking inside it looked like a party of sorts.

Lots of young people her age entering the front door. She was greeted right away.

"Good evening, welcome to the Blue Moon Restaurant."

"I'm Maggie Preston, I'm meeting someone here."

"Yes, we were expecting you," the woman grin. "Please join the other guests on the dance floor, we're just waiting for three more guests."

"Oh okay," she moved towards the dance floor where a waitress was handing out drinks. Grabbing one she downed it quickly.

Maybe this was a bad idea. Her phone hummed, checking it ... it was Jason her ex. He had been trying to get a hold of her all day. Ignoring the message, she found a really cute guy smiling at her. He looked like a model. Muscular in all the right places. Beautiful white teeth and gorgeous brown eyes. It was hard to look away. She felt her

cell phone buzzing again but ignored it. He would call back three more times before giving it a rest.

She heard someone one complaining that their cell phone service just went down. It seemed to ripple through the crowd. Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the shades for the windows go down, which seemed a little silly since it was dark outside. The sun had already set.

"Hi," the gorgeous guy was standing in front of her. "I'm glad you got my invite."

"You?" she stared at him wide-eyed. Her luck was changing!

He nodded. "I've been thinking about you all week long."

She felt her cheeks flush, on the grand scale she was very attractive, but she never met this man before in her life. How did he know her?

"How do I know you?" she asked.

"I'm hurt that you don't remember me."

"Where did I meet you?"

"At the park."

"The park?" I'm sorry I'm usually really good with faces."

The soft metal hitting metal clunked as the window shades shut completely. The music was off. People were upset they couldn't reach outside.

"Excuse me," the door greeter cooed over the speakers. "May I have your attention please," looking up she found the door greeter on the second level, smiling down at them. Her date nuzzled her neck and licked her cheek.

"Thank you for your curiosity. You're all have been invited here tonight for a very special evening. This is the tenth by invitation only gathering we're having here tonight."

People began to clap.

"Thank you ... yes ... yes they have been highly successful. This is the first time we've invited locals to our gathering. Normally we wouldn't but there was such a huge demand for it we decided to make the exception here tonight."

Maggie was beginning to think she should leave. It didn't feel right, something was off or was it that she couldn't ignore Jason? She wasn't really over him. One night out wouldn't hurt a small voice whispered.

"Alright, for the inviter please blindfold your invitee."

The beautiful man who was hovering around her produced a blindfold. Deciding not to be a prude about it she decided she would stay for another twenty minutes then make an excuse and leave. She smiled as he blindfolded her.

"Alright those who are blindfolded please don't peek we have such a wonderful surprise for you. Those who are not blindfolded you know what to do."

Maggie heard some noises, grunting, scuffling and shuffling. It was dark, shifting from one foot to the other she wished this would just hurry up and they could sit down. Have a drink, she could say she had a headache and just leave."

Alright, those who are blind folded please take them off!"

She pulled her blindfold off to see the room was populated by really large dogs ... one was standing in front of her ... he looked slightly familiar. Then she recognized him from the park last week!

The woman on the second level chuckled. "We are in for a treat. Human verses werewolves!"

"Werewolves?" Maggie gasped. They're not real!

The large dog with familiar brown eyes began to snarl at her.

"Nice doggie," she began backing up trying to head for the door.

The woman upstairs laughed. People began screaming, running and crying all around her. Was that an arm that just flew past her face! A bloody limb?

"Please don't hurt me. Maybe I can become one of you?"

The wolf paused tilted his head to the side as if he was considering then continued to bare his fangs.