

IN THE SHADOWS

by

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I watch from the shadows. Mirth bubbles inside, and it takes tremendous effort to stop from laughing aloud. Four women are busy building a ceremonial clearing and fire, and preparing an altar for some sort of offering.

"Witches," I mutter with disdain.

These weak little people amuse me. They flounder through their meaningless little lives, building self-importance in their pathetic and witless minds. They invent ceremonies and build up false gods in an effort to strengthen their mundane and fearful existences. According to their particular *path*, they have a host of various gods they attempt to appease with insignificant incantations and offerings.

There is only one god. I don't capitalize god for a reason. Much to the contrary of the modern day *Christian*, there is no one named God. Oh, do not take me wrong; there is *a* god, if that is what you wish to call him. However, the mind of man could never comprehend his name, if he has one. He is *the One Source* or *the Great Spirit*. Simply put, he is the creator of all. He is our god, but that is not his name. Even He said just to call him, "I am." For that is the simplest way to state it, he just IS. He doesn't live in a church or a sanctuary or a temple. He is in the air, in the trees, the water, the rocks, the earth. He is in man. Mortal or immortal, He is the one who created us and made everything around and beyond us.

I am immortal. I have walked throughout the ages. I am not a new soul. I learned long ago, as do most immortals, the One Source is all around us. We are such trivial beings in comparison to him who need not be named; we just need know He exists. Much to the dismay of many, I am a Christian, for I am a believer.

Believe, hell, I know!

Random thoughts filter through my mind. I can't help it. Modern religion agitates me. People who so loudly profess to be Christians are the very type who refused him and condemned him to death. Christian means, Christ like or to follow Christ. How unlike Christ are most of these ignorant Pharisees. Just as I know there is One Source, I know He sent his son, an extension of himself, to walk this Earth. What did the almighty and all-knowing man do? They killed him. Why does mortal man insist on naming things? It makes the world less fearful, if everything has a name and a place. For this reason, most cannot acknowledge my kind. We are outside their teachings and do not fit into place. We are a piece of the puzzle that has no place in the puzzle. Much like the One Source, we simply exist, and like the One Source, whom and what we are overwhelms the human mind, so they give us false names and images, untrue rumors, and legends.

These busy souls flittering around the darkening woods are just another breed of mortals. They don't have a clue. They flail about in wild and reckless abandon, trying desperately to find meaning in meaningless lives.

Oh! The time to begin their ceremonies must be near. One has a bag of salt, and spreads it in a large circle, encompassing their fire and altar. These fools are *so* amusing! They actually *still* believe in the ancient and often-disproved legend that salt keeps evil away. They think salt provides protection. How foolish is *that*?

They remind me of the ignorant peasants who believed a garlic necklace would stop my feeding. I loved tormenting those misled sheep. Actually, because of their years of belief in this voodoo, I have come to be quite fond of the taste of garlic mixed with fresh blood. Nowadays, most humans do not believe in the ancient myths, so I often carry a clove in my pocket as a reminder of the old days. Over the course of centuries, one learns to amuse one's self with little games. What can I say?

Lurking in the darkness, I decide on a game to play with these idiots.

They remove their clothing and don robes. One, no doubt their priestess, wears a hooded robe. Their fire lights the night and flickering shadows dance on the trees. As the fire climbs high into the sky, they dance around it, bodies twisting and whirling. The hooded one places something on the altar and calls out to the night sky in a poor attempt to sound profound and masterful. She turns from the altar to join her friends and stops in her tracks, staring into the night in my direction.

I avert my eyes and ease my breathing. She felt me, that one. Maybe not quite the idiot most humans are. It was my fault. When I slip into the mode of predator, I send out powerful energy waves that insightful prey can often feel. I caution myself to watch, but glance away often, not to lock my eyes on my target.

Unsure of what she felt in the darkness, the woman returns to her dancing friends. A splendid young woman with a breathtaking body removes her robe to dance nude. The eyes of the others follow her. It tells me of their *orientation*. She is magnificent. Sweat glistens on her nude body, long tresses swing out wildly, breasts bounce to and fro. She, I decide, will be first on the menu. *Fear can ruin the taste of blood. It releases endorphins into the system that taint the nectar I suckle from their bodies*. Her blood is prime. Her taste will be phenomenal. Yes, the others must wait and watch. Let fear corrupt their taste; their blood is of no exceptional vintage.

The nude form dances around the fire, mesmerizing me. She feels different from the rest. She partakes of this ceremony to please her friends, but I feel her laughing disdain of their beliefs. Oh, how I long to taste this nubile young goddess.

Stepping from the shadows, I walk majestically to their fire. They stop dancing and gather in a small cluster to watch me. I throw an energy pulse at my young treat. She slides to the ground in peaceful slumber. The others draw tighter together and retreat a few steps back. I stop just beyond their circle of salt and look down at it. The leader makes a pleased sound as I hesitate, no doubt thinking she has bested me and protected her friends. Her gloat turns to a helpless choke as I kneel and scoop up a handful of the salt. With pleasure, I lick the salt while watching the priestess discover her folly. I can't help but revel in her astonishment. I can imagine the voice in her head, stuttering and stammering, *He can't do that, can he? I know he just can't do that!*

The fear hangs thick in the air. I smell it. Ones such as I find it quite intoxicating. Sending my thoughts out to entrance them, I bid them to circle the fire's edge and sit on a long log located on the opposite side. They sink to the log in unison, their bodies now under my control, their minds grapple for freedom.

I kneel beside their young friend. I slip her into my arms and carry her to the edge of the fire, within plain sight of her helpless friends. Using telepathy, I gently bring her back to consciousness. She lingers in a trance, just beyond total comprehension, but awake enough to enjoy the pleasures I am about to ply upon her. I sense something about her, though, something peculiar. I sense I need not hold her entranced. She will not flee from me. I feel the pulse of not her body but her soul.

Lying beside her, I caress her body with knowing and graceful hands. I slide them up and down her slender frame, exploring and teasing her breasts, running agile fingers over each breast, but always shying from the ever-hardening nipples. I part her thighs and run my hands up them in soothing caresses. The palm of my hand brushes her bare pubic mound. To my delight, I find she is clean-shaven and softer than anything I have ever encountered. Her body thrills me. I stroke her tenderly, caressing her stomach, hips, and thighs, and tracing along the bottom of her heaving breasts.

I am surprised when she does not tense as I kiss the soft sides of her elegant neck. Nibbles along her collarbones draw a soft moan from her. It dances upon the night air. Taking a chance I have never risked before, I remove my trance and give her free will. She runs not but guides my mouth to her tightening nipples. I lick around each one, spiraling closer and closer and then sucking first one and then the other into my mouth. As I suck, I swirl my tongue around each tight bud, biting and tugging on them as she gasps in increased pleasure. Lifting the breasts, I bury my face into the bottom side of them, now piercing her flesh with needle-sharp teeth. A quick intake of breath is the only sound she makes, as I suck the soft underbelly and drink her blood. Ecstasy overwhelms me, and I take nearly too much. My senses return and I pull away.

She moans and softly mutters of her pleasure. I kiss down her belly and lick her bellybutton. My kisses wander lower, and I slide my tongue down the already juicy slit that quivers in anticipation of the impeding pleasures. She grasps my hair and moans more loudly. I suck the meaty lips and caress them with a softened tongue. My fingers dance around the top of her slit, stroking her tummy, and massaging the hump of her bare publis.

My tongue delves deeper, and she screams out in ecstasy as I thrust my tongue deep inside of her. I suck the meaty outer lips of her pussy into my mouth and thrust them back out with my tongue. In and out, in and out, tugging and pulling, as I do so. My tongue gingerly explores higher on her slit, parting the lips to caress the plump hood that protects her clit. It throbs. I actually hear her clit throb with excitement!

I shape my tongue as wet and soft as possible, and drag it over the hood, rolling the hood back to expose the clit to my favors. Licking up and down each side and back and forth below it, I tease the little bud until she cries out and pulls my head to bring my mouth more forcefully onto her clit. I suckle and stroke it with my tongue and bring her to orgasm almost immediately, so great is her excitement.

As her body writhes with multiple orgasms, I slide lower to again suck the meaty outer lips of her pussy before sinking my teeth into them to drain more of her life's blood away. Stopping before death overtakes her, I hesitate to drain her thoroughly.

Blood adorning my lips, I crawl back up to kiss her lips. She licks her lips, tasting her own blood and another moan escapes her weak and fading body.

I know it is wrong. It goes against everything I know, but I whisper, "I love you, little one. Go in peace and without pain."

I feel something strange on my face and reach up a hand to find tears streaming down the sides of my face and dropping onto hers.

"Please, Master," she gasps, "save my life and let me be your slave for eternity, to walk beside you or behind you, whatsoever you desire."

Loneliness hangs heavy upon me. I actually consider her offer.

"Do you know what you ask, dear child?" I murmur. "Do you know how long eternity is? Do you know how lonely it can be?"

"Not lonely, not lonely with me by your side, my love, never again."

This one truly sees my soul as I indulge in her flesh. This one has taken time to look into my dark and tortured soul. Much to my dismay, she does not fear me, but somehow loves and pities me.

I whisper my undying love and kiss her softly upon her chalky white cheek. "Yes, precious love, I shall take you into eternity with me."

I slash my wrist with a my talon-like fingernail, in order to allow her a drink of my blood and seal our union, but she looks weakly at me, then glances at my lower parts.

"Please, Master, let me come into your world with that which I know will bring me bliss until the end of time."

Laughing merrily, I unfasten my pants and slide out my engorged cock. With delicate precision, I use the razor sharp fingernail to cut a small slash across the top of its shaft. The girl is too weak to move. It is up to me to slip my cock between her lips.

"Suckle me, my love. Drink my life-giving blood and rise again to walk with me."

With unsure hesitancy, she parts her lips to accept me as I fill her mouth with my throbbing shaft. At first, she just holds me in her mouth, but as the droplets of blood re-energize her, she goes to work with a relish I never imagined. A mouthful of blood isn't the only thing she drinks this night.

As she suckles me greedily, I perform the rites I must to bring her from the mortal world into the world of the immortal. I slip my necklace around her neck and claim her as mine. She will be immortal, and always tied to me in a magical way. Always, we will be together, even when apart.

As her newly, emerging self finishes its spasms—the body does horrendous things when turning immortal—she sits up. I hear one of her friends gasp. I had forgotten all about them! They will make the perfect feast to strengthen my newfound lover and soul mate. A feast among friends!

I knew from what I had learned of her during her immortal transition that feeding on these companions will not be a stumbling block to her, provided we leave them alive and unknowing. So be it. They would awaken well after dawn, weak, drained, but alive and concerned about the disappearance of their beloved friend.

About the Author

J. L. Day

Jeff Day, writing under the pen name of J.L. Day, was raised in rural west Texas near Abilene. Loving the region and its rich heritage, he resides there still. A consummate reader, books always held an allure of places unraveled, people not yet met, and adventures only dreamed of. Work led him into the world of computers, where he discovered a joy of writing and thus began his odyssey into the world or writing. Happy to find a way to share his soul, he spends countless hours at his keyboard handing out small pieces of himself to his readers.

Find out more about Day's current releases as well as planned future releases and book signings by periodically checking for updates at his website: <u>http://www.jlday.net</u>

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