

Eat Up, Hero

*Based on one of TheRealSnipster's comics*

Maybe a snack will help me feel better.

I reach for the lone, sweet peach,  
giving in to the temptation of its pale pink flesh.  
I take a small bite, the juice dripping  
from my mouth like blood. I close my eyes.  
It's so... good.

***Aren't you full, Adrienne?  
Haven't you had enough already?***

...I remember that voice.

My heart ruptures inside my chest.  
I can feel his cold hands on me;  
one wrapped around my throat,  
the other gripping my right arm.  
I gasp quietly under his touch,  
eyes wide. I'm pinned.

***I didn't take you for a greedy woman, Adrienne.  
Haven't you tasted everything that can possibly be offered?***

I can't see him. He's cloaked in shadows.  
Nonetheless, I sense his eyes locked on me.  
His chest is pressed against my back.  
I'm trapped here; there is no escape.  
His intoxicating scent overwhelms me.

***Something new, or same old taste and texture?***

His hand squeezes around my throat more,  
forcing me to look at the peach in my hand,  
still glistening from the single bite I'd taken.  
Just one more, please... I'm begging you.

***Why even bother eating anymore?***

His venomous words penetrate my heart,  
wrenching my gut with terror and guilt.

His hand is a vise around my right wrist,  
ripping the fruit away from my mouth.  
Another desperate gasp escapes me.  
My lips tremble. Give it back... please...

***You haven't had anything good in a while, have you?***

His other hand reaches closer, closer,  
until his cold fingers slip into my mouth,  
his sharp nails digging into the flesh inside.  
Saliva drips down my face. My breath hitches.  
I feel really sick. Please, I don't want this.

***And even when it's not gag-worthy...***

He takes a chunk of the lovely peach,  
the last of my joy, eyeing its beauty  
before crushing it into a rotten fruit  
infested with mold and maggots.

***It's not as palatable as it should be.***

Hot tears spill down my face, my blue eyes  
locked onto the once life-giving fruit, ruined.  
A soft cry of pain. My insides squirm violently.  
Let me go. I'm going to be sick. I don't want this.  
I beg you, please make it stop.

***You know, you can stop anytime. You just have to ask for dessert.  
Once dessert is done, you can leave the table.***

His voice is infatuating, temptation incarnate.  
I realize through my quiet sobs that he's right.  
I could have peace at long last. If only I ask for it.  
I swallow the lump in my throat.

*Y... Yes. Dessert sounds... wonderful.*

I feel his eyes flash hungrily with bloodlust.  
I sense him grin victoriously behind me.  
And for a moment, I almost smile too.  
I could be happy again. I could be loved again.  
He releases his hold on me, setting both  
of his hands on my petite shoulders.

***Yes, that's right, Adrienne.  
Doesn't that sound nice?***

I look over at a framed photo of my beloved.  
Some light returns to my eyes seeing her.  
She's never abandoned me, never hated me.  
After everything I've said, everything I've done...  
Memories flood me; she's... still here with me.

*...Very nice. I'd love some... but no.  
I haven't finished eating yet.*