

The background of the poster is a composite image. At the top, a woman's face is superimposed on a dark, stormy sky with bright, glowing clouds and a central lightning bolt. Below the sky, a city street at night is shown, featuring a large, ornate building with arched windows and a street with parked motorcycles and a few people. The overall mood is mysterious and intense.

DORMAINE G.

She will get her revenge tonight even if
the price is her soul.

MADAME LILLY
VOODOO PRIESTESS

Madame Lilly, Voodoo Priestess

Book 1

by

Dormaine G

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Dormaine G. graduated with an associate's degree in math and science, a bachelor's degree in nursing science and is certified in forensic nursing.

In 2013 Dormaine wrote *Connor*, the first book in her young adult supernatural series. Now she returns with *Madame Lilly*, the first of many in the Voodoo Priestess series.

Also By Dormaine G

[Connor \(Book 1\)](#)

Coming Soon

[Connor \(Book 2\)](#)

To my family & friends, thank you always for your support.

Chapter 1

1890

Madame Lilly, true birth name Odara, had claimed the two live bodies she needed to complete the sacrificial ritual. Beads of sweat dripped down her back as she moved in the summer's heat, causing her white dress to cling to her since she was without a corset. Tonight she needed to move freely.

The New Orleans heat was always hot and muggy but it was even worse when dancing next to a pit of fire: the only light there was deep in the woods that night. She allowed her body to be swayed by the beat of the drums that her followers pounded; taking hold of her, opening herself up to the unknown place between the spiritual and the physical worlds.

She performed the sacrament where no one would be able to see or hear them; not that anyone came around these parts to visit, or even dared enter her land. In the past six months, Lilly had become notorious as a voodoo priestess and even if you didn't know her personally, you knew of her. She was powerful, even more powerful than she was aware.

The woman sacrifice, Dalila, had been crying ever since she had woken up with her legs and arms sprawled, bound by vines tied to four trees. Now kneeling next to her, Lilly jabbed the knife callously into the woman's side and realized they had similar features. This woman could easily be her sister, right down to the eyes, which were a rare color.

She watched the tears fall from Dalila's eyes as she slowly slid the knife up her side. One of Lilly's followers held Dalila still as she continued to slice. Even though she couldn't free herself, Lilly didn't want to kill her; she still needed her alive for the possession. Watching the gush of blood flow down her victim's side, Lilly captured most of it in the blessed bowl: The bowl she would drink from later.

Then she did the same to the other sacrifice, Bron, the silly boy she'd been able to lure away with the promise of getting Dalila out of the house for him.

Lilly stood back up, chanting, not caring as the sacrifices yanked at their restraints, struggling under the vines' grasp. Having braided the vines herself, she knew they could take the constant onslaught. In actuality Lilly liked the fact that they still had fight in them. Something about that made it even better.

That was her condemned soul talking, the soul she had lost a long time ago. What some folks called a better way of living, she called hell. She'd never

wanted it, any of it. She'd never asked to be any man's property nor to do what that man in that big house made her do. Over the years she too had learned to enjoy seeing others suffer, especially the man who had made her what she had become. Damned.

1860's

Odara had grown up in New Orleans, just like her mother. She was a child made from the common-law marriage of a Creole mother and a wealthy Frenchman, who had met at a "Quadroon ball" where rich men like her father met Creole women.

Odara's mother saw beauty as a gift, which was why she had named her Odara, meaning beautiful woman, as her mother knew she would grow into her namesake one day. But her grandmother, Sophie—or, as Odara called her, Mama—felt beauty was a curse for women of color. It brought out the ugly side of men, causing trouble for young girls. Mama always told her "Never trust a man, not any man, 'cause them all rotten."

As a child Odara was allowed to stay at home with her mother as her brother went off to France for a formal education. She'd had a warm and loving childhood with lots of money. Growing up at home Odara was taught by her mother how to become a placee, a Creole woman chosen by a wealthy man to enter into a common-law marriage. She did this by educating her in the proper ways, teaching her how to dress suitably and how to behave.

Odara was a smart girl, almost too smart. Whenever she could she would sneak away from her mother's tireless teachings in order to do the things she enjoyed. She never told her mother, but Odara felt the lessons were wasted on her because she was going to live as she saw fit.

If her nose wasn't in a book, it would be in a pattern of clothing she could sew from memory. Actually she could remember a lot of things but was told never to repeat that to any man. "Men don't care for a woman who thinks too much. Those women don't get suited," her mother would reprimand her.

So she obliged, and never spoke of it again. That and the fact she could see things, things that the living weren't supposed to see. There were times people showed up out of nowhere, people she knew were dead. But whenever she cried to her mother about it, she didn't want to listen. Her mother told her she was special and to ignore it or she would have to be sent away. Odara was taught to excuse herself whenever the dead appeared, and to say she was

having womanly problems. Women have a lot to carry, her mother reminded her, and she wasn't any different.

As Odara grew older she sided with Mama, seeing as she'd been plagued by male attention since her teenage years. Always attracting men of all types, but not by choice, she tried to dress down or ignore it, but was still hounded. Even though Odara was a thing of rare beauty, she wasn't vain about it; actually she didn't like it at all. She had olive-colored skin; long, dark, wavy hair; and brown funny-colored eyes that sometimes changed hue. Beauty meant nothing to her, only books and sewing mattered.

In her teen years, Odara's grandmother came to her, out of the blue, to explain how special she was but in a way people wouldn't understand. And if she spoke of unnatural things, things that should be long gone, she would be shunned or even killed. She warned her, "Never give in to it, no matter how strong the pull." Odara often wondered if her mama saw things too but never got a chance to ask her before she died.

Eventually Odara blossomed into a stunning young lady. Suitors started to call but she swore she would never live as her mother did. Odara called it being the mistress of a married man and living in fear of being herself. She would choose a husband, not a common-law one, and become a seamstress. She had always liked nice things and this way she'd always be able to sew something fancy to wear.

That's what Odara had believed until thirteen years previously, around her seventeenth birthday when she met Mr. Henry Nicolas, a rich, young Frenchman. Her father brought him home one evening for dinner and Odara thought he was very charming. Mr. Nicolas was her father's business partner and he claimed they needed to discuss some business venture. Odara knew he had brought him home for her to meet since she never found any suitor to be satisfactory.

When she first met Henry he was kind and gentle, the gentlest man she had ever met. He was handsome: tall and thin with a smile that could melt butter. He stood maybe 6'1" or 6'2" tall, over half a foot taller than her. He courted her for a while before they became official.

Mr. Nicolas was not that much older than her, which she preferred since her daddy was about ten years older than her mother and her parents seemed to have nothing in common. Henry came from old money that had passed down to him when his daddy died in a tragic accident. Henry always brought gifts for her and her mother when he came to visit, even though her mother didn't

need or want for anything.

As time passed during the year, she developed feelings for Henry. How could she not? He promised her the world and her daddy had known him all his life. He was perfect and she fell hard for him. Odara's father told her mother that Henry was his choice as Odara's future husband, or common-law husband. Matter of fact her father pushed the union so much, she felt she really didn't have a choice.

Her father negotiated for the dowry under verbal contract. It stated that she would stay with Mr. Nicolas until his death, after which she would be free to live as she saw fit. That could be either living off the land, or with monies he left her, never to have to marry again.

On Odara's eighteenth birthday, a year after their first meeting, they had a little wedding ceremony at her home with many family members and friends around to congratulate them. Nothing legally binding, since white men and women of color could not marry in the state of Louisiana. Odara couldn't have been any happier that the man of her dreams loved her too.

That evening he took her to a beautiful home filled with stylish paintings, ivory pillars and lavish furnishings. She was provided with servants of her own, making all her childhood dreams pale in comparison.

But he had fooled her and everyone else. That night she'd seen the real Henry, the man behind the mask. That night she'd learned evil was real and it lived within a man who called himself Henry. Over the years he caused her so much pain and humiliation by beating her down, both with words and fists, that finally she no longer had any spirit left.

Chapter 2

During the first six months of their marriage, she learned that he was a cruel, torturous man who could scare her on sight just by staring into her eyes. He wasn't right in the head: One minute he was warm, the next cold as ice, but his temper was almost unbearable. She never knew when it was coming. He was even cruel to the servants of the house but she took the brunt of his anger.

He would backhand her as soon as he walked through the door, for no reason; or strip her down to her undergarments and kick her out the back door if she disagreed with him; call her all kinds of names; accuse her of sleeping around; hit her in front of others; yank her away from the dinner table then beat her for no discernible reason. It got to the point where she hardly spoke to anyone or even left the house.

Odara was so miserable and felt so alone that she would just cry for days at a time. She tried to go home but her father wouldn't allow it so she was stuck. Her friends were not allowed to visit unless he was present nor was she allowed to leave the house without him.

One of the female servants, Jina, made it her business always to be around to take care of her when he acted up. Clothe her up when needed, set a broken arm, fix any wounds such as a black eye or busted lip. Jina seemed to know a lot about tending to ailments so it became a steady job for her, especially since Henry always seemed to act up. Henry never once protested about Jina helping.

He found pleasure in his cruelty, she could tell. He always grew sexually aroused when she begged for him to stop hurting her and that's when he would have his way with her. He never could have sex any other way.

One evening Odara was sewing herself a dress since he only allowed dresses to be sent to her. She never liked the dresses he ordered. They were either too big, too small or just plain ugly and she always had to fix them. Henry became tired of her ungratefulness in altering the dresses he bought, and dragged her by her arm from the sewing room before throwing her down into the muddy cellar. The cellar was flooded with about two feet of water due to the downpour of rain from the days before. Then he was upset because she was supposed to be the woman of the house and he blamed her for not telling him the place was flooded.

She tried to explain why she needed to sew the dresses and that she had

told him about the cellar but he wouldn't listen. "I hate you, Henry Nicolas," she screamed as he locked the door on her.

At that, Henry unlocked the door again. She thought he was going to hit her but instead he stood on the steps and said, "If you hate me now, let's see what you think of me in a few days." As she ran towards the door he slammed it in her face, knocking her into the muddy water.

Henry warned the servants that if anyone was caught helping her they would be punished. She had on one of her favorite lounge dresses but no shoes as they had fallen off when he'd dragged her down the stairs. She had learned to keep clothes around the house for when he decided to humiliate her, but never once had she thought of the cellar.

Stubborn Jina came every day to sneak some food through a hole she made when Henry was away so Odara wouldn't starve to death.

"No, Jina, he's going to kill you," Odara would protest even as weak and tired as she was.

"Then let him. You already gonna catch a world of cold or worse, a snake bite. Now here," Jina said, handing Odara food wrapped in a napkin. Odara didn't want to take it, but it smelled good and she was starving. Jina would sit with her and they would talk whenever Henry left the house but that was never for too long. He always seemed to be around. It felt like Jina was her only friend.

Surrounded only by wine racks and a few odds and ends, Odara had no other choice but to take refuge on the counter with a piece of plywood in her hand to ward off the animals. Odara was afraid of snakes and didn't care for rats, either. She tried not to cry but the tears came anyway in between fighting sleep for fear of what else would crawl through in the middle of the night.

After three days he finally allowed Jina and one of the male gardeners to carry her out, only after she screamed from being bitten by a snake. As Jina had predicted, she was sick for about a month after that but, worst of all, she lost the baby she didn't even know she had in her womb. Odara cried for an entire month.

Henry didn't touch her during that time but once that month was over he beat her senseless. He claimed she should've known she was pregnant. She never could do anything right.

This completes the sample book

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