Fleshlust

By : SereneGaldr

The story of a teenage girl and her cannibalistic tastes.

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Warning: This story is NSFW (Not Safe for Work.) This story involves the killing and consuming of other human beings. Read at your own risk.

(PLEASE comment. I really appreciate feedback from you guys.)

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Have you ever asked someone if they would ever eat human flesh? Even if they were starving? Their answer is almost always no. They have no idea what they're talking about. They have no clue what it's like to be starving, for one, so they can't say whether or not they would eat another human.

I myself have never been starving, either, but I do know one thing. Human flesh is delicious. It's an addiction for me. If you'll imagine eating a really rare steak, but with more blood, and fifty times more delicious, you've got an accurate image.

The first time I ate another human was at a funeral, as terrible as that seems. It was three years ago when I was thirteen. My brother had just been shot by a mugger, and I was at his funeral when I took a bite out of him. We'd made a mock promise that if either of us ever died, the other would take a bite out of the dead one to keep them with us forever. I know, it's a weird promise, but that's just the kind of people we were. Anyway, the funeral had just started, and it was an open casket. The only people there were me and my mother, not even the caterers were there yet, and I remembered our promise. So I went up to the casket, looked around to make sure no one was there, rolled up the sleeve up his suit and bit a chunk of flesh out of his forarm.

Immediately, flavor and stagnant blood filled my mouth. My eyes widened with surprise at the deliciousness of it. My mouth dumbly fell open and blood and chunks of flesh fell out onto my brother's suit. I quickly wiped up the blood, put the chunks back in my mouth and sucked the blood off my finger. I shook with pleasure. The taste was almost orgasmic. From that moment I knew I needed more.

"Cassie!" My friend Sophie shook my arm and I came back to Earth.

"What?" I asked.

"Class is over. We have free period, now." she told me. Sophie has been my friend since we were nine. She's pretty much the exact opposite of me in every way, even physically. She's got long, red hair and a body all the boys loved. I, on the other hand, had short blond hair and a body that looked like a boy's. She was even five inches taller than me, standing at 5' 9."

I had never told her about my lust for flesh, and never would. I've killed several people, eight to be exact, to satiate my hunger, but it keeps coming back, stronger than before. I could feel it creeping up on me already. I knew I'd have to get my hands dirty again, and soon.

Besides Sophie, I didn't really have any friends. I think the other kids could tell I was... different. Doesn't matter. They're all just meat to me.

I suffered through the rest of the school day like normal and went home. I did my homework and all that shit and just laid around doing nothing. And by "nothing," I mean "tried not to drool at the thought of eating my next victim." You're probably wondering how I've managed to kill so many people without being caught.

Remember how I said I had a boy's body? I've used that to my advantage. I'm not big and muscular like you might be imagining, I'm more skinny and flat-chested, so I could pull off a thirteen year old boy if I tried. I also wear boy's clothes when I kill, usually shirts for bands I don't listen to in an attempt to throw off any witnesses.

This seems to work. I've never been questioned or suspected in any way, so I just devour ravenously and leave the body. Not having my fingerprints in the system is helpful, as well.

Anyway, I was at the point where I could no longer suppress my lust. I waited until ten p.m. and snuck out. I walked to the lake, knife hidden in the Metallica hoodie I was wearing. I was wearing baggy jeans, which I never wear, and a Slipknot beanie. I doubt even Sophie could have recognized me.

I was walking around the lake when I saw my target. A jogger, probably around twenty-three. I walked towards him and he was jogging towards me. I just kept my hands in the pockets of my hoddie, waiting. I looked around, making sure no one else was outside. I didn't see anyone, so I was in the clear.

He ran past me, and at that moment, I turned and lunged. I jumped on his back, my light body just barely taking him to the ground. I covered his mouth before he could yell out, and I jammed my blade into his jugular. His eyes widened as he screamed through my hand. Crimson liquid shot out his neck in spurts. After about thirty seconds, his eyelids grew lazy and they closed completely.

Adrenaline going through me, I slit his throat, ensuring his death. I ripped off his shirt to get better access to his flesh, and dug in. I bit his pecs, ripping and tugging furiously through the muscle, blood running down my throat and chin. I had a new idea. I placed my lips against the hole in the side of his neck and sucked, drinking the blood that was still squirting out of it. I shook with pleasure again, almost orgasming at the sheer rush of this. My supply ran dry, so I bit down and tore his neck open, chewing the raw meat ravenously.

The jogger was wearing shorts, giving me easy access to his legs. I ripped open his calf, grimacing at the tough muscle and sinew I had to tear through. More blood rushed out, and I drank greedily.

I stood, finally full, panting from the excitement. As bizarre as it might sound, I had the urge to pleasure myself at that moment. But I knew I had more important things to worry about. I quickly ran down to the lake and washed all the blood off my face. Once I was done, I ran back to my neighborhood, and began discarding my clothes. I dumped the hoodie, jeans and beanie in different houses' trash cans, (the next day was trash day,) and in only my panties and bra ran as fast as I could back to my house. I ran straight to the shower and sat there under the hot water, waiting for the adrenaline to die down.

The first few days after a killing are always extremely nerve-wracking. As I said before, I've never been questioned, but this fact never calmed me down. The adrenaline went away and I went to sleep nude, glad the next day was Saturday.

I woke up to the sound of my mom knocking loudly on my locked door.

"What?" I called sleepily.

"Cassie, open the door. I need to talk to you." she responded. Remembering the act I had committed yesterday, I panicked. I got dressed as quickly as I could, and hid my knife in my back pocket. I opened the door.

"Cassie, come downstairs," my mom said. "We need to talk about your grades." I was immensely relieved. I told her I'd be down in a minute.

I sat down and sighed in relief. I took my knife out of my pocket, left it in my desk and went downstairs. I walked into the kitchen and was immediately handcuffed from behind.

"What the fuck?!" I yelled. There were several cops in the kitchen, each wearing a grim look on their face.

"Cassandra Levy, you're wanted for nine counts of Murder in the Second Degree." they told me. I sighed, saddened at this eventuality. They told me my rights, and I told them I had one thing to say. They asked what it was.

"They were fucking delicious."

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