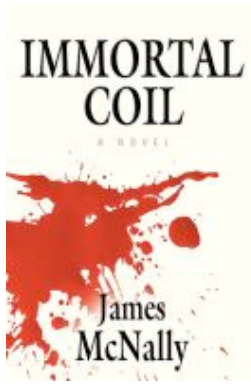


IMMORTAL COIL

A NOVEL



James
McNally



Immortal Coil is about a vampire and his human companion. This vampire hunts killers and other vile types. During their hunting expeditions they come across another vampire with the maniacal hunting style of killing entire families. There is a deadly confrontation and both sides begin to enlist other immortals to fight in a battle to the death.

Immortal Coil

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James McNally

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The serial killer known by his tabloid name The Houseguest Killer selected his victims by how many family members inhabited the house. He preferred three, at least three; no less, but he didn't have to stop at three. To date he had never picked a house with more than five family members and probably never would. He wasn't a glutton, after all.

He was a vampire.

He only required three blood-filled humans to satiate the need. Everyone beyond that was just wasteful, really, but so much fun.

This night he selected a home with only three: a man, a woman, and the woman's elderly mother.

The houseguest killer kept a lair in the Poconos, in a large mansion that had once been an expensive bed and breakfast during the sixties. He tried to stick close to home, and mostly hunted in the city of Allentown and the surrounding area. His latest family lived in the town of Cherryville. They owned a quaint little house in the suburbs of Allentown. The vampire walked around the house peering into windows. He assessed that the man and woman were in the downstairs sitting room, drinking tea and reading: the man was reading the paper and she a hard-cover book, maybe a novel. The old woman was asleep in an upstairs bedroom. He would take her first, quietly and without too much misery, since he did not get any thrill from torturing the elderly who were probably not even aware what was happening to them.

The vampire, wearing a dusty brown trench coat over his aging black slacks and a dingy white shirt, hopped up into a tree and climbed over to the window outside the old woman's bedroom. He had very little trouble opening the window and climbing into the room. He straightened out his clothes and stepped over to the bed where the elderly woman lay. He climbed into bed with her and put his arm around her. This woke the woman and she gasped. She tried to sit up. When she couldn't, she simply asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm your husband, don't you recognize me?" he said.

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"Larry?" she asked in a sleepy, raspy voice.

"Yes, I'm Larry."

She closed her eyes, planning to go back to sleep.

"Wake up you stupid old hag. Have a little respect for the one who's going to kill you." The vampire rolled over onto her and sank his teeth into her neck. The teeth bit precisely into the soft loose flesh of her neck, penetrating the slightly tougher skin of the jugular vein with a soft pop. The blood began to fill his mouth immediately. He sucked at the wound, not wanting to wait for her old heart to pump the blood into his mouth. He felt the old woman's heartbeat flutter as he drained the last bit of blood from her body. In a matter of minutes the old woman laid still and cold and dead. He slipped a knife out of a sheath on his belt and cut off her head. The decapitation was an important ritual unless he wanted the old woman to return as another living dead like him. She would not become miraculously young and vibrant; if she turned she would be old and senile and eternal. He didn't want that.

He left the old woman's room without another thought of what he had left behind. He listened at the top of the stairs for any commotion from below. Apparently, he had not attracted the attention of the couple down there. The only conversation he heard from them was regarding the tea they were drinking.

Time to interrupt this heartwarming moment, he decided; and stomped down the stairs, invading their peaceful existence. The couple looked up at him from their seats, confused but not yet alarmed.

He leapt and took the man first, landing on him and driving him into the back of the sofa where he had been sitting. The vampire was sloppy and quick when he tore out the man's throat, and the man's fear made the blood pump heavily into his mouth. When he had had enough from the man, he turned on the woman. He stood and held the man's limp corpse off to the side. He released the corpse and it dropped to the floor, the last few ounces of blood dripped from the gaping neck wound.

The woman began screaming as soon as the vampire had made his move on the man. She continued screaming the entire time the vampire had been draining the man and hadn't tried to run or fight.

“Shut up,” the vampire said to her, and the blood on his lips splattered the woman’s face.

She just kept screaming, clutching her book like a talisman. The vampire had had enough of her noise and attacked. The book flew from her hand and hit the floor with a muffled thump. The vampire knocked into her like a linebacker. He silenced her only when he tore out her throat. He drained her, and then decapitated her. He also decapitated her husband before leaving the house.

The vampire looked down at his blood-covered clothes. He pulled his trench coat over the bloodied clothes and buttoned up. He was careful not to attract attention to himself. The night was warm and there was a comfortable breeze. On the breeze he smelled the familiar scents of popcorn and cotton candy and funnel cakes. He was in the presence of a carnival, he realized happily. He decided he might cruise the midway.

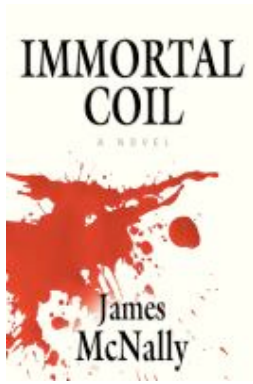
Although it was fall, the night was too warm to be wearing a long heavy coat, but no one seemed to notice. He walked casually around the park. He paid for a ticket and went for a ride on the Ferris wheel. When he was up at the very top, before the wheel started down the other side, the vampire spotted something he very much wanted for his own.

It was a boy. He was a scruffy, black-haired boy with freckles across the bridge of his nose, and on his cheeks. He was asking his mother for money – had to be his mother, she looked just like him – then he was running off to join his friends.

The vampire kept the boy in his sights, and once the ride stopped he followed this boy and his friends for most of the night. He thought he might take the boy now, here, at the park and then kill his friends. They were a group of troublemakers, picking on little girls and trying to break things. The black-haired boy laughed and carried on with the troublemakers; but he, himself, didn’t partake in the troublemaking. As the night wore on, he thought it best if he didn’t take the boy here, after all. He regretted that he wouldn’t be snapping the necks of those other boys, but there was just too much lighting. The possibility was too great that someone would see what he had done. He couldn’t risk getting caught; that would mean moving, and he didn’t want to move.

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He waited and followed the family home. He saw that there were four in the group: mom and dad, sis and the black-haired boy. He would not take them tonight, but he would hit them soon. Maybe tomorrow night, maybe not; but soon the little black-haired boy would be his.



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