# Strange bed-fellows

Four years had passed since the news had broken that a group of some 40 airplane passengers had only survived a plane crash in the Amazon jungle through cannibalism. The number of people that had died in the crash and the number cannibalised had never really been quantified, but it had been headline news in the UK. The passengers had kept quiet as they realised that the truth might have outraged peoples sensitivities even more than the rumours that had surrounded the events especially in the Tabloid Press. Some of the survivor struggled to come to terms with the events, however generally the consensus was that they had done what they had to, to survive, both the Prime Minister and Archbishop of Canterbury had made public statements to stop them being demonised and slowly the story had died down.

Malcolm Wilson had struggled to come to terms with what had happened, but managed to partition it in his mind and as a result was able to continue his life without too many distractions. Occasionally people who knew the story would question him about it, but most people knew that he wouldn’t talk about it even when pressed. He bottled it up inside him and deep down he knew that at some point that he would need to talk to people about the events that he had experienced and witnessed, but the time wasn’t really right. Towards the end of November that year Malcolm had been invited to a large party hosted by a very wealthy Russian businessman for whom he had been providing various accountancy and finance services. It was the first time that he had been with these senior guys and he found it quite intimidating. As the evening progressed he began drinking more than was sensible and gradually became a little drunk. Sergei who knew the story of Malcolm’s survival wanted to know more about the events that had unfolded and realising that Malcolm was tipsy decided to engage him in conversation and gradually steered the conversation around to the events in the Jungle.

Malcolm started to avoid the questions, however his subconscious kicked in and he gradually started to let it all out. As Sergei listened he was totally amazed at what he was hearing, but he was far from disgusted by what he was hearing and slowly the whole story began to unfold. How it was that when the food ran out and nobody could find anything else to eat apart from leaves they considered the unthinkable. The bodies of the dead were not edible as the heat and humidity had already hastened the decomposition, but as someone pointed out, there were quite a few seriously wounded who had limbs that could be harvested. The thought of killing these people was abhorrent, however it was pretty obvious that without food they would die anyway, and the decision was made. The first few were unconscious and killed quietly, one of the men was a slaughterman and a butcher and it was his job to reduce the corpses to meat. The meat was cooked and the survivors began to eat it slowly, nervously and with some disgust. Malcolm admitted that initially he had dreaded the food, but actually found it quite tasty. The rump was the tastiest meat, but the thighs were also very tasty. Malcolm discovered that the meat from the older people was a bit stringy and tough but beggars couldn’t be choosers.

After about a fortnight the last of the seriously injured had been processed and it was realised that there was a need to decide on what or who to eat next, the men looked around and realised that they would need to start on some of the walking wounded, but there was a considerable amount of misgivings and the injured plainly knew what was going to happen. That night one of the men decided to take events into his own hands and when everyone was asleep, he smothered a young lad who was asleep near him. In the morning the 14 year old was discovered dead and nobody really asked any questions. The boy was taken out and gutted and shortly afterwards the smell of roasting meat went around the crash scene. There was enough meat for the 60 or so survivors, and they ate him that afternoon. Malcolm said that the meat was so much tastier than the elderly, but there wasn’t all that much meat on him. As the carcass was carved he noticed that the lads testicles and penis was still there, when nobody was looking he had cut it off and sat down and ate it, thoroughly enjoying the soft meat inside the leathery covering of the boys balls.

A plane flew over the crash-site that day and they all hoped that they had been found so there was no more killings that night or for the next couple of days. By then it was pretty apparent that they hadn’t been seen and the following night some of them were awoken part way through the night by the sounds of a struggle. In the morning a seventeen year old girl was found dead and she became the next meal. Malcolm looked on as the slender legs were removed from her carcass and he looked at her butt and he found he was waiting with anticipation for the time he could start eating her tender flesh. Gradually over the next few days more and more children died at night, one night two young sisters were throttled by their father, everyone knew what had happened, but the need for food was more urgent and nobody demurred as the girls were spitted and roasted. They were eaten with a mixture of relish and horror, but they were eaten nevertheless. A couple of days later another aircraft flew over and then circled and flew over again and they realised they had been found. Six weeks after the crash the forty survivors were picked up by helicopters and flown out of the jungle and went to hospital before being released and then flown back to the UK. Over 100 people had died.

Sergei listened to the story and then asked Malcolm if he felt guilty about eating human meat. Malcolm didn’t answer initially but then said he both did, and didn’t. It had to be done, however he did feel guilty about enjoying eating the children. He paused and then said what really made him shudder was the yearning he had to eat more human flesh. He looked at Sergei and was shocked to see that he was smiling, and didn’t look at all disgusted. The release that Malcolm felt at having told his story was palpable and he felt as if a great weight was lifted from him. Then he began to realise what he had said and began to panic lest Sergei spilt the beans and told the real story. Sergei realising what was going through Malcolm’s mind hurried to reassure him that his secret was safe with him, but that he might want to talk to him again if that was okay. Malcolm nodded his assent.

A couple of weeks later Malcolm had a surprise visit from Sergei and a couple of his colleagues, they had a proposition to put to him, and could they come in. Malcolm bade them enter and made them some tea. Over the next hour they outlined to him a proposition that could and should have horrified him but didn’t. They explained that like Malcolm they too had a yearning to eat human flesh, but that they hadn’t had the opportunity, but that they were planning a very special Xmas Dinner for a number of people and they were wondering if Malcolm would like to come along as a special guest! As they explained what was being planned Malcolm felt his mouth watering and just knew that he would be there come hell or high water. They assured him that the meat served on the day would be fresh and tender, but wondered if he would help them prepare and cook it, he assured them that he would be delighted. He asked them how they could obtain a suitable meat animal, and they told him not to worry about that as they had a source that imported suitable high quality products.

So it was that on Xmas eve Malcolm drove over to a very large mansion on the outskirts of London in a leafy suburb. As he drove up to the front of the house there were a couple of Bentleys, a Porsche and a Ferrari as well as a number of more mundane cars. Sergei welcomed him at the door and took over to meet their hosts a very well known Russian Businessman and his wife. Then he was introduced to a number of other high profile personalities and also another survivor from the plane crash who looked as shocked as Malcolm felt when they recognised each other! Sergei left Malcolm with the other survivor an Irish man named Patrick and they began to talk about what had happened and how they had been invited to this party. It seemed that they both had met Sergei who had got them tipsy and then found out about the plane crash and the cannibalism. Patrick was feeling nervous as there were so many people here, and he worried that it might have been a set-up. He had a room in the West-wing and he had already settled in as he had flown over from Dublin earlier in the day. Malcolm discovered that he would be in the room next to Patrick’s overnight before the Xmas day festivities began.

Sergei then came and took Malcolm towards the back of the house where he was joined by the host’s wife Natalya. They went into a room adjoining the kitchen, where there were all the tools needed to butcher and prepare an animal for cooking, knives, cleavers, saws, and hooks hanging from the ceiling over drains in the floors. Natalya called a young lady Tanya into the room, and then started to talk to her in Russian, the girl listened and answered and then left the room. Natalya turned back to the men and asked whether they thought the girl was pretty, Malcolm agreed she was, and Sergei nodded his agreement. Natalya laughed and clapped her hand, and said that was good, she would be back down in a few minutes and they could then start getting the girl ready for tomorrow’s dinner, Tanya had been flown in from Moscow specially for Xmas dinner. The 2 men looked at each other and Sergei looked worried, Malcolm on the other hand was smiling broadly. Natalya explained that Tanya was a young photographic model who had been invited over to spend Xmas with her benefactor who had looked after her for the past 2 years, she knew there was something special that was going to happen but had no idea that she was going to end up as the main course for Xmas Dinner. She had been told to go upstairs and take off her clothes and put on a gown that was there for her and then to come back down. Tanya was so used to taking instructions as part of her modelling that she hadn’t questioned Natalya.

Before Tanya returned, Natalya took a stun-gun out of a drawer and passed it to Sergei, and told him that if he zapped her between the shoulders then they shouldn’t have too much trouble with her. A few moments later Tanya returned wearing a white gown tied around her waist and as she walked into the room Sergei lifted the gun pulled the trigger and zapped her, she crumpled to the ground the gown riding up showing her slender tanned thigh. Malcolm looked down and then bent down and lifted her up by her arms and then putting her over his shoulder he carried her to the wooden table and put her down. Natalya came over and started to remove the girl’s robe revealing her firm young body, she ran her hand over the girls ribs and fondled the small firm breasts and then slid her hand down back down over her belly and between her thighs and slipped a finger into her tight little pussy.

Malcolm pulled the hooks down from the ceiling and pushed the sharp hook tips through the webbing behind each slender ankle then hoisted her up to the ceiling. She began to regain consciousness as she was suspended over the drains in the floor, her arms dangling loosely down about a foot from the ground. Malcolm looked at the other two and neither moved so he walked back and took a sharp knife and pulling the girls head back by her hair he ran it around her neck severing her major arteries. There was quite a lot of arterial spray, something he hadn’t expected as he hadn’t ever seen a live person’s throat slit, in the Jungle they were always dead at this point. He reached down and took her wrists and slit them as well to help the blood drain out of the body, and then he stood back. For a moment he had a moments doubt as he wondered whether they really had intended the girl to be butchered, but their smiles confirmed that they had.

They left her draining for a while and Malcolm went to change his blood spattered clothes, Natalya told him not to worry about them as she would get them cleaned or replaced, and he was pleased that he had brought several changes. He came downstairs a little later and was cornered by Patrick who asked where he had been, Malcolm smiled and said that he had been helping with tomorrow’s menu, but wouldn’t be pressed into saying more. Natalya came over to him later with some champagne and asked if he would join her in the kitchen in after they had a light supper as they still had some work to do. He smiled and said he was looking forward to it. There were about a dozen people staying the night and they all had a light supper followed by drinking either Port or Brandy, or in some cases both together. Malcolm slipped out for a while and joined Natalya and Sergei in the kitchen’s ante room where they looked at their Xmas Dinner which had now finished draining, Natalya had some overalls available for Malcolm to put on as she thought that the next hour could get quite messy!

Malcolm took one of the knives and slit the carcass from crotch to sternum and then started the process of evisceration, slowly he gutted the girl putting her entrails to one side, Natalya sorted them out and put the edible parts into some dishes, and the rest into a bin. Turning to Sergei, she asked him to cut the head off and pass it to her, he looked a little pale but did what he was asked, finding it rather more difficult than he had expected. Natalya then pulled the girl’s tongue out and popped it into a plastic dish before shaving all the hair off the head. She then popped the finished head into a larder refrigerator and on seeing the two guy’s querulous looks said it was a special surprise! Malcolm asked Natalya how she was going to cook the girl and whether she wanted her cut into joints and if so how large they should be. Natalya said that for Xmas Dinner she wanted a full thigh with rump, as that should provide enough meat for them all. Apart from that he should cut her into joints according to the instructions in a sheet of paper that she passed to him. Malcolm looked at it and then smiled, and putting it one side he hued the girls carcass down from the ceiling and put it on the table and began to butcher her.

It took him fully an hour to reduce the carcass to the joints detailed in the instructions. Having finished he looked at the joints of meat on the side, four lovely racks of ribs, the two sets of fore ribs with the breasts still attached, two shoulders cut just above the elbow, two forearms, two calf fillets carved off the lower leg, one thigh from just above the knee and including the rump, another thigh cut below the rump, and the rump itself cut as two steaks. Her hands and feet were together on a plastic tray and her pussy fillet and belly roast were on another tray, further down the bench was the girls liver and kidneys that Natalya had cut into nice size portions and her tongue was next to that. Natalya took the larger leg joint and weighed it out and then took it into the kitchen where she put it into an oversize roasting pan which seemed to have been made just for this purpose as it fitted perfectly. She smiled as she looked at it, and then she rubbed it all over with olive oil and rubbed some cracked peppercorns in to the flesh. Sergei and Malcolm watched her preparing tomorrows dinner and Malcolm found himself salivating at the very thought of what was to come.

Malcolm slept well that night, and had some nice dreams based around the young lady that he had so recently prepared. The next morning started to talk to some of the other guests and was interested to see how and why they all had started to fantasise about eating Longpig. What surprised him most was the number of ladies who had a yearning to eat hairless goat. Some said they felt guilty about wanting to eat their own offspring, and a couple had tried to work out ways to achieve it, and then they had joined an internet fantasy group, which spawned a small group of real wannabe cannibals and then a couple of people from the flight Malcolm had been on had joined and things began to get moving.

Shortly before dinner the guests were invited to watch a short video, and Malcolm was interested to see that it was of Tanya the model that was to be their dinner, though he realised that most of them didn’t know that, though possibly some suspected it. Tanya was trying a range of different clothes and posing quite provocatively. There was a final short video of the girl modelling a sort of Santa outfit and lying around the base of a Xmas tree, as it finished they were all invited to go to the dining room where dinner would be served to them. There was a nervous excitement as they all found their place at the table, Malcolm was seated between Natalya and another woman called Rachel, Xmas crackers were then passed around and pulled with the normal corny jokes and hats being released and worn. Most of the guests had already drunk a glass or two of wine and or Sherry earlier and were in a quite jolly mood. More wine was brought in and a range of wines in coolers or free standing, were arrayed amongst the guests and across the table.

Sergei then tapped the table and asked for silence and their host joined them. He made a small speech welcoming them all as some hadn’t been present the night before, however they were all most welcome, and he hoped that they would enjoy the meal that would be brought to them. Sergei then brought in a large covered silver salver on a trolley and all eyes turned to it. Their host explained that he thought they would like to see their meal before it was carved, which would be done whilst they enjoyed their starter. The lid was lifted off and there slightly steaming was a golden roasted leg, cut from just above the knee right up to and including the whole rump. There was plenty of crackling and Malcolm heard the gasp as everyone realised that it really was human. Their host explained that they might recognise it a little as it was prime meat from the girl who they had just seen modelling for them. This generated further gasps but also some other coarser remarks. Sergei took it out and then returned and with Natalya’s assistance brought round a range of different starters for the guests, there was tomato soup and also some deeply fried liver and kidneys on a salad base.

Once the starters were finished the main meal was served and there were several thick slices of meat and crackling for them to enjoy. The meal went down a treat, there was much toasting and drinking and Malcolm and Patrick were encouraged to tell the stories of how they became cannibals, which they found quite easy now that all those assembled had enjoyed the flesh of a fellow human. There were quite a few questions about how they had managed the guilt which they had mentioned, and what they preferred and what they would like to eat if they could have anything at all. Patrick suggested that he had a hankering for a really small hairless goat, perhaps around a year old stuffed and roasted like a turkey. Malcolm suggested that if he could have absolutely anything he would have his great niece. This brought forth lots of questions about could he eat someone he knew, and he admitted he didn’t know, however he had often dreamt of having her butchered and roasted. She was just shy of her ten-year old birthday and had a fabulous little chassis with just about the right amount of tender meat. Natalya asked him whether he might want to play with his food first. Malcolm smiled broadly but didn’t answer the question, though he did notice his host taking particular notice of him as he responded.

Once the meal was over they returned to the lounge and sipped Port and Brandy and generally relaxed. Their host spent time with all of his guests and suggested that as the day had been such a success that perhaps they would all like to reprise the event a little later in the year, perhaps at Valentines Day or perhaps Easter when they could perhaps have a barbecue out of doors. When it was Malcolm’s turn he took great interest in what he had said about his niece and asked him some quite probing questions which Malcolm found himself answering without hesitation. They also discussed whether there were any other people that might be invited along from the aircraft crash, and Patrick joined in the discussion at this point and they both suggested a couple of others who had “enjoyed” the special meat more than perhaps would have been expected! After this all the guests were invited to take place in a special raffle which had a number of prizes, all of which were joints of meat from young Tanya.

Sergei joined Malcolm and thanked him for helping out with the meal and told him not to worry about the raffle as they had already prepared him a small cut of meat that they thought he would appreciate as he had previously mentioned a liking for pussy fillet. Malcolm smiled broadly, and thanked Sergei profusely for his kindness, Sergei smiled and told him not to be silly, it was the least that they could do. They would get it ready for him before he left the next morning, unless he wanted it for supper, Malcolm pondered for a moment, perhaps it would be easiest to have it cooked here, but Sergei interrupted and mentioned that they would be having a rib roast later after most of the guests had left. Malcolm decided to take the fillet home with him and enjoy the rib roast, and wondered if he would be able to have the crispy roasted nipple that he found was so tasty back in the jungle. He would keep his fingers crossed.