

The legacy of the cannibal

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I had arrived at an older house, it must have been built in the 1920s. Why I was here at the time I did not know then. All I had known is that a man had called me up and told me that he had the story of a lifetime for me and if I came my career was made for me. This man had said that he had wanted to put his story out there to the world before he dies. "Yes, it was about time", the mad man had said on the phone. So like I had been saying, I had arrived at this house the front yard looked as if it had not been cut for ages and the wood on the house had been falling down off the side of the house. How was I able to know that this was going to be a mad man? When I had walked in the front door an old man had guided me in to the main living area. There had been a small table and two leather chairs. Also a fire had been started in the ancient fire place. The mysterious man had looked at me and told me to sit as he gestured with his hand. He then asked me if I would like some tea or coffee. I had said "Coffee, please." "A coffee drinker wills well I shall make us a pot then" responded the man. I had been sitting uncomfortably for about 5 minutes until he had returned with a tray of coffee, sugar, milk and biscuits. He had set the tray down and said "It's going to be a long night..."

He had sat down and started talking. He had asked me how I was and if I had enough sleep today Confused, I confirmed and mumbled: "I hope this is not a waste of my time." He had laughed and said "Shall we begin?"

He told me that he is already 110 years old and will die very soon. It had all begun in the 1920s right around when his house was built.

"I guess we should start with my first victim. My first victim had been a 19 year old waitress. I chose her because I liked the way that she smelt. She had long legs - the kind you like to feel from the toes to the hips, then to the breasts. Yes, was very beautiful and had long red hair. Yes, I could taste her by just sniffing her smell. It was like peach cobbler. So I did what any man would have done. I flirted then I got her to leave with me. It was like taking candy from a baby. Once we were far away I had hugged her and

she hugged me back. Ha! I stuck a needle into the back of her neck. And she could not move and it was such art! You cannot imagine how beautiful it was. You could smell the fear on her breath, as I took off her clothes. I had poked holes in her neck slowly draining the blood out of her body. Drip, drip, drip. It was amazing the more blood she lost the more pale she became. I remember taking out my file and shaving two of her teeth into fangs. Then I had put a silk cloak on her and put the hood up. I took my paint brush and dipped it in her blood and putting it to her face and then letting the blood drip down her face. And again on her eyes, this was pure art. This was lovely, it was amazing. She was crying and shivering. She whispered that she has just lost her child.”

He paused for a minute and looked at me. “Does this disturb you?” “I just want to know why she was the first victim and why you transformed to be a vampire?! He had corrected me “It’s not murder –it’s art!” “Right, I had said, so why a vampire?” “Because I believe a vampire shows the world’s truest evil, so sweet and beautiful, because even Gods can be corrupt.” “I see...” I said while writing down every single word and I wondered whether this man is telling the truth or making this up. Either way he is crazy. “So what happened next? “

“Well, he had said. The cops had come the next morning to look for the girl. The crowd had loved it, they had gathered up covering their mouths and some had even busted into tears. The woman was on the front page of the local newspaper. But you know, in the art world you are only as good as your last piece. I took off to find material for my next project. It was a while before I saw what I wanted but I had found it. This time the crowd would double and the world would know me. It was night time again. I could never do my work during day time as too many people would see. I was sitting at a local pub and found a woman. Now this would be a challenge, two people. They had drunk all night. I think they were husband and wife which had been good for me.

So I waited till they had left. The man was tall and strong, He must have worked with his hands all day and the woman had long brown hair but she was quiet short. She had looked tasty. So I had waited till they had passed an ally and I put my needles in the back of their necks. It was easy to drag the woman down the alley but the man was like lifting a couch. I had done it although he was heavy and I still had to drag the woman up the balcony. I had stood her up, put her hands in place- like they were reaching out to the stars and then I cut her eyes out. Blood had run down her face like she was crying, then I had removed her intestines very carefully and had thrown it down like a rope hanging for him to climb to her. I had told her if she said "Romeo, Romeo where art thou" in the tape recorder that I might let her live but of course I had lied because next I had put a dagger in her chest. I had to climb down to man still alive down on the ground of course he could see everything I did but what did it matter, right? I had made him look up at her and reach his hands out to her then I cut his heart out and cut in half. I had put on side in one hand and the other in the other hand. Then I had drained him of all of his blood and filled him with motor oil. His veins had a dark colour to them now. When I left I started a fire in the building next to them. Like I said the whole world was going to see my art. I had looked up at him and said I am speechless. He had responded with "Yes, I figured you would be, but there is still much more to come."

I had been sitting there for a while this man was going fast and how old he looked, dust had stuck to him like he had been there for years. And just now I had realized how crazy he really was. The chair he sat in was older than me by the looks of it. And I was only 21 at the time; His eyes had been like an eagle staring right into my soul. What was it about him that made him different...I had just hoped that I would not end up like those poor people he had talked about. What if I was supposed to be his last victim? Nonsense, this was crazy talk as he can hardly move. I had hoped he would not drain me of all my blood, I was attached to it and I did not want to lose it any time soon. He had begun to speak again.

"I had been seeing the world it was amazing for me and the fun I had with my art. The next thing I had done was in the 1950s. I gathered up five people, both men and women, equal rights and all that you

know? It was easy to pick from who I wanted. The first man was a rapist, I saw him in a bar. One pill dropped in his beer and 30 mins later he had walked out of the bar. So I pulled my car up to him and when he had passed out, I had tied him up and stuffed him in the truck. I was living in an old building at that point. I kept the man in a dark room with water dripping on his forehead in till I could find the next 4. He had no water and no food. I assume his last days were not happy ones. The next was a pick pocket, she was a little harder to capture. But I had done it. I hit her with my car on her way home. She was bleeding everywhere and would not last the night but it did not matter anyways I only needed her head; the rest was for the rats. But I had put her rotting body in the room with the man anyways. I was being nice! Now he had someone to talk to. The third had taken me a while to find. A warrior. Finally, I saw a cop. His name was Sgt Tom King and he was a fat pig. He would not be coming how to his mommy tonight. He was a tough one. I drove my car down an alleyway and opened the trunk and when he was passing I threw a rock at a window. He had screamed at me walking towards me. My hands were up. "What we have here?" he had said. I dropped a gun.

He had bent down to pick it up and I kneed him in the face pulling out my knife and stabbing the fat pig in the back of the neck. He went down like a sack of bricks, I had got my axe out of my car and begun chopping after all I did not need the body just the head. And I thought I would make a point about fat pigs. I put the head in my trunk and drove away.

I had two more to go but I had also needed dinner but this was ok I only had need the head and I could use the rest of the body for a stew. I had been thought as a kid to only hunt for your food and my father always told me never to kill anything that you were not going to eat! I always had liked the fat ones; they were always juicy and tender. It had reminded me of my mommy's home cooked meatloaf."

"This is making me hungry!" The old man had got up from his chair and went into the back room. He had come out with two bowls of stew and I did not want to be rude so I had eaten the soup. I was very good

and very tasty. So I had asked him what was in this to make it so good, and I had wished I never asked that question. Just peppers and carrots and tomatoes but the secret ingredient, and I hope you like it, is the liver of my victims. I had got up and ran outside falling onto my knees and puking up the stew. I did not puke because of what was in the stew; I think I threw up because I had liked the flavour. What kind of monster did that make me? I had just eaten human liver and liked it. I had to get myself together. This was the story of a lifetime and I was going to miss it, if I had done something wrong or had done some to insult him he may not talk anymore.

So I had got up and brushed myself off and went back inside to the comfy leather chair, he had stared at me for minute and then said "do not worry not everyone has the stomach for it." I had washed the taste down with another cup of coffee, while I had been listening to what he had to say.

"I still had two victims left. I needed to pick two people who would I choose maybe a bartender or taxi driver I had to get it right. But I thought I would go for a more known person someone that everyone would see. So I had decided to go with the mayor. His name had been Frank Gibbs, Everyone had looked up to him but he wasn't worth a breath of air. He had been cheating on his wife Amy Gibbs, with a tall red haired woman. All I had to do is waiting till he met her, it was easy as playing Russian roulette with a French hooker and it's so much better when they cry, he would have it the worst. I had found him on a Tuesday night he was in the middle of using that girl the way he used everyone else but never again. He would suffer before he died he had said! I entered the cheap motel and kicked the door and caught them in the act, first I had broken a bottle over his head. He was just so cold-hearted it disgusted me.

I had looked at the woman and asked her name. She had said Kami as she was crying. I stood there with my gun and said you are unclean. I had handed her my revolver and left one bullet in it. I had told her, she has two pulls put the gun up to her head and if she does not die she could leave. She put the gun up to her head, crying she pulled the trigger and nothing had happened. Still crying she held the gun to her

head. "Pull it!" I had screamed. She pulled it again but nothing had happened. I had taken the gun from her tied up Frank. She ran out into the street screaming. "He's got him he's got him" But there was nobody around to hear her. She had one the game but she was a loud one. So I had walked to her, she was still crying "You said that I could live" She had won the game.

I had grabbed her by the arm and opened a manhole cover and pushed her in. I left her there. I had put Frank in the trunk of my car. I would set up another game for him. I had tied him up in another room of the house, while I went to go get his wife Amy. I had gone to her house and grabbed her. Was not that big of a deal she was fast asleep, We were now at my house and I had tied her up with him. The first thing I did was put a table in the room, with knives and blunt objects. I had gave them both acid and esp. and waited for it to kick in.

I had turned the lights off as I waited. I had decided to have dinner at that point it would take a while for the drugs to kick in. I had rung my bell and my little snack had entered the room. She had put her arm for me and I had grabbed my axe and chop her arm off from the elbow down. I had walked over to the fire place and pushed her arm in to the fire. Aww, it smelt like roast beef, and it was tasty. Yes those were the days. It had been about time so I decided to go check on my guests, they were good and ready. When I entered the room they were both sitting in the corner. I told them that there was a monster in the room and if they would find it and kill it that I would let who ever found it go and they would live. Amy had got up off the ground. "Where are you damn thing?" Frank did not seem to care he was still licking the floor like it had some kind of candy on it. So I had told Amy that must be it and to look at the floor and how he licks the ground. What kind of human would like such a dirty ground? I had left the room now; I had locked the door behind me. There was a scream and a loud bang. It had sounded like the table had fallen over or someone was just smashed in to. Frank was screaming at the door "PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME OUT!" His fists were pounding on the door. Then suddenly, it went quiet and there was nothing but a pool of blood that came from underneath the door. When I had walked in the room Amy

was still stabbing Frank in the back over and over she hit him. Her life was changed she would never be the same again. I had grabbed the knife from her hands and setting it on the table; I grabbed her hand and walked her out the door. I told her as she left that she was a woman after my own heart and if she wanted to come back I would welcome it but she walked away and she never came back.”

I sat there looking at the old man I could not believe that he had done this but this would make a great story so I smiled and asked him “So she never came back, well that’s not so good”

He kept mumbling. “Well, she is a story for another time. They say when you eat another person that you gain their strength. I wish that was true I would still look like I was 20 if that was the truth. “So I had let her leave he said and I still I had fallen in love with her that very day” Besides he said the blood on her hands was making me hungry and I did not want her to die.

What would have been if I would of stop her would we be crazy in love killing random people or would we cut each other just to lick up the blood? People would have feared us, what a pair we would have made. Aw yes big little or small it would not have mattered and we would take them down. We would have eaten the meat of their bone and sucked the sweet juices out of them. Yes, it had been a lovely thought but he said they did not have much time and he did not have time to spend on this, so he had continued. I had to find my next another person to use in my art but who would it be. I had sat in the park for the longest time and I could not decide. I sat there staring at women and children pass me by, and men of all shapes and sizes.

So I had decided I would play another game, I would leave 50 dollars on the ground and that next person would be my choice and the only way they could free themselves is if they asked me if it was mine and if I had dropped. So I set it down and I waited, waited for that one greedy person to come and take the money. But I was surprised as these people just walked passed it people did not even attempt to pick it up like someone was going to come back for it. A tall black man had passed it and I was sure he would

be the one but now he had not even looked at the ground. Then an older man paused, nothing. I was starting to get impatient; waiting this long was killing me. Finally, a young woman had come by. She was dressed in a biker jacket, a pierced nose with a chain on it to her ear and tall black boots.

But she had picked it up to me and asked me if it was mine, this was so crazy! How could someone like her not be greedy and I mean the way she was dressed I could not believe it. It was not possible but I kept my word I let her leave. Who would take it I asked myself, who deserves to die! It killed me, this was not happening to me! Finally a man with a beer in his hand barely walking down the road had come and picked up the money, this was it this would be him. Yes, he had picked it up and walked away. The man head straight to the liquor store, where he wanted to buy more beer. I had started following him; he had not even known that I was behind him. He did not know he was about to die. I pulled out my knife as I walked up to him. I had to hurry because he was getting too close to the store he was almost in the light where everyone could see. I had to kill him now, before he could get to the store. I had to do it now, I started running!

The poor battered fool did not even notice I was running towards him. He was like a fish on a hook. I had jumped on him and put my blade in his shoulder then again in his side. Blood was everywhere, he was dying, He screamed out loud in pain and then nothing at all. Now all I had to do was put his body in the back of my trunk and head home. This had been like Christmas to me; I had been singing jingle bells while I was cutting off their head. I can remember it now "Dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh, o'er the field's hills we go, laughing all the way. Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright, what fun it is O, what sport to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight. Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. O, what fun joy it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh"

A day or two ago I thought I would take a ride and soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side. The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot. He got into a drifted bank and we got up sot. A day

or two ago, the story I must tell went out on the snow. My back I fell against was riding by in a one-horse open sleigh, He laughed as there I sprawling lie, But quickly drove away. Now the ground is white, go it while you're young, Take the girls tonight and sing this sleighing song. Just get a bobtailed bay, two-forty for his speed, and then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! You'll take the lead and take his head! Chop, Chop the fun is almost over! When I had finished with my fun and the bodies had been cut up and put on the grill.

I had gathered some huge pikes and put the 5 heads in a duffle bag with some candles and a lighter. In each one of the heads I had taken out their eyes out and placed a candle in each. I had climbed up to the highest building and put the heads on pikes and then I lightened the candles. I had also painted the faces blue and put the eye balls in the mouths, it was a master piece. I found a coffee shop nearby where I could watch the heads glow from the tower. It had been such a good sight and I was sure everyone would love them. Suddenly you had heard a woman scream and pointing to the tower.

A crowd had gathered looking and cheering, it was great at this point because everyone had loved it. But something changed in crowd now they had be saying thing like o my god and that's sick. No one had understood that this had been art. All they saw was the heads on a pike; it was too bad because now I would have to kill them all: a crowd of 20 defenceless women and men. I had walked out of the coffee shop, pulling 2 black M-9s out of my jacket. I gunned down the whole crowd, I hated them for enjoying my art it would be the last thing that they would ever see. Of course that had not been enough for me.

I had got a can of gasoline and I dumbled it on their rotten bodies and then lighted them on fire. I had walked away and watched from far away as the coffee shop that I was at Caught on fire and the fire department had come to put the fire out. I had felt a kind of peace that they would never insult my art again. So I had gone back home watching TV news stories about myself and apparently they had given me a name. They had been calling me the "Crazed artist". I had minded the artist part but I did not

consider myself crazy at all! That was normal for people persecute people that they did not understand. I am an artist and I am by no means crazy. I had used everything I could in my artwork. I had wished that they would understand the beauty in death but they had been too afraid to understand, even to see how beautiful my art was. I had not been insane or evil; I just wished to hit 2 birds with one stone. Make my art and punish the wicked, I had not believed that was too much to ask for. So I need one or two or even 5 lives for my art work, they should have been happy that I choose them.

Not crying all the time, "Please let me go. Don't kill me; I will give you anything you want. Just let me go." "It had been so beneath me I was a great artist, almost a God! I am the hand of god, I hear his voice and he tells me to punish the wicked and spread his word as I do so. God kills with no remorse and so do I, there is none such as he as I am. I will drink the sweet wine of her blood and taste God once more."

He had paused for a moment I think he had realized that he gotten off track now with his rant. I had asked him: "Does it bother you that you are breaking law?" He quickly responded: "The law? The law, I am above the law god speaks to me and says to punish those who would break his laws. I am the highest law there is, there is none above gods laws and how can I have held myself up to the laws of men. He said we should move on we did not have much time and he was getting weaker. The last person I had before I moved away to another city was a teacher. I had read in the newspaper of a teacher named Jane Pills and she had been seducing one of her 15 year old students, She had said she loved her student named Jonny. I had to think how would I get Jane? What would I do to her?

What punishment would be fit for the crime she had done? I had showed up in front of the boy's house where they would both meet. His house had been a normal one for that time; it was a blue house and a green lawn with a peach tree in the yard. I had made my move as they greeted each other with a kiss. I had stuck them both with a needle that had made the fall asleep and taping their mouths closed and

tying them up together and stuffing them in my car trunk. I had felt it was only fair that they had sinned together that they should die together. It was midnight when I had arrived home and at this time they had woke up and starting screaming. But it was useless no one could hear them where we were and they had to learn the lesson before they had to die. I had chained Johnny to a chair and Jane to a table with my tools all clean and set out. I had looked a Johnny and told him to answer carefully before he answered.

I asked him do you love this woman, he had stared and thought for a minute as Jane lye naked on the table. Johnny looks at me and had said I do with all my heart. Then I covered his mouth and asked Jane "Do you love this boy?"

As he cried she said she does, I had asked "And what of your husband?" "We were getting a divorce!" "For your crimes you will be punished and you will die together as you committed the infidelity together." Jonny had sat there with tears in his eyes as I had turned to him you will live but you will be punished.

But you must repent to god for your sins. I had turned to Jane once again, grabbing my knife and cutting her stomach open as she screamed in pain. I had turned the stove on next to me and put some oil in the pain as I turned back to her grabbing her intestine, cutting it from her body as I turned and put it the pan. I had begun chopping so peppers and onions up and throwing them in the pain. As this had been frying I turned to again cutting her liver out and putting it in another pain. I had started a pot of boiling water and put some noodles in it and had poured tomato sauce in the pan with the intestine's. I also I mixed some salt and pepper in it.

I gave it a minute to simmer then I tasted it. How good it had been I almost did not want to share. But where were my manners. I told Johnny to taste it as he sat their crying and opening his mouth. I stuck the spoon in his mouth and asked him if he had liked it. He didn't answer me. I had said to him "what

are you crying for? You are going to live and all you have to do it repent.” He had not answered but I was sure he would. I smelt something burning, I had forgotten about the liver! I had turned to flip and turning to Jane, who was still screaming, I took my knife and cut out her tongue and said “be quite you will wake the rats! Then I had laughed and said “I am just kidding I don’t think there are any rats!” I had reach to my hatchet and grabbed it and told her to sit still I did not want her to die before I had finished. Again I smiled and she had cried, I had begun at the toes chopping them off one by one and then to ankle.

After I had grabbed a piece of wood from the fire and held to the wound. She tried to scream but a gasp had come out since I had removed her tongue. I had put the foot in the oven with some garlic sauce on it. I had turned back to the boiling water and drained the noodles and then back to her as I reached my hand up her thigh softly touching her. I had told her it’s almost over in a quiet voice. I had grabbed my hatchet again slamming it to her thigh and removing it from her body.

The boy had stopped crying I had thought maybe he had no tears or he just hated me that much now but I did not really care anyway. I poured gravy on the leg and put it in the oven. My pasta had finished and it was time to feed the skinny boy. I feed the boy and I think he had almost liked it but I had been sure if I had not told him it was from his girlfriend on the table he would have liked it. I turned back removing the organs from her as she continued crying. I had moved up to her face taking my smaller knife and had begun removing her lips it had been amazing way the blood had streamed down the side of her face.

I had been keeping her alive this whole time I did not want her to die before her punishment was finished and this was because death was a release and she would not escape me through death. I had cut her deep on her neck just enough leave flap of skin up like a piece of tape I was pulling up. I had begun pulling off the skin till there was nothing but meat on her face. Then I turned on some loud music

and started dancing around wearing her face as a mask and I had asked Johnny if I had looked pretty he had not answered me only a tear had come from his eyes. Turned back to Jane as her eyes stared at me with her skinless face and I had not liked this so I removed her eyes and made a necklace for Johnny. I turned to him and said "here something to remember her by" I had told Johnny it's a gift you should be smiling, so I had cut a smile into his face and said "yes that's better." I had turned back to Jane as she gasped for air and I whispered to her to her be with god and repent and you shall go to heaven, if not you will go hell after you die. Jane had screamed out with her last breath with what sounded like god forgive me but I had not been sure because I had cut out her tongue and then I had thrown her in to the fire which sort of smelt like baked had after a while. But I had not been done I still had the boy to deal with. I looked at him and asked "do you repent? Do you ask God for forgiveness?"

Had he learned his lesson had not known but if he sinned again I would be back. So I had knocked him again and put my sharp poker in the fire. Then I had taken it out branding forgiven on his chest. I had made sure he was out cold and put him in the trunk again going to some small town out in the middle of nowhere and dropping him on the sidewalk and then throwing a rock through someone's window so they would come out and then did and then the cops and an ambulance had come. I had supposed they had questioned the boy to see what had happened and where he had been. But they had found nothing and I was long gone on my way to Nashville but before I had left I had set fire to everything that was and I had driven way not looking back.

Chapter 2

When death comes knocking

He continued talking.

“It seemed like I had been driving for hours, I drove with the windows down and the trailer with my things had been behind his truck. I listened as the sound of the wind had passed his truck by, sticking my hand out the window feeling as it had touched my fingers and tears had rolled down my face as I had felt one with God. I had always felt closer to God as he was driving he had thought.”

How could I have something in common with this man, this murder and person that had brought so much pain to people he had met. I had thought at one point that we all struggle with our inner demons but this had been. I had no words what this had been, he had killed so many and yet he had lived to be 110 years old. How was that for justice, how could someone like him get away with this,

He had started to explain to me how he had almost been caught in Nashville and almost died but he said he had felt as if god himself had reached down and saved him. I had arrived at night had to book a motel for the night. The street light had all been lighted up and you could hear the country music coming from the bars and people singing karaoke. As you walk you could smell the horse shit in the air, though there were no horses around. You could also smell the greed and the lust in the air. The married women staring and touching the men they had not been married to.

“It was now 1965 and the men had all been away, if only the men at war knew what their buddies were doing to their wives while they had been gone. But they need not worry I would punish the unfaithful and smite down the wicked. I had been the one to save them all. But first I had to find a place to live and a separate place to do god’s work. In the morning I had found a 2 bedroom apartment right next to the Swag ‘n’ Tail, which was a bar at the time. But they were safe for now as my father always told me not to eat where you shit. Down the road were another bar and a church, a fast food joint. There had also been a casino and the typical man yelling all night that death was coming and to repent before we die. If only he knew how right he had been. I had waited a month or so soaking in the town before I started

god's work and decided that I would give the town a head start on repenting. So I had put a banner in the centre of town that said repent or die. Of course when no one had taken that seriously yet but soon they would. I would follow people during the night at first it was only drunk people who I would stab and crave repent in their foreheads.

It took six people before the cops had started watching the bars finally they would get my point and they would be judged. I had been watching strip club for a while, watching the ungodly things that went on in there. Watching the woman on woman and how they grinned all over then men for money. I watched as they had led the men in to a back room, sex for money I could not see it any more. I blocked all the doors so there had been no escape. I set the place on fire, so they may burn in hell as the smell of burning flesh would cover the cheap perfume in the air and the screams inside had slowly become silent. I knew they had paid for their sins in blood. Everywhere I was demons, angels and ghost of the pasted had chased me. I had been dammed by god to walk this earth and remove the evil from its lands. I have done things that I am not proud of but it all has been in the name god. For weeks I would sit and watch as people past me by and the chatter of murder became less talked about. I would see people return to their evil ways and I knew once more that I had to take action. I had to strike down evil once more, I had been sick to my stomach as people walked around half naked.

They were just making out in the streets as if no one was watching. But I was watching and so was god. Drugs had been everywhere; even cops had been doing it in the streets. One man had even had a girl bent over a car trunk as the cops had watched eating their food as she screamed. Word out on the street was that if you had enough money the cops here would look past anything. So I had a choice to make did I punish the cops or did I punish the rapist? I had to watch some more to make my choice, I watched as the cops beat up a little girl in the street and I watched how the rapist had ripped the cloths of women.

I watched how the cops had joined the rapist for a little fun with a blonde lady, I watched as they had ripped off her top. The cop had told her do what we want or you will be spending some time in jail and the rapist had told her not to scream and it would all be over soon. I watched as they had their way with her in the ally. After I had walked up to her telling her not to worry soon they would get theirs, she had been crying and walking out of the ally with her torn cloths. She was bare foot and walked with a black eye.

The cruelty that this woman had been put through, it had saddened me to kill them but we all have our destiny. I had decided to punish them both, to take vengeance for this girl. I would pull out their hearts and feed it to them. I had been watching the male cop; his name had been Sgt Kent. He wore a black t-shirt at the time and was well built. His chest had made that v mark in the middle. He defiantly did not have to rape girls to get one. He had done for the thrill and that was all, he was the type to always carry his handcuffs with him and his black hair had screamed come and gets me. I waited till he had chatted up a blonde at the bar and was ready to walk out with her be for I would knock him out and take him to my little spot in the woods. Sgt Kent had walked to his car giving her a kiss on her lips and she smiled as she was about to talk away when he took the beer bottle that he had been drinking out of and smacked her in the back of the head. The red blood had mixed into her blonde hair and she fell to the ground and took what would seem to be her last breath. He had bent down and popped his trunk and then picking her up He went to place her in the back of his black Honda's trunk. Covering her mouth and using some tape to tie her up and then closing the trunk on top of her. He had walked to his driver side door, as I had walked up to him and said "hey buddy you got a light?" He had reached in to his jacket pulling a lighter out and as he went to light my cigarette I had put my knee in his face.

He was out cold and using the tape that he had used to tie up the woman, I had used it to tie him up and cover his mouth. I had dragged him to my car with everyone still inside getting drunk and then I stuffed him in the back. I walked up to my driver side door when I had a thought maybe the woman in the back

of his car would want a chance to punish for what he had done to her. So I had turned around and walked back to the Sgt's car and I opened his trunk. I had told her that it's ok. She had asked me what had happened and of course I told her the truth. I told her that the Sgt had planned to beat and rape her and stuffed her in his trunk.

I told her that I had saved her and that she may not have made it through the night. It looked like there were a lot of emotions going through her head at the time. It must have been anger, sadness and hate. So I asked her do you want to punish this man, do you want to make sure that he never does this to anyone every again? She was thinking hard and she was quiet. I really had not known what she was going to say and just when I thought she was going to say let the cops handle it. She had surprised me and said "yes, I want to make him pay, I want to cut off his dick and never let this happen every again to another woman." I looked at her and continued "that's not going to stop him; he gets off on the torture." She responded with "I guess I will have to get creative with him." At that point I knew I had met my kindred spirit. Her name was Mandi and I knew that I loved her at that very moment. I remember she had long blonde hair, the type of body that made your jaw drop and lose feeling in your legs. She had legs that seemed like they could stretch on for miles and burgundy eyes that made you remember the taste of blood in your mouth. She had been the light of my darkness and the goddess to my temple.

So we walked back to the car together and drove to the woods to my shed. It was not much but it was enough. The wood was falling off of it. The wood was rotten and was turning grey. But underneath it had been a large basement for our needs, water was dripping everywhere from the night before and there was only the wood stove to keep us warm. We went down stair and cuffed the Sgt to bar that crossed the ceiling. Mandi had grabbed a knife and went to cut him. But I had stopped her and said "not yet my darling- there is one other that we need to get before we start." She had demanded to know who and I said there is another one who rapes with this man.

It is only right that we punish them both together for what they have done. She had agreed with me and we came up with a little plan that would get the rapist where we needed him. Mandi said that she would play the bait. We had gone to where the rapist normally had hung out and Mandi had gone in with her short skirt got him to come out by herself and when he went in for the kiss she kneed him in the and kicking him in the head with the heel of her boot. She had taken him out, she had dragged him to the car and stuffing him in to the trunk we had driven to the shed in the woods. Inside we had built a metal room with walls that would close in on them every 5 minutes meaning they only had an hour to live but in the centre of the room there was a hole that would open up at the end. We had put them in the room together and told them both only one may live and the one that kills and eats the other would survive.

There was a timer on the wall set for one hour. I had said it starts over the intercom and the walls started to close in. The two men started to scream, I came over the intercom again and said "there are two knives and the one that eats the other will live." The walls started to close again. Sgt Kent had picked up the knife first and the rapist had picked up the other. The rapist had been screaming like a little boy.

The old man had paused and I could remember thinking to myself how could someone do this to a person. Murder is murder no matter how you look at it if you kill another person its murder. Even in the fact of war it's still murder, no matter the reason. Defending your home is one reason and things happen but when you go in to another person home and kill someone its murder not matter what they have done."

I remember thinking that if it was me or if I had this choice I would not make it I would choose to die.

The old man had got some coffee and then starting talking again.

“Where was I? O yes the walls had started closing in again and Sgt Kent had stabbed the rapist and the rapist cried. At this point we certain the cop was going to win but would he of ate him? Of course I had promised Mandi that he would still die if he won but we were having fun and of course that was the point. I had thought that he would not go as far as to eat him and he would be crushed but to my surprise he had started to cut the meat off the bones with the knife we had given him. I had sat there crossed from the old man for hours and he talked and I noticed that he had scrubbed off all the dead skin off his arms as he was talking. He had held out his hand asking me if I wanted some and sickened I had politely declined. The old man said: "Do you know what's right and wrong? Do you think that you have a soul? If God were to take you now would you be worried? Is a night worth of pain better than an eternity in hellfire or everlasting fire and anguish. Do you know why you're here said the old man? Why I have you here?"

I said: "Of course, I am here to hear your story."

The old man laughed and with a serious look continued talking: "I am dying. I need someone to take over where I left off. I have been watching you for a while now." I laughed at the old man. "Ok yeah, what makes you think that I would do what you do?" The old man had said "Maybe not now but soon. The old man stared into my eyes like he was staring in to my soul.

I stumbled: "This is over. Tell your stories to someone who is not crazy and I went to get up. Suddenly there was another man in the room. He was huge like a rock just looked like he might be unmoveable like a mountain. I tried to get up and he had knocked me back down in the chair. The old man told the huge man to tie me up and do it quick. The old man looked at me and said "by the time we are done you will see God as I do. "I had asked him "Why me?" He told me because he saw a little of himself in me.

This was sick I just knew I should not have come alone and maybe if I would have listened to my friend I would not be tied up in the chair right now. Suddenly the old man leaned forward again raising his hand

once more, telling the Huge man to start. I smelt was smelled like fried chicken and beef but somehow I knew that it was not. He came in with a bowl that look like Shepherd's pie but wasn't. The man had started to force feed me but I had refused but the huge man with his massive hands had forced my mouth open, doing that he shoved spoons full of the shepherd's pie in my mouth. Forcing me to swallow, it had scared me because I think deep down inside I like the taste of it. I can remember blood being poured over me as if I were getting a bath.

As I ate his food I began to feel more powerful like nothing could stop me. I began to see why he was doing this to me. I had heard once that great power comes with great responsibility. I could start to see where he was going from. But still I was not going to kill anyone to get the taste of bratwurst made from humans. I filled me with drugs that made me see thing and whispered in my ears. Slowly I had started to lose my grasp on reality and I might give in. I was shown a man who killed his 5 children and his wife and the old man asked me if I would let him do it to another. Or would he make another family then wait to kill them or would it be someone you know? What would you do? I stumbled around, I was not thinking clearly and I had picked up the knife. I said I would not kill but I was so angry and the man had grown horns and was laughing at me. He said "come to hell with me, son. We will rape the unwilling and torture the living."

I became even angrier and I ran at him and screamed "never!" I took a knife. I stabbed it in his eye socket. Blood was everywhere and screamed but it had sounded like a roar to me. I thought he was the devil. I began stabbing him over and over in till he did not move any more. When I looked up there was blood everywhere I must have stabbed that monster at least 50 times, he lay there and just looked like a man. The monster was gone but still no one would be safe. It was up to me now and I had now realized this, I had to assemble god's army and then I had to kill all the demons in this world.

The old man looked at me and said "son, you remind me of me when I was your age, you feel powerful now, don't you. Good! But we only feed off evil." I stared at him and I got on to my feet and kneeled down. I took my knife and I scraped off the skin on his face and the proceeded to cut the meat off his bones in till there was just nothing but bone. I picked up the meat and throw it in the old man's lap. He looked at me and laughed. "That's the man that I knew you were. Sit down", he said, "we must talk, I am dying and you will be the new leader by birth, right!" I said "what do you mean birth right; I am not your son. He looked at me and said "you are my son lost at birth, Jason Lee Crane! LEAD GOD'S ARMY!"

He rose to his feet and came at me like he was to embrace me but I had back away from him. But I could honestly say this after this event I had felt transformed and now I knew that evil was real. I look at the old man who seems to be my father and I said "yes, I agree. I need to lead God's Army and I will tell you this as my first order!" I raised my Knife once more to my side and I went to embrace him. I told him "Father, I love you and I always will." With saying that I stabbed my knife in his gut, we were so close that his blood had stained my pants and staring in to my eyes he slowly fell to the floor. I took my knife and started to cut out his heart, your power will be mine father and I will rule them all. My father was dead and I was now a king.

The huge man had just watched and smiled. I looked at him and he looked at me. I pulled out my knife but to my surprise he kneeled down on one knee as I raised the heart to mouth and consumed it. The blood had run down my chin and it had tasted like a bloody marry. I had looked down at him and smiled I said what is your name big one? He had responded with Louis, with that I had said raise Louis and he did. I looked at him and said we have work to do! What shall we do sir he had asked me? "Call me Jason. "; I told him, I never liked all that Sir stuff. With all of my father money that he has left me in his will I will be able to travel the world find other monsters and grouping together like minded people. Before we had left I had to put my father's affairs in order and then we could leave. I had transferred all

the billions he had and gathered some things proving I was who I was. We would leave tomorrow, plus I was hungry and I had to feed soon. I had to walk the streets looking for my food.

I would not be like my father and have Louis go and get his food. But also there was nothing wrong with having Louis hunt with me. It made me wonder what other kind of monsters was out there. We got strong off the meat of others, did vampires exist or werewolves? I did not know but I wanted to find out what other things were out there. Maybe the good ones would join our little army which at the time was just me and Louis. Like I said I was walking the streets looking for my dinner, all I had been my knife and Louis hands that were bigger than my own head. I had run across a man that smelt of evil. He was not what you would think.

He was very tall dressed in a black suit and very clean. Not what I thought I would find, His hair was brown and his eyes were blue and odd combination. He walks through the streets as if no one would do anything to him. I remember wondering what it was that he did but I had no time to ask the hunger was already taking hold of me. I ran up to him as Louis watched me from the old car he sat on. The man had seen me before I even got close when and before I got up to him he pulled out a Kanata sword and all I had been my very small hunting knife. He leaped attacking me but I was 2 fast for him and before he could pull his sword back,

I was behind him. Taking my knife and driving it in the back of his neck, the man fell to his knees. As I twisted and turned the knife, what pain he must have felt as I ripped the head from his shoulders. I through his head on the car that Louis was sitting on and dragged the body to Louis. He grabbed it and put it over his shoulder. When we were back home, I mean my father's house which was now mine. I would have the best meal of my life, I don't know if it was just the tenderness of the meat or just the evil that came from all the lives this man ruined I do not know. But I like I said it was the best meal of my life. At this time I would head to bed watching the TV in my father's bed as I fell asleep.

Part 2

Cleaning house

At the time it was morning and I thought it was time to head to my father's company and as he called it clean house. I only wanted good, honest hard working people there. Of course all the evil and corrupt men and women would die or as he liked to call it cleaning house. My father had owned a company called big toasty's slaughter house where they cut the meat off pigs and cows and of course other things not listed on the menu. By this time the company was big had a ceo and 8 people that sat on the board of trustees. I had just arrived at the main building where the offices were held. It was big must of stood 20 stories high and was made with glass windows. The board room was up on the 20th floor and the choice between the stairs and the lift was an easy choice. After 5 minutes in the lift, I had final arrived on the 20th floor where a man would sit at a desk. He looked at me and said as I passed excuse me sir, you are not allowed back there. Of course he did not know who I was. I to him what's your name he responded in a shaky voice "John". I said to him "of course you do not know who I am. I looked at him and said it's ok my name is Jason and I own this company now." I shook his hand he was clean. "Keep up the good work", I said. And then I turned around. John spoke as I walked away "Sir, there is a board meeting in there right now". I looked at him and said I knew that and turned around and walked to the door again. When I entered the room there were eight men and two women sitting around the table a man at the end of the table said "Who are you and what are you doing in this building?" I looked at him and walked over to him shanking his hand. He stunk of corruption; he had been stealing the company's money. Holding his hand I said "You're in my chair". He looked confused, do you know who I am, and I am my father's son. His eye widened as he moved from the chair. All 8 of them had suddenly become quite, it seemed they were scared of me and with good reason. I walked around the room from left to

right till I came back to my chair shaking each of their hands. It would seem the room was quite evil, except for one woman who seems to know what was about to happen to them. I sat down in my chair with my hands folded thinking to myself. It really is a good day for suicide. I asked them to stand up and line up in front of the window from left to right. They did as I asked and I started one by one pushing them all out the window. The look on their faces was priceless. Some tried to run and said "please don't" but I stopped when I got to the woman named Jen. "You're ok", I said, "You can stay." But I was not done I still had lots to do and there was still like 200 hundred people in this building. Jen would help me she had said. One on one interviews started to become fun, with the games that we would play. Our first was head of security Dan Mike. I whispered in her ear what kind of person has two first names. Then we started I shook his hand, he was stealing from the company but he was giving the food to the poor. This had been acceptable it may have been a sin but he was doing it for the right reasons. I started to speak to him and I asked whether to call him Dan or Mike? "Either one", he said. "Dan, I said I like you but you do not have to steal from the company and you might be doing it for a good reason but you should just start leaving a memo on my desk of how much you need for the poor and we will have a truck deliver it. Your car must smell like cow by now. How much are you being paid?" He said "1200" "Well", I said, "that's not enough is 2000 ok for you every two weeks." "Kong ahead you can leave you will see the change on this pay check. Send in the next", I said. The next was a woman from the HR department. "What is your name?" I asked as I shook her hand. Sammy she had responded taking her had quickly from mine. I whispered in Jen's ear "this on is bad". I said as Sammy sat down tell me about Jimmy? She looked shocked as I said his name. He is 16 is he not and the son of your manger and you are 31. Jen had stood from her chair walking behind Sammy and strapping her to the chair as I pulled out my tools. "What is this?" Sammy said scared for her life. I looked at her and said "We all have to learn our lessons and you darling have to learn not to take advantage of a 16 year old boy" I put my tools on the table. A scalpel, a hammer and a cork screw. I stood up grabbing the scalpel and then I had

gone over to her. Bending down on one knee I asked her “you’re so beautiful, you could have any man why a young boy?” I put my hand on her long smooth leg and took off her shoes, kissing her feet. She shivered and said “I need them”. I grabbed my scalpel and cut in to her leg as the blood was dripping down over her feet and on to the floor. Gapping, the skin I pulled as hard as I could like as if I was pulling a sticker off a window. The skin was coming off and the muscle pulsed in pain as the blood run thick. She started screaming in pain. “PLEASE, PLEASE! STOP I will never touch another boy again!” I looked at her and said “I must cleanse your soul before you die or you will burn in the fires of hell!” I pulled harder, kissing and licking the bloody muscle as the skin came off. I was done with her legs, so I had taken off her blouse as she now sat staring at the ceiling in too much pain to move. She sit there naked looking very appetizing. I had felt as if I had just pulled in to the drive way of a fast food joint. I made a log sliver of a slice along the bottom of her abs. The blood had covered my hands like a cherry milk shake and I had loved it. Jen sat there and watched me as I pulled off the skin the rest of the way. I think it aroused Jen a little and she must have liked it because she was smiling at me in a way which brought shivers down my spine.

Suddenly Sammy let out a blood curdling scream and then she passed out. Jen laughed and said: “now that’s no fun”. I smiled at her as I walked over to Sammy and woke her: “it’s time to wake up little darling, we are not done yet”.

Sammy was staring up at me more muscle than skin on her now. I had asked Jen if she was hungry and she said with a glint in her eye: “Yes I am dying for a bite”. She took off her coat slowly and gracefully walked over to me. It was love, similar to the movie lady and the tramp with the spaghetti we shared our meal and looked into each other’s eyes. We had started with her leg and as we took the first bite it was like eating something delicious for the very first time and it tastes so good that you have to force yourself to stop. Like that bag of chips you started eating and then suddenly realize that you have eaten the whole bag without noticing.

Whilst we were enjoying this meal of delicious meat our eyes meet, we could not contain ourselves any longer, the surroundings, the blood, the smell of fresh young butchered woman finally caught us and there and then right over our meal we made love which a passion that could only have come from the meat we just ate. Whilst we made love over her body Sammy screamed and screamed at the horror of not only knowing death will come soon and she was being eaten alive but also of the repulsiveness of seeing this show of lust over her. And soon her screams of pain and anguish were mixed with our screams and groans of passion and lust and together it made sweet sweet music.

Her bloody kisses were like strawberry pie and, we went a little crazy together ripping Sammy's skin off but when we were done she was missing most of the muscle and all you could see was blood. Jen lay naked on the ground covered in blood licking her figures and I looked to see if Sammy had died but she was still alive, it seemed that god was not through with her. I kissed her forehead as she looked up at me in pain, the lack of skin must have been burning down to core and her half eaten leg must have hurt too. I looked up at my darling Jen and said: "we are not done here we still have some work to do!" It was late now no one was around, we grabbed her body brought it to the centre of town. To my surprise there was nobody around, not even the homeless. We walked over to a light pole and I held Sammy up as Jen was sewing a new skin around the light pole made of cow skin. Jen loved this part you could tell by the smile on her face. After Jen was done I had kissed Sammy on the forehead telling her: "go with god darling" and then I cut out her tongue and removed her eyes from sockets. How long she would live I did not know but she would never be able to tell anyone, so I did not care all I cared about was if she had learned her lesson. We left her there as the light pole shined down on Sammy like a bloody angel from god and then I kissed Jen and said to her: "I am in the mood for a drink how about you?" Jen had responded with: Of course darling but let's go somewhere nice not the pub again!" Jen always loved the fine things in life, she would sit there drinking her wine and looking at other women around her. Getting them to come with her was half the fun, he always said, and the best was when she got to sink her teeth

in their inner thigh. And the blood would come spilling out. At this point it would be too late because she was like a wolf that was tearing the meat of the bones Intel there was nothing left but bone. I always love to watcher work because I found it sexy when the blood covered her body and all that was the passion between us. They were dead but we were more alive than ever high off life it was similar to the song singing in the rain for us but only if it rained blood instead. Jen and I had walked back to our hotel stripping our bloody clothes off in street and then setting them on fire. Jen huddled close to me for warmth as we walked back to my office. Later I sat at my desk talking to my assistant, who I called tiny. I remember tiny was wearing a short black skirt that she had push up just a little and a red blouse, her hair was brown and short. She was pale as ice and she was as short as a child. She had been talking to me about the files that she had pulled, not knowing that Jen was leaning in the door way naked with her long red hair. With her perfectly round breasts and her skin as white as snow, she had slowly walked up to Tiny. She was standing right behind her and she did not even notice. She was standing there talking when Jen bit her and ripped off her nose with a vengeance. Tiny had dropped to the floor instantly and bleed out on the floor. I was just sitting there looking at her for a minute and then I had asked "why?" She responded with: "No one flirts with my man and gets away with it!" I looked at her and said: "good help is hard to fine! What a pity but we should not let good food go to waste." I was kind of angry but she looks sexy with the blood spilling out of her mouth and down her breasts that I decided to join her in her feast. I got on my feet and sat beside Jen who was already eating. I started with her thigh ripping the meat away with my teeth till there was nothing left but bone left but Jen was already making her way past her arms. The floor was stained red in blood and I grabbed Jens neck as I pushed her to the floor and left bite marks on her body from her neck to her feet. I grabbed her legs and put them over my shoulders and had my way with her, she loved it. She screamed and I screamed, we were covered in blood and we loved it. After we were done we made our way to the shower she washed me and I washed her and then after we had Louis take care of the body that was now more bone then meat.

I went back to the bathroom and I stared in the mirror thinking that I could not understand this person I had become. Then Jen had come in standing in the mirror holding me. It was then I realized that I was hers and she was mine forever. I was that night that I had gone downtown and bought the biggest ring that I could find. And the next mornng as she woke I said to her: " Jen I love you and everything that you are. I want to be with you in life and in death and then all over again. I could not ever bear to be with out you. Will you marry me?" There was a big smile on her face and she said "yes". I gave her the ring and she loved it. I did not go with the typical dimond, I went with a red ruby because I thought it was more like her, full of passion. She looked at me smiling: " We must go out to night and have a big feast and then make love on the highest building there is!" And we did but we were not alone. Jen and I had met a woman by the name of Lisa and we had invited her to join us back at our place for a threesome. Everything was going good Jen was kissing her and I had my way with them. We were in the heat of passion when Jen had bit into her, I heard Lisa scream. To my surprise I was now covered in blood but I did not stop as Jen removed the flesh from Lisa's bones. I kept going until Lisa was lifeless in my arms.

The wedding

It was the morning after and her body was cold now, she was dead. Lisa was full of passion but now she was nothing more than a meal. We had used her then just tossed her aside like toy. But it was not the time to think about this. It was my wedding day, Jen and I planned on going to Vegas but that was not the way things turned out. I remember the day like it was yesterday. When woke I saw the sun light coming through the windows and fine dust hitting the light just right. Jen was still sleeping in the white

covers stained with blood. She was beautiful laying there with pale white skin and her long red hair all messed up. I kissed her as she slept and then got up to make some coffee for us both.

When I was making the coffee, there was a knock at my front door. It was really odd for someone to be knocking at his hour. So I closed the door to the bed room where Jen slept and then I answer the door. There were two men kneeling at the door. They looked up at me and said "Greetings King Jason". As far as I knew I was no king. I laughed and said is this joke, the two men looked up and said "no joke my king" while bowing their heads once more as if I would hit them if they stared too long. "What is this about guys?"

"We are just here to tell you that your family has arrived for the wedding my King." Family?" I said. As far as I knew the only family I had was dead I told them to come in. They looked up at me once more then crawled in the door way. I laughed again "What is this! Get up", I had said. "But my king", they told me, "It's only proper that we kneel!" "Well, I am not used to that so get up", I said. They looked at me again in shock. I looked down at them and said "if I am your king, who I am not too sure of, then why will you not obey me and stand on your feet!" They stood up at once still unsure of what to do. "In the living room now!" I said. "Now tell about this family of mine, who are they and how many of them are there?" They looked up at me again and said "All of the six families are here my king." "Stop calling me that!" I said to them. "My name is Jason!" They looked at me confused and then assured me to call me by my real name: Jason. The shorter one glared at the taller one in disapproval and said the first of the families is your brother and his wife. "My brother?" I asked, " I did not know that I had a brother." They looked up at me "yes my king, we mean Jason, your brother and his wife." "What's his name", I had asked. I could have not of even thought of it. They looked up at me again and replied "your brother's name is Able and his wife's name is Paula."

Then there is your uncle and ant. Your uncle's name is Jon and his wife's name is Kim. Then there is your second aunt and uncle, your aunt's name is Shara and her husband nick with their two sons Dan and Luke. The fourth family is your grandfather and grandmother, your grandfather's name is Louis the first and your grandmother Tess. The 5th family is your sister Nikki and her husband Bret and their son who you already know Louis. My King, I mean Jason they said as they looked up at me again. I was already getting tired of the looking up at me and then quickly looking away thing they had been doing. Yes the 6th family I said to them.

They will not be coming, so no worries there! Why and what are their names? Well it is our half-brother whose mother is a vampire and he has been disowned by the family they looked up at me again and shifted their gaze away once more. Why has he been disowned I said, your brother "James" does not want to rule in our kingdom so he has been. How do you say? Yes, let go. Well that's the first thing I will change, that is nonsense send him a letter saying that he is no longer banded from the family. Shocked they stared at me for longer than a second but no longer then 5. Yes my king they said. I gave up on the king thing and told them on your way do as I say. They got up from the chair and bowed and started to leave as Jen walked out from the bedroom and of course which was her thing she did not think of getting dressed.

The two men stared as her long red hair covered her breasts and then they quickly covered their eyes and kneeled and said "my queen!" I had almost had them out, go I said. They quickly left fearing my roar! Jen just laughed and said what's this I hear about a King and why did they call me queen. Sit down I said as I got the coffee for us. She always took hers with a splash of milk and no sugar not like me who always had 9 sugars and a lot of milk. She looked at me and said well go on tell me! I said apparently I am a King and now they we are getting married you are my queen, yes and my family which is made of 6 families are here. She looked at me and said "I thought your family was dead." I laughed and said "yes,

so did me.” That morning was good a morning because she kneeled at my feet and said “well, let me take care of my king!”

But it did not last long because there was another knock at the door! I looked down at her and said “go in the bedroom and get dressed” and she went in to the bedroom. I opened the door and large brown hair man that could not have been bore then 27 jumped me as I opened the door and said “BROTHER! You look as if you do not know me brother, I am Able!” Of course we had not seen each other since we were kids and I did not remember him. Jen walked out of the bedroom wearing a red dress. My brother kneeled and kissed her hand. He said “my lady, my brothers made a good choice! “She then sat next to me holding my hand as we drank coffee together. I asked my brother able if he had knew how or why I was so far from the family.

He looked at me and explained that the kingdom had been in danger father wanted that I be saved as I was the heir to their kingdom. When it was over he said “father looked for me but could not find me. And when he did he was dying and that’s why he saw no choice but to pull me from the current life that I was in.” I said “ok I understand now, so I was lost.” He said that grandfather and our grandmother could not wait to see me. He also explained that after the wedding we were to move back to our world all of us because we did not fit in to this world. I said to my brother that we planned on getting married in Vegas. My brother had a look of shock on his face and screamed “NO!” The wedding is being set up as we speak because the wedding that binds us was no normal wedding at the end there was an offering and we would all feed off someone evil together. We would be like a pack of wolves feed off of it prey together. That’s family he explained to be we have to stay together. “Besides my brother,” he said,”you have a kingdom to rule!” He looked at me and said it was the time grandfather should be awake and that he wanted to see me. I stood up and then I kissed Jen and my brother hugged me as we walked out the door and drove to my grandfather and grandmother. When we arrived they were staying in a huge hotel and as we got out of the car everyone seemed to kneel and stare up at me. To which I was not

used to, I walked up as I watched my brother touch each of their heads and as we passed they had all stood up smiling at us. We took the elevator to the very top floor and entered a hall way that seem not have anyone else in it besides my family. Before we could knock my grandfather opened the door and hugged me and said: "Hello, my grandson."

He had tears in his eyes and just over his shoulder I could see my grandmother crying as well. We entered the room which was way too big for my taste and sat down for some breakfast. Which happen to have egg with a side of meat which I knew had to be from some poor soul who worked in this hotel? My grandmother just stared and hugged me for 5 minutes and cried. My grandfather went on to say how happy he was to have me back; he talked about the lands where we came from. About the endless trees and the mountains that were as tall as the eye could see. He spoke of the rivers that were clean and never ending. He said he could see that will make a great king and when I asked how he said he could see it in my eye that were like my mothers and my face that so much like my father's face. My brother just sat there quietly smiling.

My grandfather said that he heard from a little birdy that I over turned my father's ruling by allowing my brother James to come back. I said as I was told that family stays together. "You know he is half vampire", my grandfather had said. "Yes, I know." I said to him, "but it does not matter he can lead whatever life he chooses and if he wants to lead a life eating normal food then let him. For who are we to judge him, who are we to damn him for being different!" "I understand" , said my grandfather, "but he was not only band because of that what he eats, it was because he ignored what your father had said about It and your father had made an example out of him." "Well, it's time for a new start, grandfather", I said to him. He nodded his head to me as we ate our food. I got up to leave as my grandmother touched my face and said "I love you. " As my brother and I left my grandfather laughed and said "The wedding's at 6 do not be late!" We were coming down the elevator and a blond man stood there with

his cane smiling. He stared at me and said "I can see already that this time is going to be different already. "Before I could open my mouth my brother Able yelled out JAMES and hugged him.

This man had been my half-brother James, who then came over and hugged me and said that the three of us were together again! What fun we would have! He kissed me on the forehead and asked "so brother, where is your queen?" "She is at home getting ready", I had told him. We went out for a drink before the wedding at a grill and bar. That was when I met my sister for the very first time. Nikki and her husband had walked through the door. Everyone seemed to stop doing what they were doing and stare. They arrived at the table we had been sitting at and said "welcome back brother dearest. "She looked at her husband and hit him over the head with her and saying bow you fool! He did as he was told bowing down to me. I looked at them and I said that's not necessary sis. "Very well", she said kicking her husband to the floor. I looked at her in shock, how someone related to me can be so cruel. She had treated her husband as a servant instead of her equal. James said to Nikki "you will never change, will you?" Nikki smiled at James and said who you to talk to me like that are.

That's when I stood up and said "enough he is our brother and will be treated as such!" My sister Nikki threw her nose up at me and stood up and spit on her husband, then telling him to come as she walked out of the bar. My brothers just stared and shook their head as to not approve of our sister's actions. We then laughed some more and played some pool together. James looked at his watch and said "Crap, it's almost 4 you have to get ready, brother. " We were getting ready when my brother had mentioned that my sister had not liked that I was king and wanted to rule. They told me that I should be careful and to watch her because she is always up to something. I said that I would but I hoped she come around. It was now almost six and I stood at the alter waiting for Jen to walk down and my grandfather waited to marry us. The wedding was set in nice colours in red and white flowers and a white path to the altar with black chairs. Music played as Jen walked down the path holding my brother's hand. When we finally met which seemed like a life time my brother lifted her veil and kissed her forehead saying

welcome to the family. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen with that red dress and red veil. The way her eyes seemed to sparkle through the veil.

She walked to me grabbing my hand and my grandfather started as he said "we are gathered here today to join these two together forever in this life and the next..." Then suddenly Nikkei's husband pulled out a gun and fired it at me and my brother James had jumped up, rushing in front of me. My brother fell to ground, as the rest of our family stood up. I could see the anger in their eyes as my sister and her husband stood up leaving their son's behind. When the family got outside they were gone. They quickly grabbed my brother a person for him to feed on. My brother James had refused but my grandfather had cut man's throat and then throwing him on my brother. Once my brother healed we had continued the wedding and we only had to eat the offering together and we would be done. The offering was a man no older than 40 but not younger than 30. I could not tell you how old he was exactly because we did not talk much, well besides the screams now and then the please stop's. I asked my grandfather what he had done he had told me he had robbed 6 banks killing all the women and children in it which made him taste better anyhow. Jen and I were to start first she started with the left arm and I started with the right. Then after we took the first bite my family would join in. Tearing the man's meat off his bones as if it was a steak or a piece of chicken. My brother James told me that this is the one and only time that he would drink from a human, then out came his fangs and he drank. The man let off one last scream before he died. Every one there was happy except my sister and I did not know why but the point was, we were together and we were happy. We would deal with my sister later. When there was nothing left but a face and bones Jen and I kissed and we were finally married. Every one danced as the music played and every one drank even James had colour in his cheeks now. Soon we would be headed home and I would finally see where I was born. But it was a long trip home, and my sister was still out there. I found out that she thought I should have been proclaimed dead when I was lost and that she figured she should be queen. But Jen and I were to start our new lives together and now I had body guards around me 24/7.

When we got back I would proclaim that Nikki is banished from the kingdom and lose her titles and is to be grabbed on sight if seen. It is too bad I had hoped we would all get along and already there had been family drama. I still had to figure out what to do with her sons, grandfather said they should be banished as well but I did not see the need because they did not run or fight. They had been just as surprised as we had, so they could not have been involved I told my grandfather. My brother James agreed with having known what it felt like to be an outcast. So I made the choice that they were to keep their lands and titles and go on with their lives as long as they agreed that their mother was an enemy of the kingdom and they did. But when we got home would we be at war or would we have peace I did not know at the time. After the wedding we had the night then we had to leave for home. Jen and me went back home for the night so we could sleep and pack everything that we wanted to take with us. Jen was happy I could see her smile all night and I was too. When we got home I waited for her to come out of the bathroom. She had been showering and getting ready, even though I did not think that she could make herself any more beautiful. I waited for about an hour before she came out and when she did finally she was completely naked. An hour just to come out naked it made me wonder what she was doing there. She walked over to me putting her hand on my face and then kissing my lips as she had never done before. She started to undo my shirt, ever so slowly and then kissing me again. Her arms wrapped around me and held me tight and pushed me down on the bed. Her legs wrapped around me. It was a long night and we still had to pack but we just lay in bed for another hour after. Then we took my clothes and hers and put everything in boxes, the men would come in the morning to put everything in boxes so we went to sleep because it was already 3am and we had to be up and gone by noon. We held each other all night while we slept. Of course I woke up first and made the coffee and like clockwork there were men knocking at my door. I was already dressed wearing my favourite black suit and my red tie. I opened the door and the men again were kneeling at my door. They told me that everything was ready and they were here to put our stuff in the truck. "Well on wards", I said to them. When I walked

out my front door there were six SUV's part out front and everyone except my sister and her husband had been there. I hugged them all and then I asked what the other truck was for? My grandfather told me that the US government and we had a treaty. He said that the truck was full of men and women that were on death row. Officially the US government would say that we do not exist. Because it may cause panic to know to there is a mirror world right beside this one. When I looked in the truck there must have been at least 300 men and women. This was funny because slavery was banned but they would give us a gift of food. I could smell the evil as I walked by the truck, but I could smell something else to but I could not put my finger on it at the time. The two servants were now loading our stuff as I drank my coffee. My brother James and his wife Lil had stepped out of the car, who I must say was very pale, I realized as she kneeled at my feet saying hello that she was a vampire. Does your skin not burn I asked she laughed at me. "You watch too many movies", she said to me, I drink blood but I do not burn in the sun. I laughed to telling her to rise and kneeling for me was not necessary. My brother James laughed too saying "I told her" but she did it anyways. In the corner of my eye I could see Able sitting on top of one of the black SUV's. I walked over to him and asked: "Dear brother what is wrong?" He said he was keeping watch for our lovely sister who still wanted me dead. "This is a time for happiness, I am married and we are together once again. Do not let our sister and her weak husband ruin our moods." "Yes you're right." he said, "but I will keep watch anyways." I looked away and I saw Jen walking out the door something had changed with her since last night she walked to the truck where the men and women were. I saw the closer she got, the bigger her teeth got. Her teeth which looked like normal teeth had turned in to fangs. She walked in the truck and I heard screams. They were saying help us, when she came out she was covered in blood and licking her fingers as if she was licking the barbeque sauce off of her fingers. She looked at me and smiled as she headed to the front door to change from the bloody clothes. I knew last night had changed her somehow she had become one of us and was no longer human.

