



Wounds

Jemiah Jefferson

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After killing thousands and seducing everyone within arm's reach, Daniel Blum has finally gotten bored with his vampire life. When he meets Sybil, a talented, enigmatic, homicidal, teenage exotic dancer, it seems to be just the thing to add some much-needed spice into his nocturnal haunts.

Vampire Daniel Blum imagines himself the most ruthless, savage creature in New York City, if not the world. He once feasted on the blood of Nazi Germany and left a string of shattered lovers behind him. But now the usual thrill of seduction and murder has begun to wear off. Until he meets Sybil, the strange former stripper whose mind is the first he's ever found that he cannot read or manipulate.

Wounds Details

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Author : Jemiah Jefferson

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From Reader Review Wounds for online ebook

Robert Beveridge says

Jemiah Jefferson, **Wounds** (Leisure Books, 2002)

I was recommended Jefferson a number of years ago by no less a horror authority than Poppy Brite, though she did add the codicil that she'd *heard* Jefferson was one of the big new things in horror, rather than having firsthand experience. When I went looking, I found that her books were out of print, which seemed odd given that they'd been published so recently. Took me a while to hunt one down, and when I did, I discovered it was actually a sequel. I briefly considered the idea of waiting till I'd got my hands on the first. Then I realized I'd been trying to get one for four years and jettisoned that idea, digging in. It turned out to be... not what I had hoped (I kept putting it down to concentrate on other things, and as a result it took me a touch under five months to make it through the book), but in the end, it's not awful, it's just not great.

Wounds focuses on Daniel Blum, a supporting character in *Voice of the Blood*, and his relationship with Sibyl, a regular human who is seemingly immune to Daniel's vampire powers. The novel traces their relationship, the power struggles therein, the ways Daniel's friends react to Sibyl, etc. There are a couple of extended scenes thrown in that seem to be there for the sole purpose of appeasing *Voice of the Blood* fans (I'm inferring from some of the language that the characters in these scenes were central characters in that book, while Daniel was more minor). The whole thing builds to an unnecessary, gratuitous climax, but in this case let's remember that "gratuitous" sounds an awful lot like "gratifying." Especially given the three hundred-odd pages that have come before it.

One of the other reviews I scanned recently compared the book to eighties fiction, and when I read that, a lot of things about the novel that left me feeling restless clicked into place; this is very much an eighties novel along the lines of Tama Janowitz, Bret Easton Ellis, etc. I don't know why I didn't see that before. Now that I consider it from that angle, there are a whole host of parallels I want to draw to books like Glenn Savan's *White Palace* and Jay McInerney's *Ransom*, but Jefferson, at least in this book, is not the writer they are. (A few other reviews mentioned that *Voice of the Blood* is a much better-written book than this, so maybe she is and I just can't see it from *Wounds*.) That said, I'm actually tempted to up my review half a star now that someone's made that connection for me, because as an eighties-fiction novel, it makes so much more sense than it does as a horror novel (which it ain't). It wants to tread that line between horror and existential *angst* that Koja treads so well in *Skin*, and now that I think about it that's another parallel I should have caught before (and now my head is flying off into comparisons between Koja and eighties fiction, which never came to me before—and I've been a diehard Koja fan for two decades), but the ending art installation in *Skin* just works so much better than it does here. Not to say the ending art installation in *Wounds* is bad, it's actually the best part of the book. But I'm not sure it justifies the price of admission.

Worth picking up if you were a fan of midlist eighties fiction. Otherwise, you can probably skip it. ** 1/2

Christine says

My least favorite in the series.

Christie says

The first book I read from her. Some damn fine writing. Well worth your time.

Crystal says

Wow. Um...wow. This was one of the most intense books I've read in a very long time. The switch in mood from erotic to horror to tender to god, I can't even think of the words.

It really messes you up.

It was fantastic. A really true horror novel for a Vampire genre that has slipped into the divine and lofty. It was like watching a train wreck, you just can't look away but you know you should. And then proceed to count the bodies after.

I was really quite surprised at the ending. Daniel is -for as odd and macabre as it sounds- quite a likeable character. I honestly held out hope for him until the very last page. I *wanted* him to repent because there were good sides to him. I wanted him to come out on top even though he was a sick bastard.

I couldn't put down the first novel and am already knee-deep into the third.

Mel says

Really interesting book not like the typical vampire book I guess that's what got me interested in the first place. So far my favorite vampyre book.

Anino says

IMO, this series began to lose steam with this installment. Because, whenever I start to skip pages, that's a huge indictment that a series is no longer my cuppa.

Giving this one: 2.5 stars.

Amy says

Delicious!

Shelly says

great read not meant for children due to sexual content

Heather *Awkward Queen and Unicorn Twin* says

"Look how dead I can get and still be standing."

Umm.... well. It's safe to say I didn't like this anywhere near as much as the first book, Voice Of The Blood, which was freaking AWESOME. But there wasn't much to like in this.

I was kind of interested to have an entire book devoted to Daniel. He dresses flamboyantly, or in drag, or just weirdly, and I loved it. But the parts of his character I didn't like involved Sybil.

Sybil. Amoral, sociopathic, sanctimonious, entitled, bitchy, hypocritical, disgusting in both her behavior and her person. SHE WAS AWFUL. SO FUCKING AWFUL. She was a huge part of this book and every page with her on it was the worst. And how Daniel was with her, just a freaking doormat, was so annoying. I just didn't get his attraction for her.

There was a lot of art stuff, which should have interested me more than it did, but most of the art was shock-value performance stuff. Bleh. Not my favorite. Especially Sybil's idiotic ideas about it all. I didn't want to hear her stupid, pretentious pontifications on the kind of art she wanted to do, especially with all her awful qualities swirling around on the page.

I will admit, I didn't see the ending coming until I was only one or two pages away from it. I hope the climactic event is somehow circumvented in the fourth book (from what I can tell, book three happens in the past). And let me tell you, I am SO FUCKING MAD that (view spoiler)

Jefferson writes really well, and I did very much enjoy the part with Ariane (I wish many spoilery things about all that). Book three centers on Ricari, and Daniel is in it too. Good fucking riddance to Sybil, who is the devil.
