



MADAME LILLY

VOODOO PRIESTESS

SOULLESS: VOLUME II

DORMAINE G.

**Madame Lilly, Voodoo Priestess
Soulless**

Book 2

By

Dormaine G

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In 2013 Dormaine wrote *Connor*, the first book in her young adult supernatural series. In 2014 she wrote *Madame Lilly, Voodoo Priestess*, the first volume in her adult horror series. Now she returns with *Madame Lilly, Soulless* the second of many volumes to come in the *Voodoo Priestess* series.

Also By Dormaine G

[Madame Lilly: Voodoo Priestess \(Book 1\)](#)

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CHAPTER 1

Henry begged for his life as he stood upright with his hands securely bound to branches overhead, ankles painfully sprawled and roped to opposite trees. He was stripped of all his clothing except his pants but even those became ragged the more Hearon tortured him. It took Hearon all that she had inside her not to kill him during her twisted game of torment.

Henry was petrified each time the pit of Hearon's eyes turned black, revealing a red fire burning within as her skin turned either the darkest shade of midnight black or the palest white. But the scariest thing about the demon was her jaw. It grew in size to enormous lengths before biting into his flesh. He yelled until his voice was hoarse from cursing at her, ordering her to stay back. He prayed to God to end this but God did not come for him. Not once.

She loved to watch him struggle when she came near, and to hear him cry out when she dug her fingernails into his flesh, slowly pulling the skin from his body to eat. Afterwards she would sensually lick his wounds while eyeing him for his reaction, which made him cringe. At times she held a torch up to his skin to watch it melt. She liked the smell of burning meat even though she preferred its raw taste.

Henry tasted salty sweet as sweat dripped down his body from the muggy hot weather Louisiana offered deep in the swamps, especially fierce under the brutal sun.

Back here no one cared about a man's cries. Creatures here only cared about one thing: Survival. There was no one around other than the mosquitoes competing with Hearon, both desiring the splendor of his blood. The bush crickets were too busy singing to their mates to hear Henry's cries, and the gators were lying in wait to feed on the bodies tossed their way after going missing in the bayou, the reptiles becoming accessories to vicious human crimes. No, there was no mercy back here in the swamps.

She did not pull too much skin at once, only enough for it to cause incredible pain. The wounds needed to heal so she could do it again, until they grew tired of him or Madame said it was time to end his existence. It didn't matter where the flesh came from but she noticed the legs and back seemed to hurt the worst, so that was where she lingered while dancing around him and watching his body tremble in fear every time she laid a finger on him.

He reeked to her. Not because he smelled of piss and vomit but because of

his humanity. He had put Madame Lilly through hell, dominating her, yet he cowered at the sight of true power. He was weak. And that was why she and Theolus were there: to remind him of just how weak he was.

Theolus took pleasure from watching Hearon at work. Torture was truly a lost art and she was magnificent at it. He let her have most of the fun; her brazen movements making her work more enjoyable to watch, even though Theolus liked to take part too. He took a sharp knife to slice Henry, but only deeply enough for Hearon to drink the blood. Every time Henry tried to look away from Hearon, Theolus was there to make him watch.

At one time the demons had been considered magnificent creatures, but that was before Elijah's kind had come and banished them from the physical world. People came from far and wide to worship them and give themselves to be sacrificed. It was considered an honor. Immorality was what they lived for; it was the core of their existence.

The previous night, Theolus and Hearon answered Lilly's call from the crossroads—a place between the physical and spiritual worlds—to do her bidding. They were bound to Madame Lilly, a human, until they were strong enough to be on their own and free. They both shared a part of their essence with Lilly, binding all three and making her feel some of what they felt. They had to do as she wanted or she could send them back. But one day that bond would cease to exist; one day they would be freed from Madame Lilly, so they bided their time.

Ironically a small part of Theolus liked being tied to Lilly. Even when the time came for them to move on he wanted Lilly to be by their side. She was irresistibly strong as well as beautiful; something he could not help but notice.

Madame Lilly, birth name Odara, watched from the window as the Laos, her spirits whom she had raised from the other side last night, tortured her common-law husband Henry on her behalf. She had endured twelve miserable long years of hell with him and wanted revenge on her husband for what he'd put her through.

She hadn't planned on raising such frightening spirits, or for her only friend, Jina, to die during her voodoo ritual, but they had managed to overpower her when the other spirits who had come forth recoiled at their presence. And there was no doubt that they were fierce; she'd discovered firsthand the power they held when she'd felt them tear through her body, taking a piece of her with them and leaving a piece of themselves inside her.

Anger and hatred had played a part in the darkness that had occurred last night. Lilly was angry at the world for all she'd had to bear and felt extreme hatred toward her husband for forcing her to maintain that burden.

It was the extent of the malice in her heart that allowed such monsters to come forth in the practice of voodoo. The greater the ill-will, the worse the monsters would be . . . and Lilly's heart held nothing but darkness. Now these spirits, Theolus and Hearon, possessed the two bodies she'd captured and sacrificed in order for them to exist in this world to do her bidding.

Odara had grown up in New Orleans and had lived there all her life. 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. She'd been reared to be a placee—a Creole woman chosen by a wealthy man to enter into a common-law marriage. As a child that was her whole existence.

When she had first met Henry Nicolas, a Frenchman, thirteen years ago he was young but already well-off. She loved his French accent, wanting to listen to him talk forever. She became mesmerized by his crystal clear blue eyes, his tall strapping frame, and a smile that melted her heart. She thought she was the luckiest woman in the world to have his love.

He had courted her for a year, always showering her with gifts until they had a little ceremony at her house. Her father negotiated the dowry under verbal contract since Louisiana didn't acknowledge mixed race marriages. It was only possible through placage: just another excuse for men to have affairs without social censure.

But, as it turned out, their first night of marriage was when she'd met the real Henry Nicolas. That was when he'd shown his true evil side. He made sure she feared him and she did. During the first part of their marriage she was neither allowed to leave the house nor have visitors.

Finally, six months into their arrangement, Henry permitted her to leave the house with him on a special occasion. Lilly had no idea what to expect. They'd dressed formally for a dinner party and Lilly was excited and looking forward to the night. But when they'd arrived at a lovely home, that Lilly thought belonged to a business partner, it turned out to be the residence of Henry's wife Marie. Lilly didn't have a clue that he was legally married. She had truly thought that she was the only woman in his life. But the worst part of it was the children she knew nothing about. He had his children but had made damned sure that she never had any herself.

That day was the Nicolas's wedding anniversary and Henry had taken her there to remind Marie that their marriage was not based on love, not that Henry knew how to love. That had been his way of celebrating the special occasion.

Lilly was extremely hurt and humiliated that night, and felt as if she'd done something wrong. Her heart had broken when she found out that Henry had another woman and she'd felt embarrassed thinking that she wasn't enough for him. After that she tried even harder to please him, but there was no satisfying him. Ever. Back then she'd been so naïve.

For eleven more years she'd lived in misery as he tortured her with his fists: beating her, embarrassing her in front of others, never allowing her to leave the house without him. He accused her of affairs, locked her in their basement, stripped her naked in front of the staff, brought about miscarriages, forced her to have sex with him after he got excited from berating her. The list went on. She was constantly afraid of him and, knowing this, he would scare her just for the hell of it. She thought he must be mentally unstable, his mood shifting with the wind as time and again he showed her no mercy. By the end she decided he was the Devil.

She had begged her father for help, but he'd slammed the door in her face numerous times when she ran home. She had pleaded with her brother when she managed to get letters to him, but never received a response. So Lilly was damaged and broken. With all that she'd suffered, and with no one willing to help her, how could she be anything other?

Then one night about a year ago, after her second miscarriage, she'd snapped after being abused once too often, and had sworn revenge upon Henry through voodoo, the only ammunition she had.

The young naive woman named Odara was now buried so deep within her soul she barely existed. The present occupant was Madame Lilly, voodoo priestess; a scorned woman consumed by hatred.

All she wanted was to see Theolus and Hearon recreate the wrath Henry had inflicted upon her, but give it to him ten times worse.

So she watched from the window of an abandoned hunting shack they'd found last night for refuge after killing most of her so-called friends and house staff, then turning Theolus and Hearon loose to feast upon them. What had happened was wrong, but she didn't regret it even though she knew that she should. A lot of them had turned their backs on her when she'd needed them. It felt good to wreak vengeance on those who had wronged her.

There had been no other choice but to seek shelter in the swamps. The old shack provided shelter enough from the outside, but inside it felt like an oven. The two open windows provided no break from the sweltering heat. But it had a bed, an old wooden stove, some wooden chairs and a well out the back. The one bed was enough since Theolus had said that the demons didn't need to sleep. He didn't explain why but so far it had proven to be true.

The mosquitoes didn't venture near Lilly since they were too occupied with the supply of blood from Henry's body. They were growing fat and plump from the feast Hearon and Theolus shared with them.

Lilly watched without an ounce of concern for the man whom she had once loved. *Let them torment him. Let him cry out. Let him suffer as long as he doesn't die.* She would decide his fate, as hers had been decided for her so many years ago by her father, who had known all along of Henry's abusive nature.

Lilly's judgment was already clouded. Inside her lived a darkness unknown to man, just as the Laos that now existed within her craved the wickedness and that euphoric feeling she'd experienced when they fed. It was stronger than any drug, habit or hunger that existed in this world. She was already addicted.

Soon Lilly grew tired of Henry's screams and decided to lie down to clear her head from so many thoughts. Her brain never stopped working and her body was drained. In one way being connected to the demons made her stronger, but in another it exhausted her. So she lay down on the bed and fell into a deep sleep; her dreams taking her back to the past.

CHAPTER 2

Odara sat as quietly as a mouse, hiding in the guestroom closet as she had done so many times as a child. There, buried beneath the makeshift floorboards, she thought of the numerous times she'd hidden from her papa when he came home from a business trip. He would search for her, and each time she would burst out from the closet pretending to scare him to death and he would clutch his chest. But, instead of falling over, he would pull a doll from his coat to surprise her, then her kisses would bring him back to sudden health.

Later on Odara learned his "business trips" meant his wife. Henry took those same trips that her father had done so many years ago. On occasion business did take him out of town but that was mostly not the case.

But today was no game, nor was Odara a child. This time it was serious: She was hiding from Henry, her husband, the man who was supposed to protect her. If she had her way she'd never leave this closet.

A few hours beforehand, one of the farmhands who was in town getting grain from the store had ridden back early to warn her only friend, Jina, that Mr. Henry knew there'd been a male visitor yesterday, while he was away. That was forbidden. Odara was never allowed to have any visitors without him being there. Ever.

Yesterday, one of Henry's old business partners, Mr. Francis Norwich, had stopped by unannounced, without the company of his wife and knowing full well that Henry was gone. They may have not been partners anymore but New Orleans was still small enough for most people to know your affairs.

He was a tall, thin man whose coat could not hide his ever-growing belly. A belly one got from eating and living well, a sedentary life. He had a good ten years on her in age with gray hairs on the sides of his head above his ears. He was what most women would have called attractive with his gray eyes, dark hair and charming smile, but she'd always thought him repulsive due to the way those gray eyes fixated on her at every dinner party. His gaze always landed on her chest.

Even Henry had noticed it and had accused her of inviting his stares. He believed that if she wasn't so familiar and standing too close to him or paying him too much attention, then he wouldn't be so brazen. It was her fault Mr. Norwich's eyes read the details of her feminine stature. It was a lie, all of it, but she knew to keep her distance from him at every event, especially as

Henry watched them both so closely, but Mr. Norwich seemed oblivious to Henry's sick mind.

That was until one evening, when Mr. Norwich followed her into the kitchen to confess his love to her even with his placee in the other room. She tried to get away but he grabbed her hand two seconds before Henry walked in to catch the two of them touching.

Henry had nearly killed him that night, beating the man so senseless he could hardly see, but that did not stop Henry from holding a knife to his throat promising to slice it open if he ever set foot in the house again. It took two men to carry Mr. Norwich out with his placee sheepishly following as she always did. Odara witnessed what had happened and after that night the men never spoke again. Needless to say their business ties were severed as well.

To Odara the most frightening part of it all was the matter-of-fact demeanor Henry had worn when he went back to the party. He'd acted as if nothing had transpired between him and a man he had once called friend. The situation was handled so discreetly that the other guests had no idea what had occurred in the kitchen. He had said not one word to Odara throughout the rest of that party but only held onto her tightly by her waist, giving her threatening looks that warned of what would come that night: Hell. And it did.

So when Mr. Norwich had shown up at their house a year later she'd let him in, guessing it must be something terrible like bad news about her family, or something wonderful like the death of Henry, but neither was true. He'd come with the promise of protection from Henry if she became his *metrès*, a woman who would allow herself to be used by a man for the purposes of his urges. He never came out and said the words but it was implied in his visit. She flatly refused, both angered and scared now that she'd allowed him entry into her—no, Henry's—home, mistakenly thinking it would be freeing news but in turn, it had condemned her.

Henry had his spies everywhere so this he would surely find out before he made it home the next day. She rushed out of the room and had one of the men escort Mr. Norwich out, warning him never to return. Odara needed help and immediately ran to Jina, who was pregnant at the time. She felt bad that she always relied on her but she was her one true confidante and friend, the one who tended to her numerous wounds.

Jina had tried to get Odara to leave so many times before but she never had. She worried that Jina would suffer or that she, herself, would be found in hiding as Henry was one of the wealthiest men, not just in New Orleans,

Louisiana but across continents—his connections were vast.

She'd cursed herself so many times for having dreamed of a wealthy man to sweep her off her feet so they could live a long life together. "Be careful what you wish for or you just might get it," her grandmother, Mama Sophie, would say to her.

So, today, Odara hid as soon as she saw him riding up by horse and not by carriage as usual. He wanted to get home quickly to punish her for letting another man in. The moment he walked in the door he shouted, "Where are you, whore? You didn't think I would find out about your lover?"

She could hear him screaming at the top of his lungs through the whole house, telling her to come out or it would only get worse. She couldn't come out. She was too afraid of what he would do. Just the idea of a man looking at her for too long had sent him into a rage but now he believed his suspicions to be true. She had been stupid for letting Norwich in yesterday, wishing bad things on Henry, and now the tables had been turned.

She decided that if she could ride this out he may pass out as he sometimes did, tired or drunk, unable to find her as the house was large in size . . . and the next day the punishment would be less. She could hear him breaking things, her things, things she valued dearly; but her life was worth more and she was not coming out.

"You sit still you hear, Odara?" Jina whispered through the door. "He'll tire soon enough, then I'll come for you." Jina left the room, taking care not to run into Henry. She often wondered how such an attractive man could be so ugly on the inside. *I guess that's why people fall for evil so easily because its appeal is so inviting.* Jina had her own reasons for hating Henry, ones she had sworn never to tell Odara. Whenever Odara was laid up, Henry would have his way with her, Jina, and the child she was carrying was Henry's. Odara had experienced enough pain and suffering as it was, so Jina had decided never to tell her.

Jina eased her way into the cleaning pantry, a place Henry never ventured, but today he was there waiting for her.

"Come here, wench." He grabbed her with one arm as the other held a brown sack. "Tell me where she is." Jina refused, shaking her head nervously. "Fine, then I'll slit your throat now and be done with you. That bastard child you carry will be better off dead anyway. But remember, if you die Odara will be all on her own so it's better for her to get her medicine now then you fix her up tomorrow." Still refusing, Jina held tightly to her stomach, bracing

herself for the cut. She let out a loud squeal when she felt the sharp knife at her throat but he stopped when he heard a door creak open down the hall.

Dragging Jina with him, he saw Odara crawl out of the guestroom closet, trying to calm him down when she saw the knife.

“I told you . . .” Jina protested, but Henry shook her to silence.

“That’s right, crawl out on your hands and knees like a good little tramp. No, don’t stand up, stay down on all fours as you like it,” he snarled at her, untying the brown sack he’d brought home with him. “Here’s your lover now.” He turned the brown sack over and out dropped Norwich’s severed hand, still bleeding bright red blood. Odara jolted back trying to get away from it as it rolled towards her. “Now he can touch you all he wants.” He kicked Odara in the face then shoved Jina out the room and locked the door.

“Henry, please,” she begged from the floor, crawling away from the ever-expanding pool of blood.

“You mean, *Francis*, please. Is that what you said when you begged him for more?” Henry asked, leaning over her, grabbing her head and knocking it against the bloody floor so hard that she saw stars.

As he ripped the bottom of her dress, Odara shouted, “No, Henry, no . . .” but, ignoring her cries, he turned her over onto all fours again. Odara tried to fight him off “No, Henry, no . . .”

Henry paid no attention to her pleas for him to stop. In fact the more she begged the more he liked it. It aroused him further. Every time she struggled his aggression worsened. She was a small-framed girl who didn’t stand a chance against a man his size. He forced her on her belly, grabbed her hair and purposely slammed her face into the blood and, at the same time, he took what he wanted, savoring the moment and watching her bloody face cry out for him to stop. But she was just an instrument for his sick, twisted enjoyment.

He forced her to admit to the lie that she was having an affair, just so to stop him hurting her. When he’d finished, he kissed her on the lips, dressed himself, and told her, “Clean up this room—and I want it sparkling. If it’s not clean by the time I get back then I’ll have to punish you.” As if touching her was not punishment enough.

He reached for her when she looked away from him, not answering. Although she tried to shield her face he managed to slap her so hard her head hid the nightstand. She cried, “No more. Yes I’ll clean it up.” He finally stopped and walked away.

“Madame, Madame Lilly wake up . . .” Lilly jumped awake at the feel of someone touching her. It took a minute for her to gather her bearings as she stared up at a familiar face. It was Theolus. She moved his hand away when he kept it there too long, sitting next to her on the bed.

He slowly backed away, sensing she did not want to be touched. She’d had another nightmare involving Henry which troubled him. His kind usually didn’t care for humans but Lilly was different. He cared for her, cared as much as it was possible for him to care.

Theolus walked over to the window to watch Hearon continuing to torment Henry, who was still tied up to a tree outside, begging for her to kill him. He remembered the screams last night at Lilly’s house, the havoc they’d caused, and it made him yearn for more.

As he stared out the window, Lilly thought of Elijah—the tall stranger who had known her grandmother Sophie; the one who had come to her last night to warn her about the spirits she’d raised. He had wanted to meet “where the oak meets the river”. Lilly knew that place well. It was where her great-grandmother, Sanura, had been burned and buried. It had been years since she’d gone there and she wasn’t ready to go back.

Removing him from her mind, she walked towards the kitchen but stopped short when she passed the window and saw Henry’s ashen face as Hearon still played with him like a child with a new toy. But Hearon was not a child, nor did she act like one as she held up a wooden torch to him, burning his skin. He screamed for her to stop, praying for God to save him. Lilly believed God heard him but didn’t help those who deserved the hell they brought upon themselves.

She rushed to the door. “Hearon, leave him be.” Hearon stopped immediately but wasn’t pleased about it. She nodded her head toward Lilly then backed away, circling Henry, which was enough to scare him in itself. Henry called out to Lilly but the sound of his voice bothered her so much she blocked him out.

Hearon was a beautiful young woman who had olive-colored skin, dark wavy hair, and brown funny-colored eyes; she could easily pass for Lilly’s sister but her soul was empty and her chest held no heart. Hearon spoke few words but Lilly sensed she was a powerful being, stronger than Lilly who was the one supposed to be in control. On the other hand, Theolus was a tall, very handsome man who seemed to dote on her, something most women would

want but not her. A touch from any man made her recoil. She had been touched enough and wanted no part of a man.

Still unsure of what they were, other than spirits, she knew not to let her guard down. She sensed that they could not harm her but it honestly didn't matter what they were. The only thing she cared about was her control over them.

"Madame," Theolus said, startling her out of deep thought.

"Yes," she answered, shutting the door and walking back to the stove as she had originally planned. He always stared at her so intensely.

"It's getting late," he said.

"I know." She didn't face him or ask him what that meant for she already knew. They had a date with Mrs. Nicolas.

At the last minute she changed her mind and decided to visit someone she hadn't seen in a few days. After she'd forced herself to swallow some food, she unhitched the horse from the buggy and Theolus effortlessly placed her on the saddle before she could stop him. She straddled the horse, reflecting that it was considered unladylike to ride in such a way—ladies should ride sidesaddle. But today she was no lady. Today she was a rider.

"Do you want me to come, Madame?" Theolus asked. He seemed to want to protect her but she wasn't sure if that meant protecting himself because of their connection.

"No, I have to do this alone. Besides, I need you to make sure Hearon doesn't kill Henry," Lilly said.

"Where are you going, Odara? Don't leave me with these two demons!" Henry shouted as fear filled his whole body so intensely that Lilly could almost taste it, making her choke on the sudden thrill, but she swallowed it back down.

Acknowledging him with only a glance, she said nothing. She turned to face Theolus, warning him to keep watch over Hearon.

This completes the sample book

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