

You Are Not My Eater

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He kept himself well groomed. Gym 5 days a week. Strict diet. No alcohol, no drugs. He kept himself strong, but lean. He needed to be able to run faster than most. He kept his smile white and his hair clean. The ones he chose, they always loved his shiny hair and his sweet cologne. His mother always told him that a good man was a beautiful one.

Nights were spent in the city searching for his perfect choice. Alone, petite, thin, and easy to carry. Long, loose, easy to pull locks. What he really looked for was her eyes. They needed to be hopeful and optimistic; he had no fun with the depressed ones. They would urge him to finish as they usually anticipated the end. He needed one that he could break, one that would beg and beg him to stop. One that truly believed he would.

It started with what he could get; usually just homeless too sleep deprived to put up a real fight. He would lure them into his home with the promise of an eightball or a meal. He enjoyed it. It was good practice for him to learn what he could do. To sharpen his knife. But now, he wanted a challenge. He wanted to test his strength, and often he'd even surprise himself with what he could do.

The way her head bobbed as she walked, the way she smiled at strangers, the way she sang along to a song only she could hear, the lust for life in her eye. Happy, blissfully ignorant with her eyes glued to her phone. These girls were his favorite. It was easy enough to catch one. They loved his charm and his mystery. So, he crept along behind her.

He smiled to himself and let pride swell in his chest. He always picked the right ones. It would be easy enough to yank her along by that yellow ponytail and that pencil neck he could snap with one hand. He imagined how he'd paint her golden hair red as he sat onto the subway car.

The breaking of their spirit, and the blood. They've always been his favorite parts.

"What're you smiling about?" The light wind-chime of a voice ripped him from his daydream. Deep brown eyes behind thick blonde lashes

surveyed him. Her lips in a smug, flattered smile.

He had been noticed.

He melted into the seat and stretched his arms across the backs of the chairs next to him. He flashed her his perfect, rehearsed *I know something you don't* smile. She returned one.

“Just imagining how our night’s about to go.”

The blonde scoffed and rolled her eyes. *They always react the same way*, he thought.

“What’s your name?” He leaned onto his knees as if hanging onto her every word.

“It’s Tess,” she held his gaze. Her cheeks went pink and drool welled in his mouth.

“What’re you up to tonight, Tess?”

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Darkness filled her sight. The stone floor sent a chill that cut through her naked skin, down to her bones. Her long hair, noticeably brushed, provided little warmth down her back and around her face. Wet and moldy stink filled her nose and throat. Rope tied her limbs together but were surprisingly gentle.

Heavy boots stomped toward her, and her sight was back. He was naked, too.

“Do not scream,” he said gently.

She didn’t. The room was filthy and coated in dark stains she couldn’t stare at for too long. The smell of bleach hung in the air, but a funk that couldn’t be washed out lingered in the back of her throat.

He looked offended at her silence.

His breathing got heavy and his eyes crept over her.

“What are you...” she barely got the words out. She didn’t really want an answer.

A sick, giddy smile split his face. His eyes bore into her. Dark and empty pools of black. She could see the predator in him. The malice. The hunger.

Tess fought the urge to cower.

His breathing trembled with excitement. The blood rushed through his body, and he felt his erection growing. He loved this part. Deciding what

to do first.

Gently, he pet her golden hair and raised it to his nose. Breathing in deeply; strawberry scented. His hand trailed down her head to the soft skin covering the supple flesh on her bones.

A woman's skin is his favorite part of her. Even the hairy ones. They never felt as coarse and wiry as men. He actually enjoyed the prickly feeling of their unshaven legs or arms. Fortunately, she was prickly.

His hands travelled the expanse of her legs. She was surprisingly muscular. He didn't pay much attention to anything else of hers, but he noticed her watching him carefully. Curiously. To his surprise, and dismay, she didn't look scared.

He ripped his arms away and stomped across the room. A long blade flashed in the dim light.

"I'll let you pick what we do first. Would you like to be eaten, or drank?" His voice thick and low. She wiggled her wrists around, the rope starting to chafe. She didn't speak.

"ANSWER ME, BITCH! WHICH ONE?!" He lunged at her grabbing the nape of her neck, raising her gaze to his. She slipped a whimper out.

"Will you untie me?"

Tess kept her eyes locked on his and he hated it.

His usual girls would be crying, cowering, and begging.

"I want to taste you," he said plainly, "I want to taste you, inside and out."

Red welled from where he pressed the blade just below her collarbone. An arm on her side kept her in place. He trailed the cut across her chest and around her shoulder, blood slowly trickling down her skin. She stayed quiet, but pain burned through her. He ran his hand along the fresh red and brought his wet fingers to his mouth. A moan poured from him.

He shifted his grip and brought her to his lips. His hot mouth set fire to her skin. His tongue weaseled its way inside the open wound. Tears filled her eyes, and vomit fought its way up her throat. Fatigue consuming her, she slumped into him as he lapped up her lifeforce.

The thought of his next move scared her more than her own. Tess lowered her eyes to his eager erection, and she wrapped her hands around the meaty member. He moaned into her shoulder sending another ripple of pain up her body. Against her will she trembled furiously.

"Kiss me..." she barely uttered.

He met her gaze with hungry eyes and smiled with blood stained teeth. He wrapped his arms around her to support her weight and leaned into her.

Without indulging in a second thought, Tess lunged for his throat

and wrapped her teeth around his trachea. Simultaneously she squeezed her hands as tight as she could, crushing his penis and balls between her fingers. Tess slammed her jaw closed, flesh and blood filling her mouth. His neck crunched and squelched between her lips, and hot iron coated her tongue.

Tess shoved his body with her bound limbs, and he crumpled to the floor, disfigured and twisted. A piece of him lingered in her mouth as he gargled and whimpered with rage in his eyes. Blood poured from his gaping neck as he stumbled to stand, his skin losing more and more color. He slipped around on his knees in his sticky secretion until he finally fell forward. The blood slowed to a serene trickle, the puddle slowly inching closer to her. His eyes stayed on her until the rage slowly melted away to emptiness.

Tess spit the chunk of flesh out, and vomit quickly followed. This taste will stain my mouth forever, she thought. Finally, she slipped her arms from the ropes and wiped her face with unclean hands. The predator laid in front of her with empty eyes and pale skin. To her horror, an airy laugh filled the room. She knelt over clutching her stomach, and laughed until she cried.