

**Midnight Showcase Fiction Presents
ISSN 1555-5496 Vol.128-29ED**

**Shadows & Sensations
By J.H. Wear**

**MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE FICTION
www.midnightshowcase.com**

Shadows & Sensations, J.H. Wear

Published by
Midnight Showcase
PO Box 300491
Houston, TX 77230 USA
www.midnightshowcase.com

Shadows & Sensations Digest, All Stories

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The Cat, the Wolf and the Spirit
Cry At The Moon
Fallen Angel
The Princess of Time

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ISSN 1555-5496 Vol.128-29ED

Credits

Editor: Megan Hussey
Copy Editor: Jane Carver
Format Editors: Mae Powers & Wendy Mackrell
Cover Artist: A. Bratt

Printed in the United States of America

Shadows & Sensations

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The Cat, the Wolf and the Spirit

Sherri enjoys transforming into a panther to roam the forests, until a white wolf appears. As she fights for control, a new spirit exerts its power.

Cry At The Moon

An abandoned campground looks perfect for four college students to have fun. But a creature that has its own desires awakened inhabits the campground.

Fallen Angel

Carl finds out Halloween can be a perfect time to dress up and be yourself.

The Princess of Time

Nobel Carter is an alcoholic, saved one night by a former lover. During his recovery, he falls for a mysterious woman, challenging what he wants.

<http://www.jhwear.com/NightMoves.html>
<http://www.jhwear.com/blog/>

Also by J.H. Wear at www.midnightshowcase.com

Night Moves Digest: At The Edge Of Darkness

Castle, The Fall to Domum

Castle, The Return to Domum

Fallen Angel
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J.H. Wear

I want to warn you that this is a horror story and not a romance story. One note I wish to add is there is a Haunted Lake Golf Course, although the rest of the story is pure fiction.

Carl Thieson turned his Ford Escort down Highway 12, the small motor protesting as he accelerated along the open stretch during late evening hours. The fall weather had turned cold during the day as the wind picked up, baring the trees of their dead leaves. Carl slid the heater control up higher, feeling a chill from under the dash. Normally the six foot, two hundred pound Carl didn't have a problem with keeping warm, but tonight he was wearing only a Roman Gladiator's costume. The short white uniform with fake metal pleats fell just short of his knees while the top revealed half of his chest and back.

Still, the dark-haired Carl would have handled the chill well enough. He had enough hair on his chest and legs to suggest he might be impervious to the cold. But tonight as he headed to a Halloween party at the Haunted Lake Golf Course he had an ominous feeling, one that arose from a nightmare from last night. He lost the details as the dream evaporated in the morning light, though an image of vacant eyes remained as a hangover throughout the day.

* * * *

The clubhouse was an old two-story stone building protected from the elements by a cluster of elms that stretched their naked limbs like arms and fingers towards the sky. Carl parked his Escort in the parking lot and let out a deep breath of air. He turned off the ignition, but the motor refused to die easily, shuddering to a stop.

Carl took his silver-painted wood sword and walked to the clubhouse, his sandals making a scrapping noise on the gravel as he made his way to the front entrance. He could hear the music and people's voices through the curtained windows and watched the silhouettes of angels and demons dancing in the light.

* * * *

The party got much louder as he walked through the lobby and into the main banquet room. The room was already full of costumed guests, laughing and drinking. In lieu of modern music, the DJ was spinning from old standbys appropriate to Halloween. Painted faces and masks hid the features of most of the guests, but some like himself wore costumes. Despite some efforts to hide faces, he recognized many of the partiers. He talked to several vampires, both male and female, and to two angels as he consumed several drinks to calm his nerves.

* * * *

One angel he conversed with had her costume torn in several places, with her wings damaged and her halo askew.

Sonya explained, "I'm a fallen angel." Her black wavy hair and dark makeup led credence to the fallen angel concept, along with her hourglass figure.

"I wouldn't mind catching you if you did fall."

She punched him on the shoulder. "Yeah, you should be so lucky."

He laughed. "I can hope, can't I?"

"Maybe you'll have better luck with my sister. She's also dressed as a fallen angel, but she was even more devious about it than I was."

"I can hardly wait to meet her."

She grinned at him, looking at his costume up and down. "Hey, are you wearing anything underneath that Roman thing? Or are you going commando?"

"There's only one way you'll find out, Sonya."

She held the end of his sword for a few seconds. "Talk to you later. Be careful with that weapon of yours."

* * * *

He watched her retreating back and with his fourth bottle of beer in his hand talked to Matt and Josie, who dressed as Batman and Catwoman.

"Nice costumes, you two."

"Thanks." Josie pointed at a girl walking by. "Did you see that? She's wearing only body paint on her top."

Carl had noticed. He wasn't sure what the small-breasted woman was supposed to be, but she was getting a lot of attention. Her boyfriend, dressed as a werewolf, was following her close behind. "She's something to see."

“And there’s another girl using body paint as well, lots of sparkles and black paint. I wish I had thought of that. That would have made this Catwoman costume more interesting.”

Carl looked at the stitched, black shiny vinyl and wondered how much more interesting things could get on the slim blonde. “You look great the way you are.”

“Thanks. I like your costume too. It looks a lot cooler than this non-breathable plastic I’m wearing.” She took a drink of her rum and cola. “By the way, there was this girl in a devil costume looking for you. We saw her somewhere by the windows about five minutes ago. Really, really cool costume.”

* * * *

Carl made his way toward the window, wondering who in a devil costume could be looking for him. He didn’t see her as he stared at the various outfits. His shoulder was tapped and he turned around.

White, platinum blonde hair was the only visible part of her. The rest of her was covered in skintight red vinyl. Her nipples stood out under the thin fabric that accented the slimness of her body. A red mask that hid even her eyes covered her face. The top of her head sported two small horns.

“Hi, I was looking for you.” Her voice was soft and throaty.

“Hello, yourself. Do I know you?”

“Well, I know you.”

“That’s obvious.” He decided she wasn’t inclined to tell him much and apparently was to guess who she was. It appeared one of his former partners was going to tease him with her identity.

“Why don’t we go someplace around here that’s a little more private?” She didn’t wait for his reply, turning and walking away.

He hesitated only for a moment, looking at her backside and at the red tail that twitched above her well-shaped buttocks. The red vinyl could have been sprayed on for the amount of coverage it provided on her as he followed her out of the banquet room. He didn’t know why she was being so forward with him, but his cock was winning out over the argument to be cautious. He ignored the shadow of a memory trying to come to the surface.

* * * *

They mounted the carpeted circular stairs and went into another banquet room, this one smaller and without lights.

“Why don’t you slip out of that costume of yours?” She pulled down a zipper along the front of her own, exposing white flesh. She hooked her thumbs at the shoulders of her top and pulled it down, stopping just short of exposing her nipples. She waited him for to react.

Carl still didn’t recognize her but in the dim light considered the idea that she could be any one of a number he had relations with in the past. He slipped his own costume off and stood naked in front of her.

The devil costumed woman continued to peel off her own costume, exposing her white skin. She was hairless as well, and her nipples were only a pale contrast to the rest of her body. She pressed her body against him, holding his erection in her hand as she stroked it.

He ran his hand over her breasts and her ass as they tumbled to the carpeted floor. Carl noticed her skin was dry and cool, not much warmer than room temperature. He saw she still wore the tail part of her costume as he squeezed her cheek and reached up to remove her mask as he slid inside her.

She locked her legs around his hips as she rolled on top of him, pumping up and down as he pulled off her mask. Her face was exposed.

He screamed as she laughed, her mouth opening to show off white pointed teeth. Her face looked like a stretched skin over bones. But what really frightened him was the empty sockets she had for eyes. He felt like he was staring into two black pits from which there was no escape. She bent downward in a fluid motion, locking her mouth on his as he breathed in the decay from her.

* * * *

Sonya was holding his head, stroking his hair as he woke up with a start. Another man and two women were standing at the doorway, looking on with concern.

“Shh, shh. It’s okay. It’s okay.”

He struggled for a moment and eased back into her arms, shaking involuntarily.

Sonya waved at the others. “It’s okay. You can go now.”

Carl noticed he was naked but didn’t care, as long as he wasn’t alone.

“What happened, Carl? Bad drugs?” She looked concerned.

“She was a...a devil, a...demon.” He felt a wave of cold again, his stomach almost retching from the memory. The woman in the devil costume was pure evil. He knew it now. Her tail was real, he was

sure of that. But when he pulled off her mask and saw first the devil horns and he looked at her eyes. Eyes that didn't exist. Where the eyes were supposed to be were only blank sockets. He remembered screaming and then almost nothing. He tried hard to push her off, but she easily held on to him as she rode him. He wondered if he ejaculated in her, feeling almost sick at the memory, and pondered what her purpose was in finding him, using him.

"What devil girl?"

"Red costume...mask. She had no eyes. Her skin was cold. And she had a tail, a real one."

"Come on now. You were hallucinating, it was just a bad dream." She ran her fingers along his chest.

He continued to lie with his head on her lap and now became more aware of his nudity. "Maybe I should get dressed."

"If you want. I prefer you this way though." She grinned. "By the way, it's after two in the morning. The party is over."

"How, how long was I out?"

"Awhile, I guess. The party was emptying out when a worker for the clubhouse came and got us. She was amused a naked man was sleeping upstairs."

Carl nodded and sat up. "I don't think I was sleeping or hallucinating."

He looked around for his costume, found it and put it on. "Sonya, I don't know how to say this..." He paused as he looked at her. "But I'm still scared silly. Maybe I was hallucinating, but I know I won't be able to sleep tonight."

"Do you want to stay over at my place? The couch folds out."

"That'll be great."

* * * *

He followed her car out of the parking lot, onto the highway and to her apartment. Sonya handed him a glass of whisky as he sat in the kitchen, his hands still shaking.

"Oh, Carl. This is my sister. I told you about her. She's also a fallen angel." Sonya stood in the doorway as her sister stepped around her.

Carl dropped his glass as the two sisters laughed at him. Sonya's sister was without her costume and wore only her pale white skin as she reached for him to absorb the rest of his soul.

The End