

# Jasmine's Meal

By Rhonda Bao

Is that *him*? I could hardly believe it. That's what I first thought when I saw him down in the subway. I was hungry and didn't feel like working too hard for my dinner. The almost full moon made my movements more visible to the public and it was just too much work to be extra discreet. In this day and age with camera phones and social media, one like me needed to be especially careful to go unnoticed. So, I made the choice to go down into the nasty subway. The homeless sought shelter from the outside world in there. I was feeling lazy and my plan was to pluck off some pathetic drunk homeless person in the shadows that no one would miss.

But then I saw him. What a sight for my eyes. He was wearing an expensive suit that fit him perfectly. He looked good. This time of night and the way he was dressed indicated an after-work dinner and drinks. He didn't see me and he had no idea I was even there. I could smell him now as I moved closer to him. And how sweet a smell it was. I knew had to have him now that I found him. I thought about taking him down right there. I could kill him easily in one of the many shadows this place had to offer. Instead, I carefully followed him home. Delaying myself would increase the pleasure. Besides, I was being nosy and I wanted to see a piece of his life.

The house, his home, was a gray two-story on the outskirts of the city. I would have thought he would be in an apartment in the middle of down-town. But there he was, just outside city limits. The entrance to the long and winding drive way was gated. Long leaf pine trees filled the property enough to hide the house from the road. Maybe after dinner I could rest in the swing that is on the wrap around porch. There was a beautiful crystal chandelier in the entrance way. It probably was expensive. He loved money and expensive things more than anything or anyone.

He walked into his study. I decided I could wait no longer. I reached up and wrapped my perfectly manicured fingers around his neck. He screamed and I leaned into the back of him and whispered into his ear, "Shhhh". He fell silent. "Good boy" I whispered. I wrapped my arms behind his knees and quickly carried him up the staircase to the master bedroom on the second floor. I carried him over to the king size four poster bed. I dropped his 6'2" 180lbs on the bed that should have been ours. In a house where we should have been raising a family. I was tempted to take him right then and there. I decided to prolong my pleasure and be patient. Scaring him has its own reward and adding drama makes it less dull. Besides, I wanted to give him a chance to see me. To really see me. See who or rather what I have become since he last saw me. I wasn't nearly as stunning then as I am now. Human death becomes me. Back then I was simple and mortal. Immortality has given me beauty and a larger skillset. "What, no hello Jasmine, how are you?" I said sarcastically to him. "You really aren't one for niceties anyway."

As I looked at him I could see his shock and fear began to fade. "Jasmine, what are you doing here?" he asked after he realized it was me. "Wow, you are looking really good Jasmine. How did you...?" he tried to ask but I just placed my fingers over his lips. I could tell he was confused by the look on his face. I removed my finger and I leaned in close to his face. I smiled.

"I'm here for you David," I purred. "Here to give you what you gave me." He looked me over.

"Did you forget that we broke up? You shouldn't be here," he said arrogantly.

"You know, I loved you once, but now, I see you as my next meal." I said as I showed my fangs to him.

"You are crazy Jasmine," he said to me.

"Ha ha ha," I laughed at him in his face. Then I hissed at him and grabbed him by the neck. He needed to know my intentions. I leaned down over him and placed my mouth just over his artery. I licked it and he gasped. "Hmm, this is going to be good." I heard his heart rate increase.

Realizing, finally, that I had the control in this situation he began to beg. "Please don't do this. It's not who you are. You're a good person and..."

"SHUT UP" I yelled at him. Now he was annoying me. I snickered knowing he was truly afraid at this moment as his crystal blue eyes gave it away. I was still leaning over him and I ran my fingers through his red curly hair. I loved that hair. "I have something to tell you before I kill you."

"Why must you kill me?" his voice was shaking. I was pleased at this. This was my moment to repay him and I intended to do just that. I have anticipated this moment ever since that night he left me in the park, sobbing, and broken. "*It's just not working out,*" he said to me that night. Then he got up and walked away. He never looked back as I sat there, sobbing uncontrollably while the sun set. Devastated, I eventually started walking home. There wasn't anything else for me to do. I couldn't possibly sit on the park bench alone crying all night. How could he have done that to me? Abandon me when I needed him the most. I had no idea what I was going to do. All I could do was cry.

On my way home is when it happened to me. The animal came out of nowhere, grabbed me and bit me. It sunk its' teeth into me. It happened so quickly I didn't have a chance to scream. It took my life. Then it left me in an alley. That night, I died, only to live forever.

But this night was my night for karma. I licked the pale salty skin on his neck again and felt him cringe beneath me. His pulse quickened and his breathing increased. His body was tensed up because he wanted to try to break free. "You aren't going anywhere," I told him. "You are mine now."

"Come on, you don't have to do this." He said with fear clearly on his face.

"Oh, but David, yes I do. I can't have you out there living a normal life. It just wouldn't be right."

"It's not right to kill me either," he protested.

"Well, that doesn't really matter because I can do whatever I want with you. I am stronger than you, faster than you, smarter than you, and much better looking than you. You really don't realize what you are dealing with here."

"Please Jasmine. I am begging you."

"It's not going to happen your way this time," I whispered condescendingly. I leaned over him again and took in a deep breath. "mmmm, this will be satisfying"

He swallowed. I sank my teeth into him. His blood tasted better than I imagined. Best meal ever. I decided to go slow so that I could extend my enjoyment. Like drinking the finest red wine. Killing him is inevitable but nothing said I couldn't enjoy myself and savor the moment. Drop by drop.

I stopped and pulled back. He whimpered as I licked my lips. Delicious. I could make him an animal like me. Make him live like this eternally. Would he feel guilty about what he did to us? It wouldn't be fair to give him eternal life. He would abuse it and waste it. Just like he has been with his human life. Besides, he deserved death. Total and complete death.

"You did this to yourself. Our baby died that night and so did I. I survived the transition into what I am now but my precious baby didn't. We were supposed to be a family but you wanted no part in it. You left me and your baby alone. A monster attacked me because you left me alone on the park bench," I said to him. "Our death, your death, is all on you. But mostly, your death is my pleasure. I may be a monster now too, but I will never be as much of a monster in death as you are in life."

My decision had been made. His life was mine to take. So, I did just that. I sank my teeth into him again and he barely whimpered. I bit harder. He started thrashing around in agony. I knew he was in pain. I didn't feel any pain. His body gave in slowly as I sucked the life out of him. Taking my pleasure in every second of it.

All that time I spent crying over him. Crying over my death. Crying over my baby's death. Crying over my life. Miserable about the creature I have become. Part of me wanted to go back to that night. Would I have done it differently? Would I have met him in the park? Would I have even told him

I was pregnant with his baby? Would I have become the victim of a monster? The monster that I still didn't know. The monster that took from me and gave to me at the same time. My creator.

David deserved what I did to him. I deserved the pleasure I took from doing it to him. Karma.