

*Lynn Marie Simpson*

*Blood  
Obsession*

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## DEDICATION

For the keeper of my heart  
For all believers

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Thank you

# Prelude

“HOLD him down.” Madison sneered at the pasty-faced man struggling with the young vampire *volunteer*. It was so hard to find good help amongst humans. They were such a weak race. They were so stupid they didn’t realize they were helping a vampire develop the means to destroy them all. They actually believed he was trying to find a cure for cancer ... to save them. What a joke! Madison might have started out searching for a cure, but his experiments trying to mingle animal DNA with human DNA to create a more powerful being soon led him down the road to Theron, and thereby his own destruction. It was his overwhelming desire to become omnipotent that brought him directly into Theron’s path. It was almost too easy to corrupt the good doctor with the promise of immortality, thereby offering him the one thing he didn’t have enough of on his own—time to finish his experiments. What the poor doctor hadn’t realized was that by giving up his mortality the way he had, he also

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gave up his soul, and was now nothing more than a puppet with Theron pulling the strings. Once he discovered a way for the vampire race to face the sun Theron would be invincible. Nobody could stop him then.

Not even those blasted Magi.

The young vampire, who had so foolishly volunteered for this experiment, began to whimper even while he allowed the pasty-faced human to bind him to the table. The moment he entered the silo on the deserted farm he'd had second thoughts. He didn't like the looks of the silver shackles on the table, or the stench of death that hung in the air. He had learned the hard way shortly after his world changed just a year ago the effect silver now had on him, but he was willing to put up with just about anything to be who he was before this awful transition took place. He had a life to go back to. A beautiful fiancée and a young son were waiting for him to return from overseas.

The volunteer let out a sigh of relief when the pasty-faced human only bound him with leather straps. The mere idea of touching those silver shackles made him whimper again.

“Stop that mewling. You make me sick.” Not only was it hard to find a decent human, it was getting harder and harder to find a decent vampire. What had made him think that this puny little gnat would be strong enough to survive a transfusion of werewolf blood? None of the others had survived, but they drank the blood. Maybe the key was not to drink it, but to administer it as an injection. He would find out soon enough.

Madison refused to believe he would not be able to discover the secret of the wolves' ability to face the sun. He had been researching werewolf DNA for decades, and still was no closer to narrowing it down to a specific gene,

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but that did not mean he was wrong. It had to be in the blood. There was no other plausible explanation. He just had to figure out how to get that blood to work for them. So he began his experiments. After all, he had plenty of guinea pigs at his disposal, thanks to the deal he made with the Dark Lord, Theron.

“What are you going to do?” The vampire’s voice trembled and Madison glared at him.

“I’m going to give you a present,” he said sarcastically.

The vampire began to sob, the stench of his fear both intoxicating and sickening to Madison. He ignored the whimpering vampire, and adjusted the bag of blood hanging from the pole beside the bed, checking the clamp to make sure they did not lose a single drop of the precious fluid. A red haze blurred his vision. That idiot minion had drained the werewolf completely dry. He was going to have to *find* another donor after this bag was gone. Then he grinned wickedly. What did it matter to him how many werewolves or vampires he destroyed in his quest. He was going to destroy them all anyway.

“Bring me the needles,” he ordered his minion. His grey lips twisted into a parody of a grin, and his black eyes glittered in anticipation. “It will work this time,” he said. “It had better work,” he hissed.

The pasty-faced minion brought a tray holding two silver needles. “Not those ones,” snarled Madison. “Bring me the stainless steel.” *Didn’t the idiot human realize that silver would destroy the vampire?* Once he had the needles, Madison wrapped an elastic band around the vampire’s arm between his elbow and his shoulder, tightening it until the vein on the underside of his forearm was more easily visible. He then swabbed the arm with a cottonball dipped in alcohol, gently tapped the

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vein until it was more prominent, and carefully slid the needle in. Black goo oozed out the end.

That was the trouble with working on vampires. They were so messy. Madison wiped the putrid liquid away from the needle, attached the clear tubing from the intravenous pole, and turned on the drip.

Madison licked his lips as the vibrant red fluid trickled down the clear, plastic tubing towards the vampire's needle. The blood reached the vampire, and a blood-curdling scream rent the air. Madison watched with clinical eyes as the vampire writhed, pulling at his straps in an attempt to escape the burning liquid. Another scream rent the air, and excitement coursed through Madison's veins. The writhing vampire was stronger than Madison had given him credit. All the others had passed out after the first couple of drops, and died almost instantly. This one continued to fight his bonds, and screech in agony.

Madison adjusted the drip, forcing the liquid faster into the vampire's vein, savouring every scream that came out of the vampire's mouth.

The now familiar prickle along his spine warned Madison that the sun was going to rise soon. He yanked the needle from the vampires arm, and ordered the human to get rid of them. The vampire had stopped writhing, and was now moaning loudly.

"It's almost over," he told the vampire. He unbound the young vampire and lifted him into his arms. "Bring the stakes," he ordered the human, and carried the vampire outside as if it weighed no more than a sack of potatoes.

The sky was beginning to brighten. The terrified vampire sat on the ground sobbing, while the human

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pounded the stakes into the ground. "Hurry," Madison hissed. "I don't want to be out here when the sun rises."

The young vampire's eyes snapped open. Horror clutched his heart when he saw the nearby trees outlined by the first tendrils of the sun's rays. His first day after the transition he suffered third degree burns when his hand was hit by a ray of sun that found its way between the roof boards of the old barn he was hiding in. There was no way he wanted to repeat that. He tried to dissolve into mist and sink into the ground but his magic wasn't working. He clawed at the hardened earth until his fingers bled. He screamed when Madison and his minion dragged him out into the open field, and bound him to the four stakes.

"Hush," Madison whispered. He touched the younger vampire's lips, and its voice grew silent. Tears streaked its face, and its mouth widened in silent screams. "You have nothing left to fear."