



Vampire Zoo

By Marty Wagner

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Chapter 1

Abilene Kansas, 1875

The bartender watched the stranger avoiding a lap dance from a nude saloon dancer named Penny. She was one of a group of dancers that put on a show each weekend for the local men who spent their days on the range, working long hours under the hot sun. The stranger entered the saloon less than an hour ago and seemed disinterested in the woman who was now grinding her backside into his chest. She was looking for a tip and was getting pissed that she wasn't getting any response at all.

"What's wrong buddy? You don't like girls?" Penny asked.

The stranger raised his hat brim just enough to make eye contact with the woman. "You need to shave," the stranger replied.

"What the fuck?" Penny asked. "You look like you haven't had a bath or shave in a month."

"I haven't," the man replied. "Now get me a drink."

"I'm not a barmaid. If you want a drink, get it yourself," the woman replied. Frustrated, she spotted another lonely man across the bar, and zeroed in on him.

The stranger then stood up and walked to the bar; dressed in dirty clothes he looked like he hadn't been out of the countryside in years. Strapped to his waist was a gun belt and pistol, and tied to his belt loop was a bag that contained his money.

"What can I get you?" the bartender asked.

"Beer," the stranger replied. The bartender popped open a bottle of beer and poured it into a tall glass stopping before the head spilled over. The stranger tossed a coin on the counter and took his beer to his lips for a drink. At room temperature, it had a bite. "I need a girl," the stranger stated looking over at better looking nude dancer.

"A girl?" the bartender asked.

"You know, to fuck. Not like that dog that was humping me."

"Oh, those girls are strictly for dancing, they aren't working girls, those girls are upstairs," the bartender replied pointing to the rooms that lined the upper floor of the building. "You can get there from the stairs over there," he added pointing towards the entrance door to the saloon.

"Do I pay you?" the stranger asked.

"No, stop at room number three, knock and talk to the madam that lives there, she'll hook you up."

"Thanks," the stranger replied and took a long chug of his beer finishing it off in three swallows. He set the mug on the counter and walked over to the stairs. As he crossed the room, all eyes were on him watching to see what he would do. No one had ever

seen this man before and strangers were often bad news for whoever they met. It didn't take long for the stranger to climb the stairs to the balcony above and find room three. He knocked on the door and waited for the madam to respond.

The door opened and a woman answered the door. The stranger expected to see an old woman with no teeth and an angry disposition, but what he met looked more like a school teacher.

"What can I do for you?" the madam asked. She knew the answer, but was being polite.

"I need a woman," the stranger replied.

"I see, step inside so we can talk."

The stranger stepped inside the room and closed the door behind him. He took a quick look around at the room and noticed a very feminine touch. Lots of frilly decorations filled the space and dolls sat like they were waiting for a party.

"What kind of girl are you looking for?" the madam asked.

"Don't matter, I need to get laid," the stranger replied.

"I have several girls I can set you up with, do you like a large girl? Or maybe a petite one? I have a set of twins if you like, you have to pay double, but it's worth it."

"How much?"

"Depends on the girl, if you want a white girl its one dollar, if you want a Mexican or black, its twenty five cents. The twins are expensive, they get a dollar and a half each."

The stranger stood and thought for a moment. He looked around again at the decorations that filled the room and felt his money bag. "I'll take a Mexican," he replied.

"I have three, Maria, Anna and Claudia. Would you like to take a look?"

"Yes," the stranger replied. He was getting frustrated and felt like he was getting the run around.

"Follow me," the madam said and walked to the door. As she passed the stranger, she brushed up against his money bag to try to feel how much he was carrying. She led the stranger down the balcony to room five and entered the room. Sitting on the bed was a Hispanic woman dressed only in a long shirt, two others were lying on the bed talking when they noticed the stranger and madam enter and stood up in attention. "These are my Mexican girls," the madam stated holding out her hand as to offer them up.

"Which one is the best one?"

"They all do a very good job," the madam replied.

"They look like they're twelve years old."

"I think Maria is fourteen, right Maria?" the madam asked.

"Yes ma'am" Maria replied.

The stranger smiled and rubbed his crotch. "I'll take Maria," he said. "And her as well," he added pointing to Claudia.

"That will be fifty cents," the madam said.

The stranger stood for a moment like he was lost in thought. "I changed my mind, I'll take Maria, that's all."

"I can make you a deal, I can give you all three girls for fifty cents."

"No, I just want the one," the stranger replied.

"Alright, I need twenty five cents then," the madam stated holding out her hand.

The stranger fished into his money bag and pulled out a coin. He placed it in the madam's hand and waited for the other women to leave.

"You have one hour," the madam said and motioned for Claudia and Anna to follow her outside.

Once the door was shut, the stranger stood staring at Maria like she was the last meal to a starving man. He didn't move, he just seemed to be thinking and this scared Maria.

"What's wrong?" Maria asked in her thick Hispanic accent.

"Strip," the stranger said. Like he was talking to a slave.

Maria pulled her long shirt over her head and tossed it on the bed. She stood naked across the room nervously trying not to shake.

"Are you scared of me?" he asked.

"You make me nervous, yes," Maria asked.

"Why?"

"You're so quiet, I don't understand you."

"I paid to fuck you, what's there to understand?"

"Most of the men who come here don't look at me like you do. They do their business and leave."

"Don't worry, I'll do my business and leave as well. I just like to take a look at what I'm paying for before I start. I have an hour and it won't take me that long to do what I came for."

"Fine, you look then, let me know when you want to get started."

"Do you usually have long conversations with the men you fuck? I mean really, you are just a slab of meat to most of them. Do you really think they want to talk to a dirty Mexican whore?"

"I've only talked to you. None of the others ever say anything, they just crawl on top of me and do what they paid to do," Maria replied.

“Dirty Mexican whore,” the stranger repeated, as if he was trying to get a rise of her.

“I do this so I can feed my family, I am no whore,” Maria replied.

“Can’t you get a job washing clothes? Or cooking? Why be a dog for any man that will pay?”

“It’s hard finding work, especially work that pays. I have to help support my family.”

“Were those other two girls your family?”

“Yes, Claudia is my sister, Anna is my cousin.”

“Fuck, if I’d of known that, I’d of kept Claudia here. I’d love to watch two sisters go at each other. You ever fuck your sister?”

“Please, can we get on with this?”

The stranger was getting aroused, teasing Maria about having sex with her sister. He was having more fun taunting her than he would ever having sex with her. “What’s the best thing about your sister?”

“What do you mean?” Maria asked.

“I didn’t get a good look at her, does she have nice tits?”

“I’m not interested in women, especially my own sister.”

“I think I’ll pay a little extra so I can watch you two on the bed, what do you think about that?”

“I won’t do it,” Maria replied.

“No?” the stranger asked. He expected this answer, but used it to taunt Maria some more. “Maybe you’d like to watch me fuck your sister, would you like that?”

“No, this is a job to me. I don’t enjoy this at all.”

The stranger stepped over to Maria and came in close, close enough to touch her. He put out his hand and caressed her right breast with his dirty hand. He made circles around her nipples and then looked up into her eyes. “What do you do best?” he asked.

“I lay on my back and let the man do what he wants, that’s all,” Maria replied.

“You don’t suck dick? Or give hand jobs or anything?” the stranger asked, still taunting Maria.

Maria didn’t reply.

“What? Did I hit a nerve? I guess you do more than lie on your back and take it. I want something extra,” the stranger said. “Ever take it in the ass?”

Maria looked at the stranger with horror in her eyes. She knew if she didn’t do what he wanted, the madam would punish her or put her out of work. But the idea of taking him that way scared her, she had never done it that way before. “No, I haven’t,” she replied.

“Good, there’s a first time for everything,” the stranger said as he pushed Maria back onto the bed. “Up on all fours,” he demanded.

Maria crawled up onto the bed and assumed the position. She put her head down and offered up her ass to the stranger who was now undressing. She closed her eyes and waited for the man to enter her when she felt his hand grab her by her hips. He was now in position behind her and felt him try to enter her dry. The pain was incredible, and with every thrust the man cursed her for being a dirty filthy Mexican whore who would let him take her this way for pay.

“Stop!” Maria cried out. “It hurts!”

The stranger continued to push, trying to enter Maria from behind until he finally gave up and sat back on his heels. Maria was relieved that the man had given up and was hoping he’d do like the other men and turn her over and fuck her and get it over. Instead, she felt him grab her by the neck and pull her upright. He wrapped his arm around her chest and thrust his fangs into her neck while covering her mouth with his other hand. For the next few minutes, the stranger, a vampire sucked the blood from Maria’s neck and let her limp body drop down onto the bed in a heap.

He stood up and pulled up his pants fixing his belt and readjusting himself. He wasn’t done with her, he pulled a knife from his pants and walked over to Maria’s dying body. He flipped her over on her back and mounted her with a leg on each side of her hips. He looked down at her vacant stare and pressed the tip of his knife below her sternum. With a quick thrust, he shoved the knife into her belly and sliced down until he hit her pelvis bone.

Then with his left hand, he reached into her bowels and pulled out her intestines and laid them on the bed. Once he had them out as far as they would go, he used the knife to cut them free and pushed them onto the floor. He now had access to her ribcage and once again reached inside to find her heart. Once he had hold of the organ, he brought in the knife with the other hand and cut the vessels until he was able to remove her heart and place it on the bed next to the dead prostitute.

Chapter 2

St. Andrews

The candle light from the church windows revealed a man sitting at a desk next to an office window with his back to the glass. Further into the building, a woman's dark figure could be seen moving about between the pews but nothing else about her activity could be determined. It was late evening, and the pastor and his wife were working in the church cleaning and doing book work.

From outside the stranger couldn't tell if anyone else was inside, but now he found what he was looking for, fresh meat. He stepped up to the rear of the church and found the door ajar, the way the pastor's wife had left it. He pulled it open slow and slid inside keeping as quiet as he could. Once inside the back store room, he found his way to the door to the altar and stepped into the shadow in the corner where the candle light couldn't reach. He watched the pastor's wife as she swept the floor between the pews concentrating on her work.

It was important that he kept quiet so the pastor wouldn't enter the main part of the church. Not yet at least. First he wanted to have his way with his wife if he could. Then the stranger heard the sound of a chair scraping across the wood floor and knew the pastor was getting up from his desk. The stranger pressed hard into the corner and slid down to hide better in the dark.

The pastor entered the main room and spoke to his wife. "I need to go home for a while, I forgot some papers," the pastor said. "Will you be alright without me for a while?"

"Yes, I'll be fine," the pastor's wife replied.

The pastor nodded and turned back leaving the room. The stranger watched and waited until he heard the door close and spied the pastor out the window heading away from the church. Relieved, the stranger stood up and stepped out of the shadow and walked slowly towards the pastor's wife.

When she noticed him, she didn't scream or move. It was as if she was expecting him. "Who are you?" she asked in a calm voice.

"Bohdan," the stranger replied. "Bohdan Malko."

"What can I do for you Bohdan Malko?" the woman asked. She was nervous now and began to tremble.

"I came for your blood, and the blood of your husband," Bohdan replied.

The woman stood motionless. She had a broom in her hand and probably realized that it would do no good if Bohdan attacked, so she kept it at her side. "I have children," she added.

"I will come for them as well."

"Is there any way I can stop you?"

“Is there anything you can offer, anything I can’t get for myself?”

The woman stood and thought. She had to come up with something to save herself, her husband and her children. Time was short and she needed an answer. “I can get you parishioners,” she replied. “I have access to all that go to this church.”

“And why can’t I get them for myself? Why do I need you?” Bohdan asked.

“They will find you, and kill you. I can give them to you one at a time, keep them guessing. If you take them yourself, they will find you, and they will kill you.”

Bohdan thought for a moment. “What guarantee do I have you won’t turn them on me?”

“My children, if I give you up you can take my children.”

“By that time it will be too late. I don’t see any advantage gained by saving you. I have a plan to take out everyone in this town eventually and that plan doesn’t require any help from anyone. Including you,” Bohdan replied.

“What are you? A vampire?” the pastor’s wife asked.

“Yes, isn’t it obvious?” Bohdan replied. He exposed his fangs for her to see.

“This is a church, how can you be in here? The crosses?”

“This is no church, it is a building made of wood to host a flock of hypocritical sinners. Like you and your husband.”

“We are not sinners, my husband is the pastor!”

“Tell me why you are here in the evening? What is your husband doing that he can’t do during the day?” Bohdan asked.

“He’s doing book work,” she replied.

“Book work, yes, cooking the books would be more accurate.”

The pastor’s wife stood dumbfounded, as if her secret had been exposed. “What are you talking about? My husband has to keep the books, that’s part of his job.”

“I assume there is a church board, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“And he shows his books to the board, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“How much is he skimming off the church?” Bohdan asked.

“My husband is not skimming off the books, how dare you say that!”

“My powers are limited, but I can tell something isn’t right here. I would guess he’s taking plenty, you can deny it all you want, but you know it’s true.”

The pastor's wife shook her head as if she was either in disbelief or just caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

"This is all a moot point anyway, neither of you will live to see the dawn," Bohdan said. "And the town will be better off for it, as will I."

Just then a door slammed open startling both Bohdan and the pastor's wife. Standing in the doorway, backlit from the candle light was the pastor holding a gun pointed at the vampire. "I think you'll be the one not seeing dawn," the pastor stated as he stepped between the pews.

"A gun, how quaint," Bohdan said. "Everyone's got one these days. Is that yours from the war?"

"Yes it is, Eighth Regiment Kansas volunteer if you must know," the pastor replied.

"Ever kill anyone?" Bohdan asked.

"Oh fuck yeah, lots of greybacks, couldn't kill enough of them."

"Did you hear I told your wife I was a vampire?"

"No, but there is no such thing as vampires, unless you escaped from the state asylum," the pastor said with a grin.

"No, I didn't, I was in the war as well," Bohdan replied.

"Johnny Reb?"

"Maybe, but that was ten years ago, times are different now."

"You break into my church, accuse me of stealing, and then I come to find out you're a confederate? And a psycho as well? What a lucky man I am," the pastor said.

"Once again, you do realize I'm a vampire," Bohdan said.

"That's what you say, what of it?"

"You can't kill a vampire with a bullet."

"I'd like to find out," the pastor said.

"Do as you wish, this is your house. At least for now."

The pastor took a few steps closer to the altar and pointed the gun square at Bohdan's chest. Then his wife spoke up. "If you kill him, how will you explain it?" she asked.

"He broke in, tried to steal from the church and kill us. I'm justified," the pastor replied.

The pastor's wife nodded her head in agreement.

Taking careful aim, the pastor pulled the trigger of his forty four caliber and shot Bohdan in the chest with a pop and a poof of smoke that filled the air. As the smoke cleared, the pastor could see that Bohdan was unaffected and stood his ground as before.

"Now do you believe me?" Bohdan asked.

The pastor took a look at his revolver and then back at Bohdan, he took aim and squeezed off two more shots in his chest. Then one in the face. When the smoke cleared again, it was obvious Bohdan wasn't affected and there was no wound to his face or anywhere else he could see.

"I know I shot you, I couldn't miss from this far," the pastor said.

"You did shoot me, I told you, I can't be killed with a gun."

"Then how do I kill you?"

Bohdan laughed and shook his head. "Are you kidding me? Do you think I'd tell you how to kill me? How absurd."

"There must be a way," the pastor said. He thought fast and ran over to an oil lamp that was setting on the fireplace mantle. It was lit and shining bright; one of the main sources of light in the room. With the lamp in hand he walked back over to where he stood before, only this time Bohdan was standing behind the altar like was the pastor.

"You'd burn your church to the ground?" Bohdan asked.

"If it meant saving my life I would," the pastor replied.

"Funny you didn't mention your wife in that statement. Guess when it comes down to it, saving your own life is what really matters."

"I meant her too," the pastor said.

"Nice catch. Now put up or shut up, toss the lamp," Bohdan said.

"Only if I have to, if you attack I'll burn the church to the ground with you in it."

"How do you expect to get out? If I can't make it, neither can you."

"I'll find a way," the pastor replied. "Now get out before I light you up."

"All that will happen if you throw that lamp is you burning down the building. I will survive and come back another day to finish what I started. Either way, you lose."

"What do you expect me to do? Let you kill us both?"

"Good job, you included her this time," Bohdan said. "Your wife was in the middle of making me an offer before you barged in."

The pastor looked at his wife then back at Bohdan. "What offer?"

"She said she'd get me all the parishioners I wanted."

"For what?"

"I wish you'd of came back earlier, I really don't like repeating myself. Like I said, I'm a vampire," Bohdan stated, this time showing off his long yellow fangs.

"By the grace of God," the pastor said.

“Are you a real pastor?” Bohdan asked. “Or are you scamming the people of this town with that as well?”

“I’m as much a pastor as anyone else.”

“I see, what did you do before you were a pastor?”

“I was in the army, I told you that.”

“And before that?”

“I worked for the railroad a bit, and farmed. What did you do?”

“I sold slaves back to the south, I was a bounty hunter I suppose,” Bohdan replied.

“But you said you were in the war.”

“I was until I left, I didn’t care for it much, and there was profit in slave sales.”

“A vampire that sold slaves?”

“I wasn’t always a vampire. I was turned by a slave, a slave vampire. Killed the bastard after that. Like a mosquito.”

“How long have you been a vampire?” the pastor asked.

Bohdan thought for a moment. “Going on thirteen years now I suppose.”

“You’ve been living on the blood of humans for thirteen years? How come I never heard of you?”

“I’m very good at what I do, I come into a town, clean it out and leave before I get caught. Except for that one time, but that’s in the past. So we have a deal to discuss. Do I kill you both now, or do you send me a supply of victims? I’m use to hunting on my own, but if you want to get them for me, I can try that.”

“Yes, we can get you as many as you need,” the pastor said.

“You realize the second you turn on me, the deal is off and I take you both,” Bohdan said.

“We understand.”

“No, I don’t think you do actually, I think I need some collateral.”

“What do you mean by that?” the pastor asked.

“Maybe collateral isn’t the right word, what I need is to prove to you that if you fuck me over, I fuck you back. Maybe I should visit your house, see your kids.”

“No!” the pastor shouted, you stay away from my children!”

Bohdan expected that reaction, but he didn’t think his point was clear. He needed an example that would guarantee that the pastor and his wife would never turn on him. All he needed was one of them, the other would prove to be more a value hanging from the town square disemboweled. And that’s exactly how they found the pastor’s wife, the

next morning, hanging from courthouse bell tower, white, lifeless and drained of all blood. Her intestines spread on the ground in a heap covered in flies picked over by birds.

Chapter 3

Bible Study

The funeral for the pastor's wife was held early in the day leaving the pastor alone in the evening to meet for bible class, a class the pastor scheduled at the request of Bohdan. The pastor's wife was killed without Bohdan feeding off of her, something he regretted in hindsight so now he needed new blood. He needed to feed at least once a week and tonight the pastor was bringing fresh meat to the table.

Bohdan hid in the back storage room of the church while the class was held for a small select group of people. A group the pastor thought would make good targets for the vampire. Seething with anger over the murder of his wife, the pastor had no choice but to carry out the wishes of the vampire who slaughtered her and left her out to hang in the public square.

The class was scheduled for an hour and the hour was up when Bohdan heard the pastor offer up a last prayer for the night. Now the plan was for the pastor to keep one person behind so Bohdan could end his/her life and drink of their blood. Bohdan put his eye up to a crack in the doorway watching to see who the pastor would ask to stay. The group was a mix of two families, four adults and four children, three girls and a boy. Bohdan wanted a girl, he always preferred them over males.

The crowd dispersed and all the members of the bible study left the main room of the church heading out the main door. Bohdan was confused and as time went on became angry that the pastor didn't keep one of the girls behind. When the room was empty, Bohdan opened the door and stepped into the church behind the altar. From there he scanned the room looking for the pastor, he was not to be found.

"Don't worry, I have one coming back," the pastor said as he walked back into the room.

"Which one?" Bohdan asked.

"Angela," the pastor replied. "The oldest daughter, she's going home to get a book and bring it back. I asked her to show it to me."

"Good, how long will it take?"

"She lives three miles from here, it will take an hour for her to get back, you can wait."

"It's dark outside, do you think her parents will allow her to be out at night alone? What if her father returns with her?" Bohdan asked.

"I can't help that. I told you I'd find you parishioners to kill and I did. How you do it is your business, not mine."

"I can't kill a grown man as easy, and he will have help, his daughter will be here as well."

"You don't know that, she will probably come alone. We don't have much crime around here, at least before you showed up," the pastor said.

It was two hours before Angela returned to the church alone. She opened the main door and stepped inside holding a book looking for the pastor. She turned and found him sitting in his office reading. "Pastor," she said trying not to startle the man.

The pastor jumped and laughed hearing him called out by the girl. "Sorry Angela, I didn't hear you come in. "I see you brought the book I asked for."

"Yes," Angela replied setting the book on the pastor's desk. "Sorry I was late getting back, I had to help my mother with some chores."

"No problem, that's what a good child does."

Angela turned to walk back out the door when she saw a tall stranger standing in the doorway. She gasped and put a hand to her chest swallowing hard. "Excuse me, I didn't hear you behind me," she said.

Bohdan put a hand on each side of the doorway blocking Angela's escape from the room He didn't reply at first keeping an eye on the girl, sizing her up for a meal.

"I don't believe we've met before," Angela said, trying to prompt the stranger to speak.

"My name is Bohdan," the strange man said.

"Do you have relations around here?" Angela asked trying to make conversation.

"No," Bohdan replied cold.

Angela waited for the stranger to step away from the doorway, but didn't; he continued to block her way out with a hand on each side of the door. Soon it became uncomfortable so the girl looked to the pastor for direction. "I need to get going," Angela said to the pastor, then she looked to the stranger expecting him to step aside. He didn't. "Excuse me sir, may I get past you?" she asked.

Bohdan hesitated, then moved so the girl could walk by. As she passed Bohdan, he placed a hand on her breast and squeezed hard enough for the girl to lurch away in fear.

"What are you doing?" Angela asked.

"I haven't been with a woman in months," Bohdan replied.

"How dare you touch me like that! And in God's house!" Angela snapped back. She looked to the pastor to back her up, but he sat silent, deferring to Bohdan. The pastor seemed timid and scared.

Bohdan stepped in closer to Angela and reached out to grab her by the collar of her dress. She backed away before he could get a grip. "Don't try to get away from me," Bohdan said. "If you put up a fight, I will be very angry, and you don't want me to be angry. Do you understand?"

Angela looked to the pastor who was in the other room sitting at his desk. "Help me pastor!" Angela said. The pastor sat quiet and didn't reply.

“He won’t help you,” Bohdan said. “Nobody will help you now, so you might as well do as I say.”

“Do you expect me to let you rape me?” Angela asked.

“Take off your clothes,” Bohdan said. He was direct, to the point and didn’t raise his voice.

“I won’t,” Angela replied. “Pastor, please do something,” she pleaded.

“He set this up,” Bohdan said with a smile. “Take off your clothes and it won’t be as painful.”

Angela could tell by the pastor’s demeanor that the stranger was right. The person she relied on for guidance and comfort put her in the path of this stranger who was now planning to rape her in the church. The thought of bolting out the front door crossed her mind, but she knew the chances of her escaping from the stranger’s grasp were slim. So she tugged at her dress, and pulled it up over her head and dropped it on the floor. She then removed her undergarments and stood naked before the stranger and the pastor. The pastor who was now turned away so he couldn’t see what was about to happen. “I hope you’re happy pastor,” Angela said.

The next day Angela’s nude eviscerated body was found at the edge of town draped over a fence post. Sheriff Jim Greenwood had little to go on, but now had three murdered mutilated females to deal with and a town angry and in fear for their lives. People had noticed the stranger in town, and people talked enough that word got back to the sheriff with concerns he might be the one he should be looking at. The only common bond between the women otherwise was the pastor’s wife and a parishioner were both church members, the prostitute was a single event upon itself with no clear connection to the others. Unless the stranger could be tied to all three.

The sheriff rode to the pastor’s residence and found him working in the back feeding his animals. He got the pastor’s attention, dismounted from his horse and stepped over to speak to the local man of God. “Morning pastor,” the sheriff said raising his hand.

“What can I do for you sheriff?” the pastor asked. Sweat dripping off his forehead as he set his feed on the ground.

“I have some questions for you if you don’t mind.”

“Is this about the girl they found dead on the fence?” the pastor asked.

“The girl?” The sheriff asked. He was struck by how informal the pastor spoke. “Wasn’t she a member of the church? I’ve seen the family there every Sunday.”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“And you don’t know her name?”

“I don’t know the name of everyone who attends church,” the pastor replied.

“Her name was Angela Johnson, her father is Thomas Johnson, and he farms south of town by the river.”

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