



Vile Blood

Max Wilde , Roger Smith

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THREE DESPERATE PEOPLE FLUNG TOGETHER IN A FLESH FRENZY OF BLOOD-DRENCHED HORROR

Terror has left Skye Martindale muted and stunted for most of her seventeen years. Terrified of the dark Other that lives within her. The Other that must be suppressed and controlled. At all costs. Then one night an act of random violence unleashes a savagery so ferocious that she is forced to face who--and what--she really is.

Fear and grief have ravaged Deputy Sheriff Gene Martindale, leaving him cold and remote, haunted by the lies he has told the world--and himself--about his foundling sister. But now the lying is over and he has to protect his young son from Skye. Even if that means killing her.

For five long years Junior Cotton--the twisted sadist who slaughtered Gene's wife and unborn child--has been a caged animal. Now he's broken loose and he's coming after Gene and his sister. To take revenge and to reveal the truth about Skye. A truth that will damn her for eternity.

PRAISE FOR VILE BLOOD

"Beyond horror. One of the most intense, graphic books I have ever read. The imagination of Max Wilde is a thing to behold." ELIZABETH A. WHITE - FLORIDA TIMES-UNION

"VILE BLOOD has characters you care about, a nasty wit and a strange kind of charm. Can't wait for the sequel." - JACK KETCHUM, author of THE GIRL NEXT DOOR & THE WOMAN

"VILE BLOOD by Max Wilde, alias Roger Smith, has the same wicked pace, wonderful prose and compulsory vibe that keeps the pages flying in his crime novels, but be warned, this is something very different from Smith. This is more violent and bloodier than anything we've seen from him yet, with true stomach-churning horror that takes no prisoners." - DAVE ZELTSERMAN, author of MONSTER & THE CARETAKER OF LORNE FIELD

Max Wilde is the pen name of award-winning crime writer, Roger Smith.

Vile Blood Details

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From Reader Review Vile Blood for online ebook

Carolyn Griffith says

Strange family but intetesting

I considered this to be a very good book. It had lots of action and scary parts which kept me interested in finding out more. The family aspect of the story was very touching and yet also sad. It had a truly incredible and interesting ending!! I would recommend this book!!

nora m malotte says

Vile Blood

Abandoned at birth , baby Skye is found in a box left on the side of the road. Never knowing who or what she is, but knowing herself to be different, she is now aware that a being , " THE OTHER, " possess her body and turns her into a demon. Will her brother, A COP, help her or KILL her to keep his son safe ? This THRILLING SUPERNATURAL MYSTERY is a must for fans of this genre. I totally RECOMMEND this captivating story.. ENJOY !

Carl Nelson says

Interesting, not the typical werewolf story.

I read this story in very short order. Most times I couldn't envision pulling for the monster but that's what I found myself doing here. Definitely worth a read.

Julia Small says

This book was pretty gory but the characters were interesting. I am looking forward to the next book in this series...

Serenity says

Good read!

Really enjoyed this book. Loved the detailed gore! Some grammar errors, but otherwise, well written. Looking forward to the next book!

Bracken says

I wasn't in the mood for a supernatural thriller when I started this, but damn if Roger Smith didn't put me in the mood. This novel is straight forward and take no prisoners. It's not as extreme as some things out there (coughwrathjameswhitecough), but it reads like Jack Ketchum in a bad mood. Aside from a few Britishisms that sneak into a southwestern American tale (we call it a drain, not a plug hole -- and a car park is a parking lot) the storytelling is pretty flawless.

Wortmagie says

„*Schwarzes Blut*“ von Max Wilde ist ein Mängel Exemplar vom Grabbeltisch, das ich vor einigen Jahren erbeutete. Ich erinnere mich, dass der wenig aussagekräftige Klappentext meine Neugier entfachte. Damals wusste ich nicht, dass Max Wilde das Pseudonym des erfolgreichen südafrikanischen Thriller-Autors Roger Smith ist, dessen Roman *Kap der Finsternis* 2010 den zweiten Platz beim Deutschen Krimipreis belegte. „*Schwarzes Blut*“ erschien bei Heyne Hardcore, einer gesonderten Sparte des Verlags, die neben einem Angebot von Musik- und Erotikliteratur auf grenzwertige, sehr blutige und brutale Horrorliteratur spezialisiert ist. Kurz, ich wusste, worauf ich mich einließ.

Skye weiß, dass sie verfolgt wird. Sie kann die Männer hinter sich hören. Sie hat Angst. Nicht davor, dass sie ihr wehtun könnten, sondern davor, dass *der Andere* die Kontrolle übernimmt, wenn sie sie verletzen. Seit sie zurückdenken kann, teilt sie ihren Körper mit diesem... Ding, einem Monster, das sich unter ihrer Haut verbirgt und unerträgliche Gelüste hat. Skyes Wachsamkeit darf niemals nachlassen, denn die Konsequenzen wären furchtbar. Für sie selbst, für ihren Adoptivbruder Gene und für ihren kleinen Neffen Timmy. Ist *der Andere* frei, sterben Menschen. Skye ahnt nicht, dass ihre Verfolger erst der Anfang sind. Da draußen lauert jemand, der die Wahrheit über sie kennt. Jemand, der mehr über ihre Herkunft weiß, als sie selbst. Jemand, der nur ein Ziel verfolgt: er will *den Anderen*.

Herzlichen Glückwunsch Max Wilde aka Roger Smith! „*Schwarzes Blut*“ ist meine erste 1-Stern-Bewertung des Jahres 2017! Jawohl, ich schrieb, ich wusste, worauf ich mich einließ, als ich mir dieses Buch vornahm. Ich hatte vorher sogar wohlweislich einige Rezensionen gelesen, die tendenziell stark auseinanderdrifteten. „Faszinierend und erschreckend“ hieß es da, aber auch „eklig“ und „bestialisch“. Als stolze Schlachten-Veteranin bin ich wahrlich nicht zartbesaitet; ich nahm an, dass die negativen Rezensionen von Leser_innen stammten, die sich versehentlich ins falsche Genre vorgewagt hatten. Kann ja mal passieren. Ich hätte nicht erwartet, dass ich mich ihrem Urteil anschließen muss. „*Schwarzes Blut*“ ist buchstäblich das widerlichste, abstoßendste, ekelergregendste Buch, das ich jemals gelesen habe. Es ist ein Fall für Trigger- und Jugendwarnungen auf dem Cover. Es löste in meinem Kopf eine hitzige Debatte mit mir selbst hinsichtlich einer FSK für Bücher aus. Zugegeben, ich habe mit Hardcore-Literatur keine Erfahrung, aber wenn die entsprechenden Bücher alle so sind wie dieses, möchte ich diesen Umstand keinesfalls ändern. Bäh. Würg. Ich habe mit Gewaltdarstellungen keine Schwierigkeiten, ich kann Horrorfilme (für die Kenner: Exploitation) bereits zum Frühstück sehen, doch dieses ... nennen wir es mal neutral Werk, sprengt selbst meine Grenzen. Das Problem ist, dass „*Schwarzes Blut*“ Gewalt um der Gewalt willen abbildet und ansonsten grottenschlecht ist. Die Story ist fadenscheinig, absurd und völlig sinnentleert. Selbst wenn man

akzeptiert, dass die Protagonistin Skye ihren Körper mit einer Art Dämon teilt, der einen gesunden Appetit für Menschenfleisch pflegt, ist das ganze Konstrukt rettungslos unrealistisch. Skyes Verwandlungen (jap, Plural) in *den Anderen* sind lächerliche HULK-Gedächtnis-Momente, samt schwellenden Muskeln und reißenden Klamotten. Es gibt eine Vielzahl aufgesetzter, unechter Charaktere, die in schöner Regelmäßigkeit abgeschlachtet werden, eine psychiatrische Abteilung aus der Hölle und einen undefinierbaren Brei aus Okkultismus, Korruption, Vergewaltigung, Kindesmissbrauch und Drogenhandel. Es wird gefoltert, aufgeschlitzt, gewürgt, erschossen, zerstückelt, enthauptet, vergiftet, gefressen. Die extrem expliziten, voyeuristischen Beschreibungen sollen die Leser_innen schockieren, das ist die Quintessenz von „*Schwarzes Blut*“. Alle Elemente der Handlung dienen lediglich dazu, dieses Schlachtfest, diese Gewaltorgie irgendwie zu verbinden, komme was wolle. Max Wilde aka Roger Smith schmeißt einfach alles, was irgendwie gruselig, gefährlich und abartig ist, in einen großen Topf, stellt die Flamme auf Anschlag und rührt kräftig durch. Was dabei herauskommt, ist dieses Buch. Ich hangelte mich von Kapitel zu Kapitel, verlor immer mal wieder den Faden und konnte einfach nicht fassen, dass irgendein Verlag diesen Dreck überhaupt mit der Kneifzange anfassen würde. Nein, ich entschuldige mich nicht für das Wort „Dreck“, denn ein Manuskript, das dermaßen gewaltverherrlichend ist, verdient es nicht besser. Es ist eine Sache, scheußliche Darstellungen zu verwenden, um etwas zu vermitteln, irgendeine Botschaft, ein Motiv, eine Moral, eben IRGENDETWAS, aber wenn es dabei offenbar nur um eine perverse Freude an Blut, Folter, Mord und Tod geht, läuft meiner Meinung nach etwas falsch. Da drängt sich die Frage auf, nein, sie springt mir geradezu ins Gesicht, was es über den Autor aussagt, dass er so etwas schreibt.

Ihr mögt es blutig? Ihr mögt es brutal? Nur zu, ich urteile nicht über euch. Aber bitte, bitte, bitte lasst die Finger von „*Schwarzes Blut*“, die Begeisterung für grenzwertige Literatur in allen Ehren. Das Buch ist schlecht, so einfach ist das. Da kann es noch so explizit und farbenfroh sein oder eine spezielle Zielgruppe ansprechen, eine miese Geschichte bleibt eine miese Geschichte. Ich muss zugeben, dass ich von einem etablierten, preisgekrönten Krimi-Autor weit mehr erwartet hatte. Wenn er seine verdrehten Fantasien literarisch verarbeiten möchte, ist das für mich vollkommen in Ordnung, weil dieses Ventil zumindest harmlos ist, aber ein gewisser Qualitätsanspruch muss gestattet sein. In dieser Form taugt „*Schwarzes Blut*“ meiner Ansicht nach nur als Trinkspiel für Hartgesottene. Kippt man bei jedem Toten einen Kurzen, ist man am Ende der 320 Seiten garantiert ordentlich betrunken. Und vielleicht ein wenig traumatisiert.

Michael says

Die beliebte Ekelkur

"Schon bei dem Antritte meines Dienstes fand ich eine Kurart sehr beliebt, deren Nutzen sich allerdings auch in meiner Erfahrung völlig bewährt hat. Ich meine die Ekelkur, den fortgesetzten Gebrauch ekelerregender Mittel, wodurch eine Uebelkeit, eine Neigung zum Erbrechen bewirkt wird, deren Einwirkung aufs Gemeingefühl, deren Rückwirkung auf den Geisteszustand nicht selten die herrlichsten Folgen zeigte." (Ernst Horn: Öffentliche Rechenschaft über meine zwölfjährige Dienstführung als zweiter Arzt des Königl. Charité-Krankenhauses zu Berlin, nebst Erfahrungen über Krankenhäuser und Irrenanstalten, Berlin 1818, S. 219)

SCHWARZES BLUT ist eine Mischung aus Thriller und Horrorroman, in dessen Zentrum die von einem bösen Dämon besessene 17-jährige Skye Martindale steht. Dieser Dämon will Fleisch, genauer gesagt Menschenfleisch. Und nein, nicht zum Sex, sondern als Nahrung. Weiteres Romanpersonal sind unter anderem ein besessener, nach Jahren aus dem Koma erwachter Massenmörder, der früher schon an der Dezimierung von Skyes Familie mitgewirkt hat; ein methkochender Pseudogeistlicher, den sein Harem und

seine Potenz verlassen haben; ein korrupter krimineller Bulle, diverse kriminelle Drogenhändler und zahlreiche mehr oder weniger unschuldige Opfer. Und natürlich Skyes Halbbruder Gene Martindale und dessen Sohn Timmy, die Überbleibsel von Skyes Familie, der kleine Rest, den es nicht durch übelste Gewalttaten dahingerafft hat.

Nach 180 Seiten habe ich den Überblick darüber verloren, bei wievielen bestialischen Morden ich bislang das zweifelhafte Vergnügen hatte, Zeuge zu sein. Zahlreiche Opfer wurden ausgeweidet und gefressen, andere mit Skalpellen und Messern getötet, es wurden Köpfe abgesägt und was nicht noch alles, von den ganz banalen Erschossenen ist hier zu schweigen. Eine Anzahl der Toten bis Seite 180 kann ich nur grob schätzen, es dürften inklusive Rückblenden so an die 20 Tote sein.

Der Begriff des Horrors ist hier umfassend zu verstehen, neben der übernatürlichen Komponente des innereienverzehrenden Dämons ist es vor allem Max Wildes lakonische Darstellung von Verstümmelungen und Tötungen, die vorzugsweise mit Klingen und Messern begangen werden.

SCHWARZES BLUT ist bei Heyne in der Hardcore-Reihe erschienen, und das ist ein ernstzunehmender Hinweis. Freunde dieses Genres werden auf ihre Kosten kommen. Wer allerdings - so wie ich - schon bei den "normalen" Horrorromanen an seine Grenzen stößt, wird an diesem Buch keine Freude haben. In mehreren anderen Rezensionen las ich, dass Max Wilde die Gewaltexzesse nicht zum Selbstzweck schildert. Persönlich kann ich dazu sagen, dass ich diese Feststellung für Unsinn halte. Natürlich besteht der Roman nicht nur aus willkürlich aneinandergereihten Splatterszenen, aber die Art und Weise der Darstellungen der Perversionen und ihre Anzahl können und sollten nicht als "normal" schöngeredet werden.

Rob Twinem says

I see this book as a very modern interpretation of the Jekyll and hyde theme. Shye our flawed hero has the beast "The Other" within her and if she cannot control him he will escape and cause bloody ravage on those around him. What made this an enjoyable read for me was the number and varied characters....few were good but most were evil. A special mention must be given to the giant Sherriff Dellbert Drum and a big cheer went up from all readers when he met his timely death at the hands...and teeth of the demented Shye in "Other" mode! Deputy Gene is trying to keep his young son safe from his sister Skye and the mad monster Junior has escaped asylum intending to wreck havoc and death. The story is secondary to the great list of characters and a few little gems of observation and advice along the way..."...door swung open, revealing a disheveled woman somewhere between thirty and death...."..."You asked me if I believe in the Devil?" She nodded. "The truth is I'm leaning in the direction of believing that God is dead but the Devil is very much alive." She searched his eyes for humor and found none. "Certainly, he is very much alive in me."

Elizabeth A. says

"The truth is I'm leaning in the direction of believing that God is dead but the Devil is very much alive." – Father Pedro

The idea that God is dead and the Devil is running wild is one that the characters in Vile Blood have every reason to embrace. Deputy Sheriff Gene Martindale and his sister, Skye, lost their parents to unspeakable violence when Skye was still a toddler and Gene hardly into his teens. More recently, Gene's wife and their unborn child were killed in a most gruesome manner by two members of a cult, leaving Gene, his young son,

and a now seventeen-year-old Skye to cling together as a family unit.

But as horrific as their past is, their future holds far worse. When four men passing through the town decide to give Skye a hard time – or worse – one night as she’s walking home from her job at the town’s diner something in her snaps. Something monstrous, powerful, and evil. Something Skye always knew on some level was there, but which she’d fought desperately to keep contained. Something she calls The Other.

Confronted the following morning with the resulting abattoir-like scene along the side of the road, Gene knows he’s looking at something he’s seen before and had hoped to never see again. Something he knows was caused by his sister. Something he has no idea how to deal with, but knows he somehow must. Unfortunately, things go from worse to screwed when the Sheriff of the neighboring county, a man who worked the Martindale family crime scene 15 years prior, also realizes there’s something familiar about the carnage and, upon finding Skye’s broken glasses amongst the gore, makes the connection between the two massacres.

And as if that wasn’t enough for Gene to deal with, Junior Cotton, one of the nasty pieces of work responsible for the murder of Gene’s wife and unborn child, escapes from the psychiatric facility where he’s been housed for the last five years and immediately heads for Gene with two things on his mind: revenge and exposing Skye for what she really is...something worse than either she or Gene could possibly have imagined.

The imagination of author Max Wilde, which is actually the pen name of crime writer Roger Smith, is a thing to behold, as *Vile Blood* is one of the most intense, graphic books I have ever read. This is decidedly not a novel for the squeamish or faint of heart. And while there’s no question *Vile Blood* more than deserves to be labeled as a horror novel, Wilde/Smith has in fact aimed for – and achieved – something beyond horror in the telling of his story.

As Skye fights to control The Other, she is forced to confront the very nature of good vs. evil, God vs. the Devil, free-will vs. the preordained. And unlike in a run-of-the-mill horror story, the characters in *Vile Blood* are not there merely to serve as killer or victim; they are intelligent (no bimbos in high heels running headlong through a forest at night here), introspective, and conflicted about the paths they find themselves walking.

Gene loves his sister, but knows he must serve a greater good by fighting to stop her – permanently if necessary – from hurting anyone else, especially him or his son. Skye fought hard for fifteen years to contain The Other knowing the destruction of which it was capable, yet finds herself oddly seduced by the confidence and physical power she possesses when The Other is let loose. Even Junior, easily the most extreme character, finds his plans radically shifting when push comes to shove and he’s finally face to face with Skye.

And while *Vile Blood* certainly represents a change in direction for Smith from his previous crime/thriller novels from a subject matter point of view, the underlying things that make him so appealing as an author are still very much in evidence, chief among them his ability to meld an audaciously bold tone with exquisite turns of phrase. There is depth to this gore, in more ways than one, and Smith once again manages to make the ugliest possible events oddly appealing.

Jennie Akeson says

Scare fest

Good book. I highly recommend if you like B and G not giving anything else away. Good character formation and great plot line.

Bill Berger says

Roger Smith's books are not for the faint of heart and this book makes his Cape Town series look like kid's books. A grisly murder about every five pages but still, you keep reading. Part mystery, part horror and part fantasy, the book goes so far over the top. Surely a sequel in the works and I cannot wait.

Adam Light says

Well, I was pretty hyped up to read this book due to the blurb from Jack Ketchum, but I was not too thrilled with it. Overall it was well written and the narrative came from several points of view, which kept things interesting, but there was not a whole lot of suspense created and the finale left we wanting. This book was supposed to be beyond horror and, I admit, it was shocking in places, but I found much of it to be gratuitous and unmerited. Again, I thought the premise was interesting, but it would have benefited from more tension and suspense, and less senseless depictions of brutal violence. I do not mind violence or gore at all - don't get me wrong - but a good story line with sympathetic characters would have helped this one out.

Bandit says

Wilde is a pseudonym of Roger Smith, a thriller author I've never come across, but then again I don't read that many thrillers, so that's neither here nor there. Wilde wrote he writes horror under and does so very well. The reason I mention his original genre choice is because this book read very much like a thriller writer venturing into horror. The supernatural aspect, although well rendered, felt almost tangential. The cops, the criminals, the murders...that had a real thriller feel to it. Wilde sets his story in a small town somewhere south enough to edge on Mexico, appropriately backward in attitudes and narrow in minds and opportunities. Then he starts weaving and interweaving the plot lines. For such a small book, the strength of writing and character development was notably impressive, especially considering that it was balanced with all the prerequisite guts and gore and violence. The tight pacing and suspense made the book speed by. The ending was left for a possibility of sequel, but it would be more admirable if the author showed restraint and left it as is, a lean mean horror thriller machine. Quick thoroughly entertaining read. Genre fans have much to enjoy here. Recommended.

Mack says

Horror, red in tooth and claw. If this is how you like it then Vile Blood is the book for you.

Roger Smith's books all have a tinge of horror. Gatsby (Mixed Blood), Piper (Wake Up Dead), Inja (Dust Devils), Vernon Saul (Capture), all broken away from humanity, bringing fear and pain to anyone unfortunate to cross them. You look into their eyes and see a soulless void.

With Vile Blood, Roger moves into a different form of horror. Here "tooth and claw" is not a metaphor but actual limb rending, disemboweling horror. The easy way out with this sort of horror is to shock the reader as often as possible with gratuitous, grotesque violence. But Roger applies the same careful character building and plot development that you find in his South African crime thrillers.

Vile Blood takes place in an unspecified part of the American Southwest, a departure from the South African settings of Roger's previous books. This isn't the wide-open spaces, buffalo roaming, picture postcard west. It is poisoned earth, dead or dying towns, corruption. And a good man trying to stand against evil finding his principles tested.

Four soldiers of a drug lord are killed in savage, bloody, and gruesome ways, like a wild beast tore them apart. For Chief Deputy Sheriff Gene Martindale, the crime scene brings back memories he hoped would stay hidden. Has the beast that lies within his adopted sister Skye awakened? Gene protected his sister all those years ago but now Dellbert Drum, corrupt sheriff from the neighboring county, remembering what happened to Gene and Skye back then, pockets evidence at the crime scene. He sees a way to make Gene an accessory in his drug distribution network.

At the same time the beast is awakening in Skye, so does Junior Cotton from his coma in a mental hospital. Junior is pure, spawn of Satan evil, and has a primal, psychic connection to Gene and Skye that makes it inevitable that their lives will intersect.

Rounding out the cast of principle characters is the Reverend Jimmy Tincup, depraved, debased, and degenerate, running a meth lab in an abandoned motel with his whores. Tincup supplies the product for Drum's drug enterprise.

The horror elements are well done and well placed, contributing to the story without becoming repetitive. Roger also answers a question I hadn't considered before: what happens the morning after the beast feeds. Though this is the first in a series, the reader isn't left hanging. We get enough satisfying details on Skye's background to get our interest but the complete picture will be developed in the sequels.

As with Smith's other books, he gives the reader a good foundation with the story but he also populates the story with memorable characters: the stolid Gene Martindale who you can see meeting the bad guy at noon on a dusty street in the old west; the virginal Skye Martindale trying to come to terms with what is happening to her; the outwardly genial, inwardly putrid Dellbert Drum; the evil psychopath Junior Cotton whose early life is as much horror as the scene that opens the book; and the Rev. Tincup as venal and unredeemable a character as has ever populated a story.

Roger has a background in film and one of his strengths is to give the reader graphic detail with which to build a mental image of the people, setting and action. For me, the stand-out is the Rev. Tincup and his decaying motel fiefdom. Fascinating and at the same time repellent, like an accident you can't look away from.

There will be sequels to Vile Blood and this is not the case where I am curious what happens next, I NEED to know what happens next to these people.
