



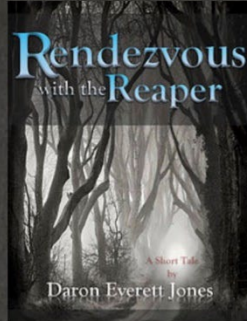
Rendezvous
with the Reaper

A Short Tale
by

Daron Everett Jones

Rendezvous with the Reaper

(A Short Story)



A sorrowful woman brings a mysterious man back to her home for a much needed late night affair. Little does she know that she's in the company of an otherworldly serial killer...

Rendezvous

with the

Reaper

(a short tale of horror)

by

Daron Everett Jones



SuperFlyPress.com

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, organizations, events and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events or locales is entirely coincidental.



Text Copyright © 2018 by Daron Everett Jones.

All rights reserved.

Rendezvous with the Reaper
(A Short Story)

Cover design by [Daron Everett Jones](#)

Story edited by Sarah Banks ([The Madcap Society](#))

Created and produced in the United States of America.

FROM THE WESTERN HORIZON came a wicked and midnight thunderstorm. As if backlit by divine fireworks, crystalline arteries of lightning shone like a glistening web spun against an onyx skyline. At the heart of the squall, engorged plumes of charcoal cloud cover stretched over an expansive seascape, while the brackish pungency of decomposing marine life swept shoreward toward beaten coastlands.

Farther inland, the placid melody of the distant seashore was slowly being smothered by the drone of a nearing vehicle. As it drew closer, the metallic purr of the engine loudened, sending echoes throughout the turbid air until the surf was finally reduced to an inaudible cadence. Then, with a soft screech of brakes, the car slowed to an idle and sputtered silent. At once, the tranquil buffeting of the ocean resumed its ageless hymn.

Through an open bedroom window, from the upper floor of an unkempt townhouse, the thud of car doors carried in on a salty breeze. The wind lightly ruffled a collection of decorative fans that had once been carefully placed around the room but now hung in disarray, gathering dust. From below, the creak of the front door drifted up the stairs, easily finding its way to the bedroom. Trailing the sound were footsteps, now also on the ascent. Soon, the bedroom door swung wide as two figures stepped through.

“Sorry about the mess” said the woman, heading hastily toward a dark mahogany dresser with chiseled impressions of an ancient likeness. She stepped out of her black stilettos then reached up to remove her earrings, fingers trembling with anticipation.

As if her antithesis, the man entered the room in a casual repose, seeming to have almost no desire to be there at all. With probing eyes, however, he immediately began to study the dimly lit surroundings. It was plain to see that a certain discipline had once been utilized in choosing the décor of the dwelling, but any aptitude for interior design had been foiled by a lack of concern for neatness. From the unmade bed, with silken sheets badly creased and dangling from its sides, to the mound of wrinkled clothing making an obstacle course of the room’s center, clutter had staked its claim. The man seemed to take pleasure in the messiness of the room, though, and took another step forward. Instantly, his scrutiny turned toward a stone carving positioned beneath the open window. Without hesitation, he crossed the room toward it.

In the blurred reflection of her filthy dresser mirror, she watched the stranger intently, again wondering if he had any interest in her at all, but afraid to discover that he might not. She ran her slender fingers back through her long, dark hair then let her gaunt shoulders sink as she forced herself to relax.

It had been too long since she felt any yearning for a man. Although she frequently shared company with one of several men, she'd lost the passion for such pleasures long ago—along with the other basic pleasures that life had once supplied her. She simply proceeded through the sexual rituals disenchanted and unstirred, to the point that her own climax seemed an impossible achievement—and one for which she no longer strove. Her many partners cared little for her lackluster performance under the sheets, however, so long as they were able to complete their own task at hand. But the insipidness of these encounters chilled her deeply and left her in constant search for excitement of any kind. Such thrills had eluded her for so long, in fact, that she'd come to believe there were none left to be had in her cold, empty world.

But then, on an evening that began with the same misadventure as so many before it, this newcomer had arrived. It was as if he'd come straight from the gloom of her condition to rekindle a fire she'd long concluded had burnt out. She was surprised that her gut churned with desire for this stranger, that her thighs were tense with longing.

Yet, in the throes of this newfound hunger she remained skeptical. She knew quite well it was only the mysteriousness of this man that sparked the desire. She would soon crack his code, and the excitement would vanish instantly as the vault door swung wide, spilling the details within. Her passion for this stranger would die with the unfolding of his secrets before her, and tomorrow would be the birth of another endless day with not so much as a touch of satisfaction to tease her. But that was tomorrow. Tonight she felt almost alive again, and she planned on seeing the evening through.

She turned toward the stranger and cautiously approached him from behind. "I see you found my little friend," she whispered, her breath sending the commingling stench of champagne and cigarette smoke over his shoulder.

He did not reply. He merely smiled an iniquitous smile that, though it wasn't visible from behind, she felt slice the air between them. She'd quickly come to believe that his allure radiated from somewhere within that mystifying leer, and she longed to know the secret hidden in the smile of his supple, intimidating lips.

Still he gazed blankly at the statue, wordless and unmoving, as if with its years of existence the carving had charmed him into an unconscious state.

“It’s Latin American,” she announced, hoping he would be impressed by her knowledge of the artifact.

At this comment, he nodded slightly. “Aztec, sixth century,” he said. His voice was passionless and hollow but with the faint hint of an accent she’d been unable to identify.

“You know Latin art?” she asked, pretending to be surprised. She would actually have been more stunned to find that he lacked knowledge of the piece. His understanding of subjects she’d mentioned until then had been profound—regardless of the topic—and this further enhanced his appeal. “It’s a God or something—”

“Quetzalcoatl,” he interrupted, with a mumble she felt was intended for his ears alone. “Tell me...” His voice was fresh with curiosity, “what attracted you to this piece?”

She glanced at the statue in a mild panic as her thoughts began to scatter. Was this a test, with the fate of the evening dependent upon how she answered the question? If so, what would she say to keep him here long enough to undo his puzzle and claim victory? At a loss for witty replies, she settled on sincerity. “The expression on its face,” she answered, her eyes darting to-and-fro as she struggled for words to expand the thought. But none came. “And, because it matches my décor,” she said with a giggle, hoping he would join her in the laugh.

Instead, she heard a faint sigh. She’d yet to see those lips form a smile that wasn’t razor sharp or to hear the slightest semblance of a chuckle. Her visitor simply seemed lost in the sculpture. She was standing directly at his back, but the emotional distance between them left her with gooseflesh. Regardless, she felt obligated to fill the dead air and push the conversation along.

“I used to collect Mexican art,” she continued. “It’s all so beautiful and has so much meaning. I guess you could say I was addicted to it.” She fumbled for additional words to fill the empty air that followed her attempt at small talk, but she only stuttered out nonsense.

Still he paid her no attention, and his game was getting old quickly. He seemed lost in some peculiar meditative state, and she was now feeling frustrated. Her lust began to ebb. She suddenly felt, in agreement with her earlier suspicion, that the evening was leading nowhere.

“To tell you the truth, I really hate artwork anymore,” she said, curtly, a slight anger now welling up in her throat.

But as if her words, or possibly their harsh tone, had electrified him, he roused from his trance and turned swiftly toward her, now only inches away. He cast a penetrating stare into her eyes, which burned down into her gut, and she felt a chill flood her again, top to bottom. She began to tremble anew, but now from uneasiness rather than anticipation.

“Do you mind if I smoke?” she asked, desperately needing something to calm edgy nerves that were fast approaching a point of debility.

“Yes.”

“Okay...” she murmured, shocked that with this bizarre honesty he was forbidding her from smoking in her own home. “How ‘bout a drink then? You look like you could use one.”

“That won’t be necessary, Abigail,” he said, now inching toward her.

She found herself wondering how necessity had anything to do with her question, but at the same time she was pleased that he’d at least remembered her name.

He then reached into the breast pocket of his well-tailored leather sport coat and retrieved a matching leather case. With a flick of the same hand, he popped it open, and a hand rolled cigarette dropped out the bottom. In another abrupt motion, he raised the smoke toward her lips, as if offering up the gift as a token of appeasement.

A sobering thought instantly came to her mind: The cigarette was probably laced with some sort of date rape drug. She held back a concerned grimace and pulled her head away.

The man, clearly reading her apprehension, grinned slightly then placed the rollup between his own lips. He reached back into his breast pocket and exchanged the container for a decorative gold cigarette lighter that he quickly used to ignite the smoke. He took a long, hard drag then offered it back to her.

Now feeling that her suspicion was entirely unfounded, she leaned in and took a long draw. Instantly, her lungs lit up with a burn she hadn’t felt since her last time smoking weed with friends many years ago. It was apparent that the cigarette was unfiltered and very strong. She began coughing while trying vainly to gather her composure again.

Before she’d completely expelled all the smoke from her lungs, however, a sensation came on alerting her that it certainly wasn’t pure tobacco she’d just taken in. The taste was more herbal in nature—unrefined—but she couldn’t quite tell exactly what it was. Was it a cannabis/tobacco mixture or something else entirely? Over the years, with all the new pot strains she’d heard about, she was simply unsure what it tasted like nowadays. The dreamy sensation she felt coming on did, however, remind her of what she remembered about the blunts she frequently smoked long ago with a college girlfriend.

After giving it a little thought, she decided the whole thing was a positive turn of the evening’s events. She took her second hit, but then the stranger came closer, forcing her to reach inward to find

the courage to stand her ground. Her attempt at bravery only seemed to humor him, however, and with a squint of his fiery blue eyes, he released another of those enigmatic smiles.

Her anxiety worsened. But standing nose to nose with him for the first time, she caught scent of the sweet aroma trickling from those menacing lips. Despite the smoke he'd just inhaled, the smell was crisp, as if recently freshened, but the odor lacked the artificial quality of a mint. Again, she became aroused, as thoughts of the evening leading nowhere subsided and were replaced by visions of raised nipples standing rigid on her naked body below his. She licked her lips, preparing for their mouths to meet as he came even closer.

But the meeting was delayed. Instead he grabbed her and gently shoved her to the side, against the bed.

She took this to be a healthy progression of the ritual and went with little resistance. She fell back against the silk of her sheets then scooted toward her decorative headboard.

Just as quickly as he'd shoved her to the bed, however, the progression seemed to stop altogether; he made no attempt at joining her. Instead he kept his gaze locked on her, his smile still riding those lips, and waited.

“Aren't you coming?” she desperately asked, her thoughts becoming negative once again.

“Not yet,” he said with the slightest quake in his voice. For the first time he seemed somewhat aroused himself.

“Then when?” her voice begged. She started to sway from the mysterious high that was hitting her even harder now. It was becoming apparent that the smoke they'd shared was definitely not pot. It was far more powerful.

He raised an index finger to his lips, motioning for her to be quiet. “I like to watch,” he said. His words seemed like they were issued genuinely, but they were accompanied by that same steely gaze.

“Watch?” She wasn't sure she understood what he was asking, but she considered a few possibilities.

To the question he nodded once, but from the simple gesture her suspicions were confirmed.

Suddenly she became embarrassed and was unable to move, let alone perform the feat he was requesting. Her face reddened as she moved her feet together. The room began circling in the background.

“Show me,” he implored.

Strangely, she knew she'd feel guilty if she didn't comply with the audacious request. Likewise, she knew she'd be eliminating the chance of any untold events from coming to fruition. Since the

request was spoken so sincerely, and with that same tenor of innocence, she somehow believed she was left the option of proceeding at will. So, with another deep, composed inhalation—and with the properties of whatever she'd smoked offering some additional encouragement—she found her will.

She slid her hands up her legs to her waist and began removing her black cocktail dress. She slowly pulled the garment, which was clinging tightly to her petite figure, over her curving hips then along her upper torso. Once the dress had cleared her head, she heaved it across the room where it found a home on the side of the clothing pile. Now, with only the dark lace of her panties and bra to shield her, she felt vulnerable. But the exposure aroused her afresh. She could see that she had finally gained his full attention—the objective she'd been striving for all evening—and she wasn't about to lose it.

She ran her wrists around the back of her waist, across her golden, velvety skin, then let her hands creep up her back to the clasp of her bra strap. With a snap the bra went loose, and with a toss it joined the dress on the clothing heap. Without pause, she slid her fingers down her naval and hooked them behind the elastic of her panties, pulling them casually toward her ankles. Then off they went as well.

She now sat nude at the center of the bed—and, it seemed, at the center of his attention. Her legs were resting together, and her arms lay half-covering her breasts. She could feel him summing her up in all her nakedness, as if trying to decide whether to keep her or to throw her back into the water. She realized that at forty-one she no longer had the appeal that men of her younger days had flocked to in such great numbers. She also knew, however, from the sly glances she so frequently received on the scene, that she still had what it takes to make a man swell with desire.

But the stranger had not joined her in the bed. He took another deep puff from the cigarette then chucked it across the room toward her dresser where a ceramic ashtray was waiting to receive it.

“Now?” she asked, with a playful innocence that surprised her. It'd been years since she'd taken that seductive tone in bed, but she was pleased at its return.

He still seemed entirely immune to the effects of the drug they'd taken. And again, he shook his head *no* and asked her to show him.

She, on the other hand, was nowhere near immune. The bed on which she lay was beginning to dance against her back, and she knew exactly what it was he wanted to see. She was mildly distressed that a complete stranger would ask such a thing of her, but she was more worried about losing his attention. She was determined to pry his vault door open, no matter what it took.

With her grasp of reality fading, and an odd sensation of forward motion coming on, she carefully stacked two pillows against the headboard and leaned back, letting her legs part slightly. She ran her fingers up her arms to her shoulders then pulled strands of her dark, wavy hair down her chest, half covering the pink erections of her nipples. She then licked an index finger and eased it in sensuous gyrations about each breast, slowly making way to the targets waiting at their summits. Once there, she gently massaged her nipples, but for no more than a few seconds.

Her arousal began to dwindle as she imagined herself lying there in a daze before this stranger. Suddenly, the stroking of her breasts in front of someone she'd met only hours before made her feel ridiculous. In times past, she would have reveled at the opportunity to feed the hunger of a man in such a way. But her preferences had changed. With age, and brooding circumstance, her desire to play the game had dimmed along with the hope of achieving the almighty climax. She wasn't about to give her stranger a chance to get away, however. Not until she'd delved into his captivating lips...and he into hers.

With a feline motion practiced through many years of bed-play—and despite her waning sense of coordination—she swiftly edged across the mattress and sacked him with outstretched legs. He made no attempt to parry the advance and allowed himself to be toppled.

Lying there atop the warmth of her skin—his face only inches from hers now—he suddenly looked familiar. Moreover, there was something about those eyes that simultaneously reinforced and annihilated any notions of wellbeing. The sensation left her overwhelmed with emotion. She felt she knew him from somewhere else or from another time, like she was being vexed by a distant memory...or a dream. It was a complicated recollection. Another puzzle. But none of that mattered now anyway. She was afraid she might not find another chance to taste the sweetness of those lips, so she plunged her gleaming mouth forward.

With a well-practiced maneuver of his own, he dodged his head quickly to one side. On a second attempt, she met equal resistance.

She now understood that these games were going to continue throughout the entire act, that this stranger was different than the rest. Unlike all the others, his secrets were not going to be spilled at the sight of her bare skin or at the mere realization that he'd conquered her. She now wondered whether learning the secret of his mystery was achievable at all. With the allure of her adversary reaching new heights, her lust for him exploded.

An outburst of passion came in tandem with the sensation of her body being propelled up through her bedroom ceiling. Attempting to steady herself, she grabbed at the black leather of his belt

and felt for the chrome of his buckle. In an instant, his fly was open, his jutting weapon exposed. Then, at the invitation of her guiding hands, he entered her. In a rhythm unlike anything she'd ever felt before, which he seemed to deliver in halfhearted bliss, a sensation she'd not known in years overcame her. With what she'd smoked now in full-effect, her concentration focused as thoughts of climax suddenly seemed possible.

Confoundingly, the most unusual and potent aroma she'd ever smelled began engulfing the room's frigid airspace. It had an almost sweetness to it, like fresh diced berries, but it was also bold, like meat being seared at high temperature. At the same time, it reeked like harsh sulfur. The amazing assortment of odors, its redolence, was now barreling around the vortex they had entered.

The depth of her focus soon sent her into an impassioned charge, with the motion of his body tossing her in ways unfamiliar. Locked together, they spun up into the stratosphere, their bodies transformed into shooting stars careening through deep space. She was now entirely removed from the wakefulness of reality and was instead charging headlong into the Universe.

But all the movement hit her in the belly, causing it to roil, and she quickly became nauseous. For fear of losing the contents of her stomach—and obliterating the experience altogether—she forced her thoughts onto the caressing surf that was still sounding through the open bedroom window. With her eyes tightly closed now, the pounding of waves and flesh continued.

Suddenly, the needling sting of freezing water washed across her abdomen, causing it to crawl in response to the icy sensation. But the frozen bite of this particular breaker was more surreal than any hallucination should have allowed. She came abruptly to focus, reality quickly rebounding, and realized that it was actually the chill of his frosty hands, felt for the first time, that had been laid upon her waist.

Casually, she repositioned her head on the pillow as the visions resumed. The ocean now flowed with ice cubes that gently stroked at her sides, lightly gliding up her body. In time, which to her seemed like an eternity, the cubes found her breasts and lapped against her nipples for a brief period. From there the chill crept up her chest until it came to a resting place around her neck.

Instantly, she began to singe with the power of an approaching eruption. It would only be seconds now until her lost companion appeared from its hiding place to please her once more. She was sure she'd never find another who'd take her to where she'd traveled this night, that she'd never burn this way again. And realizing she no longer had any desire to seek it out—that this was quite likely her final chance to experience ecstasy—she prepared to take heed of the moment and cherish it forever.

And then it happened. It came in a bursting, whooping frenzy that only grew with the hardening of her breath...as the supply of oxygen began to dwindle. But the euphoria that came from the

combination of the delirium and the breathlessness elevated her to even greater heights. Yet the zenith had come as consciousness started to fade.

Right as the supernova exploded between her legs, she opened her eyes to pay homage to the one providing the rapture. She vaguely realized, however, that they were no longer in her bedroom. They were somewhere far grander. The chamber was blindingly lit, and it was absolutely fantastic. The most spectacular array of color she'd ever known was now enveloping her entire essence.

Her vision cleared slightly as her conscious mind began losing all sensibility. But not before she received a last glimpse of her stranger: his scorching blue eyes suddenly filled with the primitive rage of a preying animal; his razor-sharp lips flared back in utter wrath; his vast set of glimmering teeth now somehow belonging to the galaxy spinning down his throat; and his outstretched hands forcefully clutching her ailing neck. As her dreamlike vision faded to black, off in the distance she could see the reassuring face of a young boy she hadn't seen in half a lifetime. Finally, like she'd just touched down on some alien world, the deadly rhythm of the stranger yielded to the placid cadence of the sea.

A Brief Word from the Author

Although [*RENDEZVOUS WITH THE REAPER*](#) can be approached as a standalone work of fiction, for me it ultimately turned out to be much more than just a short story. The flood of inspiration that accompanied the writing of *RwtR* soon opened up an entire storyline that was far more ambitious. In the end, the events described in the story became the catalyst for the full-length novel, [*THE GODPLAY DARE*](#). Moreover, as *The GodPlay Dare*'s narrative started assuming its final form, *RwtR* ended up making it into the novel as the first chapter. If you enjoyed reading *Rendezvous with the Reaper*, there's a strong likelihood that *The GodPlay Dare* may be just your kind of book. I encourage you to give it a try: www.thegodplaydare.com

Thank you for your support...

Sincerely,

Daron Everett Jones

Free Newsletter & Updates

Please subscribe to my [mailing list](#). On a regular basis you'll receive an e-copy of my newsletter, [Sex, Drugs & Mysticism](#). Frequently, the newsletter will include a copy of my most recent work of short fiction, which will also be available for free at various locations online (www.daroneverettjones.com).

As part of *Sex, Drugs & Mysticism*, I will occasionally send out announcements and general information on my work to keep my community apprised of any news or developments, including my upcoming blog, [The Human Ponzi](#).

Thank you for your support and for enriching my experience as a working novelist.

To subscribe to my mailing list, please email:

info@daroneverettjones.com

Or visit:

www.daroneverettjones.com

About the Author



[Daron Everett Jones](#) is a native of Northern California's notorious wine capital, Napa. Since childhood he's had an infatuation with eerily-bizarre mysteries and urban legends (and just about anything else that goes bump in the night). In addition to the time he spends blogging about mythology & mysticism, he also expends an abundance of creativity feeding an insatiable addiction to full-fledged storytelling.

Daron is a graduate of the California State University at Sacramento where he studied Political Theory and Philosophy—two subjects that today greatly influence his writing craft. Though his first goal is always to engage his readers through entertaining and escapist, character-driven fiction, his second is to weave thought-provoking and often controversial subject matter into the material. These days you'll find him strolling the crossroads of human sexuality, metaphysics and paranormal phenomenon . . . searching for his next spark of inspiration.

He lives with his son, Desmond, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.