

## A Meal for Victor

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It is almost as if wheat planted, harvested, processed, baked itself into bread and then served itself with butter for feeding a human. Yes, we don't have to hide; we don't have to do much. As the centuries have progressed we watched as our food convinced itself of our 'mystical' powers and when and where they could feel safe. Thanks to their religion, their storytellers, and their artists.

My dinner welcomed me with open arms; I could smell the desire from it and the conditioning that their kind had trained into it, the female of the species. Where we were feared in ancient times, they now look upon us as romantic figures. For some reason, they have transferred their feelings and sexuality upon us. Instead of having to hunt unseen, we now only have to show ourselves and they respond with enthusiasm.

I look up at it with wonder. One who should be striving for life, fighting the inevitable, instead offering itself to me with some notion that it is somehow different from all the other meals I have had over the millennia. That I find it special and attractive. The chemicals it gives off as if mine will respond as well leading to what? Bestiality? Its arms try to draw me in instead of push me away.

Millennia ago they feared us, referred to us as demons, and huddled together. As such we had to hunt the strays and the weak that wandered or were left from their packs. Time moved on and their religions used the humans' fear of us to their advantage, claiming that their signs and places of gathering were somehow repellant to us. What an advantage! The weak and infirm, that we had to search for in the past, then gathered in much smaller groups, with their defenses down, in fixed locations. Instead of using the weapons that could harm us, our food now would hold up objects to fend us away and then freeze, all fight gone, when they did not work. Their faith working against them.

Its hand moves behind my head to pull up me closer as its legs hook around my thighs. It looks down upon me, holding me down instead of the other way around. Another trained response as their own ways work against them. Instead of the old and infirm, meals become much more satisfying from the young and strong. Not only more nutritious, but also far more satisfying.

In response to our continued culling of their weak and infirm, the humans then turned on each other, and their dead. Fear again reigned except that now they would come after us. For some reason, the effective edged weapons, because we can be killed, were replaced with the idea that a wooden stake through the heart was the only way to kill us. This idea spread rapidly through their kind making harvesting much easier again. The worst that we would receive would be a superficial wound as the point of a stake would tend to stop at the ribcage. The occasional removal of the head of one of our brethren would be effective, but usually required a pack of humans to accomplish.

My dinner grinds against me with desire and moans. I feel nothing but disgust, almost regurgitating my last meal from weeks ago, but I force it down as my hunger awakens. I feel the rumble in my belly.

Then came the famous story about one of our kind. They attributed much to a young European aristocrat that had generated fear within his enemies. Moreover, new legends and limitations were attributed to us through stories that followed this popular myth. More recently, humans became fascinated in our race from a sexual point of view. We were seen as carrying feelings of guilt and had issues with how we handled our food. I suppose it would make it clearer if they understood that the idea that we go after what they term as the guilty is actually the same as our past. These types tend to exist as solitary from the pack, or in relatively small packs, avoiding others of their kind.

The myth related to our having to be invited in was also a boon to our kind. The weakest of the herd would often feel safe in their nests which gave us access to the easier meals. Then the popularity of their story-telling became wide spread and the younger of their kind were given to believe that there was a sexual attraction between our food and our kind. When, in the past, we had to be satisfied with the weak and infirm, they now offer themselves to us and seek us out.

It must think that there is some kind of release to this as it continues to moan and grind against me. I finally allow it to draw my head up to its neck as I move my hands upwards and into its hair. I hear her last sounds of pain and ecstasy, then gagging noises and expelled air, as the cartilage and bones separate in its neck and I tear open the flesh and arteries in order to drink. Its heart continues to beat for many seconds and the extremities vibrate and constrict holding me closer which almost makes me gag again.

I suppose that it might also be a way they have determined that they can survive. There are not many of us and, yes, we do move about during the day amongst our food. Our touch is slightly cooler than human, but we are not undead, only very long lived. When we fed upon the weak and infirm, we would have to feed several times during a full cycle of the moon. Now, we can go for many cycles in between feeding, if necessary. The infirm would give out almost as soon as their necks were broken and their hearts would stop moving blood quicker, so we would receive little. The younger and stronger take much longer, so we are better fed. The heartbeat of fear or ecstasy makes no difference, they both keep the blood flowing enough so that we can be satisfied.

I suppose the benefit of allowing us to remove our clothing helps. It makes things much more convenient.

I toss the husk to one side of the bed, get up and start the shower in its small nest. Pictures are hung around the room and I look, briefly, at the one right over the bed that depicts a fanged human in a sexual pose with a female human.

Yes, it can't get much better than this!

-The End-