

Prey

By Scott Coe, September 2011.

Unnoticed I enter your house and slip into your bedroom whilst you sleep. I sit and watch you from the shadows, at peace and unaware of my presence. I am a patient killer, I can wait for hours or days for a kill, passing the time in solitude. I am a loner and that is part of my nature, a perfect killing machine, but it is not just flesh and blood that I feed on, for I hunger for something more, something born from pure emotion.

Night slowly turns to day, as the dawn pierces the gap between your curtains. The light like shards of glass plays patterns upon the walls. Soon you will awake and then I will feed upon you.

I study you in the dim light, every rise and fall of your breathing, your contoured form muffled by layers of bedding. Peaceful in your slumber yet so vulnerable.

You awake slowly as the clouds of sleep still daze your mind, gazing around the room as you are reborn to reality. You stretch out your limbs, uncoiling your body from it's rest and then you lay upon your back, and as your mind thinks of the day ahead, I creep forward.

I move forward slowly and quietly, not taking my eyes from you, eagerly awaiting that exquisite moment of terror when you first notice me, and then, there it is, the twitch in your eyes and the intake of breath that heralds the fear of your first sight of me. I look upon you with delight and disgust. Delighted by the reaction you make to my presence, your fear fills the room and it is intoxicating. Your body, which not so long ago was so peaceful, is now tensed with anguish and your fingers grip the duvet in a vice, your bedding now your shield. Your fear gives me strength and upon it I feed as I move ever closer, and the closer I get the more afraid you become. Your fear excites me, but you also fill me with a sense of disgust, for we are both female, yet where I am strong my sister, you are weak. Why do you fear me? I do not fear, I am a hunter and the queen of my own existence, not ruled over by a male, not subservient to their will. That is the difference between us and that is why now, you are my prey.

I move above you, the sweet smell of the fine sweat upon your forehead drifts up to me. Sweat from fear. Your eyes so open and so transfixed on my every move, until I stop. Deadly still, totally in control above you, whilst you are also still. Your body gripped by terror. I wonder how long I can keep you here, under my will. I feel invincible, the strength I gain from you is a pure drug, and I now begin to think, to dare to dream how I could devour you, despite of the danger. Perhaps I should keep you here until others come, a multitude of solitary hunters brought together by a feast of such sweet flesh, but to share such a prize pricks at my pride and my instincts. However, pregnant am I, and hungry my children will be, when they are born. What a gift to them you would be, welcomed to the world by your bounty. Better to feed upon you, than starve waiting for their own prey. Better to feed upon you, than each other, or me. My thoughts linger upon biting into you, the anticipation is overwhelming, could I really eat you, feed upon your flesh as well as your fear.

I now know what I must do, for it is in my nature. You may look upon my actions as sadistic and cruel, but it's my instinct, the instinct of my kind and who am I to disobey. I will trap you here, where you lay and your fear of me will entrap you in your bed, until I have bound you upon it. Then I will feed upon you, devouring you slowly, feasting upon both your fear and your flesh. I will gorge upon you, then so will my children. My plan is complete and looking down upon you, I prepare your death.

It is at that moment that I sense something else, we are no longer alone, for another of your kind enters the room. I look upon them and them upon me, I await the feeling of fear from them, yet it

does not come. Instead, I sense a feeling of hope from you amongst the fear. I feel their eyes upon me and with this comes danger. No longer am I invincible, the hunter is now the hunted. I grip the ceiling in a defensive pose and ready myself to fight or flee. He leaves the room briefly and I know it is a male, why should it be him who is to fight me and not you? You are weak, why not him? When he returns he is armed, for this is the way of your kind, too weak to use your own body as your weapon, to hunt and kill with your own strength, and for that I pity you, for you will never feel how I can feel, the pleasure of a pure kill. To hold your prey, to overcome them with your strength and then to kill them. To devour their flesh, to claim your prize.

Is this my end? Will I die fighting for my survival? If it is to be, then so be it, I will die with some honour, but in shame at the hands of a male. Will you not honour me now sister, by being the one who fights me? No, it is he that attacks. I sense his quick movement and I move to evade him, trying to stay out of reach. I am initially successful but he has more than one weapon, and now I fall the air rushing past me. My thoughts turn in a split second to my next move, land and run, but as I prepare I already sense all is lost, for the light dims and I am surrounded, enclosed as if swallowed by a giant mouth. I land encapsulated and run towards the wall, I try to climb yet can't keep grip, I try and try yet I am trapped. I am lost and in despair I sit upon the floor in defeat and await my fate. I look up and his eyes meet mine. So the tables are turned, yet I refuse to fear you so end this now human. He turns away and I sense we are moving, what little of the outside world I can see rushes by. Then the air changes, the staleness of the human hovel replaced with a fresher air and then, without warning, up becomes down and I fall again and out of the mouth towards the real floor. I great my unexpected freedom with not relief but instead the instinct of survival. I am out in the open, this is not where I belong and I am in danger.

I find the perfect spot, in an overhang to keep me safe, here I will lay my trap. I am still strong from your fear, but now, I must feast upon flesh. I weave my web and wait for prey.