

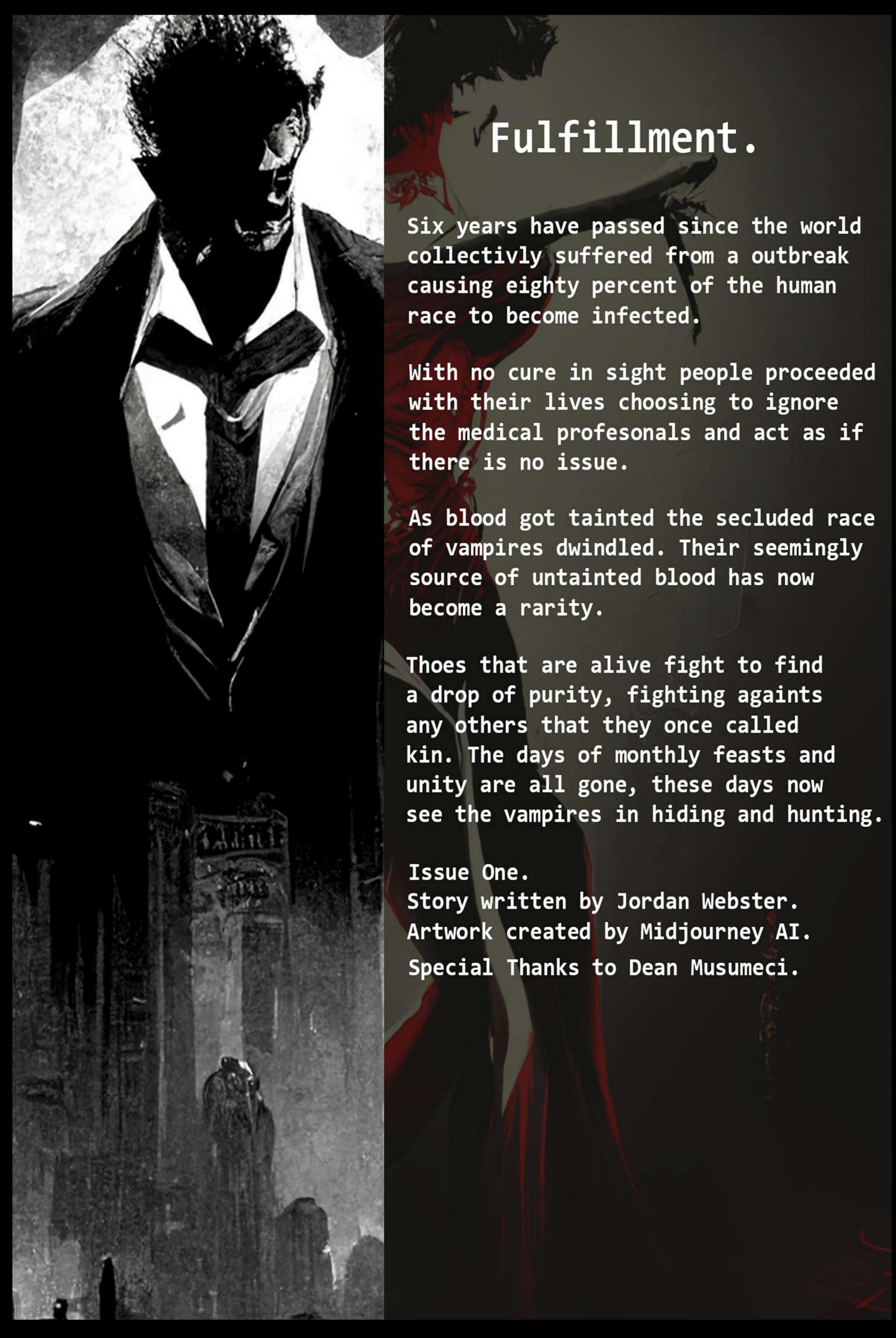


FULFILLMENT

#1

Story by Jordan Webster

Visuals by Midjourney AI



Fulfillment.

Six years have passed since the world collectively suffered from a outbreak causing eighty percent of the human race to become infected.

With no cure in sight people proceeded with their lives choosing to ignore the medical profesonals and act as if there is no issue.

As blood got tainted the secluded race of vampires dwindled. Their seemingly source of untainted blood has now become a rarity.

Thoes that are alive fight to find a drop of purity, fighting againts any others that they once called kin. The days of monthly feasts and unity are all gone, these days now see the vampires in hiding and hunting.

Issue One.

Story written by Jordan Webster.

Artwork created by Midjourney AI.

Special Thanks to Dean Musumeci.

Glennelg, a city past its prime.

It's people nearing their use by date.

But I still have the hunger.



Do I take the risk? Dining on the infected.



There is a chance I could get ill and die off like desperate others before me. If he is clean I won't have to hunt for atleast a week.



Maybe not. That stench, this man is sitting in his feces. I could find healthier snack at a midnight gas station.

He doesnt look that sick. Maybe just a taste.

I still remember the good old days, monthly feasts and masquerade balls.
Food to fulfill everyone's deepest cravings.

But now....

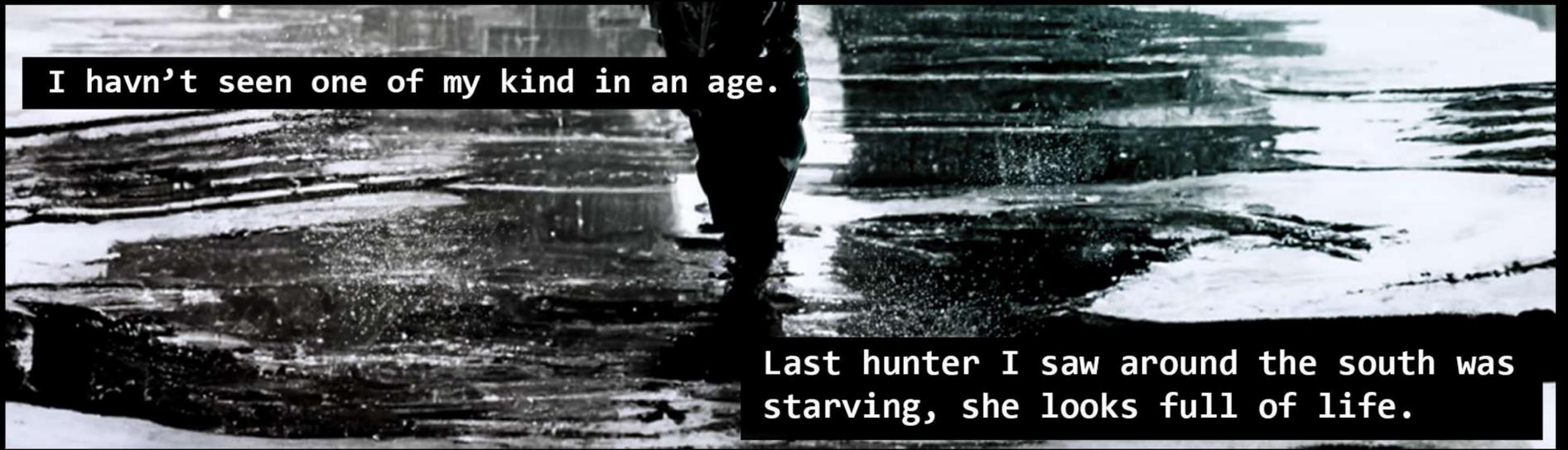
Wait, who is this?



Another hunter walking in my territory?



I won't allow this intrusion.



I havn't seen one of my kind in an age.

Last hunter I saw around the south was starving, she looks full of life.



A drifter perhaps? Going to the districts stealing all the purebloods?.

Is she not afraid to walk among the unclean?

The sick, the dying.

The foul puss tasting vermin.



If she is searching for sustence she will not find it easily.

Margarets?

A club full of lustful low lives and drug dependent scumbags,
the best disease pit around.



Even the bouncer is sick.



He looks as if he is
two months away before he
is dying in a rotten bed.



Places like these used to be a safe haven for my kind.
You would pay a little extra to eat a lot more and nobody would set off an alarm.
like a all you can eat buffet.



How did I lose her?



Does she know I was following her?



There she is.



What is she looking for?

Everyone that is here is infected. The expired and the moribund.
This one is expiring, only a matter of months before she is gone.



That man over there is slogging, a slow decay cracking the skin turning it dry.



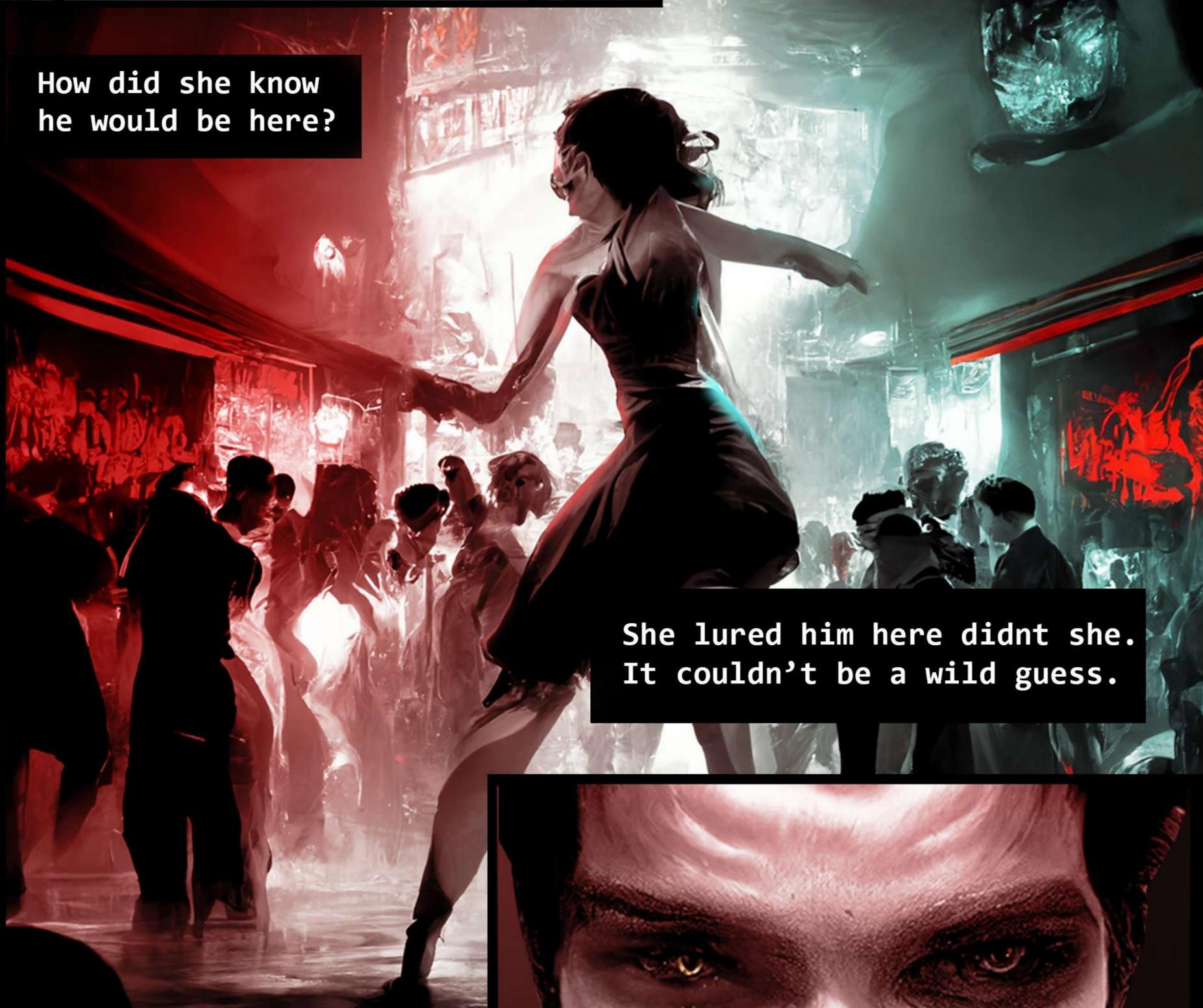
This one here is tainted.
To dine on such is a death sentence to
my kind.

That one over their is foul.
identifiable by their horrendous
breath, the smell of their insides
eating itself.



This one is.... clean.

How did she know
he would be here?



She lured him here didnt she.
It couldn't be a wild guess.





She makes it look so easy.



Like guiding a lamb to the slaughter.

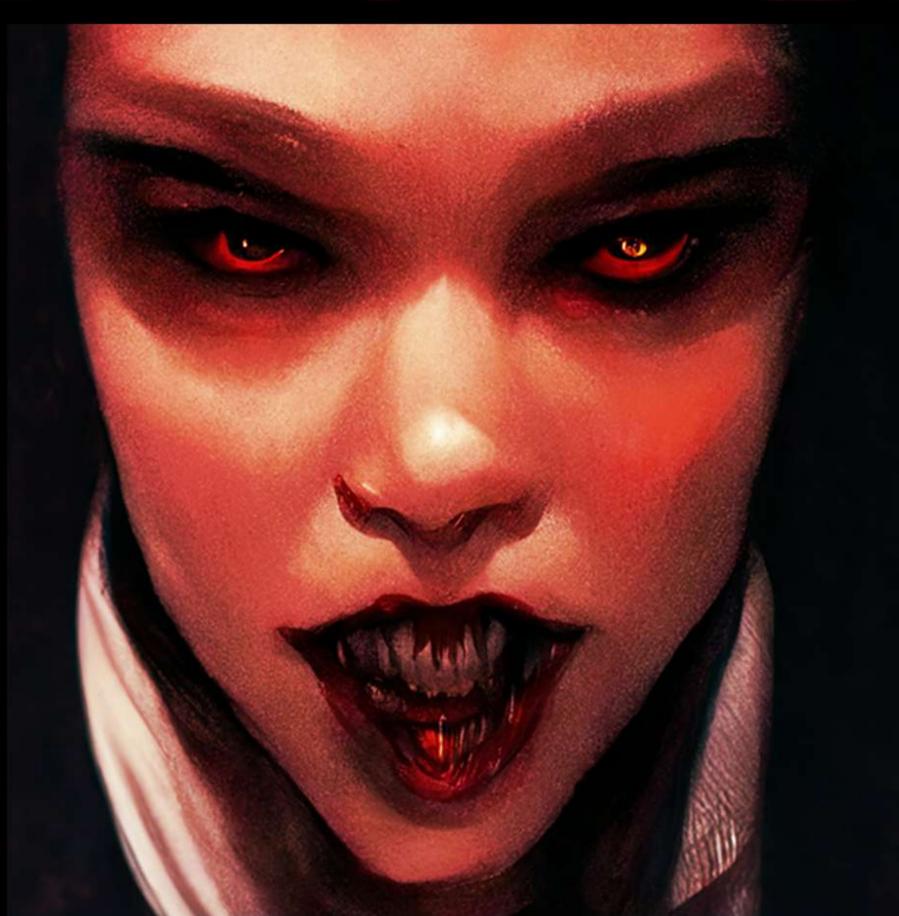


While I stand here waiting, hungry,
as she becomes





Fulfilled.



Such a skilled hunter, she clearly knows how to play the game.

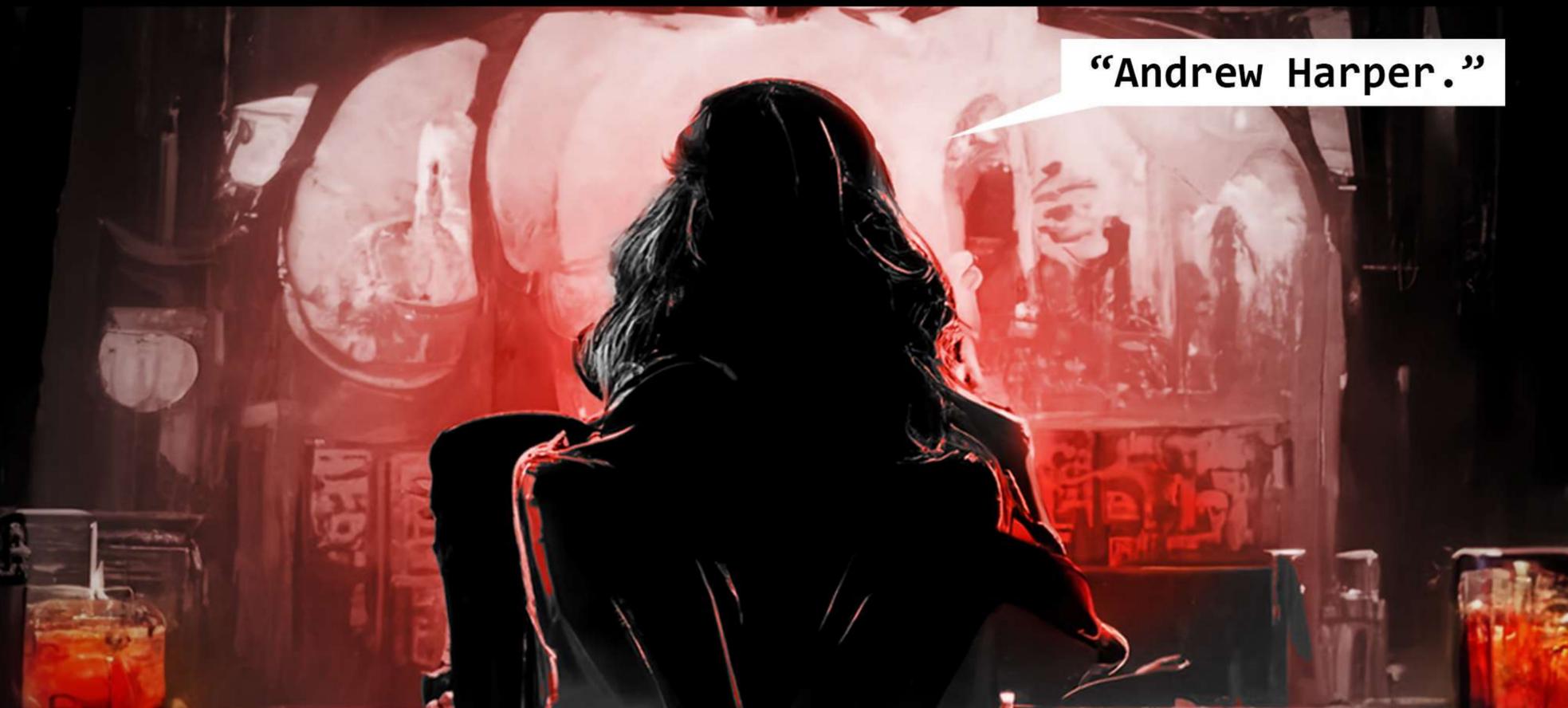


Gets in close to her victim,
no one eyes two people
having a bit of fun.
so when she goes in for the bite
no one is none the wiser.

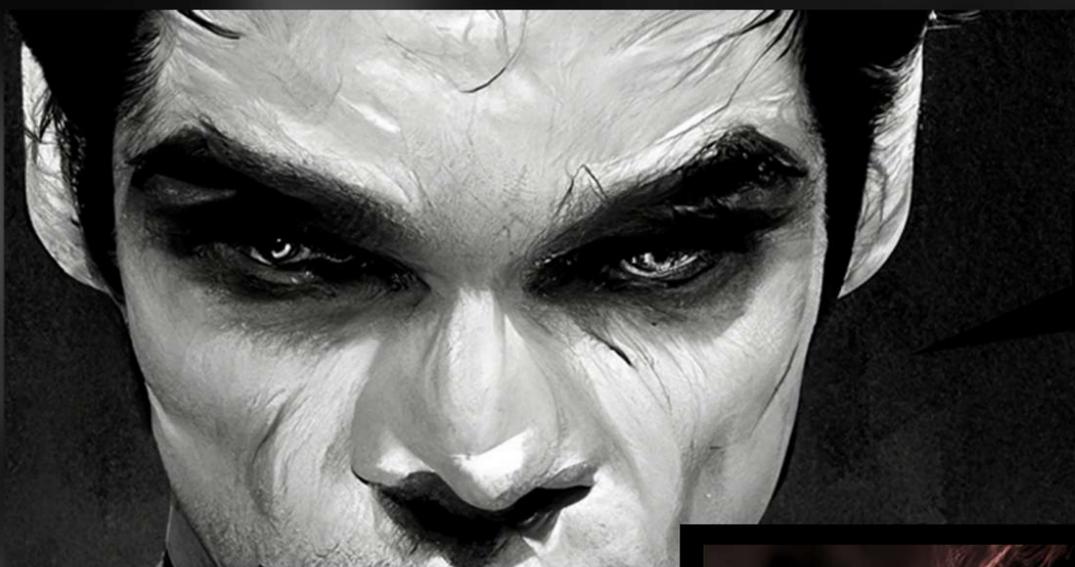


Then walks away like nothing has ever even happened.



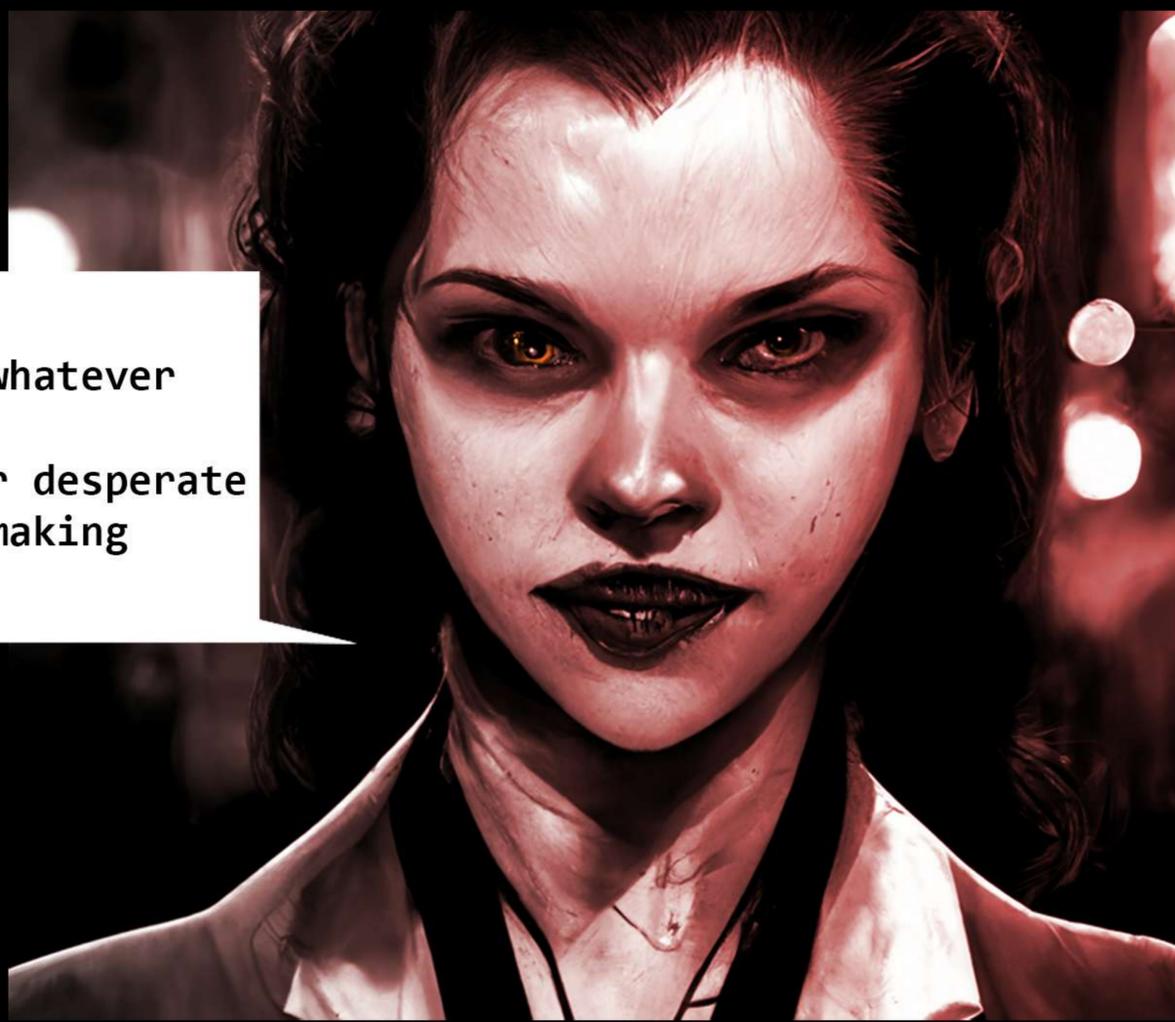


"Before you speak, I need you to know that this is now my territory."



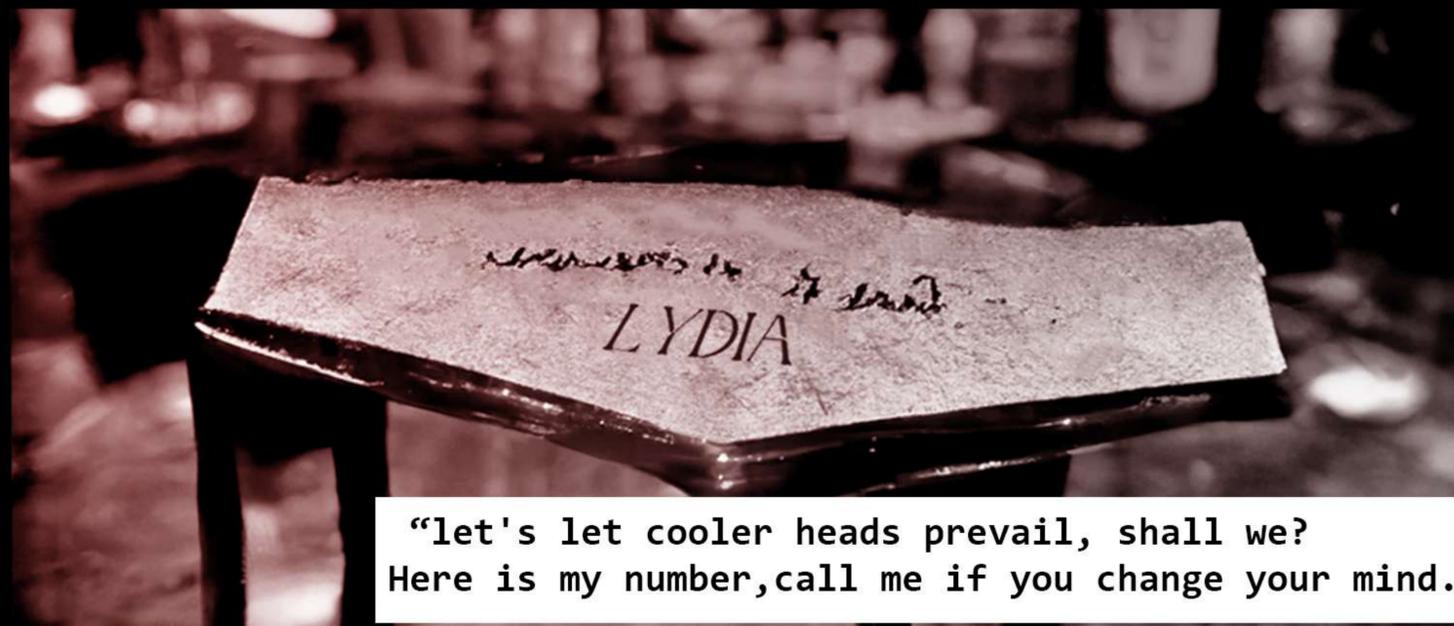
"Excuse me?"

"I will give you a choice. You can stay and play with whatever scraps I decide to give you or, option B. I can end your desperate search to feed within days making you less than dust."

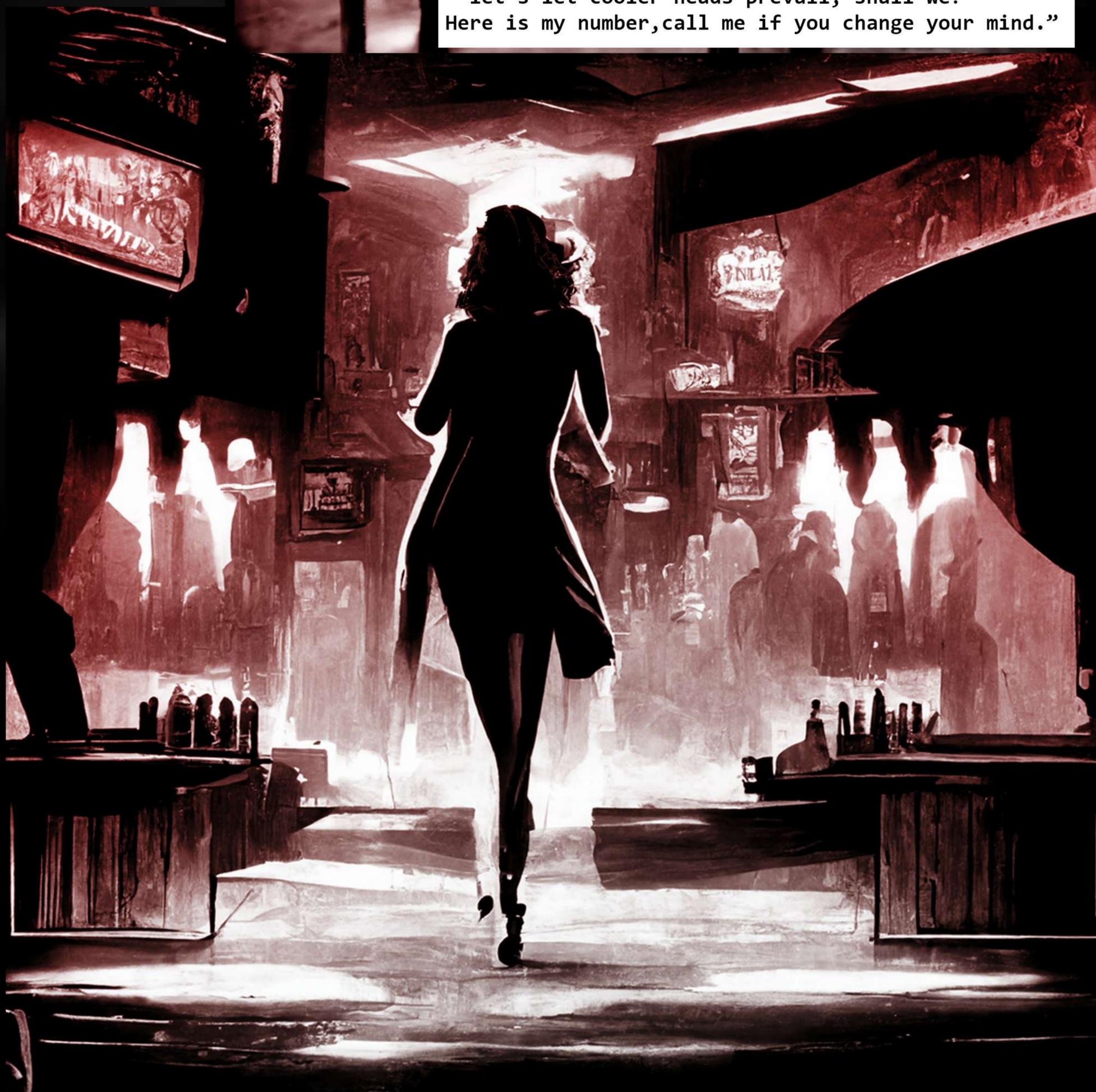


"You think your little threats scare me? They don't. Go back to wherever you are from whoever you are."

"I will give you a couple of days to decide,
I tend to forget that starving minds get easily confused and defensive
when new vamps enter their territory."



"let's let cooler heads prevail, shall we?
Here is my number, call me if you change your mind."



As a parting gift you can have the remainder off the clean blood.



