

Chapter 37

Uncle Franda stood on the raised stage at the front of the main chapel. Before him was the gathered family. He extended his arms and announced in his most solemn voice, “*Bu axsam una familka, sicut et nos celebrare aylq safari qeyd etmek Sanguinem Luna,*” [Tonight we come together as a family to celebrate the monthly visit of the Blood Moon.]

Like the rest of the family he wore only the white cotton robe customary to the occasion. His karambit knife was securely nestled in his pocket.

“As the moon turns red,” he continued in English, “it reminds us to take our sustenance from the vital fluid we need to maintain our lives. It also reminds us to take pleasure in the joining of our family.”

“This month’s Blood Moon marks several special occasions that we celebrate tonight. The most momentous is the one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of our matriarch, and my mother, Grandma Sofi.”

The family applauded, whistled and shouted their congratulations. Those nearest to Grandma Sofi reached out to touch her shoulders or squeeze her hands. She blushed at the many small tributes.

“Another important occasion is cousin Tommy’s twenty-

fifth birthday. As is our custom, this is his first Blood Moon. I know we are all as excited as he is.” This time everyone laughed as Tommy blushed. Some of the younger boys, who had only recently been through their own first Blood Moons, poked him and slapped him on the back.

“And one more event we want to rejoice in, is the return to our clan of Rechnostava, you all know him as Rick, and his family: Sally his wife, Alyssa their daughter and her mate Alan.” Again the family applauded.

Rick and Sally smiled and waved to everyone. He knew that Franda was just doing this for appearances sake. He was sure that his uncle would rather be hosting his murder instead of a celebration.

“So, without further ado, Conner would you ask the Gorstrum to bring in their contribution to the festivities.” Conner opened the door to the anteroom and indicated to Brundy and Treydore that they should begin.

A hush fell over the assemblage as the Gorstrum brought in the first two gurneys and placed them just below the dais at the front of the chapel. A crisp white sheet covered each one. All eyes were fixed on the gurneys as Brundy and Treydore went back to the anteroom to retrieve the next two. It was hard for the family not to notice the twitching and struggling that was taking place under each sheet.

The Gorstrum returned with two more gurneys also covered with crisp white sheets. The family was completely silent and

focused on the front of the chapel. The collective whimpering sounds from the four gurneys were now loud enough for the family to hear.

The anticipation built to a crescendo as Franda finally said, “Gentlemen, if you will.” Treydore and Brundy failed to notice the irony that this was the only time that Uncle Franda ever referred to them as “gentlemen.”

The Gorstrum each grabbed a corner of one of the sheets and, with coordinated timing, pulled them off the gurneys revealing their work. The family applauded as the victims were exposed: four naked and bound humans, two men and two women. Each one lying face up.

Strong white surgical tape bound their ankles to the lower corners of the gurneys. Their wrists were tightly fixed to the side rails and their fingers taped together so that grasping at anything was impossible. Wide tape was placed across their eyes in several layers, serving as an effective blindfold, and wrapped around the top rail of the gurneys securing their heads in place. Cotton washcloths had been used as gags and secured with tape across their mouths.

As a result of their bondage, the victims were blind, partially deaf (due to the tape holding their heads in place) and mostly mute. They could only imagine that the worst was about to happen to them. They tried to scream but only muffled sounds came through the gags. Only minute movements were possible and required enormous effort.

The first victim was a young woman with long blonde hair. Her breasts were rather large but stayed unnaturally upright as if they were implants. Her hips were wide and her pubic hair was neatly shaved. Her thighs were on the thin side leaving a small gap between her legs.

The second victim was a dark-haired man who appeared to be middle aged. He had a few extra pounds, which always meant a little extra blood. He was quite hairy with an unruly patch just above his pubis. Of all the victims, he struggled the most and continuously flexed his muscles trying to get free.

Next was another man with a completely bald, shaved head. It was obvious that he worked out and had a toned body. Every couple of seconds he would strain all his muscles attempting to release himself from his bonds. His efforts were futile but made for an exciting show for the females of the family as they watched his muscles flex and his member flail from side to side.

Last was a second female who appeared to be no more than twenty. She was relatively petite, maybe five-foot-two. Her breasts were small and tipped with little brown nipples. Her hips were slim and her butt was tight. The untidy triangle of dark black hair on her pubic mound appeared to point to the V between her legs, and matched the color of the shoulder length hair on her trembling head. Her shoulder and arm muscles were well-defined and looked to be quite strong. Like the others, she thrashed about as much as she could but even with her powerfully built body her struggles were in vain.

It was Vanessa, the “Vampire Killer.” Only Brundy and

Treydore knew who she was, and that she had killed Isach. They had decided not to tell the others. As the family took their pleasure, during the next several hours, the Gorstrum would watch her die, cut by agonizing cut. If the clan didn't complete the gruesome task then they would have the pleasure of finishing the job themselves.

The clan's appreciative applause, of the Gorstrum's contribution, continued for another minute. When it died down, Grandma Sofi stepped forward to make her choice.