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Warnings We Do Not Heed

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891 Words

A flash fiction, short story writing prompt from Authority Pub in the theme of romance/horror told in 1000 words or less.

*The Prompt:* Other pregnant women craved pickles, fries, and Mexican food. Me? I craved my next door neighbor. He looked me up and down and smiled back, inviting me in.

## What We Crave After the Sun Goes Down

### Part 1.

Other pregnant women crave pickles, fries, and Mexican food. Me? I crave my next door neighbor, Daniel. He's handsome. And the twenty-five pounds of solid muscle he built up over the summer looks downright delicious. So much, I get truly wicked thoughts about sinking my teeth into him and taking a bite.

*Mon dieu!* Today, watching him mow the lawn, *sans* shirt, with sweat running down his beautiful chest, back, and arms - basted to a golden brown by the midday sun – ignited *such* a hunger in me.

But I restrained myself. *Quel dommage.*

He was game too. I could tell. He kept looking me up and down while I sunbathed, happy to see me *inflagrante* - my swollen, pregnant belly on full display. And me happy to let him see me. Oh, the way he smiled too! So willing.

But, *mon dieu*, I'm forbidden. *Tres deçevant.* I've dabbled one too many times with young neighborly studs and enraged my husband to the point of *aneantissement*. He truly abhors indiscretion and scolds me severely saying I should know better. Never hunt where you live. Don't make it so obvious. Brings the townsfolk right up to our doorstep

with their pitchforks and torches - well, flashlights and rifles nowadays, but you get the picture. My poor Baron! *Un tel homme!* He swore – and I believe him - if I ever took down another young neighbor without getting his assurances first, he'd lock me up for the duration of my pregnancy with no fresh meat and no hunting privileges for at least three full moons.

I am his young bride about to give birth to his first child so I doubt he'd risk the threat of no fresh meat. But he'd definitely lock me up.

But, oh, the way Daniel keeps smiling at me. *J'ai la dalle!* It might be worth the risk since he will be all alone tonight, *le pauvre chéri*, in that big lake house. I imagine the taste of his young flesh, sun-barbequed over tender muscles could be worth three month's abstinence. Still, I must defer to my Baron. He hasn't visited in months, travelling for work you see, and has yet to see this beautiful place he bought me. *J'ai protesté auprès de lui* and he assures me he will come tonight when the sun goes down and the full moon rises again. Maybe as a gift, he won't mind giving reign to my pregnant cravings once more and let me indulge myself. For the baby's sake.

## **Part 2.**

She's looking. And smiling without a word. Salivating like I'm lunch. About time too! It took months beefing up, lifting weights, and making myself obvious to her. Trying to get her attention. Mowing the lawn every week in the hot sun. Pruning and sheering and just about anything I could think of to attract her attention. Well, she's definitely looking now. Thank god! I don't think I could take how many more months living out here in the sticks like this. Is she being punished for some indiscretion I'm not aware of? God how does she live so remote? Sad.

Hunting these damn vulpine Lycans, the few that are left, is something of a pain. They aren't very dangerous without their pack really - more akin to a feral cat or rabid dog.

But they can do some damage if you're not careful. Just look at the bloody trail of dead young boys this hell bitch left from Lithuania to Poland to Western Ukraine these past sixteen months - their heads eviscerated and bodies mangled - leading right up to her doorstep here. It would be a moral imperative not to take her down had she not already made herself a target when she killed my nephew - the youngest prince of our powerful gypsy family. Big mistake and one she will pay dearly for. Him being barely sixteen and the pride of his folks. Wanted to be a doctor. Now, all he is is buried in the ground - the pieces that were left of him that is.

Well, I've set a nice trap for this hell bitch. She's primed and sure to come for me tonight when the moon is full. I can tell. And when she does, I'll trap her like the rabid dog she is. Then I'll cut the life from her belly and let her watch it die, on the ground, in the dirt, alone so she'll know the pain of losing a child. After which, I'll split her head down the middle and separate it from her body ending her lineage right where she lay.

Her Baron husband won't interfere either. He, along with his family succession, have been contacted and know not to interfere. Lest they lose more than just this bitch.

Sadly, the family had no problem with it. But what can you say about a people with little familial loyalty, and a fallen man without sufficient honor to know not to lie down with dogs?!

Still caution is called for. I recall my grandfather's words. *The most dangerous animal in the world is a smiling woman sitting in silence.* Well, this Lycan bitch won't be smiling much longer after I complete my duty. To anyone. About anything. Ever again.

The END.