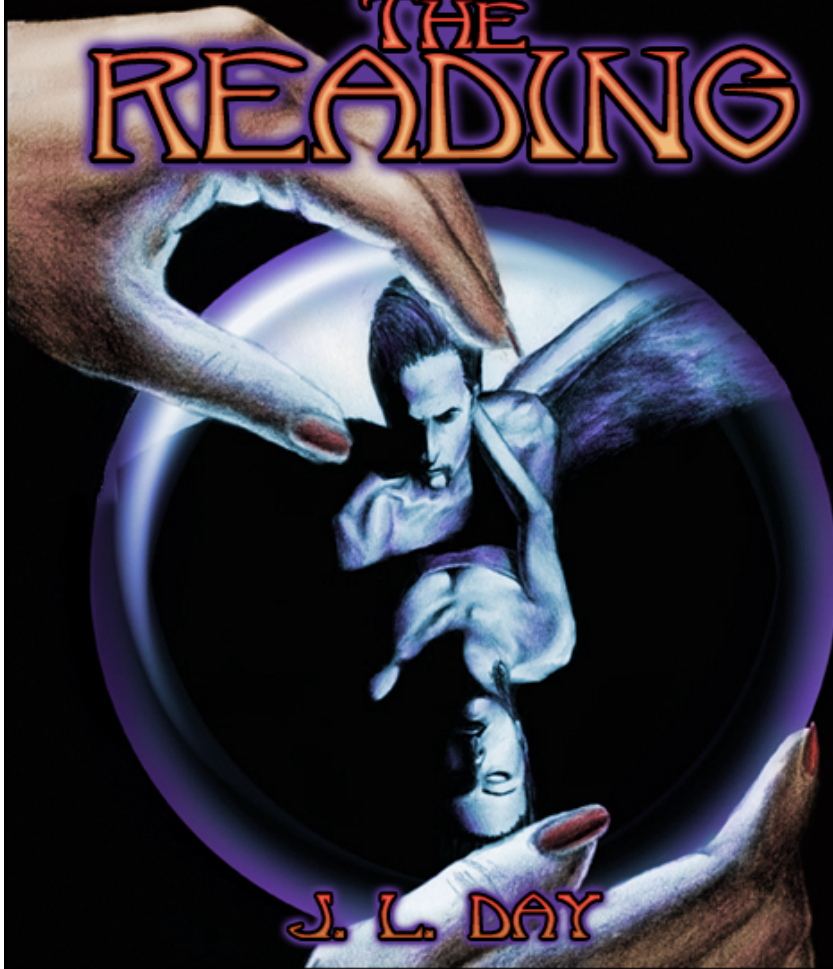


Chippewa Publishing Adult

THE READING



J. L. DAY

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The Reading

by

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The Reading

I met her. Oh, I met her. I had wanted a psychic reading for a long time, and while driving down the road the other day, I stumbled onto a place that had *the look*. It had a run down, gothic appearance. Something about the building drew me in—an ominous quality exuded from within. A deeply buried sense told me the answers to my queries awaited me, behind the plain, unassuming doors. Entering, I felt a wave of fear rush through my head and smiled because I knew it wasn't my fear I sensed.

I walked up to the rather attractive woman sitting behind the counter. A hand-crocheted shawl draped her shoulders. Beneath it, a thin silky blouse revealed delightful and ample cleavage. The blouse, neatly tucked into a pair of tight capris, gave her a thin, yet curvy form certain to catch any man's eye. Hers was a mousy look; hair falling loosely around her throat and tendrils cascaded into the wonderful valley of cleavage. The long wavy hair could have been breathtaking. Enough gray showed through to take away from the sheen that should have glimmered in her hair.

A shudder ran through her as she felt my gaze on her milky white throat. Lovely green eyes, quick and assessing, darted from me to the closing door behind me. It occurred to me the idea of the door trapping her in isolation with me made her jittery. She looked at me, trying to mask her apprehension with a wan smile. I felt a keen appreciation for the fear trembling through her veins and could not help but try to calm her with my best shy smile.

“Yes, Master?” She asked quietly. “May I be of service to you?”

Obviously, she knew me, or knew some semblance of me at any rate.

“My name is Algothar, if it pleases you, Master.” She spoke from a downward tilted head, seeming hesitant to meet my eyes.

“Relax.” I smiled, hoping to ease her discomfort. “I saw your sign on the door and hoped you had time to give me a reading.”

“I have been expecting you, Master. I will do my best.”

She walked to the door and locked it. As the lock clicked home, I noticed the rigidity in her posture and could sense the tension of her uncertainty. She stood with her back to me, struggling to gain composure. Whatever she sensed about me seemed to make her uncertain of her next move. I could see her shoulders rise and fall as she took in a deep breath before turning to face me.

With a shy smile, she led me to a backroom and sat at a table. She did not offer me a seat. She seemed leery to give me instructions. I relaxed a great deal and, in doing so, sensed she relaxed as well. Since she had a genuine wish for insight about whom and exactly *what* I am, I told her my story, and how I stumbled upon my *other self*.

I groped for some way to convey the emotions boiling deep within my tortured soul. Hatred, anger, and seething fury made up the first layer in the recipe—combine them with echoes of loneliness and utter emptiness—and she got the briefest of glimpses into the turmoil raging within. Were I to sum up my mood, I would choose one word—sinister. If I searched for a word to explain whom, or what, I am becoming; I would say death.

“For the past few years, I have experienced through something I can’t possibly describe. Is it the beginning of a new life? Perhaps, simply a new belief? Yes, it is that, but belief in what exactly is beyond me?”

“Those around me, who are observant enough, have noticed changes in my actions and outlooks. With a few of my closest acquaintances, I have even shared a few of the emotions that percolate in my troubled spirit. None, however, dare believe the truths boiling to the surface of my consciousness with each tick of the clock.”

The ticking of that clock echoes within my mind with maddening clarity.

“Have you ever felt a hatred smoldering inside, with such profound severity, that you can actually taste it? Trust me. An odd taste lingers in your mouth, and no amount of mouthwash can camouflage it. Over the last few years, that hatred has evolved. It has grown from a smolder, into a raging inferno. An odd sensation prickling in the back of my mind is now reborn into a torrid and vulgar awareness of appetites and unfulfilled desires that yearn for satisfaction.

“Most people go through life knowing what they are and have at least some vague conception of who they are. Maybe I should change that statement in a way that clarifies my own situation. Instead of speaking of people, perhaps I should say *humans*. Perhaps even humans would not be the correct title; maybe I should say mortals. That is part of the war raging inside. At first, I thought I knew my identity then I felt unsure. I denied the obvious and wished for clarification. Finally, almost mercifully, the truth sank in and I accept what I am, but it is the very act of my mind dealing with the mere suggestion of this nightmare that truly terrifies me. The concept wreaks havoc in my mind, the more sane parts argues vehemently with

parts more willing to accept the obvious.

“This is what brings me to you. I need someone to help me sort out the voices battling for supremacy in my mind. I need to know what is real and what is not; whom I am and whom I am not.”

She smiled and spoke without meeting my eyes. “If I can tap into your core, I will open your eyes to the other side.

“In some ways, I fear for you, Master. Something sinister and dark lurks about you, but you need not worry, I can safely guide you through our journey into the depths of your mind.”

She flashed me a demure smile. “Of course, you must realize, I have nowhere *near* the power to read your psyche unless you allow it. You will have to trust in me.”

Gazing into my eyes, she leaned across the table and lightly kissed my lips. She brushed back my hair. “Do you feel you *can* trust me?”

I did not wish to go into the details of exactly why—but the simple truth was, I honestly did not know the reasons—but I have always felt invincible. Over the past few years, as inner battles have raged and turmoil has been my constant companion, the feeling of indestructibility has grown by leaps and bounds. I hate saying it, because it comes off as arrogance, yet it is right there. I have this profound sense of power, and usually feel ten foot tall and bulletproof, like fire won’t burn me, and knives can’t cut me.

”Of course I do, little one. I fear nothing, least of all you.”

Chanting softly, she swayed to and fro. She took my hand in hers, then closed her eyes and turned my palm up. Her tiny fingers rubbed in small circular patterns as she muttered incantations.

Actually, I found the whole experience rather amusing. She asked me countless questions and read verses from a large dusty old book.

After a time, she moved to my side of the table and sat close to me. She gazed into my eyes until it felt as if she slipped inside me. Her body trembled, and she began to sweat heavily. Her slight form quivered from head to toe. She jerked away, staring at me with startled and fearful eyes.

Amusement softened my feelings of frustration and angry. I tired of everyone reacting to me in the same manner. Fear etched her face, and I sensed the respect and envy boiling inside her. Lowering her head subserviently, she requested I follow her into a dark room.

Softly scented candles pushed back the shadows with flickering tongues of light. The room was empty except for a bed and a table full of candles and bottles of aromatic oils, curious paintings and ornaments decorated the walls. The paintings were soft and subdued, a vast array of colors forming runes and various assortments of crosses and pentagrams. A small sink stood in the corner, near the

bed. Dribbles of old melted wax scarred its sides.

“Master, please oblige me this?” She asked, and I smiled, having no clue as to what *this* was.

Algothar led me by the hand to the bed. I felt a surge of excitement purge through the anger seething within. She sighed as my anger vanished.

“I had hoped you might calm down a bit, Master. Thank you ever so much for doing so, as this girl was quite frightened.”

She deftly slipped out of her clothes, smiling shyly at my obvious appreciation of her lack of undergarments. Her voluptuous body gleamed in the candlelight. She knelt nude before me.

“Might I undress you and provide a calming massage while I tell you what my reading revealed? My nudity and simple touch on your naked flesh will calm the beast within.”

I allowed her to undress me and marveled at her tender touch. She gestured to the bed, and I lay on my stomach. Her soft hands ran over my back and through my hair. As she worked, she leaned over me and whispered softly. Her trembling lips brushed my skin as she spoke.

“Master, you are no small soul,” is how she began her tale.

“You have an old soul; the oldest I have ever encountered. To most, you would be an enigma. Just as you cannot comprehend the depths of your soul, nor the torment that lies beneath your conscious mind, neither can anyone around you. Your soul has not walked this planet for centuries, and I can find no sense of what has brought you back. Throughout history, beings such as you do not defile the souls of their feet with earthly contact without extreme reason.”

I lay there and listened. She said I was the mightiest of warriors, and I was also much, much more.

“You have sent many souls into the great beyond, Master. Not many knew your name when you were alive, not many know it now.”

As I listened to her words, visions from the past assaulted my senses. I smelled it. I tasted it on the air and heard it on the winds. It was battle. It was life. Not every memory was some terrifying and appalling nightmare; some were beautiful reminiscences of honorable and majestic battles I participated in, during some distant past.

Men leap back and forth, slashing at one another with weaponry wielded in the name of honor. Cries of pain and anguish mix with screams of frustration and hatred. The clank of weapons and armor rises in a melodic pitch. To many, it may be horrendous; to most, it is terrifying or repugnant. To me, it is beauty. It is life. It

is honor. It completes the circle of being.

Already dismounted from my horse, I wade into the din from the vantage point I relish most. I love standing flat-footed on the ground with a blade in my hand and enemies swarming about me. A small, swarthy man thrusts a spear at me, and I counter it with a parry of my blade. Swinging in a high arc over my head, I bear down through his shoulder.

I cleave him in two, slashed from right shoulder to left hip. A spray of blood hits me in the face. The salty taste is pleasant on my lips. A surprised look comes over his dark face then he pales as his life's blood flows from him. While he falls to the ground, I erase him from my mind and wade deeper into the fray, seeking my next challenge.

A thrust here, a parry there. Swinging and slashing, my sword weaves its magic upon the fields of conquest. Blood drips down my face and into my eyes, my arms and chest is coated in gore. Torn bits of flesh and entrails cover me in the finery of battle.

My sword is massive, held in two hands, and mighty in its wrath. It sings through the air and dances in the light. Smashing my way through fighting men, I seek an opponent to face me one-on-one. My sword will not take the easy way and bite into men as they fight others, catching them unaware or from behind. My sword seeks gallantry and will only spring to its dance in honorable combat.

Sometimes there are one, two, or even more opponents at one time. I care not, as long as they know I am their battle, so they know it's my blade they will die upon. Worthy foes crumple before me, my fierce weapon stealing the last breathes of life from heaving lungs.

Dishonorable and cowardly enemies suffer the same fate, or mayhap an even worse one, if time allows. I care not for their cause, I worry not for their families, and I fear not the leaders. I fight for the sheer joy of battle and kill because it is the way of my soul.

Moving her hands over my skin, she kissed my back and neck lovingly, and continued talking.

“I have no clues for you, Master, not as to why you are here. I sense great evil and dread around you. I fear you are here for some incomprehensible, yet dreadful reason.” She fondled my thighs and ass. Her kisses fell on my ear. “I no longer fear for you, Master, not now that I have glimpsed what lies within you. I know you fear no man or beast—the living or the undead.”

Algothar bade me roll over, and I did as requested. She gasped at the sight of my raging manhood thrust into the air.

I laughed and said, “I very much enjoyed her tender touch, as you can see.”

She knelt beside me and continued the stories of wars and murders, of gore and beauty.

As she talked, I saw myself standing on a rocky point overlooking rolling hills of green far below. The lush green grass blending into the field of honor dotted with the forms of fallen enemies.

Wind roars around me. A kilt flaps angrily about my muscular legs. I am a picture of defiance looming majestically against the darkening sky.

For a moment, I hear nothing but silence. Not even the bird’s song floats upon the air—total silence. It is as if time has come to an abrupt halt, so complete is the silence and the stillness it carries with it. Then a faint tinkling of armor, the sound an armor-clad warrior makes when he moves reaches my ears. Next, I hear a moan, and the silence flees, as chaos and carnage rule the air.

Battle hardened warriors cry out in pain and thrash about on the blood-soaked ground. The field of battle resembles a mass of writhing worms. There is so much movement, in so many different directions and planes; it appears the ground itself moves.

A carpet of wounded beasts and men litter the ground—some human, others I can only imagine to be demons or monsters out of a nightmare. These are not the figures of the dead most people envision, but the thrashing and cursing bodies of the wounded in death throes. The aftereffects of battle are no pretty sight.. Most people think it would be serene and respectful. They imagine brave men lying sprawled fashionably on the ground, arranged as if by a decorator.

This is the reality of the battlefield. Oh, men lie about, and some are dead, mercifully. But most lay in twisted heaps. They scream in pain and flop on the ground as if they can escape their suffering if they can just hide away somewhere safe. A hand laying here and over there a whole arm, a bodiless head rocks on the uneven ground. Severed limbs are scattered about in such random confusion that it is impossible to ascertain who belongs to which body part.

The sight is horrifying enough, but the sounds. *Oh, my lord, but the sounds.* Crying, screaming, cursing men. Some call out for help; others cry for death to take them away. Shrill, inhuman sounds echo from the throats of demons. The armor makes horrendous sounds as the men flop on the ground like fish out of water. Hoarse screams that take your breath away.

Colors blend together until the world degenerates into basic black and white. Death takes the shine out of even the prettiest of armor. The one exception is red. Red splatters everything. Gaping body wounds show shades of red. Fresh flowing

blood is a color all its own. Blood splattered on faces, clothing, or armor dries to a reddish brown; so dark it looks black.

Above an inextricable field of death, one form stands. Mine. I look over the scene with sad reluctance, a mixture of pity and spite shading my face. I seem so out of place that you would never imagine I had been a participant until you saw me closer. I glow. I am unadulterated white.

White armor covers my body. Knee-high boots of white leather are layered pieces of armor to protect my feet and lower legs. White mail protects my legs. Mail sleeves and gloves match the leggings to complete the body armor. The chest piece is of a solid plate-like metal that reflects a mysterious white glow; the rest is mail made from the scales of some unknown beast. The helm is superb. It glistens a pearly iridescent white. A feathered plume runs down the middle of the helm. The gold-tipped feathers stand upright.

An ornate and flowing cloak with a fur-lined collar flaps behind me in the breeze. Decorations in golden thread stand out subtly to match the ornate designs on my breastplate. A curious feeling arises from the pit of my stomach. As I move this way or that—my cloak appears to hide a pair of white wings.

Daggers of cold seek to penetrate my battle-hardened hide. I push away awareness of physical tedium and survey the carnage below with smoldering eyes.

The fearsome claymore rests comfortably against my back in a leather scabbard. My chest, recently heaving with battle rage, now slows in an effort to drink in the evening air.

The cloud of fury and challenge fades from my eyes, and a wry smile spreads across my face. Oh, how I love this moment. This moment when the mind realizes the body is still alive. I will see the morrow, but more importantly, my enemies will not know the coming sunrise.

Life and the sheer joy of it surges through my veins. My heart beats in thunderous applause, announcing to unseen gods that I have emerged victorious, once again.

Her hands caressed my thighs and stroked my maleness. She fondled my balls and trembled as she continued.

“One thing people always want to know is their name in the prior lifetime.” She trembled as she spoke. “I know not an accurate translation of your name. There is no known language that can impart the meaning of your past name or title.”

“Title?”

“Oh, yes, Lord, you have an illustrious title to some, and a dreaded and

horrifying one to others.”

A vision of what I needed to do next came over me. I sighed and lay back, enjoying the tenderness of her touch and the melodic sound of her soft voice.

She stopped speaking and stroked my throbbing cock. “Might I have the great honor of drinking your juices, Master?”

“I would enjoy that very much.” Enduring her attentions would not be troublesome, as I knew my path already.

She closed her mouth around me and made love to me with a talented fury. She squeezed my aching balls and took my swollen shaft down her throat in its entirety. Tongue circling and whipping, she drove her mouth deeper and deeper around my cock, as she ate me with a relish I had never encountered before.

As the wave of orgasm swept over me, I grasped her hair and pushed her deeper onto my cock, listening with glee as she gagged on the torrent of my juices flooding her mouth. She tried desperately to swallow every drop.

Gulping and gasping, she knelt back and wiped her chin, looking at me with dancing mischief in her eyes. Triumphant she said, “I drank your mighty juices. I have tapped into your source and absorbed some of your power. Now, thanks to you, I have *much* greater power and will reign supreme in my circle.”

”You are indeed lucky.”

My mind commanded her to lie down without uttering another word. She resisted but laid back. A look of terror marred her beauty. She struggled to break free of my control, but to no avail.

“Hush, little one. We both knew this would happen.”

I forcefully grabbed her hair. Her back arched, exposing her delicate white throat. A smile touched my lips, as I kissed her full lips and fondled her ripe breasts. I sucked her tongue deep into my mouth.

My fingers crawled down her belly and parted her thighs. I licked and kissed her throat as my fingers disappeared between the wet lips of her twitching pussy. I smiled at her soft moan, then dipped my head her throat.

A wave of *déjà vu* swept over me. An odd hunger coursed through my veins. My teeth sank deep into her neck, ripping her tender flesh. Torn tissue parted under my hungry teeth.

Blood gushed forth as I finger fucked her. Her pussy spasmed in orgasm. Gulping her blood, I sucked and bit even deeper, finally tearing out a chunk of her throat. She screamed and jerked against me, her pussy squeezed against my inserted fingers while she kicked and frantically tried to escape me.

I dipped my mouth for another bite. She slipped into unconsciousness as I tore her throat asunder. My fingers dove deeper within her until I had forced my whole hand into her. Twisting my hand, I tore her delicate inner flesh with my talons. Blood gushed over my hand.

I lapped greedily at the torrent of blood issuing from the core of her womanhood. In a fit of anger, I tore the soft lips away and swallowed them. Blood streamed down my face and over my chest. I returned to her face and kissed the cooling lips, as the last of her life slipped from her.

I whispered as she died, "I hope you enjoyed my power for the time you possessed it."

I went to the sink and washed the blood from my face and body. This was no small task, I assure you. I dressed and stood over her, silently thanking her for the gift she had given to me—and for the awakening, she had prompted.

I carried her outside and swept her away into the moonlit sky on vast and powerful wings, which magically unfurled from my back. I flew her over the city of Dallas, marveling at the sight of the lights from such heights. Gracefully, I swooped down and laid her on the ground. Powerful and fearsome talons sprang from my fingers. I tore a huge hole in the ground. Kissing her one more time, I lovingly deposited her in the grave. I spent little time dumping the earth over her, where it and she remains to this day.

This was my awakening. This was my realization of true being.

My path? Who knows where it will lead. I felt the thirst within and wondered how long I could last before I quenched it. I curiously speculated as to where I shall roam and what sights I would see. Last week, my journey began.

I sit in my lonely Dallas apartment, wondering if the thirst will overtake me this night, if I shall again fly the skies in search of prey. I am still not comfortable with whom I am but accept my fate more with the passing of each day.

My name? The name that Algothar couldn't translate? Well, the closest she could come was "Death." She said that held only a bit of the true name, but the language was so ancient, she could come no closer.

Ahhhh, yes, the title! Again, she couldn't grasp it in its true meaning and was too terrified to even hazard a guess. But, she did savor my power, she did steal it away, or so the poor lass thought.

Poor, sweet, misguided little leech of a girl.

THE END

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 it's rich heritage, he resides there still. A consummate reader, books always held an allure of places untraveled, people not yet met, and adventures only dreamt of. Work led him into the world of computers, where he discovered a joy of writing and thus began his odyssey into the world of 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 Jeff at <http://www.jlday.net>.

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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