

Half Breed

By Rowan Elizabeth

Copyright 2006

HE WATCHED HER SLEEP. This one would do nicely. Strong in mind and body. Bitter and fed up with the world. She would be able to take on the task and not give a damn what others think.

He leaned over her prone body and carefully laid his cold hand over her mouth. He climbed on top of her and pinned her to the mattress, smiled in the dark at his good fortune, and sank his teeth into the soft flesh of her neck.



CASSIE INHERITED the old yellow house on the corner of Grant and Washington in Coventry Ridge. She lived on the main floor, rented out the top to Adrian, and stored her dead mother's things in the basement. She parked in the back after work, sat on the front porch of an evening, and slept each night in the room that had been her parents'.

Cassie managed the breeding of the mares on the same horse farm where her father had pulled foals. After the foaling in the spring, Cassie tracked the mares' seasons, fussed over the ordering of frozen semen and coordinated the mares' insemination with the vet.

Late one night, she was monitoring the spreadsheet on her pregnant "ladies" when Bobby interrupted. The boy had been working at the stables for just about three months. He was a beautiful specimen himself. Sandy blonde hair and a strong lean body.

"Miss Grover?"

Cassie turned her head towards the voice, her eyes still on her work. "Yes?"

“It’s Heidi. I think she’s in trouble. I brought her in and put her in her stall. Want to come look?” The barn hand sounded excited and nervous.

“Run down there and take her temp, and I’ll be right along.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Cassie tied her long, dark hair back in a ponytail and dropped her glasses on the desk. She smirked. *Heidi’s not in heat. But I know who is.*

Making her way to the barn, Cassie stretched her neck muscles and popped her knuckles. The back barn was the oldest on the property, and the cobwebs held the smells of horses and hay.

The horses were in the front stalls, tucked away and whinnying for her attention. They would wait. In the far, dark end of the aisle, she saw the open stall door. A smile played across her lips.

“Come out, come out wherever you are,” she hummed as she looked into the gaping door.

Bobby stepped from the shadows, his tight Wranglers already open to expose his rigid cock.

His twenty years to her forty-two amused Cassie. Hard work had kept her feeling younger than her crow’s feet indicated, and her petite body was only beginning to show any signs of middle age. But her pussy—now, that still sang of twenty-five. And it was singing its heart out right about then.

Cassie grabbed Bobby by the dick and pushed him into the rough-hewn boards of the stall. She looked him dead in the eyes and ran her short nails up his length, then flicked the end.

“And what do you want me to do with this?”

“Suck it,” he said with all the bravado of a young, horny man.

“Not today. Today you’ll fuck me.”

Cassie gave Bobby’s dick a light smack and turned her ass to him. She knew her cycle and the little stud was going to finally get her pregnant. He was strong and healthy and that’s all she cared about. She wasn’t looking for a father as much as for a stallion.

She wiggled her hips to slip her tight Levi's down to her thighs and presented an ass firm from years of riding. Bobby spit in his hand and began stroking his dick. Barely bent over, she felt him grab her hip and start rooting around with the head of his cock. His other hand grabbed her and she knew it was coming. He slammed as much cock into her as he could, pulled moisture back out and crammed his length into Cassie's cunt.

Cassie had read conception in humans could be easier if the woman had an orgasm during the act, so she reached between her legs and furiously circled and rubbed her clit.

"You're a fucking hot slut. I'm gonna come all over your ass."

Like hell he was. Cassie used her strong legs to push Bobby back against the wall. "Come in me. All up in me!"

"But..."

"Do it!"

Cassie knew Bobby didn't see the shadow in the hayloft slip to the open edge of the decking. He didn't see it drop the fifteen feet to the concrete floor. And he didn't see it enter the stall doorway.

Bobby's grip tightened and he leaned into Cassie for a good pounding. Hard, deep thrusts filled her as she rubbed her clit almost to pain. Bobby sucked in his breath and came with a thumping shudder.

"Now get out."

"Fuckin' bitc—" and he was gone. His broken and limp body whisked up into the rafters.

Once rid of him, Cassie pulled herself together and lay back on the hay, hips tilted up, eyes closed. She'd helped impregnate over a hundred mares. It was her turn.

She smiled. "It's done, my darling."

From the shadows, he stepped into the stall and knelt at her feet. With smooth gentleness, he removed her boots and the jeans that were still wrapped low on her legs. He then climbed between her open thighs and penetrated her. He was anxious to mix his impotent fluid with the boy's swirling life. Adrian couldn't

impregnate his willing bride, but the power of his fluids would give the baby and its mother the strength they both would need.

Adrian stroked his cock deep into Cassie as she writhed against his pointed length. She knew his abrupt emissions would force the young boy's come deep into her body.

Footsteps echoed through the barn, approaching the darkened stall.

"Slap me," begged Cassie and Adrian raked his long nails across her face as he complied. Cassie let out a wail and slipped into the best acting of her life.

Cassie watched Adrian vanish in a blur, leaving a gaping void between her legs.

Her pitiful screams echoed though the rafters.

The men found Cassie in a heap in the corner of the stall, hysterical, pointing a rusty hay fork at the crumpled body of Bobby. His head was covered in rats.

By morning, the whole town knew Bobby had raped Cassie and then got himself stabbed in the neck in self-defense. What the people of the town didn't want to think about were the bites on Bobby's neck. Rats had torn out his throat before his blood had even stopped pumping.



THE HOUSE at Grant and Washington was perfect. An outside cellar door gave access to the dank basement that had stairs leading up to the main floor. Off the back porch, there was a set of steep steps that led to upstairs. With any other tenant, the doors between each floor would be securely locked. But Adrian was allowed free movement through the house.

For the sake of appearances, he came and went from the upstairs apartment. But his days were spent in the basement. There had only been two windows to paint over in the adjacent old coal room. It was an ideal resting spot. Adrian could sneak out the cellar door to hunt and then use the interior stairs to make it appear as if he were always on the second floor.

Nights when he wasn't hunting, he stayed in Cassie's room. He wanted to be sure the child would be strong; his ejaculate would help it grow.

“You were going to kill me, weren’t you?” Cassie asked.

“Yes, but you were too strong to waste. I’ve been looking for you for hundreds of years. Every other one failed me.” Adrian laid her back on the bed to examine her growing belly. “Spread your legs.”

“Couldn’t they carry your child?”

His long fingers plied Cassie’s cunt lips, and he began his ritual. “No, they were too weak. If the child didn’t kill them, then they would kill themselves out of fear.”

He slid two fingers high up inside Cassie to feel her cervix. “Very good. Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

Adrian stood and removed his clothes. Cassie pulled at the nipples of her growing breasts and moaned her anticipation. Adrian’s cock was extraordinarily long and came to a point as it curved to the left. Cassie knew the first penetration would be painful, but his spurting would soothe her insides.

“Get on your knees. I can get deeper. I can get more to the child.”

The lightheadedness that always overcame Cassie spread through her body, and she obeyed his command.

“When will you take me over?” she asked.

“When you are ready.”

Adrian poised his heavy cock at her entrance and, in the intention of getting it over with quickly, plunged headlong into Cassie’s cunt, her scream barely muffled by the pillow over her mouth.

With a growl, Adrian spewed his seed deep into her. With every potent thrust, another hot load filled Cassie until it had taken over her insides and was running down her legs. It was then Adrian flipped her. Her prize was his mouth on her aching pussy. But this time it would be different. This time would be the second of three bites before she gave birth.

Adrian flicked his pointed tongue against Cassie’s engorged clit and began sucking her blood to the surface. The sharp puncture of his teeth brought Cassie

to orgasm and her pumping blood filled his mouth. He sucked until he felt her body growing weak. He then climbed her body and straddled her head.

With a quick flick and a sharp fingernail to the vein of his cock, he pressed himself to Cassie's mouth. She sucked as though she were swallowing his come and her eyes fluttered as life returned to her. She sucked with vigor while Adrian stroked her hair. "That is the second, my lover. Only one more."



"GOD!"

"Don't pray to him. Only I can help you now."

The child within Cassie rolled and kicked as it forced its exit. The hay, soaked with her waters and blood, squished under the weight of her pregnant form.

Adrian's eyes blazed as he awaited the birth of his child, his half-breed, his day-walker. The child would have the strengths of both his mother and his father. They would feed together. Be together. Always. The child would grow until he was old enough for Adrian to bring him fully into the fold. Cassie would join this night.

Cassie howled as she labored in the back stall of the farthest barn, and hay prickled her backsides. The birth was violent, unlike the natural turns of the mares. As the blood of the mother and child mixed between Cassie's legs, Adrian fed, strengthening himself for what was to come. For the crossing over of his bride. For the birth of his son. It would be complicated. They both must feed on the child, the day-walker, and then let the child feed on the rushing blood of another.

"Adrian! Help me!"

Covered in her blood, he came to her side. "Release your muscles. Let him arrive."

Squalling and wailing, the child slithered into the natural world. Adrian reached for his son only to find, with crazed delight, a daughter. The child would be Tarana, "born during the day." She would breed the day-walkers to come. Cassie was no longer needed.

Adrian slit the blue vein in his wrist and offered it to his fading bride, holding the child that would be the future.

Cassie drank deeply, clasping Adrian's arm to her mouth until she found enough strength to focus on her child.

"My son...?"

"My daughter."

Adrian clasped the mouth of his newborn to the flowing blood of her mother. Like the parasite she had always been, and would always be, she fed. The tiny being drank of her blood, her life, her very being, until there was nothing left.

Adrian held Tarana high and gazed at the laughing babe. "You will be our future. The Mother, the Eve, the Day-Walker."



AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH, Adrian swept Tarana across the ocean to his permanent home in Leitrim, Ireland. The small stone house sat on land that had been in his family for generations—fictional generations Adrian created. It now held the latest family member: Tarana.

During the day, she would sleep in the shallow dirt space hollowed out underneath the cottage floorboards, curled in Adrian's arms. At night, Adrian would leave his child in the capable care of Moira, the midwife. Charmed by him, Moira did not question his or the child's strange behavior, simply believing the child had her days and nights mixed up. The midwife would fall asleep as Tarana lay awake in her crib and would wake to find the child gone in the morning. Moira did not question the situation. Mostly out of a sense of self-preservation.

"Come, my little one. I have something for you." Before sunrise, Adrian would steal his child away to feed. For the first few years, all she would drink was the blood of barn rats. Rats, other small nocturnal creatures and, as she grew, the hogs and sheep of local farmers. "Darkness knows what the blood of a human would do for you, as small as you are," the protective father told his babe.



“DRINK of this old horse.” Adrian stunned the animal, made a slit in its throat and sat Tarana in the hay to feed. Instead of feeding, Tarana looked into the large, dark eyes of the animal and began whispering to it.

“Father, fix it. Make it better. Mother wouldn’t want us to hurt a horse.”

“You will forget your mother’s blood and you will drink,” Adrian said as he squeezed his eyes shut. “Your mother is gone, and you must live.”

Tarana stood to her full, mighty four feet and said, “I will eat the rats, the dogs, I will even drink of the pigs, but you cannot make me kill this horse.”

“Willful child! Then you will go hungry tonight, but I will not.” Adrian sank to his knees and took the life of the mare.

He stood, “You can have your rats then, and rats alone!”



TARANA, a beautiful woman of eighteen, grew bored with stalking the neighboring farms for rats, raccoons and the occasional dying piece of livestock. But she had to eat. Adrian had taken her over earlier that year and her thirst had grown steadily.

“Father, let’s make another to keep me company. I get so bored during the days.”

“You have your studies,” Adrian reminded.

“I know everything I’ve ever read, but I have no one to be with.”

“You have me. That should be enough.”

“Father!”

“Relax, my little ratter. You soon will have a mate. You are now old enough to begin breeding our day-walkers,” Adrian explained. “Would you like to go out hunting tonight on your own?”

Adrian didn't know that during the days when he slept, Tarana spirited across northwestern Ireland hunting humans. She learned that her unique existence—that of a day-walker—gave her the ability to retain the knowledge of those she fed upon. During her education, her desires to kill humans had been replaced by a different desire.

“Oh, yes! Let me go, Father.”

“Very well then. I want to see you home before dawn.”



TARANA HAD HUNTED men before, but it was Niall who lived above the Boar's Head who caught her eye for a mate. Tall, with dark hair and light eyes, Niall resembled her and would help to make a beautiful race without her father's weaknesses. Adrian had dwindled in her eyes since feeding her his blood in the spring. He was pitiful in his sleeping hole under the old floor.

Tarana went to the pub and watched Niall from the window as he cleaned up the human mess left after a long night of locals drinking. She would save him from this wretchedness. She slipped up the back stairs and waited on his bed. Tarana could hear the last drunken patron leave, and Niall shut the heavy wood door. His steps on the stairs and then his hand on the door caused her to smile in the dark.

“Who...? Tarana? What are you doing here?”

Tarana stood, pulled her top over her head, let her gypsy skirt fall to the floor and lay back on the bed. Her pale body glowed in the light from the door. She set her eyes on his in a stare taught to her by her father. “Niall, I'm here for you. Come to me.”

Niall crossed to the bed without hesitation.

“Be with me, Niall. Be with me.”

He stripped off his clothes in a graceless manner and stood naked to her eyes, strong and beautiful. Tarana opened her legs in invitation. Niall's cock stirred to erection, and he stepped forward, laying his open palm on her belly.

She knew she should not dawdle with these niceties but mate quickly and forever. However, the heat of his hand on her flesh warmed that small part of her and started a simmer lower in her belly. Her legs tightened and released, her breasts begged for his attentions. She credited her long dead mother with the new sensations.

“Niall, I want you to love me ... as a man loves a woman.”

His starry eyes lifted to hers and, although his mind was guided by hers, he nodded in acceptance, lowering his mouth to hers.

She had to be careful not to bite him. She must keep him human for the mating, balancing the child's strengths. Afterward, she should kill him.

Niall's kiss was warm, warmer than the sun Tarana soaked up while laying on the hills near her house. His tongue was probing, but gentle. Other men had been so greedy that Tarana would find herself biting their lips to startle them before clasp onto their neck, just to finish her job. Instead, Tarana relaxed into the bed and pulled Niall over her cold body. His naked flesh was like a hot mid-summer breeze. She had only felt this type of heat after feeding when her insides warmed and her pale skin blushed.

Niall ran his hands along her curves and up to cup her small breasts, his mouth moving along her jaw line and down her throat. Unconsciously, Tarana waited for the cold hardness of sharp teeth, but instead, she felt the subtle heat of his breath. She clutched desperately to her mate and spread her legs beneath him. His erection pressed against her cool thigh. Tarana's patience was at its limit. She reached between them and guided his cock to her. There was a wet heat in her core that begged for him and, as she removed her hand, he thrust into her aching cunt.

Tarana arched against him, clawing frantically at his back and buttocks, surprised by her reaction. Niall rose up on his arms and looked at her through glazed eyes, and she realized she did not want to take this man's seed and then his life. She could keep him with her forever. The final bite would not have to be fatal, just enough to tie him to her until she could convince him of his place with her.

Tarana wrapped her legs around Niall's waist and pulled him deeper into her. The heat of his body burnt her like a fever. Her skin blushed a light pink. His

strokes became stronger and more forceful as he began murmuring and shaking his head, clearing his head.

“Ta...”

“Yes, come to me, Niall.” Tarana bit into the vein of his neck.

“Tarana!”

Niall came forcefully into her as Tarana sucked deeply of both Niall’s blood and seed. Tarana could feel the explosion of life in her womb and Niall’s life flowing into her mouth. With clean, deliberate motions, Tarana broke from Niall. He collapsed to her side with labored breathing. She quickly broke the flesh on her breast above her heart and offered herself to him.

“Drink and you can live with me and our child forever.” Niall stared in horror at the blood flowing from her breast. “Drink, quickly, or you will die.”

“You’re a...?” he sputtered.

“Yes, darling, and you can join me and we will walk the days and nights together, but you must drink now, before you become too weak.”

Niall’s eyes became slits and he raised his hand to the blood flowing from his throat. “Go to Hell...”

Tarana raged. “You will die!”

“I would rather die.”

“Then you will!” Stung by his rejection, Tarana consumed the last of his running blood.

Tarana cleaned herself of Niall’s fluids, dressed, and regarded her lost lover. She wrapped Niall’s body in the bed clothes and took him to the Shannon Erne Waterway where she left him to sink.

It was her father’s fault, she thought. Had he wooed her mother first? How did he get her to stay? He should have instructed her. *Goddamn him! He will pay. And he will teach me with his blood.*



TARANA WAITED in the dark of the old cabin on a chair holding down the door to her father's vault.

Just as the sun threatened to break the horizon, he arrived.

“Welcome home, Father.”

Then she lunged.

End