


written by jane jensen

Blood of the Sacred  
**GABRIELKNIGHT**<sup>TM</sup>  
Blood of the Damned

• P R O L O G U E •

illustrations by ron spears





James and Patricia Stewart,  
Prince and Princess of Albany  
Cypress Grove Manor  
10 Rue de Capois  
Paris, France  
33 1 435-378

Dear Mr. Knight:

Please accept our invitation to a weekend at Cypress Grove Man-  
for you and a companion. My wife and I would very much like  
to make your acquaintance. Our house secretary will be contacting  
you to make travel arrangements.

James Stewart, Prince of Albany



"Wow, You've  
been invited to Paris!  
By Prince James of  
Albany!"

"Lemme  
see."



"Never  
heard of him"

"Let  
me look him up  
on SIDNEY."



"He's  
the current Stewart  
heir. You know—the Kings of  
Scotland. Now they're  
in exile."



"...besides,  
I don't even  
know these  
people."



"How  
does she do it  
ladies and  
Gentlemen?"

"So  
we're going,  
right?"



"Uh...no."

"Why  
not? This is a  
chance to meet  
real, European  
society."

"That's  
exactly why  
not.  
Sa-nooze..."



"Hmm,  
they must  
have heard there  
was a new Ritter  
scion."

"I'm  
not a scion."



"Kay. Whatever. I'll just call this secretary guy—see if I can get more info."

"And they'd want to meet you of course. This is really exciting. You're like royalty"

"I'm not royalty. And neither is this guy if he's in exile. We're not going."



"Just a second."

"Grace!"

"Mr. Knight, so good of you to accept our hospitality."

"Call me Gabriel. And, uh, this is Gracie."

"Grace. Nakimura."

Charmed."



The weekend proceeds less than smashingly....





"Novelist, is it? Would I know you?"

"Um...I seriously doubt it."  
\*\*"

"Have you read any of Mr. Knight's work, James?"



"I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure"

"Then how do you know someone like...?"

"Alfred. You know James and Pat find the occasional American amusing."



"It's one of those endearing quirks of theirs."



"Really? You'd never see that in America."

"Never see what, Mr. Knight?"



"An Englishman being invited because they are amusing."

\*\*The Voodoo Murders and The Brutal Beast are probably not up Lord Edger's alley.



"You were right. We shouldn't have come. None of them have even heard of the Ritters."

"Hey this is a first edition of The Dubliners."

"Oh, now you don't want to talk about it."



"You called the fiddler. So dance."



"Miss Nakimura? Mr. Knight? Might we speak with you alone?"



"We're related to the Wittelsbach dynasty. The last Wagner opera came to our attention"

"You need a Schattenjäger?"

"...and the peculiar focus of your family trade. Mesmi suggested I contact you"



"I'm afraid so. The Stewarts are a very old family. For a long time we have been plagued by a kind of... anemia"

"Like the Romanovs?"



"Yes and no. Stewart heirs have unusual 'episodes'. They awake in the morning exhausted and pale."

"Upon examination it is evident that they are suffering from severe anemia. Gradually they recover but it happens again- sometimes within months, sometimes not for years."

"Sounds like a medical problem."

"Does it?"

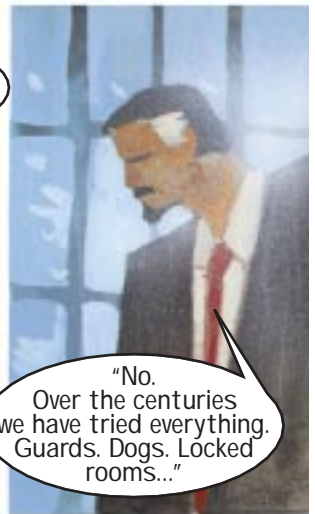




"Oh,  
my God."



"There's  
no trace of an  
assailant?"



"No.  
Over the centuries  
we have tried everything.  
Guards. Dogs. Locked  
rooms..."



"...Guards  
and dogs fall asleep.  
Locks are broken.  
Nothing stops it."

"You  
want us to protect  
you?"



"Not  
me. There is  
someone I want you  
to meet."





"Thank you, Mesmi. This is my son, Charles. My first child."



"Isn't he beautiful?"



"I don't expect you to understand. But when it was my own suffering, I could accept the... 'night visitors', as we call them..."



"...but now that it's Charlie. I simply cannot bear the thought..."



"We're to protect the baby from these 'night visitors'?"



"Do you really think you could?"

"We'll do our best. Absolutely."





Before the Schattenjäger can even move the figure is gone— and so is the baby.





A pursuit begins in the warm Paris night...



At times, when his headlights penetrate the car, he sees two figures— two men.



But the chase ends at a train station, the car is empty!



"Sir..."

"Two men...a baby. Did you..."



"Did anyone..."



"Number 4."





"How cute... mind if I have a look?"





"Sorry."



"scuse me.."



"Oh, hey...uh...."



"...I think I left my bag in here somewhere."









U B I

U M B R A E

F I N I U N T

V E N A T I O

I N C I P I T

C O M I N G 1 9 9 9 A D

W 7 0 5 8 1 6 1