



Daywalker

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ISBN 978-1-936110-58-2

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Sugar and Spice Press
North Carolina, USA
www.sugarnspicepress.com

Chapter 1

Egypt 1323 B.C.

Pharaoh Nanatuthamen's virginal daughter, Akaisha, paced the floor of her bedchamber. Sensing something was not right, she grabbed an exquisite silken robe to cover her toned, naked body. Someone was seeking her, calling out to her from an unknown place. The dreams started haunting her four months ago. Now they were increasingly strong, to the point where she thought she could actually feel a presence, a familiar presence.

The overwhelming fear caused her heart to beat with increasing anxiety. There was something hard in those black eyes of his, eventually giving way to a softer, gentler nature. Yet, she had to admit, he was undoubtedly a handsome man. His long black hair ended at his waist, and he possessed strong chiseled features and a slender, yet muscular physique. The small patch of facial hair in the cleft of his chin caused her to ache with need as she imagined it slightly brushing against the tender folds of her pussy. She was deeply attracted to the man; however, this vampire was dominating, cunning, and hunted mercilessly.

A vampire possessing the ability to walk during daylight hours, Akaisha also held the ability to see into the future, a trait inherited from her human mother, Queen Isirica. Pharaoh Nanatuthamen, born a vampire, ruled over all of Egypt, in fairness towards vampires and humans alike. She cringed for the unfortunates the man killed night after night, fear carved upon their faces like expressions on marble statues. Sometimes she saw the man's face, other times she would see only his eyes, which were as black as the Nile. Every dream left Akaisha emotionally and physically drained, and drenched in a cold sweat.

Every night, she endured this dream, chased by the man with the evil eyes. Severely injured and nowhere left to run, Akaisha felt the man's hands around her neck. His grip tightening until she thought her eyeballs would pop out of their sockets. Just before hearing her cervical vertebrae crack, cruel heartless black eyes turned yellow, and a ripping, searing pain ignited throughout her body.

Akaisha, a beautiful young maiden of nineteen, had the most mesmerizing brown eyes in all of Egypt. Her creamy mocha skin brought men to their knees. Most of Egypt's wealthiest suitors brought her extravagant gifts in the hope they would take Akaisha's hand in marriage. Warmth, creativity, and her bright aura attracted many to her. It was in her nature to help everyone who crossed her path.

The torches fairly lit Akaisha's bedchamber. Looking over the balcony into the black of the Nile River, she inhaled deeply. Not understanding the dreams, she could only make out that someone meant to do her harm. Puzzled as to why anyone would want to harm her, Akaisha decided she would try to salvage what was left of her sleeping hours.

There was much to do in the morning, her eldest sister would be getting married, and it was her place to prepare for the ceremony. Finally happier thoughts returning, Akaisha returned to bed, as Isis, her cat sauntered behind her.

Sleep would have claimed Akaisha if it were not for a flash of glowing blue light appearing across the chamber, causing her to sit straight up in bed. Not prepared for the sight she saw, Akaisha gasped at the large, circular, electric blue hole, hovering inches above the floor in the middle of her bedchamber. The man who haunted her in her dreams stepped out of this door, or whatever it was, approaching Akaisha.

Akaisha opened her mouth in an effort to scream, but to her horror nothing came out. To make matters worse, she could not move. Her entire body felt dull and heavy, and a searing pain flashed in her head as the man lifted her out of bed, carrying her towards the blinding blue light, eventually giving way to darkness.

Chapter 2

Castle Daegan, Ireland 1689

Akaisha awoke in a cool, dimly lit room, wearing no more than the silken robe she put on earlier. Panic struck her as she realized she was no longer in her bedchamber. The effort of sitting up forced her to lie back down on the hardened bed she had been placed upon, pain gripping her entire body.

The door to the chamber opened, and a plain looking woman ambled in.

“Ah child, I see you are awake,” the woman spoke in a rough voice.

“Lord Daegan will arrive soon, to—“

“Where am I, and who are you?” Akaisha cut the woman off furiously, eyes burning with rage.

“You would do well to mind that tongue of yours. All will be explained soon,” the woman snapped. “My name is Elizabeth. I have served Lord Daegan for most of my life.

“Who is Lord Daegan?” Akaisha asked.

“He is a man whom you should respect well, if you value your life. You are at Castle Daegan, in Ireland,” the woman explained.

“Eirreeland? She asked.

“Ireland, with an ‘I’ child, Ireland,” Elizabeth clucked.

“What is...where is Ireland, I belong in Egypt. I have never heard of Eirreeland.”

“Ireland!” Elizabeth snapped.

“Is this Ireland far away from Egypt?” Akaisha asked in a shaky voice.

“Further than you think child,” Elizabeth chuckled in an uncaring voice as she unfolded the black, silken gown and long black cape, laying them upon the bed next to Akaisha.

“It is Lord Daegan’s request for you to wear these at dinner this evening. I will show you around the castle, so that you shall become familiar with your surroundings, as you will be here for the rest of your existence.”

“What do you mean, for the rest of my existence?” Akaisha demanded.

“You will learn more at a later time. Now put these on and do not make such a fuss. It will be night soon, and time for Lord Daegan to awaken. He will be most irritable until he feeds.

“Is...is this Lord Daegan a vampire?” Akaisha asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yes, he was born in twelve eighty. Oh, tis another thing my sweet, you will do well to control your outbursts. Lord Daegan is not a tolerant man, and he will not hesitate to punish you.”

Akaisha’s eyes grew wide with fear, as she felt a chill circulate in the air. A man with a shaven head walked through the door of the bedchamber. Eyeing Akaisha, he folded his arms.

“I’m Valaris, Lord Daegan’s brother and first in command. He requires your presence in the dining room of the east wing. Elizabeth, you are behind schedule!” Valaris hissed. “Daegan will have your hide. Now hurry up woman!”

Elizabeth, fearfully peering into Akaisha’s eyes, shoved the garments into her hands.

“I advise you to put this on and hurry,” she warned.

Unfolding his arms, Valaris turned on his heel and exited the bedchamber.

“You will have both of us killed!” Elizabeth growled in a low voice. “Lord Daegan is awake!”

Sensing the older woman’s fear, Akaisha clumsily dressed in the required garments.

“I’m so sorry, Elizabeth. I’m just scared. Where is my family? Why have I been brought here?”

“You will know everything soon enough, child. I urge you to be on your best behavior.”

Akaisha nodded as Elizabeth brushed her shoulder length hair, admiring the texture of her tresses. Akaisha knew the woman was simply a captive who had grown accustomed to Lord Daegan and his castle. The woman appeared to be well into her forties. Egyptians usually did not live past their forties. She knew many whom had journeyed to the after life at the age of twenty-nine. She thought it fortunate her mother lived as long as they did. *Her parents!* Fear stabbed in Akaisha’s heart as she suddenly realized she would never see them again in life.

Once Elizabeth prepared Akaisha for dinner, the women hurried through the castle to reach their destination. The daywalker had never seen anything of the like in her entire existence. The corridors were large, and torches hung everywhere. If one wanted to reach the ceiling, they would have had to possess a pair of wings.

Swords, exquisite tapestries, and family crests adorned one of the rooms that seemed to have taken an eternity for them to pass through. From time to time, the women passed full-blooded vampires, stopping their activities to glare at them. The men shot appreciative glances, the females hissed venomously amongst themselves when witnessing their male counterparts’ lack of loyalty.

Finally, Elizabeth and Akaisha reached the dining area. Standing in front of a hearth were vampires, Lord Daegan's guards. Their eyes were quite intense, reflecting the candlelight, piercing her soul in such a manner she felt a shiver run down her spine. An unfriendly aura hung heavy in the air.

Valaris pulled out a heavy, red velvet chair and motioned for Akaisha to sit. Obeying, Akaisha looked the man in the eyes, shuddering with fear. He was not a kind soul at all. His aura, she observed, was as black as the Nile. Elizabeth remained standing behind her, placing a hand on her shoulder in reassurance.

An eerie chill coursed through Akaisha's body, as the guards and Elizabeth bowed. The man appeared to glide through the doors of the dining hall, which was quiet, with the exception of Akaisha's heartbeat. His eyes were intense black pools, his face, handsome and stern, as if carved from marble. His black hair, pulled back into a ponytail hung well past his shoulders. Dressed in a white silk shirt, with billowing, ruffled sleeves, and black pants and boots, Lord Daegan approached the head of the table and sat.

The air, filling with hostility, caused even Valaris to shift uncomfortably. Daegan glared at Akaisha, as Elizabeth rushed over to fill the empty glass with his favorite wine.

"How do you like your new home, Akaisha?" he growled venomously.

At a loss for words at the negativity that permeated her senses, Akaisha glanced over at Elizabeth, standing behind Daegan, slightly to the left, urging her to speak.

"Woman, I'm talking to you! Answer me!" Daegan bellowed impatiently, his anger rising as he pounded on the table.

"I, well..." was all Akaisha could muster.

"To her defense Lord Daegan, Akaisha misses Egypt dearly. The poor thing is in total shock, and it would app—"

"Silence, Elizabeth!" Daegan bellowed. "I speak to the wench!"

Squirming in her chair, Akaisha forced an answer to the cruel man.

"My home is in Egypt," she replied, eyes staring down at her plate.

Daegan raised a dark eyebrow, his obsidian eyes appearing to glow as he sipped his wine.

"Look at me when you speak, wench."

With every fiber of her being, she forced herself to look into the Daegan's eyes. No longer black, Daegan's eyes were a deep red. Akaisha, mortified, swore she saw a flame flickering within their depths.

“Castle Daegan is your home now. Egypt is all but lost to you. Have you any idea what year this is?” Daegan mused. “Have you observed your surroundings lately, my sweet?”

Akaisha gasped as all eyes in the room focused upon her, evidently waiting for the answer owed to Lord Daegan.

“If Elizabeth had not fallen behind schedule, she would have taken you on a tour of the castle grounds. You would have known you were no longer in your precious Egypt.” Daegan grinned.

“Elizabeth tells me I’m in Ireland.” Akaisha spoke, feeling stronger, eager to learn more information.

“Aye, but do you know what time you are in?” he smirked.

“It is the 103rd year in the reign of Nanatuthamen, my father, the Pharaoh,” Akaisha proudly stated, glancing at Elizabeth. The older woman simply focused her gaze in another direction, leaving her with the feeling of being completely on her own.

“Daegan howled with laughter, sending a chill across Akaisha’s entire being. “My sweet, it is sixteen eighty-nine!” You are in the future; the time period you once knew no longer exists.”

A sharp pain stabbed at her heart, tears stinging her eyes.

“You lie,” she shouted.

“Watch your voice!” Daegan shouted, pounding the table with his fist.

“All that you know, all whom you once were, is forever lost in the sands of Egypt. You exist here, in my domain, understand?” Daegan spat cruelly.

“How is this so?” she asked, tears streaming down her face.

“Magic, my beautiful Akaisha, the darkest known only to my magus,” Daegan growled. “Have you not noticed how we are able to understand one another? Surely you did not think we spoke ancient Egyptian.” Daegan chuckled as he folded his arms.

“You mean, I will *never* see my family again, ever?” Akaisha breathed, not caring how the language barrier was broken.

“You need to realize, there is no way back to the time you once knew.”

Through tears, Akaisha could see Elizabeth staring at Valaris, his face appearing expressionless. They appeared to be communicating, somehow. A smile formed upon the evil man’s face.

Magic existed in Egypt, good magic, as well as dark, perhaps the same that hurtled her years into the future. Her mind, aching, fought hard to understand the madness she was experiencing.

“Why did you journey to my time, Lord Daegan? What is it that you wish to gain from all of this?” Akaisha murmured.

“I sensed your presence, and your brilliant aura. Seeking you out, I later learned you existed nowhere in Ireland, or *this* period, only in another dimension. Do you know how long it took or us to pinpoint your exact location?” Daegan laughed, swirling the wine playfully in his glass.

Drying her eyes with a blood red, cloth napkin, Akaisha demanded to know more.

“Daywalker, I will have you dismembered, the next time you speak to me in such a manner. The way I see it, you are in no position to demand anything!”

“How did you know I’m a daywalker?” Akaisha asked.

“I know you are half human, the very gift allowing you to withstand the sunlight. I’m aware of the fact that you are a Pharaoh’s daughter. Your mother was human, the Pharaoh born a vampire, like myself. I know everything about you, Akaisha. I watched and waited, and when the time was right, I brought you here, to my castle,” Daegan admitted soullessly. “I need a woman to warm my bed, and to watch over my castle during daylight hours.”

“You wish me to be your mate?” Akaisha hissed. “After abducting me from my home, and all that I know?”

In a flash, Daegan was at Akaisha’s side, fingers locked tightly in her black tresses, pulling her head back.

“I warned you of your tongue, wench. Later on, I promise to find more appropriate uses for it,” Daegan growled slowly.

Struggling to free herself, Akaisha hit at Daegan’s hand, but he held her fast, only jerking her head further back. Unfortunately, due to her human side, Akaisha lacked the power of a full-blooded vampire. Daegan knew this, and he reveled in her helplessness.

“You will submit to me, Akaisha. You are mine now, understand? I don’t care how long it takes, you will submit to me,” Daegan spoke calmly.

“Lord Daegan, please let me go. You’re hurting me!” Akaisha said, fighting to regain her dignity, as she was not used to such harsh treatment.

“As you wish,” muttered Daegan, as he braced the table with both hands, catching Akaisha in the middle.

“Just so you know,” Daegan bent down, brushing his lips against her neck.

“There is no escaping me. I know your thoughts, Akaisha. You would be killed before you left the grounds. Even if you were successful, where would you roam? You’re an outsider from another land and time. You would never make it far. Remember that, wench!”

Daegan sat back down in his seat, eyes now a hint of glittering gold, satisfied in knowing she understood him completely.

“Please eat,” Daegan gestured at the array of pheasant, cranberries, vegetables, and other delicious foods spread about the table. Although she was able to ingest blood, he knew her human half required solid food.

Akaisha looked at Elizabeth, who gestured to her to eat, as not to further vex Daegan. The woman held much sorrow in her eyes for the young woman.

Gulping as though there were a heavy knot in her throat, Akaisha placed a slice of meat and cranberries on her plate. Her heart heavy, she forced herself to eat, looking over at Daegan glaring at her in satisfaction.

“Good girl!” Daegan smiled slyly. I knew you would see things my way.”

In an effort to block his mind from hers, Akaisha ceased her thoughts, a desperate attempt to somehow gain her freedom. She was clairvoyant, and the daughter of a powerful Pharaoh. She must be strong if she were ever to regain her freedom.

“Elizabeth, prepare Akaisha after her meal and bring her to my bedchamber.” Daegan playfully stroked at the patch of hair on his chin, glaring at her with lust-filled eyes.

“Leave us!” Daegan commanded to all who graced the room with their presence. Guards, servants, and other vampire members of the Daegan castle disappeared in fear of their lives.

“Alone at last, my Egyptian Jewel.” Daegan grinned.

Something inside of Akaisha shifted. As she looked into his eyes, moisture developed between her legs. She knew his intentions, but did not have the power to stop what he was doing to her body at this particular moment in time.

Invisible hands caressed her breasts, lightly tugging at her nipples. Daegan sat, watching her like a hawk, a slight smile developing at the edge of his lips. A heavy weight was upon Akaisha once more, a soft moan escaping her lips. Daegan’s hypnotic stare guided her hands to her thighs, slowly pulling up the black silk garment.

Her clammy hands burned her flesh, as they glided towards her pussy. Akaisha’s lips parted in ecstasy as she arched her back. Her fingers lightly stroked her sensitive bud, causing her to gyrate helplessly. Waves of pleasure washed over her body, as she watched Daegan through

blurred eyes. Her mind and body were not her own. Her desire for him overwhelmed her, and she fought hard to remember him for the cruel man that he was.

Akaisha slid a finger, then another into her wet pussy. Her moans echoed throughout the dining hall, growing louder as Daegan commanded her to reach the spot that would make her quiver with excitement. Daegan's incisors lengthened as Akaisha screamed in ecstasy, wave after wave of pleasure rocking her body, leaving her a helpless pile of quivering jelly, unable to move.

Daegan stood up and walked to Akaisha's side, peering down at her.

"You should know I could very well take you here, on this table if I so choose. I want nothing more than to bend you over and fuck you for all your worth, however, there are a few lessons I will need to teach you, Akaisha." With that, Daegan exited the room, leaving her wanting him, feeling highly ashamed of her body's betrayal.

Chapter 3

Elizabeth arrived to collect Akaisha, whose head was reeling from Daegan's hypnotic effect.

"Oh child," Elizabeth clucked. "What did you do? I told you to be on your best behavior! Come, we must prepare you now."

"No," Akaisha whispered. "I would rather die, please, just kill me, get it over with. I have no family now. I'm all alone."

Elizabeth gathered Akaisha to her feet. "There will be no such talk child," Elizabeth snapped. "Apparently, you are here for a reason. Whatever the reason, you must be strong, Akaisha."

Sighing heavily, Akaisha followed the woman to the far end of the castle where she awoke hours ago. Hating to admit it, Akaisha knew Elizabeth spoke the truth. She had to make do with her existence in this strange land, amongst these different breed of vampires. Two other daywalkers existed within Castle Daegan, but they were Valaris' concubines who stayed as far away from Akaisha as possible.

Once in the bedchamber, Elizabeth showed off beautiful thin garments made especially for courtship.

"I know you are used to an entirely different style of clothing dear, but Lord Daegan requests you be dressed to *his* liking. Here, try this white gown on. It compliments your beautiful skin tone."

Hesitantly, Akaisha tried on the gown. Staring into the mirror, she turned around to see how it fit in the back.

"It is beautiful, Elizabeth, but I'm in no mood to be courted by Daegan. I find him to be a monster," she mumbled.

Grabbing Akaisha by the shoulders, she looked Akaisha in the eyes and said, "Never speak of Lord Daegan in such a manner, or you will lose your head. Thoughts can be read, and believe it or not, they can easily hear what you say!"

"Elizabeth, why exactly are you serving Daegan?" Akaisha asked.

"That's Lord Daegan, Akaisha! Don't forget that. He may very well rip out your tongue for your insolence," Elizabeth chastised. "I have served Lord Daegan for the majority of my life. I was brought here, like you against my will, to serve. I was only twenty-two." The woman folded her arms and paced the floor, regret forming on her face. "My husband died, and as I mourned his loss for what seemed like an eternity, Lord Daegan approached me, offering eternal life."

Akaisha's eyes widened with interest, as she sat down on the bed, giving the older woman her undivided attention.

"Like a fool, I accepted and clung to his every word. You see, after the passing of my husband, I felt as though I had nothing to live for. I was a peasant in a dwindling village; the vampires slaughtered nearly all the inhabitants. Remaining survivors were dispersed here, to Castle Daegan, and to other covens. The more attractive humans were kept as sex slaves for female and male vampires alike. You will discover Lord Daegan has a way with women. After five years within this castle, I realized he would never turn me. I was labeled 'unpure' by the vampire council."

"Who are they to decide who is unpure and who isn't," Akaisha challenged. "Why do you remain, Elizabeth? Surely, there is some place you can journey, free of these surroundings."

Elizabeth looked over at Akaisha, sighing.

"You see, Akaisha, the warmth and light died within me quite some time ago, so I was of no use to Lord Daegan. I have gotten on in age, dear. Lord Daegan keeps me around only to serve the vampire covens and supervise other servants of his castle."

"How old are you?" asked Akaisha.

I'm forty-five, my sweet, and surprised I have been around this long. I tell you, it must be the magic Lord Daegan's magus possesses. Those who wish for death are kept alive, only to serve him. This is no cruel twist of fate, you see, merely the pleasure he receives in making another's life miserable." She glanced toward the door, then back at Akaisha. "We must hurry. I cannot allow Lord Daegan to become angry with the both of us. Please follow directions, do not be defiant. You must appease him in every way possible, Akaisha."

Those words cut Akaisha deep, and her stomach quickly became nauseated. She hated the thought of losing her virginity to Lord Daegan; unfortunately, it would appear that she had no say whatsoever regarding the matter. Lord Daegan desired her, crossed dimensions to obtain her, making her his forever. He would have his way with her, she was sure of that.

"Elizabeth," Akaisha choked. "I'm a virgin. I cannot simply give myself to that man. How can I bear him touching me?"

Elizabeth walked over to Akaisha and stroked her thick, dark tresses. "My sweet, judging from the condition you were in, Lord Daegan has already touched you. His hypnotic power overtakes you, makes one feel as though they will explode with dire carnal pleasure. You may not want him to touch you, but I assure you, once alone with him in his bedchamber, you will be unable to resist."

A spark ignited within Akaisha, traveling to her groin, causing her nipples to swell. Remembering the hypnotic state Daegan held over her, she could not deny enjoying every sweet

moment. Feeling the blood rushing to her face because of her embarrassing moment, Akaisha exhaled, holding her head back, staring at the ceiling.

“Elizabeth, show me the grounds, please. My father always taught me to know and become one with my surroundings.” Akaisha spoke sadly, missing her father.

“Not now, Akaisha, else we both will cease to exist. Go to him tonight, and tomorrow, I promise to take you on a tour of the grounds. I will introduce you to the other servants whom shall help you if I’m ever unavailable,” Elizabeth breathed.

Brushing the daywalker’s tresses, and eventually pinning them up, Elizabeth hurried Akaisha out the door to Daegan’s bedchambers located on the east wing.

The women walked through the great corridor and down the winding stone steps of the castle. Daegan’s chamber was located on the floor below Akaisha’s, out of convenience. Approaching another corridor that emptied into a large sitting room, the women encountered a few other servants, waiting on two large groups of aristocratic vampires.

Adorned in their best garments, and drinking the best wine, they stilled themselves in an effort to glare at the women with their glowing eyes. The majority of the vampires were men whom shot Akaisha appreciative looks, imagining what treasures lay beneath her garments, wishing immensely that she would warm their beds.

Akaisha felt the tension within the air. She was quite aware of the fact that the female vampires did not welcome her. Little did she know, they were envious of her abilities, and the influence she would soon possessed, if she played her cards right.

Once the women passed through the large sitting room, Elizabeth moved closer to Akaisha, providing her with important information.

“That large group consists of members of different vampire covens throughout Ireland. Every one of them are natural born vampires whom look down upon humans and envy daywalkers. In this land, you are a rare breed, Akaisha, especially since you hail from ancient Egypt. They cannot touch you since Lord Daegan desires you as his mate.”

Akaisha stopped in her tracks, a heavy sigh escaping her lips.

“Elizabeth, I cannot do this,” she lamented.

“Shhh, Elizabeth chastised. “You can, and you will!”

“Why do you urge me so, Elizabeth? What’s in this for you?” Akaisha asked accusingly.

“I don’t have time for this,” the older woman exhaled impatiently. “We will cease to exist if you continue to defy Lord Daegan.”

Stubbornly Akaisha followed Elizabeth to a winding, narrowing corridor. A hint of spice hung heavily in the air, tickling Akaisha's nose. She welcomed the smell, considering other parts of the castle smelled of a musty, putrid odor.

Arriving to a large, wooden double door, Elizabeth turned, giving Akaisha a reassuring look before knocking.

"Please, be on your best behavior. You look beautiful, Akaisha. Remember all I have told you."

Suddenly, the doors opened slowly. There Daegan stood, arms crossed, smiling to show off his fangs.

"What exactly *did* you tell her, Elizabeth?" Daegan asked slyly, gesturing them into his large, sophisticated bedchamber.

"Simply woman talk, My Lord," Elizabeth replied.

"Hmm," Daegan murmured, walking over to Elizabeth, glaring down at her.

"Do not betray me, old woman. You have led a most comfortable life within my household. I will lead you to the brink of a painful death, and leave you, wishing it would end. I can render you so for all eternity."

"My Lord Daegan, I would never betray you," Elizabeth replied, looking down at the floor, speaking in another tongue.

A cold chill ran down Akaisha's spine, causing her to scan the bedchamber, searching. For what, she did not know. Her instincts were sharp. Something was not right.

"Elizabeth, I warn you, do not continue to speak that jibberish!" Daegan spat. "Do you truly wish to vex me, old woman?"

"Please forgive me; I just want Akaisha to become comfortable here in your household, as I have been for these many years."

Smiling confidently, Daegan drifted over to Akaisha, eyeing her form in the beautiful gown Elizabeth had given her.

"Excellent choice, ladies. Elizabeth, she is beautiful," Daegan cheered with desire.

"Akaisha is absolutely stunning. The dress compliments her complexion."

Smiling, Elizabeth glanced over at Akaisha, winking at her.

"Leave us, Elizabeth!" Daegan gestured with a hand movement.

Elizabeth scurried quickly from the room, obeying Lord Daegan.

“Sit down, my sweet Akaisha,” Daegan commanded softly, while pouring wine. He handed her the goblet, searching the depth of her eyes.

Remembering to keep her mind clear of any thought, Akaisha thanked him, sipping the wine. Looking away from Daegan, she asked him why he requested her presence.

“Now that is a very naïve question, beautiful one,” Daegan commented in a deep husky tone. The man was absolutely handsome and charming, despite his negative aura, and she simply could not escape the fact that somehow, she knew him.

“Look at me, wench,” Daegan muttered. “When I speak, you acknowledge me. I am not to be ignored, understand?”

Hesitantly, Akaisha looked up at Daegan, his eyes sending a chill over her as they scanned her physique. Standing at six-foot-one, she knew he could easily overpower her.

* * * *

She aroused him so, but she was a defiant wench. Daegan planned to make her yield to him, and have fun in doing so. He would take her time with this one, she was precious and worth her weight in gold. Daegan made it clear to those which dwelled within his household she was not to be harmed. A messy death would be the penalty for any betrayal.

Gently taking the goblet and placing it on the stand next to his, Daegan sat down, close to Akaisha. Her warmth permeated his senses. He deeply inhaled her scent, his incisors elongating due to the fresh human blood flowing through her veins.

Daegan had lived a miserable existence for as long as he could remember. In the earlier years, he had been content, for he had taken a werewolf bride who provided him with a purpose, warmth, and fulfillment. Daegan had not fully embraced darkness in those times.

Unfortunately, the vampire council did not approve of the coupling and ordered Daegan to murder her or keep her solely as a concubine and servant; however, she would not service him. Failing in his attempts to send her away to safety, she was brutally murdered by someone within the castle walls, someone who successfully cloaked their identity with the use of magic.

What tore at his soul was the look of pain within her eyes as he rejected her, for her own safety. She would never know his actions were solely out of love. Soon after, Daegan completely embraced the darkness, no longer caring for anything, or anyone. If it were not for Valaris, Daegan would have embraced the dawn.

In those times, the vampire council was cruel, holding little regard to any being that roamed the earth. It was their sole purpose to keep the vampire race pure.

Now, a vampire elder, Daegan had a say in everything, as he was an upstanding member of the vampire council. Covens from all of Ireland traveled to his castle to hold meetings, discussing future generations, and invest money obtained from many of their lucrative businesses. They also discussed the demise of the vampire race. Werewolves revolted, turning against the vampires whom they protected for centuries.

Daywalkers, a rare breed, were of great value to a few covens, depending upon the coven and traditions set into place. Unlike a few covens in France, whom left it up to werewolves to guard them during daylight hours *some* covens of Ireland and other parts of Europe graciously appreciated the help of daywalkers, despite their half human side.

Daegan knowing this, sought to take a daywalker for his mate. Searching the lands high and low, he felt little or no attraction to the daywalkers of Ireland, until he sensed a strong, powerful, bright aura within another realm.

Searching for this warm, powerful energy, he soon realized she was nowhere on this plane of existence. Consulting with his magus, Daegan called upon the most powerful magic known to a vampire, leading him to Akaisha.

In awe of her beauty, fiery spirit, and warmth, he observed her for many weeks, wanting to become familiar with her persona, plotting for the perfect time for him to seize her from Egypt without a trail. His magus was the governing factor in opening the portal to that dimension. Once he had Akaisha within his possession, Daegan and the magus chanted an opposing spell to close the portal forever.

“Undress for me, Akaisha,” Daegan said calmly.

“But, I...

“Before you say *anything*, let me make it perfectly clear to you; I will not tolerate your insolence. When I ask something of you, I mean for you to carry through, without rebuttal; understand?” Daegan leered at her, holding his index underneath her chin.

Daegan fought hard to conceal his true feelings to the exotic beauty. While gazing in the dark depths of her eyes, an all too familiar soul seemed to glare back at him.

* * * *

Akaisha recalled all Elizabeth informed her; she should make an effort to obey Daegan, for her own sake.

“Well wench, I’m waiting,” Daegan snorted, as his eyes started to glow. From what she had been told she knew Daegan was not known for patience, with anyone, vampire and human alike.

“Yes Daegan, I understand. I promise to do all that you ask,” Akaisha replied, guarding her mind against his, knowing Daegan would seize any opportunity to read her mind.

Chapter 4

Akaisha stood slowly to her feet as Daegan sat comfortably on a chest at the foot of his bed. His eyes completely locked with hers, and she felt a hand caress her breasts and rear end, causing her to shiver with delight.

“Please don’t control me, Daegan. I do not wish to be forced into something I do not want to happen.”

“Ah, wench, you seek to control your situation, do you?” Daegan asked. “Tell the truth, are you easily aroused by me, sweet one?”

“Well, I, please Daegan, don’t force yourself upon me. I... I have never been with anyone before.” Akaisha, stared shyly at the floor as her heart started beating at a rapid pace.

“You failed to answer my question, my sweetest Akaisha. I knew you were a virgin when I first discovered your location. Trust me luv, I know exactly what I’m getting,” Daegan purred in a husky voice. “Do I spark the fire between your thighs? Undress for me, wench. It would please me for you to do so. I’m a witness to the exploration of your own body. I know what fuels the fire within you. I know *exactly* what pushes you to the brink,” Daegan continued, his eyes glowing a soft red. She gulped, as though something lodged in her throat, Akaisha undressed before Daegan. Strangely, this behavior aroused her. Feeling her nipples stiffen, and the familiar pool of moisture developing between her thighs, Akaisha’s breathing heightened, and she became flushed. She was excited at the fact he had witnessed her pleasuring herself in Egypt, on many an occasion.

Akaisha let the nightgown fall to the floor around her feet, taking a deep sigh, and watching Daegan’s expression at her body. No man had ever seen her naked, lest the Pharaoh would put them to death. Akaisha was the last daughter to marry, and Nanastantuthamen was overly possessive of his youngest offspring, just as he had been with her eldest siblings.

Daegan wanted nothing more than to pounce upon Akaisha the moment he laid eyes upon her. He beckoned her to come closer to him, so close that he could smell her feminine scent. Closing the gap between them, Akaisha was unaware of how much she actually affected Daegan. Her scent mingled within his senses, making his cock stand at attention for her. Moving to the edge of the chest, Daegan placed his cold hands on Akaisha’s thighs. She was the perfect build, curvy, voluptuous. His mouth watered as he stared at her triangle, nice and trim, with dark curls. He could just make out the moisture, clinging to her soft down.

Daegan placed his hands on her outer thighs, and leaned forward to taste the sweet cream that glistened upon her inner thigh. One of his hands slid over to her inner thigh, slowly snaking its way to her pussy. Akaisha trembled with anticipation, as his hand stopped, not too far from the opening of her pussy. Holding her head back, she closed her eyes and bit her lip, completely unaware of Daegan’s eyes fixated on her neck. Her body trembled with anticipation, and her nipples swelled with excruciating excitement. They yearned for Daegan to suckle and bite them.

Daegan's hand moved to her ass cheek, pulling her closer to his face. A low growl escaped his lips, as he slowly buried his tongue in her soft down, tasting Akaisha's sweet juices once more. Akaisha allowed a moan to pass her lips as she thrust her hips forward, the pleasure building within her core. Her knees buckling, she awaited anxiously for what was to come.

Gently nipping at her thigh, Daegan opened her juicy lips to examine the fleshy bud beneath them. She was more than ready. Groaning his approval, Daegan massaged her clitoris with his finger until she moaned louder, her legs quivering for her release as her incisors lengthened.

Stopping abruptly, Daegan rose and circled her like a shark circling its prey. Running his fingers through her thick black hair, he stopped behind her, closing the gap between them so Akaisha could feel his hard cock pressing against her body.

Daegan reached around cupping Akaisha's breasts, kneading, and squeezing the sensitive peaks, causing her to moan and pant as she leaned her body weight against him. He pulled the hair away from her neck, gently kissing the area, until Akaisha began to squirm. She could not take this sweet torture any longer. Squeezing her breasts firmly, but gently, Daegan ordered her to be still as he rolled her nipples between his thumb and middle finger.

Frozen, and soaked between her thighs, Akaisha obeyed Daegan's command. Fully aroused, she contemplated what he would do to her for the rest of the night. Full-blooded vampires possessed an overwhelming desire for sex, almost as much as their thirst for blood. Akaisha feared she would never make it through the night. Images of Daegan ravishing her body unfolded within her mind.

Akaisha did not care as to why or how she suddenly became sexually attracted to this cruel man, she only knew at this particular moment she wanted him to devour her; mind, body, and soul.

Daegan strolled over to a large chest beside the bed, pulling out several black silken ties, and a flog crafted from black leather. Akaisha sucked in her breath sharply as he turned, grinning devilishly at the beautiful daywalker.

Daegan ordered Akaisha to lie down on the bed, and spread her legs for him. Something in his eyes shifted as he moved closer to her, his eyes devouring her curves.

"Daegan, please don't...

"I told you once Akaisha, don't vex me! You're in no position to give orders. I will do as I please, understand, for the last bloody time, you insolent wench?" Daegan spoke firmly, his temper surfacing quickly.

"Yes Daegan, I completely understand you." Akaisha spoke in a disappointed tone, shaking as she lowered her upper body onto the bedcovers. Daegan blindfolded the nervous beauty, gently planting a kiss atop her head while he stroked her long, dark tresses.

Daegan tied her arms with the silken ties, slowly taking the time to tie them to each bedpost, so that Akaisha's arms were above her head, leaving her vulnerable to him. He tied her legs in the same manner, providing himself with an excellent view of Akaisha's pussy. Her clit, fully engorged caught his attention. His desire to lap at it with his tongue, and gently nibble it, was overwhelming.

With a smile, he produced a large black feather and laid it on the bed, beside Akaisha. Daegan, still smiling, gently stroked her nipples, making her suck in her breath, as she clenched her fists. He also stroked her sensitive bud with the feather, causing her to moan loudly.

Closing her eyes, she turned her head away, hating her body for its betrayal. She should be stronger than this, but a large part of her wanted this.

"Do you like this, sweet Akaisha?" Daegan asked.

Akaisha, thoroughly enjoying this pleasure, did not want to admit to her captor the pleasure he was giving her. There was no need for words. Her moist pussy soaked her pubic hair, carrying her scent to Daegan's nostrils. Leaning down, Daegan sucked on Akaisha's nipples, continuing his assault on her sensitive bud with the feather.

"Speak to me, lusty wench," Daegan ordered. "How many times must I tell you this, I tire of repeating myself. You are apparently a hard learner."

"Daegan, yes I enjoy what you are doing to me, thoroughly!" Akaisha murmured. Unfortunately, she responded too late.

Daegan, on the verge of losing his temper, threw the feather on the floor in disgust, and opened the cupboard again, this time retrieving a pair of black leather gloves. He slid the gloves on, and sat down on the bed.

Akaisha, wondering what Daegan was going to do, started speaking until Daegan shook his head in disappointment, applying his index finger to his lips. He reached out and manipulated Akaisha's left breast, gently squeezing her nipple. A moan escaping her lips, Akaisha became increasingly wetter. A strange tension hung heavily in the air. Daegan's eyes were full of lust, laced with some tenderness, but not much. Akaisha became lost in the blackened depths, locating a faint glow of passionate red.

Feeling her quiver beneath his touch caused Daegan to close his eyes, while his incisors lengthened. Ultimately, she would submit unto him, in the sweetest way possible. Gently, Daegan fingered Akaisha, causing her to squirm beneath the restraints. Lying down beside her, while continuing to pleasure her swollen flesh, Daegan slipped his tongue between Akaisha's lips. Relinquishing her will, she greedily sucked on Daegan's tongue, inhaling the scent of him in deeply.

Akaisha squeezed her fists, and pulled against the silken ties that bound her helplessly to the bed. Feeling no apparent danger, she only felt the raw, dark, carnal passion that sought to control her.

“Please untie me, Daegan,” she exhaled breathlessly. Panting as though she had ran up a flight of stairs, she gyrated her voluptuous hips, requiring more than his fingers to satisfy her yearnings.

A growl of pleasure escaped Daegan’s lips. The couple’s incisors lengthened and were fully ready for the vampire sex. Although a virgin, Akaisha would adapt, following Daegan’s lead, allowing him to take her as his mate. “Who am I to deny you pleasure?” Daegan chuckled, untying the black silken ties that bound Akaisha’s wrists. Akaisha, flung her hands around Daegan’s neck, holding onto him for dear life, eventually fumbling for the ties that bound his precious bulge. Tongues entwined, their bodies shuddered in anticipation at the approaching passion that would soon quench their thirst for one another. As soon as Daegan’s cock sprung free, there was a persistent knock at his door. Valaris and another guard, Komin, were yelling, desperate for Daegan’s attention.

Daegan growled in pain as he suddenly realized there would be no satiating his lustful yearnings with the daywalker now. A long drop of precum dangled from the head of his cock as Daegan cursed under his breath, his eyes narrowing, taking in the view of Akaisha’s naked body.

Chapter 5

The interruption caused Daegan to lose any tenderness he acquired while pleasuring Akaisha. His presence was required at the council; there would be no escaping this. He knew he would put his position at risk if he denied the request.

“Get dressed and leave, now!” Daegan groaned, his balls aching with the need to release. It was all he could do to keep from pouncing on the delectable treat in his bed. Without haste, Daegan untied Akaisha’s restraints, reminding her they would be alone again in the future.

Akaisha began to protest, but Daegan quickly held up his hand to silence her as he closed the opening to his trousers. His face was flushed with heated excitement from their brief encounter.

“Don’t.” Daegan exhaled sharply. “I must leave, and you...you must return to Elizabeth, now,” He insisted in a forceful voice. The look of disappointment nearly crushed what was left of his heart. Turning away from her gaze, Daegan gathered his sword, ushering Akaisha out of the bedchamber.

“Lord Daegan, what is happening?” Akaisha asked, sliding thin garments over her curvaceous body.

Grinning, Daegan turned to her. “Lord Daegan, wench? It would appear you have learned your place, eh?”

The overly confident look etched on his dark features warranted a slap on the face that would knock the taste buds right out of his mouth. Forgetting to whom she was with, she approached, only for Daegan to grab her wrist, in mid air.

“Don’t do something we’ll both regret wench!” The cold black eyes returned, she could have sworn a small flicker of light sparked within him earlier; however, she could have been mistaken. “Now, leave me. I’ve matters to attend.”

* * * *

Akaisha scurried out of the chamber with Daegan following close behind. She quickened her pace, seeking out Elizabeth. Akaisha did not have to search far. Elizabeth was patiently awaiting her return while serving drinks in a small sitting room, with two female vampires; Rhiannon and Kailin.

“Ah, this is the one who has stirred up so much fuss within the walls of Castle Daegan. Tis a pleasure to meet you,” Rhiannon purred. “She is such a beautiful daywalker. Look Kailin, look at her beautiful brown skin.” Rhiannon licked her lips, her eyes scanning Akaisha’s physical attributes.

Kailin rose from her chair, circling Akaisha, running her fingers over Akaisha's beautiful, thick tresses. These female elders were known for luring human victims to their death with just a seductive gaze. Most often they would keep the males as servants for their insatiable sexual appetites. For Kailin and Rhiannon, besides sating their bloodlust, there was nothing more pleasurable than draining the semen from a man's balls. Now, they held Akaisha in their sites. Akaisha was thoroughly ready to defend herself against the attempts the mad women made in efforts to bed her down. "I implore you, back down and leave me be," Akaisha warned, eyes glowing, as her incisors lengthened.

"How dare you command me? Do you know I could have you dismembered with a flick of my wrist, daywalker?" Rhiannon snorted, nostrils flaring, her eyes glowing an eerie yellow. "You don't possess the strength to deny me," the elder snorted.

"Do you know I can kill you in the light of day while you sleep, unguarded within in your putrid coffin, wretched one?" Akaisha charged, with equal abandon.

In an effort to temporarily disfigure her, Rhiannon raised a clawed hand towards Akaisha's face. Ducking, Akaisha charged Rhiannon, damn near knocking the wind out of her. Fangs bared, the two rolled along the floor, Akaisha gaining the upper hand as she clawed relentlessly at Rhiannon's face. Growling, Kailin rushed to Rhiannon's aid, until Elizabeth threw herself between Kailin and Akaisha.

"Akaisha, stop it this instant!" Elizabeth bellowed, halting Kailin's attempt to defend Rhiannon. Elizabeth grabbed Akaisha with such force, throwing her to the castle floor.

"You will pay for this, daywalker!" Rhiannon spat, her hideous face twisting with fury.

"Rhiannon, I beseech thee, Lord Daegan will be none too happy with you if a hair upon Akaisha's head were misplaced. You approached her first, remember?"

Knowing Elizabeth's words to be true, hissing, Rhiannon turned and stormed out of the room, Kailin following closely behind.

"This is far from over!" Rhiannon spat. Confirming her words, Kailin growled as the two retreated from the room.

"Calm down, child. Female members of other covens will continue to charge you, especially since Daegan has yet to leave his mark upon you. They know this, and seek ways to have you cast out of Daegan Castle, while entertaining themselves with you."

"I would die before I allowed those putrid, black-hearted vampires to lay a claw on me. How did you know Daegan hasn't bedded me?" The Daywalker's irises had obtained a golden red, a sign that her fury had reached new heights.

“Calm down, Akaisha. It is known to all, vampires sense it. Had Daegan marked you, they would have respected you more. It is within his power to have them destroyed. They are aristocrats, and used to getting their way.”

“What is truly going on here Elizabeth?” Akaisha demanded. “There is something you aren’t telling me. I feel it strongly for the first time!”

“Child, whatever do you speak of?” Elizabeth asked, shocked at Akaisha’s sudden change.

“Stay away from me, Elizabeth!” Akaisha fled the room, to the confines of her bedchambers.

* * * *

Akaisha became used to her surroundings a few days later. The burning desire she felt for Daegan had grown immensely, and she soon came to the realization that she needed to take her mind off him. She actually became a social butterfly with those she felt comfortable with. She made friends with the cooks of the kitchen, Adelaide, Winifred, and Marguerite. The ladies insisted upon fattening her up, said she was too frail and needed some meat on those bones of hers.

The women brought laughter to Akaisha and others. Upon many occasion, Akaisha would linger within the kitchen learning recipes, and sampling the women’s’ delicious cooking. In the evenings, Lord Daegan and Valaris made their presence known, and the atmosphere within the kitchen shifted, silencing the cooks. Akaisha, on the other hand had to push the issue, speaking while the men were in the large kitchen.

Daegan walked over to the wooden table where Akaisha sat, sitting down directly across from her, staring at her with lust-filled eyes. He sat before her, smug, staring into the depths of her soul.

“Accompany me to my bedchambers, my sweet daywalker,” Daegan growled in a low, seductive voice. His eyes held her gaze, and she felt those invisible hands caressing her helpless body once more. Daegan was toying with her, the bastard! Shallow breaths escaped her lips as her eyes glazed over with heated passion, her liquid fire trickling along her inner thighs, causing her to clamp her legs together in an effort to obtain her release. Smiling, Daegan released his control over her, leaving her with feelings of embarrassment, and sexually frustrated.

“Come with me now!” Daegan insisted in a low voice as he slowly rose, walking towards the exit of the kitchen. Her body aching with want, she willingly followed Daegan to his bedchambers. Stopping, he insisted she walk ahead of him. Akaisha could not help but notice his nostrils flaring, and the heated lust that permeated from his entire being.

“You move too slowly, Akaisha,” Daegan hissed, as he leaned forward, throwing her over his shoulders. His cock, swollen and hard, ached with intense need to burrow deep within her flesh. They were rudely interrupted a few nights before, however, this evening would be different. He would claim her tonight, bending her to his every whim.

“Put me down, you brute!” Akaisha screamed, pummeling his back with her tiny fists.

“I promise to show you just how much of a brute I can be, my sweet Akaisha,” Daegan breathed fiercely, his thoughts laced with the desire to possess her body. She continued squirming against him, forcing him to deliver one hard smack upon her voluptuous ass.

His smack seared her insides, bringing to the surface her desire to succumb to him in so many ways. The burning sensation within her loins traveled to her clit, forcing a tortured moan from her lips.

Chapter 6

Daegan stormed through the doors of his bedchambers, throwing Akaisha on the bed. Freeing his body from the confinement of his clothing, he approached her. She scooted to the other side of the bed. The intense desire, laced with anger, emanating from his eyes grew to a higher level as he realized she meant to defy him.

“Don’t vex me, my sweet. I assure you, the result of your game-playing will end with my staff shoved deep within your ass!” He lunged at the lusty young daywalker, grabbing her by the ankle. Akaisha squirmed as he pulled her towards him, ripping the dress from her body.

Daegan’s incisors lengthened as Akaisha’s faint, musky smell taunted his nostrils. Effortlessly, she struggled against him, the twinkle in her eyes confirming the fact that she *wanted* him to claim her by force.

“I’m thirsty,” Daegan growled, eyeing the slick flesh between her thighs. There, her engorged clit swelled, a pink delicious invitation contrasting against the black of her soft curls.

Reaching down, Daegan stroked it with his thumb, bathing it in her liquid heat. Akaisha’s body relaxed, succumbing to Daegan’s wicked manipulation of her body. As he continued to torture the fleshy bud, he slipped his index fingers into her pussy, causing Akaisha’s head to spin, her body shaking with mounting pleasure as Daegan mercilessly milked her pussy. Raising her hips off the bed, Akaisha’s hands crept towards her breasts, squeezing her sensitive tips as Daegan watched her with heated intensity.

Daegan leaned down to taste the sweetness of Akaisha’s pussy. A growl of approval developed in his throat as his tongue met with her clit. Akaisha, arching her back ran her fingers through his hair, as she draped a leg over his shoulder. Greedily, Daegan lapped at Akaisha’s bud, increasing the tempo as he continued to finger fuck her. Clenching her clit between his teeth, Daegan continued fingering her pussy, eventually sucking the sensitive flesh until Akaisha thought she would die of pleasure.

Staring at her, Daegan stuck out his tongue, and slowly licked her flesh from bottom to top, flicking it over her clit several times, viewing the mixture of his saliva and her cream, which fueled the fire within her loins ten times over. She loved to watch him dip his head into her treasure, his long, black hair tickling her thighs, becoming damp with her juices and his saliva. Candlelight reflected her glistening juices, clinging to his lips and face.

Every now and then, he lapped at the cream that had escaped to her inner thighs, allowing his incisors to graze the inside of her thighs, eventually causing him to sink his fangs deep into them. Akaisha’s moans echoed within the bedchambers as Daegan sucked at her thigh for a few moments, eventually sealing the wound and returning to her wet pussy. Her stomach rose and lowered heavily as he plunged his tongue deep into her pussy. Uncontrollably, Akaisha ground her pussy against Daegan’s mouth, her release quickly approaching, calling out his name.

Holding her hips, Daegan gently bit her clit, causing Akaisha to scream at the top of her lungs, begging him to fuck her.

Daegan slid along her body until he became eye-level with her, teasing her sweet cunt with his enormous cock. Akaisha spread her legs and lowered her hand, in an effort to guide his cock to her pussy.

“Patience, my sweet,” Daegan murmured, pulling her hand away. Spitefully, he rested the head of his cock against her opening, her juices instigating precum from his cock. Her heat awakening every nerve within his body, he reveled within the torturous liquid heat before slipping his aching cock past her pussy lips.

Groaning as her tightness engulfed his cock, Daegan’s body shuddered. Her heat sought to consume him, to milk every ounce of cum from his cock. His thick tool met the barrier of her maidenhead. Pushing back the desire to thrust deep within her, Daegan slowly pumped his cock in and out of her. Her lips, soft and wet against his neck, begged him to fuck her.

Every muscle strained within his body as he struggled against his basic instinct to fuck her mercilessly despite the pain he would bring about. In desperation, Akaisha wrapped her legs around his body as she sunk her fangs into his neck. Growling, Daegan buried his cock deep within her to the hilt.

Akaisha hissed at the mixture of pained pleasure, releasing her hold on his neck.

“You’re pushing me to the edge, Akaisha,” he grunted, his gaze piercing her soul. Gently, he pushed against the barrier of her maidenhead as he grabbed a handful of her hair. Akaisha bit his chest, causing him to bury himself deeper within her wet tunnel.

“Do you want the pain?” he whispered in her ear. “Do you want me to force my way into your body, my sweet?” Daegan hissed. “Either way, I plan to claim you as mine. There is no turning back, you will belong to me,” Daegan murmured, nuzzling her neck.

“Yes, please Daegan, take me, now!” Akaisha pleaded, leaving her marks upon his chest.

“As you wish!” Daegan growled, forcefully burrowing his cock past her maidenhead, causing Akaisha to howl in pained pleasure. The spasms rocked her heated body as Daegan pumped ferociously in and out of her pussy. Her body gripped him, threatening never to let him go, forcing him to sink his cock deeper within her juicy depths. Hissing, Daegan sank his fangs in her neck again, forcing them both to their orgasms.

Akaisha’s soul merged with Daegan’s, a bright aura surrounding them both, lifting their bodies to a heightened sense of arousal. Their bodies recklessly thrashed upon the bed, animalistic cries filling the room, their carnal passions not yet fulfilled. Akaisha sank her nails into Daegan’s back, causing him to sink his fangs even deeper within her neck.

Chapter 7

Their bodies returned to earth, eventually collapsing into a sweaty heap amongst the bed covers. Having his fill of her, Daegan rolled over on the bed, breathing heavily. Akaisha pounced upon him, sinking her teeth in his neck, thus requiring her share of blood to replace her spent energy. Hungrily she sucked as Daegan threaded his fingers in her hair.

Growling, he succumbed to her moist wet lips and her piercing fangs, forcing him to the brink of another orgasm. Cum erupted from his swollen cock, spewing onto his stomach. After having her fill of Daegan's blood, she greedily lapped at his seed that decorated his strong body. Pulling her on top of him, he eagerly tasted the creamy substance from her lips and tongue as she impaled herself on his swollen, needful cock again.

For hours on end, their mating ritual persisted, until they could no longer move, their bodies bruised and worn, finally resting after an exhausting night of their vampire mating.

"You will be the end of my existence," Daegan murmured, his cock returning to its normal size. "You are an insatiable little wench," Daegan confessed, staring into the depths of her soul.

"Take me again, Daegan," Akaisha coaxed, running her fingers through the dark down of his chest. Seductively, she traced the trail of hair leading to the dark nest of curls in which his cock sprang from, causing her folds to become slick with want once again. Growling, Daegan pinned her to the bed with his body, surrendering to the daywalker's charms and all she had to offer. The wench drove him mad, and filled him with an uncontrollable desire he could not deny.

After a long evening of wicked trysts in Daegan's bedchambers, Akaisha made an effort to leave his bed.

"Where do you think you're going, daywalker?" Daegan asked, grabbing her wrists. "I haven't had my fill of you," he growled, pulling her towards him.

"Don't," Akaisha murmured, her nipples swelling as he sunk his fangs into her wrist, sending electrifying currents throughout her young body.

Rocking her hips back and forth, she held her head back in ecstasy, Akaisha's fangs lengthening as she listened to Daegan's greedy slurps. A cat-like growl escaped her lips as she looked down at Daegan.

Daegan stopped feeding long enough to stand, forcing her face first into the bed, taking her forcefully from behind. Bucking her hips against him, Akaisha's body succumbed to his carnal needs.

Sunrise came and went, and surprisingly Daegan was uninterrupted by the vampire council. Sensing no intrusions, they greedily took advantage of their time together, continuing their long

vampire mating ritual in the confines of his bedchambers, eventually slipping deep into vampiric sleep, Daegan's cock still buried deep within Akaisha.

* * * *

As sunset approached, an annoying knock came upon Daegan's doors, jarring the sleeping vampires from one another's grasp.

"What is it!" Daegan bellowed, sending a chill down Akaisha's spine, as he started to pump in and out of her.

"Your presence is required, Daegan!" Valaris yelled from the other side.

"I'll be there soon, go away!" Daegan hissed, seeking his release inside Akaisha.

"Very well." Valaris muttered, leaving the door.

Akaisha howled in pleasure as Daegan shuddered, sinking his fangs into her neck and releasing his seed inside her. Greedily he fed upon her as his cock emptied every last drop of seed into the depths of her pussy.

With equal abandon, Akaisha fed from Daegan, their carnal desires completely sated, for now...

* * * *

Akaisha retreated to the confines of her chamber to bathe. The bruises on her body quickly healed, leaving Akaisha feeling exhilarated. Daegan's blood empowered her, coursed through her veins, filling her with need for him to claim her once more.

Daily life had become hard as lust-filled fantasies embraced her mind. The council required much of Daegan's time, leaving Akaisha to assume other activities within the castle walls. During the evenings, Akaisha and Daegan's paths crossed briefly. A few times, as he spoke to other members of the coven, Daegan sought to control her from across the room. His gaze engulfed her as she felt the urge to strip naked before him and other members of the council. This was his way of toying with her, letting her know he was in control.

Akaisha believed it was to meant to intimidate her, so she defiantly stared him down, many times vexing his temper. Other times he simply would smile, walking away, but not before eyeing her from head to toe.

One evening in particular, as Akaisha carried clothes she had recently sewn to Elizabeth, she and Daegan's paths met in one of the corridors. Approaching her, Daegan grabbed her by her arm, leading her to a small room just down the corridor, despite her protests. Once inside the room, Daegan snatched the clothes from her, and backed Akaisha against the wall.

“You like vexing my temper, little Akaisha?” Daegan asked. His breath burned her skin, causing her heart to flutter. The smell of him excited her to the boiling point. Daegan pressed his body hard against hers, causing a moan to escape her lips. Bending down, he kissed her passionately, awakening a fire that roared fiercely within her loins. Forcefully, he hoisted her clothing to her ass as he picked her up. Instinctively, Akaisha wrapped her legs around the small of his back, slipping her tongue past his lips.

Daegan growled as he impaled her upon his cock, immediately rocking her body hard against the wall.

Akaisha’s arms draped over his shoulders, she bit into Daegan’s chest, causing him to howl with pained pleasure. In retaliation, he buried himself to the base of his cock, straining, nothing but the sound of their heavy breathing and Akaisha suckling his blood filled the small room. Daegan felt his cock twitch, ultimately spilling his seed deep within Akaisha. Howling while she continued ferociously feeding from his chest, Daegan pumped his seed deep into her tight pussy.

Shaking, Daegan dropped Akaisha to her feet. Her knees wobbled, and she leaned upon him for support. Kissing her atop her head, and straightening her clothes, he informed her he had business to attend, and began to feed on her.

Gently, he thumbed her nipples through the fabric of her clothing while suckling her neck, causing her to arch her back and part her lips. Afterwards, he left her standing against the wall, hot and bothered, his seed mixing with her juices, sliding down her inner thighs. “Bastard!” Akaisha hissed as Daegan exited the room, laughing a wicked laugh that pierced her very soul.

Chapter 8

Below Castle Daegan, within one of the deepest tunnels known only to male elders, Valaris, Daegan, and Komin held a meeting. Werewolves who were entrusted to guard vampires of other covens during the day mercilessly slayed them as they slept.

“It is an outrage!” Daegan stormed. “I want those beasts destroyed; even those that guard our castle. We do not need their protection any longer. I should have killed them long ago.”

“You will not put the werewolves here at Castle Daegan to death!” Komin bellowed. “Have you not forgotten Michael and his family? They have never meant you harm, and have served us well for many centuries.”

Hanging his head low, Daegan knew Komin spoke the truth. Michael and his family befriended Biele and Daegan long ago. The werewolf was loyal, and would fight by Daegan’s side if necessary, even against fellow werewolves existing outside Castle Daegan.

“Daegan, listen to me,” Valaris growled. “Have you not forgotten the very subject that fueled these revolts? Had you not taken a werewolf for a bride, we would not be in this position.”

“To whom do you think you are speaking, Valaris?” Daegan stood, ready to do battle with his own brother. Komin intervened between the two larger vampires. “What the hell difference does that make? Against my better judgment, I tried sending her away, Valaris. Why the hell are we discussing something that happened forty years ago? I never avenged her death. The fiend who killed her, I cannot find!”

“Some people label *you* a fiend, Daegan,” Komin uttered quietly.

“Do not vex me, Komin,” Daegan snarled. “Or else...”

“Or else what Daegan? You think you are in control, but you aren’t. Something far more powerful dwells within these walls. Have you been able to locate your magus, or has he suddenly turned against us as well?”

“Some say *you* killed Biele, Daegan,” Valaris stated coolly, raising a brow to his brother. Daegan charged Valaris, knocking him against the wall of the tunnel, biting his brother’s shoulder, allowing blood to spill everywhere.

“Never mention Biele’s name again, Valaris, or I promise, the next time, my bite will rip your throat out!” Daegan hissed venomously.

“Gentlemen, I assure you, it will do no good to battle amongst ourselves. Daegan, this matter must be handled quickly. You know exactly what fueled the fire for the recent happenings.”

Eyes glowing red, Daegan turned, punching the wall, shattering two large bricks. “Utter treachery lurks within these castle walls!” Daegan hissed. “I can feel it! Someone plots against me!”

Valaris sat up, eyes fixated on Daegan, spewing hatred for his brother.

“Perhaps I should have let you embrace the dawn, *brother*. You are leading this coven into damnation. You lacked leadership years ago, and even more so now.”

“Cool your tongue, Valaris!” Komin demanded. “Leave us now.”

Eyes glowing, Valaris turned on his heel, exiting the small room, returning to the entrance of the tunnel.

“There is no doubt there are traitors within these walls, Daegan,” Komin said calmly. “The act that was committed forty years ago simply added more fuel to the fire.”

“Daegan, you have the acquired the daywalker, Akaisha. I suggest you use her wisely. The wolves outside of Castle Daegan are not to be trusted, I can tell you this much.” Komin insisted. “Where is your magus?”

“I don’t know, Komin! It is like he disappeared into thin air, along with the black crystal we used to bring forth Akaisha to our time! Komin, I did not kill Biele. I loved her too much. She was my life!”

“I understand that, Daegan, but tongues have begun to wag. Suspicion arose long ago, and even more so now, since werewolves have started to revolt,” Komin calmly confessed. “Old ghosts have been invoked.”

“Why now, after all these years?” Daegan asked.

“I’ve asked myself that for quite some time, Daegan,” Komin murmured softly, crossing his arms. “You are feared, perhaps by the wrong side. I suggest you find your magus, or someone who possesses the gift of foresight.”

Leaving the tunnel together, Komin and Daegan discussed other endless possibilities regarding the revolts. Business dealings could have fallen through; perhaps one of the female vampires had it in for Daegan, for not taking them as his bride. Try as he may, Daegan could not find a rational solution to this problem.

Once in the privacy of his bedchambers, he paced the floors. Since coming into contact with Akaisha, he experienced a familiar presence. He actually experienced happiness for the first time in years. Just thinking of the wench made his lips curl into a smile.

Cursing himself, he forced the similarities out of his mind. Akaisha was only there to aid his coven and sate his large sexual appetite, but damn her, she was placing other thoughts within his

head. A part of him wanted to hold and protect her, for her to hold and protect him from the madness that surrounded him.

Sensing dawn approaching, Daegan locked his chamber doors, submitting to a deep vampiric sleep. Immediately, he began to dream.

* * * *

Surrounded by a bright, healing white light, Daegan sensed her presence. A small shadow loomed in the distance, approaching him at a slow pace. The small silhouette of a woman made itself apparent to him. From what he could see, it was Akaisha. There was no mistaking her beautiful brown skin and exotic features. In an effort to comfort him, she reached out to Daegan.

Happiness replaced the darkness, and he was whole once again. As she closed the gap between herself and Daegan, she wrapped her arms around his body. Holding onto the daywalker, he begged her to save his soul. The beautiful Egyptian placed her finger against his lips, providing him with peace and fulfillment he once knew, long ago.

Chapter 9

Preparing herself for slumber, Akaisha brushed her hair. Restless, she paced back and forth within the bedchamber, trying to make sense of everything. Something was wrong, and she intended to find out what it was. Akaisha tried to make sense of the strength Elizabeth suddenly summoned when breaking up the fight between herself and Rhiannon. What did she gain in befriending her? She had felt sorry for the woman earlier, but strong instinct made her distrust Elizabeth. On the surface, the woman had given Akaisha no reason not to trust her, but something beneath the surface deeply irritated Akaisha.

Slipping under the bedcovers, Akaisha started to toss and turn. Her precious Egypt appeared to have evaded her, making her feel somehow linked to the castle and Daegan, himself. Akaisha was a witness to the tenderness within Daegan's eyes. For a fleeting moment, he was allowing his gentler, docile nature to resurface, until interference pushed him over the edge again. Remembering his touch ignited passions within her she could no longer ignore.

Akaisha caressed her breasts, and pinched her hard nipples as soft moans escaped her lips. She arrived at the conclusion that her body didn't betray her. Daegan awakened something deep within her; something she never knew existed, until now.

Lowering her hand to her pussy, Akaisha stroked the sensitive bud that yearned for Daegan's touch. Imagining his tongue inside her, she slipped a finger into her tight hole, slowly at first, eventually quickening the tempo. Slowing the pace, she focused her attentions upon her clitoris again, bathing it in her slick juices. Akaisha's heavy breathing and the squishing sounds her pussy made were the only noises in the bedchamber.

Gyrating her hips, Akaisha's slick fingers continued their sweet assault upon her pussy. Her orgasm approached fast, rocking her body with each spasm, one more intense than the last. Collapsing in the bed, Akaisha exhaled sharply, still sexually frustrated. She had hoped for another opportunity for Daegan to take her once more.

Smiling, she drifted off into a deep sleep....

* * * *

The man approached her with pure evil within his eyes. Nowhere else to run within the bedchamber, she had no choice but to surrender to him if she could not fend him off. Fear painfully seizing her heart, she somehow realized this would be her last night on earth. Unable to see the man's entire face, Akaisha opened her mouth to scream, in vain since no sound escaped her lips. Once again, the man violently grabbed her, tightening his grip around her neck, yellow evil eyes piercing her soul, her vertebrae snapped, and the searing, mind-shattering pain penetrated her body, forcing her awake, as she violently gasped for air. Shaking, she sat straight up in bed, trying to catch her breath, searching the bedchamber, tears stinging her eyes.

* * * *

Strangely enough, the dreams were more intense than in Egypt, and they invoked a deeper fear within her. She sought answers now, deep within her heart. She was here for a reason. A knock on her door nearly caused her to jump out of her skin.

“Who is it?” Akaisha asked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“It’s me, Elizabeth. Is everything okay in there, child? I heard you scream.”

Akaisha walked over to the door. Elizabeth carried a candle holder; the halls within the castle were pitch black.

“Is it daylight yet?” Akaisha asked.

“Soon,” Elizabeth said. “Akaisha, I need to know why you ran out on me earlier. “What happened to you, child?” Elizabeth asked, with concern in her eyes. “Please let me in, I think we need to talk.”

“Elizabeth, I’m really tired.”

“Well, let me have my say first. It nearly tore my heart apart when you started suspecting me of something I know nothing about, child. Are you always non-believing of those who surround you? You have got to learn to trust someone at some point of your life,” Elizabeth preached to Akaisha.

“Well, up until *this* point in my life I had no reason not to trust anyone! I feel as though I’m completely surrounded by those that intend to inflict pain upon me. Even Daegan possesses a small amount of humanity within his soul,” Akaisha stated.

“Well, what’s this?” Elizabeth asked, eyes widening. “You apparently are taken in by Lord Daegan’s charms, child.” Elizabeth smiled.

Sensing an aura of jealousy, Akaisha simply ignored the woman, quickly changing the subject.

“As I stated before, Elizabeth, you know something. It is not my intention to hurt your feelings; I simply need answers to my questions. Answers I believe *only you* can provide me with!”

“Well, you are indeed a stubborn one,” Elizabeth mused. “Akaisha,” Elizabeth whispered softly. “There is a time and a place for everything. When that time arrives, I will let you know, I promise. Now, get some sleep, my dear.”

“In the meantime, do you think it’s possible for you to give me a tour of the grounds now?” Akaisha inquired.

“At this ungodly hour?” Elizabeth complained. “Oh, alright!” Elizabeth finally gave in, after Akaisha shot her an accusing look. “Akaisha, you must promise that you will be on your best

behavior. Werewolves patrol certain parts of the grounds. You can't see them until it's too late. Sometimes, you may only see their glaring eyes in the darkness, but that is it. It is the same during daylight hours. Daegan...."

"What Elizabeth? Akaisha squeaked.

"Shhh, child, talk no more!" Elizabeth grabbed the hairbrush and started brushing Akaisha's hair.

Valaris strolled through the door, with an intent look etched upon his face. The vampire, slightly taller than Daegan, possessed a muscular build, facial hair and a bald head. Tribal tattoos adorned his neck and arms. Valaris was known for his intelligence and his savage thirst for blood. It was nothing for him to slaughter innocents.

"What are you wenches up to now?" Valaris sneered. "Elizabeth, shouldn't you be cleaning, or sleeping at this hour?"

"Valaris, we were just discussing where spare clothes should be kept. Lord Daegan is aware of every move I make."

Valaris eyed the women with scrutiny before turning on his heel and exiting the bedchamber, a low growl developing in his throat.

"Elizabeth, I have never felt such evil in my entire existence Valaris, there is something about him I don't like. I'm not used to this way of life. It is different in my Egypt." Akaisha lowered her head sadly, trying to conceal a tear.

"Akaisha, mind your tongue about Valaris!" Elizabeth snapped, shocking the daywalker as she defended Daegan's brother. "Let us find something else to occupy our minds with, shall we? Come on Akaisha." She followed Elizabeth into the hall, making their way downstairs to the grand sitting room and into a small room further down the corridor.

Elizabeth joined three other servants in a bleak sitting room who were feverishly mending garments for members of the coven that were staying at Castle Daegan for the weekend.

"Akaisha, I see we aren't the only human night owls within these castle walls," Elizabeth clucked happily.

The sitting room was a comfortable fit; however, the surroundings could have used more color. Akaisha was thankful that Ireland was experiencing a mild summer, as there were many places she noticed drafts. It sickened her to see how parts of the castle where the covens dwelled were adorned with fine tapestries and furniture, with added color. The aristocratic, snobbish vampires would have it no other way. The servants mattered not, as long as they were there to serve wine, blood, and from time to time, sexual services for the male and female members of the coven.

"Akaisha, I would like to introduce you to Anna, Myra, and Helen. I have served with these ladies for most of my time here at Castle Daegan. You will find them to be wonderful company."

“Nice to meet you ladies,” Akaisha smiled politely.

“Are you Lord Daegan’s harlot?” Myra spat in disgust. “I wonder how long this will last.” Myra, a twenty-five year old blonde from England, was jealous over Akaisha’s presence. Mistress to Valaris when it suited his needs, Myra became bitter, knowing she would never have a future place within the castle. Daegan would have no part of her, so Valaris would have to do.

“Oh Myra, why do you have to be so rude to people?” clucked Anna, a perky brunette who welcomed a new face to the castle. “There is no need for cruelty, we have enough of that with the covens. It is so nice to meet you, Akaisha. Please let me know if there is anything you are in need of.”

Helen, a plump woman closer to Elizabeth’s age greeted the daywalker in a serious manner, not showing any emotional at all. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Akaisha. I hope your stay here is more pleasant than ours.”

“So, now, we are to wait on a half-vampire, half-human bitch in addition to the full-blooded snobs of the castle?” spat Myra. Her cold, ice blue eyes cutting through Akaisha like a knife, vexing the daywalker’s temper.

“Aw, did I hit a nerve, princess?” Myra taunted.

“Myra, stop this nonsense now!” Elizabeth chastised.

“Elizabeth, I don’t need you to defend me to the likes of this jealous, petty girl, who appears to be no better than the covens she serves. Let me set you straight this instant Myra, I mean you no harm. I’m just as much a prisoner in this castle as you are. However, I refuse to be treated in this manner by you.” Akaisha’s words trailed off into a deep throaty growl, sending shivers down Myra’s spine. “Do we understand each other?” Akaisha’s stare piercing the depths of Myra’s soul caused the young woman to turn two shades paler.

“I..My apologies to you, Akaisha,” Myra stuttered, as she clumsily stood to her feet and retreated from the sitting room.

“Well, you certainly put Lady Myra in her place,” Elizabeth burst out. “She complains entirely too much! No one else can stand to put up with her. She constantly begs Valaris to change her into a vampire, knowing how they feel about us humans. Myra would turn out to be one of the evil vampires if she were ever sired. She even offers herself to Megan and Morgan, Valaris’ concubines who are daywalkers as well.”

“I’ve met Valaris’ concubines. They don’t talk much, do they?” Akaisha asked.

“No, they feel threatened by your presence,” Elizabeth explained. “You have not been abused in such a manner as they have. Valaris sucks the life out of them every chance he receives, seizing their opportunity for them to feed upon him, therefore draining their strength.”

“Valaris is a selfish bastard!” Akaisha hissed. “Daegan doesn’t treat me in such a manner.”

“Well, good riddance to her,” Anna exclaimed, finishing up the last of the garments. “She is nothing more than a dark shadow and is not to be trusted. She will turn on you if given the opportunity. I advise you ladies never to say anything to her you don’t want repeated.”

Akaisha paced the floor of the sitting room as she tried to calm her nerves. Her blood boiled so, she could not remember experiencing such rage in her entire existence. She wondered how many more run-ins she would experience with others who dwelled within the castle.

“Calm down, child,” clucked Elizabeth. “We need to finish everything before settling down for the evening. Ladies, I bid you good evening. Let me know if there is anything extra the coven needs. This bunch can be most taxing.”

“Aye,” agreed Helen. “They can read our thoughts, so they try to make our lives more miserable by claiming things are not working properly, or the sheets are dirty. I despise...”

“Ladies, please explain the rules to me,” Akaisha whispered. “Can’t the vampires hear us?”

“My dearest Akaisha,” exclaimed Elizabeth, “Lord Daegan and Valaris have been called upon by their elders...” Elizabeth trailed off, a sudden gleam appearing in her eyes. “Ladies, I bid you farewell; there are things I must attend to. Come, Akaisha.”

“Nice meeting you ladies, hopefully we can chat another time,” Akaisha commented, as she hurried to catch up to Elizabeth.

“Elizabeth, what is the meaning of this? Why are you acting so odd?”

“Accompany me to my bedchambers,” Elizabeth whispered under her breath.

“What do you mean, Elizabeth?” Akaisha asked as the pair started to climb narrow winding stairs.

“Well, think about the century’s worth of negativity that has dwelled within these walls, child. Why do you think we appear to be soulless servants? Be honest, what was your first impression of me?”

“Elizabeth, you weren’t friendly at all. You appeared to be occupied in a negative manner, almost a hypnotic state.”

“Exactly!” Elizabeth exclaimed. “The weaker the person, the stronger hold they have over us.”

Chapter 10

Elizabeth stopped and opened a narrow wooden door, beckoning Akaisha to follow her. "Hurry now, child, we have a window of opportunity."

Elizabeth placed the torch in its setting against the wall near her small bed. Akaisha scanned the room, shuddering at the thought of remaining there for days on end.

"Yes, be grateful you don't have to be cooped up in here. I'm driven mad if I remain for too long. I would actually rather serve one of the covens."

The room was small, and cool. Elizabeth's meager possessions consisted of a few books and clothes. The only shoes she possessed were on her feet. In the corner sat a small washtub and a block of soap.

"Elizabeth, this is too confining for a person. Are all the slave quarters as small as yours?" Akaisha asked.

"I have adjusted, and no, I'm not the only servant in this situation. I had planned to live out the rest of my existence within these castle walls, until I met you." Elizabeth smiled brilliantly.

"What do you mean?" Akaisha asked, raising an eyebrow. "Do you plan to escape, Elizabeth?"

Laughing heartily, Elizabeth strolled over to a large wooden chest, and began rummaging through her clothes, humming an Irish tune. "Vampires have the power to control. Why do you think so many women are willing to be their sex slaves? Myra is the same. Anna was right, she cannot be trusted," Elizabeth explained. "Now, I'm going to share something very powerful with you, my dear Akaisha."

Elizabeth pulled out a small crystal with blue hues, small enough to be concealed within the palm of one's hand. "Isn't she a beauty?" Elizabeth grinned.

"Elizabeth, this is the most beautiful object I have seen since I've been in this dreaded castle!" Akaisha could not take her eyes off the crystal.

"Take this, child, take it and tell me what you see," Elizabeth insisted, shoving the crystal into Akaisha's hand. "Close your eyes and concentrate."

A spark of hope invaded Akaisha's being as she held the crystal in both hands. Closing her eyes, she saw the most beautiful sights.

"What do you see, Akaisha? Tell me."

Akaisha smiled as she saw the faces of her parents, yet somehow they did not look like themselves. They were not dressed in their finest Egyptian clothing, and their surroundings were

somehow different. Akaisha felt intense negativity as she was snatched to a moment where Daegan chased her, threatening to destroy her. Instantly, she vanished, as though an invisible hand rescued her, placing her in another spot within her mind, although her surroundings were not familiar. Akaisha's eyes opened abruptly, violently gasping for air, experiencing mixed feelings of the visions that plagued her mind. Elizabeth escorted her to the plain bed, trying to comfort her.

"What did you see, Akaisha?" the woman asked, with a serious look.

"My parents, I saw them, not as I remember them. They were different...somehow. They were my parents, though," Akaisha stated excitedly. Suddenly, her expressions became frightening. "Daegan was chasing me, Elizabeth, with the intent on destroying me. The fear and negativity tore deeply at soul. Then, I...I disappeared, leaving Daegan puzzled. I'm uncertain as to where, but I was somewhere else, somewhere I cannot explain, Elizabeth."

"Akaisha, that is a good thing. Surely, you remember how Daegan abducted you from Egypt."

"Yes, he walked through some opening in time, it seemed. It was a light blue, circular opening in midair. He mentioned the use of dark magic, and his magus."

"Yes, Daegan sensed you, but could not tell exactly where you were. His magus, the black hearted critter, used magic to obtain you. Can't you see that we possess the same opportunity! It is our only way out, and we must hurry!" Elizabeth spoke in a hushed voice.

"Daegan will only use you for his own gain, while destroying you in the process, Akaisha. I have seen it happen before. Daywalkers are mistreated immensely, their life force drained on a daily basis. You are no ordinary daywalker, but he will use you until there is nothing left. The only thing saving you from the wrath of certain members of his coven is the fact that he has made you his mate. He intends to feed upon you. Your blood will allow him to walk the daylight hours."

"Elizabeth, that is absurd. Daegan will not use and abuse me, as you say. We feed from one another, and he doesn't have the power to walk during daylight hours."

"Akaisha, there is a time and place for everything. The universe is working in your favor, and now is the time for planning. Don't you see that you do not belong here? You were taken from another land, another time, by an evil force."

"Elizabeth, how do you know these things?"

"Like you, I possess the gift of foresight. The vampires can read our thoughts, so we must keep our minds clear so there is nothing to read. I have practiced this for years. You possess the exact gift of protection. I knew what Daegan and his magus were up to, and felt it every time they dabbled in the black arts."

“I always had dreams of someone taking me from my precious Egypt, Elizabeth. It was Daegan, although I could never fully view his face. I was sleeping when he opened that magic doorway. I...” Akaisha’s words trailed off, tears streaming down her face.

Elizabeth, holding Akaisha in her arms, brushed a lock of hair from the daywalker’s face. “Everything happens for a reason, child. It is up to us to make the best out of a bad situation. We both shall leave this place of despair. “

“Can’t we leave now, Elizabeth?” Akaisha asked innocently, pretending she believed every word the woman spoke. She had to trust her own instincts. Daegan was not the man Elizabeth said he was.

“No, now is not the time, Akaisha. Everything must be in its place. Heed my warning, if Daegan catches us, we will never see the light of day again, and I can promise you that. Have you seen the soulless creatures that vampires produce when they no longer have any use for them?” Elizabeth asked.

“Soulless creatures!” Akaisha exclaimed. “We have no such beings in Egypt, Elizabeth. Please, take the time to explain, this is entirely too much for me to understand.”

Sighing heavily, Elizabeth proceeded to explain how vampires left their victims with very little blood. Not killing or turning them, but leaving them on the brink of life and death. Vampires often left their victims in a state such as this for their amusement.

“These soulless beings wander aimlessly in the woods, terrorizing local villages. Some were killed by large mobs of people. They feed off the blood of livestock and any humans they may encounter. It is a fate worse than death, Akaisha.”

Akaisha couldn’t shake the horrid fear that rocked her entire being. “Elizabeth, in Egypt, we did not have such nonsense. Everyone lived in peace and harmony. We celebrated life, and death, in a positive way. Humans were treated as equals, and sometimes turned, and were never looked down upon.”

“In my entire existence within these walls, Akaisha, I have been lucky to familiarize myself with a vampire whom I held in the highest regard. Of course, they hailed from the Italian coven of Venice. Lord Falco was born in fourteen fifty. He was a man of honor, warmth, and light, who ended his own existence two years ago.”

“He destroyed himself instead of acting upon the desire to destroy those who crossed his path,” Akaisha murmured.

“Yes,” Elizabeth bowed her head, happy to know their thoughts were on the same wavelength. “Lord Falco only acquired two mates within his lifetime; the second was a reincarnation of his first love. After her destruction, Falco changed, for the worse and never sought another mate. Imagine how you would feel, existing for such a long time, watching everything around you

change. He felt he had nothing left. Unlike other vampires, he didn't embrace the dark side, so he eventually sacrificed himself to the daylight."

"It takes a strong creature to fight the powers of darkness. These castle walls harbor those who have lived for centuries, and those embracing darkness continue to destroy, rape, and carry out their unholy deeds upon this earth. Never satisfying their lusts of flesh and blood, they are bound to this earth until they sacrifice themselves or die by the hands of another," Elizabeth explained. "Finding a mate makes a large difference in a vampire not falling prey to darkness."

"My father has existed since the dawn of time, Elizabeth. He is a man of honor, and would never even think of harming another vampire or human unless it was necessary. My mother is human, and he loves her dearly, although she does not want him to sire her. She is unsure if she wants to live forever. My father being the loving, compassionate man that he is, obeys her wish."

"Akaisha, like Daegan, we must re-open a doorway to return us to your time."

"Elizabeth, do you know how to open these doorways? I understand you could not say much earlier, but I need to know, how soon can we do this?" Akaisha inquired. "I need to go home. I can't stay here, and Daegan..."

"Hell, Akaisha, I would have left quite some time ago if it were all in my control. You see, doorways are opened at certain times, when the stars and the planets are aligned in a certain way. The phase of the moon plays a part as well. Do you know how long it took until Daegan possessed the ability to pierce time?"

"How long, Elizabeth?"

"Exactly four months prior to the time he located you, Akaisha."

"By Anubis, Elizabeth, the fourth month is when I felt an overwhelming presence."

"The planets were in alignment, but as you know, Daegan is not one of the most patient men. It should have been approximately one year before that doorway was opened, Akaisha. Power and greed ruled him, and he found other ways of appeasing the darkness. Sacrificed certain objects, and people, to get what he desired, along with his magus' help. They both will rot in hell forever for the unholy things they have done."

"How long must we wait?" Akaisha asked in a weakened voice, afraid to know the answer.

"We must do things correctly. It is bad enough we are dealing with dark magic, but I refuse to damn myself for eternity to sacrifice others to speed up that time."

"So, I'm basically trapped here?" Akaisha asked, panic-stricken. A strong feeling of remorse filled her as well. She had made friends with many of the slaves and most of the cooks; not to mention the strong relationship forged between herself and Daegan.

“I’m afraid so, child, but worry not. As long as you and I stick together, all will be well. You must have faith. Now, give me the crystal, my dear. No one can know of this, agreed?”

“I swear, that night in Egypt when I went back to sleep, I awoke in hell,” Akaisha murmured.

“Little do you know, my child, little do you know.” Elizabeth grinned, an evil grin.

Chapter 11

Elizabeth showed Akaisha certain parts of the magnificent castle she had not shown her weeks ago, or so Elizabeth thought. Akaisha had somehow managed to drift off to some of these hidden places. Some places were dark, eerie, and cold, while others were colorful and cheery she discovered. Quite often, other vampire covens would stay for many nights for festivities such as orgies and discussing business.

Elizabeth spoke of a few vampire elders who made up the council as well. Komin was a vampire elder, wise beyond his centuries. He was a great warrior, but chose to fight with his mind, instead of his strength. Surprisingly, he was small, but he fought hard, when necessary.

The grounds were kept in the utmost condition. The full moon shed light on cobblestone paths, leading into the thickest parts of the woods. Plush green grass adorned the large acreage of land in which Castle Daegan stood. Akaisha swooned over the breathtaking view of it all.

Along the outskirts of the woods, Akaisha could just make out a couple, writhing in the throes of passion, the male vampire, dominating the female human, before feeding upon her. The rich smell of blood adorned her senses, causing her incisors to lengthen. Akaisha craved Daegan's blood, wishing he were with her. She fought hard to put him out of her mind. Vampire mates fed solely upon one another, rejuvenating each other, for an equally, stimulating bond that would last an eternity. Smiling to herself, she thought of the next rendezvous she would experience with Daegan.

"Well, my darling, I'm afraid it's time for me to turn in. I need to catch a few winks of sleep before awaking in the morn. I—"

Before Elizabeth could say anything else, a large black wolf leapt between the entrance to the castle and the women. Two blood red eyes peered back at Akaisha, apparently warning her of something. Sensing the beast's urgency, she yearned to communicate with him. Unfortunately, Elizabeth stepped forward, speaking in another tongue, not familiar at all to Akaisha. Surprisingly, the beast stepped back, fear in its eyes, retreating into the woods, but not before shooting another look of warning to Akaisha.

"What in the hell was that all about, and how the hell did you calm him so!" Akaisha demanded, trying to calm herself.

"I don't know, child, let's get you inside. I'm not sure as to why that beast would want to rip you to shreds. He is one of the friendlier watchers of the ground.

"Elizabeth, what did you say to it—him? He meant me no harm, I know it."

"It is of no importance. Let us count our blessings we live to see another day." Akaisha departed from Elizabeth, whom stopped to gossip about another servant in the west wing. Slowly, she sauntered to her bedchambers, locking the doors behind her.

Sitting down before the mirror, Akaisha brushed her hair, in an effort to make sense of all Elizabeth had just introduced to her. Akaisha had more than enough time to access Daegan while in his bedchamber. Truly, she was attracted to the man. However, something was amiss. Daegan was capable of showing tenderness, and Elizabeth was lying her ass off!

Every time Akaisha sensed suspicion, Elizabeth conveniently found an excuse to re-shape her mind, which meant one thing—Elizabeth was covering her tracks about something. Another mystery to her was the werewolf they encountered on the castle grounds. She knew he tried to warn her of something, until Elizabeth spoke her jibberish, making the beast retreat to another part of the grounds. Tomorrow evening she would try to locate him, without Elizabeth's knowledge.

Exhaling sharply, she slipped in between the bedcovers, finally allowing sleep to claim her.

* * * *

Akaisha awakened, feeling rejuvenated despite the few hours of sleep she received. The castle was weighing her down, as she was not used to closed walls, and utilizing torches during daylight hours. She knew it was day, however the disenchanting gray stone walls of the castle made her feel like she was imprisoned within a tomb. If she were in Egypt, she would greet the day by taking in the breathtaking view of her land. The Nile River beckoned to her each morning. Upon waking, she would always bath in the beautiful waters of the Nile, the warmth of the sun adding to her motivation to start her day.

Those fond memories, she continued to hold close to her heart, as though she had spent years within Castle Daegan. Choosing to keep a clear mind, and not dwell on the past, Akaisha picked out clothing for the day. Daegan provided her with beautiful clothes of the era, but they paled in comparison to her beautiful Egyptian clothing she was accustomed to. These clothes weighed heavily upon her petite frame, sometimes irritating her skin.

Determined to explore more of the castle grounds, Akaisha eagerly ventured into the great hall. The only other inhabitants were other servants, and a few of the guardian werewolves who reverted to their human forms. Michael, one of the werewolves who faithfully protected Castle Daegan's vampires for a century, introduced himself to Akaisha.

"How long have you been a guardian to the Daegan Coven?" Akaisha asked, happy to have someone other than Elizabeth as a contact.

"I have served here since for approximately one hundred years," Michael replied sheepishly. "I was born into servitude, and my family became close to Daegan and Biele. Daegan was a completely different person in those days. Please forgive me, Akaisha, we weren't properly introduced." Michael said, puzzled. "Although, you seem vaguely familiar to me."

“Michael, I’m originally from another time and land, and it is too much for me to explain at this point in time,” Akaisha murmured as the two ventured onto the castle grounds. “I’m unsure as to how I’m familiar to you.”

“Ah,” Michael replied. “You have been brought here to help watch over the vampires. Werewolves have been leading revolts in other countries, and in some parts of Ireland. The vampire council suspects we will betray them as well, I would presume,” Michael sighed heavily. “They forget, some of our kind revolt, while others strive to prove their loyalty. All vampires aren’t cruel, heartless beings, neither are werewolves. Some vampires need to recognize that.”

Akaisha and Michael continued their morning stroll to the far side of the grounds. Werewolves prowled the grounds, some in human forms, others proudly patrolling the grounds on all fours, while others preferred to walk on two legs, towering as high as seven feet.” Akaisha shuddered at the thought of having to battle these creatures.

“I’ve heard talk about the revolts. It is all senseless bloodshed to me,” Akaisha stated firmly. “Michael, what do you know of Elizabeth?” Akaisha pried. “How long has she served Lord Daegan?”

“Elizabeth,” Michael rolled his eyes, shaking his head. “I have nothing to do with the woman, to be honest with you,” Michael confessed. “She has served Lord Daegan for many years, preaching to others one thing, while her actions prove differently. She is a very secretive woman.”

Akaisha, sensed Michael’s inhibitions towards Elizabeth, and they were not good. He later confessed that none of the werewolves trusted her. To them, she simply was an enemy, someone who used people to obtain certain goals, unknown to any of the werewolves. They made it a point not to make it any of their business, as long as Elizabeth left them alone. She was an impetuous, manipulating woman, who could be ruthless when she wanted. Somehow, Akaisha knew all this before meeting Michael. Could it be so, that she was just as soulless and black hearted as some of the vampires who dwelled within Castle Daegan?

Chapter 12

Michael departed from Akaisha, leaving her to roam the castle grounds on her own. She obtained valuable information from the werewolf. Now, it was up to her to dig through the lies Elizabeth continued to weave, in efforts to cover her own ass. What in the name of Anubis could she be up to?

* * * *

Inside the castle, Elizabeth questioned Akaisha's whereabouts. The insidious little wench had vexed her the evening before, and proved fatal to everything Elizabeth planned. She could not help but sense Akaisha was purposely avoiding her this morning.

In vain, she questioned the servants of the daywalker's whereabouts. No one seemed to know where the little wench wandered too. Valaris was sleeping, and she dared not awaken him before his time. She needed him to guard Akaisha closely, until they could finish what they started. As it was, their plan had taken far too long to set into motion. Cursing deeply under her breath, Elizabeth searched the parts of the castle of which she had familiarized Akaisha. The wench knew nothing of all the castle's nooks and crannies, so it was apparent the little harlot was purposely hiding from her! Retreating to her room, Elizabeth pulled out a few loose bricks within the walls of her bedchambers, retrieving a small velvet black box. Impatiently, she opened the box, retrieving the black crystal Valaris stole from Daegan's magus.

* * * *

Akaisha continued her search for the werewolf who approached her while in Elizabeth's company the evening before. She needed to speak with him; however, the task would be daunting since Elizabeth concealed his name from her. This was another black mark against the older woman.

As Akaisha returned to the entrance of the castle, she envisioned a man, locked in what appeared to be some type of confinement. Dirty and weak, the man was purposely cut off from the outside world.

"Akaisha, are you all right?" Elizabeth's voice rudely penetrated the daywalker's vision.

"I've been searching for you the entire morning. What have you been up to, child?" Elizabeth approached Akaisha, her hands behind her back. "Have you had a chance to eat?" she asked pretending to care about Akaisha.

"I wasn't very hungry this morning," Akaisha admitted, scanning the woman's aura. "I was simply taking a stroll of the castle grounds and enjoying the sunlight. I'm not used to spending my time indoors."

“Well, I could imagine you would have some minor adjustments to make for your new life,” Elizabeth said dryly. “Come, I have asked Helen to prepare a meal for you. You should eat something; you need to maintain your strength.”

A red flag rose within Akaisha’s mind. Not trusting Elizabeth at all, she politely dismissed herself, seeking the confinements of her bedchamber, away from Elizabeth.

“You aren’t going to eat, Akaisha?” Elizabeth asked, bewildered, and pissed off by Akaisha’s defiance.

“No, I told you, Elizabeth, I’m not hungry at the moment.” She stared deep within the woman’s soul, suddenly knowing the truth. Elizabeth intended to harm her.

Akaisha avoided Elizabeth for the remainder of the day. The very thought of Elizabeth sickened her. Her visions, becoming increasingly clear, convinced her to seek out Daegan. She would pay him a visit to his chambers as soon as the sun set. Akaisha made the mistake of lying down for a few hours before sunset, allowing sleep to claim her. She dreamed not of Egypt, but of Daegan and Biele’s wedding night.

* * * *

Happiness flourished between the couple as Hysteon spoke the words that would bind Daegan and Biele together forever. Daegan carried Biele to their bedchambers, eager to consummate their marriage. Before courtship began, a persistent knock came from the door. One of the vampire elders demanded Daegan’s presence within the lower east wing. Unfortunately, it was a demand Daegan could not refuse. Kissing his beloved Biele, Daegan left her unattended. After his departure, the double doors were forced open. A large, faceless man charged the bed in which Biele lie.

Before he could approach her, Biele jumped up in a flash, retreating to the other end of the bedchamber in an effort to transform into wolf form to defend herself from her assailant. Unfortunately, the large man wrestled Biele to the ground, punching her several times, dragging her to the bed. Struggling for her life, Biele howled in pain as her assailant greedily tore into her flesh, draining every drop of blood from her body, and eventually snapping her neck.

Chapter 13

Akaisha awoke with her hands at her throat, gasping for air, scanning the room. Shaking, she lit the candles along the wall, fighting to control her breathing. Pacing back and forth, recalling the dream, she hissed at the very thought of her being murdered. It was as though she were in Biele's place; she felt every ounce of hatred, his hot breath upon her skin, and the increasing pressure around her neck. She recalled the searing pain of his incisors ripping through her flesh, and the brute force her assailant used, eventually snapping her neck.

Shivering, Akaisha changed her clothes, brushed her hair, and entered the corridor. The slaves had already lit a few candles so they could see in the dark. She passed Helen on her way to Daegan's chamber.

"Hello Akaisha, how have you been? I have not seen you around much lately. I hope all is well," she said.

"I couldn't be better," Akaisha lied.

Deciding to trust no one, except her instincts, Akaisha quickened her pace to Daegan's chamber. Standing outside his chamber, she began to wonder if this would be a waste of her time. Anxiety gripping her insides, she decided to retreat to another part of the castle. As she was walking away, Daegan opened the door.

"Wench, what are you doing outside my door?" Daegan muttered. "Aren't you supposed to be with Elizabeth?"

"Lord Daegan, may I have a moment of your time?" Akaisha asked, witnessing a sudden shift in Daegan's character.

"Come in," he gestured. "Have you returned so that we may pick up where we left off?" He grinned, pouring a glass of wine.

"Oh, none for me," Akaisha insisted.

"So be it," Daegan muttered.

"Lord Daegan, surely you know of the revolts the werewolves lead in various parts of Europe."

Daegan sat his goblet down, staring at Akaisha with much intensity. "I know, that's why I brought you here, remember Akaisha?"

"I need to inform you, Lord Daegan, none of the guardian werewolves plan to revolt against you. I spoke with Michael, who has known you for years," She informed Daegan.

"What could you possibly know of another's intentions?" Daegan sneered.

“I’m clairvoyant, and I have the ability to read people,” Akaisha murmured.

“I haven’t seen anything out of the ordinary, with the exception of a werewolf that approached me while with Elizabeth.” Akaisha told him.

Stroking his chin, Daegan stared with an intense gaze.

“What is your take on the matter?”

“Elizabeth chased him away. She didn’t want me to have contact with him. I’m really concerned for your well-being Daegan.”

“Well, well,” Daegan purred. “What change has overtaken you?” he asked.

“There have, well...I dream, Lord Daegan. My dreams guide me. Someone intends to harm you, and has wronged you for many years.”

“How do you know of this?” Daegan asked, his eyes widening. “You speak of things you can’t possibly know!”

“I told you, Lord Daegan, I’m clairvoyant. I used to have visions of the future, now visions of the past haunt me as well!”

“Surely, you plot against me!” Daegan roared.

“I would never. You are the one who kidnapped me from Egypt. Remember?” Akaisha insisted. The vampire snarled.

“Alright, you have forced my hand, Lord Daegan!” Akaisha spat. “Biele, your bride was brutally murdered on your wedding night! You carried her over the threshold of a bedchamber, not this, but another, that has long since been sealed off, as you could no longer bear its existence. Furthermore, the vampire council required your presence that evening. Someone broke in, and killed her in your absence!”

For the first time since her stay at Castle Daegan, Akaisha witnessed a weakness within Daegan. His face was full of pain, his eyes, dull and sad. Tears formed, streaking his face. The man turned away, not wanting Akaisha to see him in such a state.

“Lord Daegan, please. I’m so very sorry about Biele. I will help you find the person responsible I give you my word,” Akaisha promised, close to tears herself.

“In these visions of yours, do you see the killer?” Daegan inquired, his voice cracking with emotion.

“No, Lord Daegan, it is a mystery to me. I know for sure it was not you.”

“So, daywalker, you’ve heard the rumors?”

“Yes. The person responsible is a cruel, soulless creature who deserves their punishment ten times over,” Akaisha stated firmly, not realizing why she felt so strongly about this ordeal.

“For some reason, Akaisha, I believe you. I must. My instinct tells me to follow you in the path you choose.” The vampire turned towards her, closing the gap between them.

“I’m glad you came to my bedchamber tonight,” Daegan whispered, staring deep into Akaisha’s eyes.

“Me too,” she whispered, feeling the sudden pull towards Daegan. The time she spent with him in his bedchamber was nothing compared to what she now felt. The air around them seemed to be romantically charged, and a feeling of déjà vu engulfed them.

“I should be going now,” Akaisha murmured, hoping Daegan would prevent her from leaving the bedchamber. She could stay with him all night long, just talking to him, however the timing was completely off. He needed time to absorb all that she had told him.

“I suppose you do,” Daegan stiffened, trying to cover up his tenderness. “I’ve much to attend to this evening,” he said, searching the depths of her brown eyes. His jaw clenched tightly, and Akaisha could see the muscle twitching, something that attracted her deeply to the man.

Daegan smiled, looking down at the floor, amused at her girlish behavior. She had a way about her that melted away his pain and anger.

“Akaisha, don’t back into the door frame, luv. I don’t wish to stay up all night tending to a nasty bruise on the back of your head. I don’t think I could survive another night alone with you.” He grinned, looking away.

“Yes, wouldn’t want to do that, now would I?” she laughed nervously, suddenly feeling like such a dolt. She turned on her heel, rushing out of the bedchamber, embarrassment burning her cheeks. Now, she wanted nothing more than to vanish from Daegan’s sight, praying he would forget how she almost ran smack-dab into the doorframe.

Daegan crossed his arms, continuing to watch the doorway in which Akaisha departed, shaking his head, smiling, wondering what had just happened between them.

Chapter 14

Akaisha's heart sank to her stomach as she walked with urgency through the large castle. She was more than willing to mend clothes like the slaves, cook, or wash garments. Hell, she would be happy cleaning out the stables if necessary. At this particular moment in time, she prayed for the earth to swallow her. Not knowing why or how she felt this way towards the man whom she thought to be cruel, she just knew she did not want to make an ass out of herself again in front of him. Her cheeks were still flushed with embarrassment when she bumped into Elizabeth.

"Hello, child! Where have you been hiding?" Elizabeth clucked, in her usual aggravating tone.

"Oh, just around, becoming acquainted with a few of the werewolves," She nervously confessed.

"Why child, you are beet red? What has happened to you? Have you a fever?" Elizabeth inquired.

"I'm feeling a little under the weather, Elizabeth. I'll be fine in no time, I usually recover quickly." Akaisha smiled forcefully.

"Why don't I make you a cup of hot tea? Go upstairs, and relax. You are not a slave, so why worry about anything?" Elizabeth asked smoothly.

"You know, Elizabeth, I believe I will lie down for a while, but the tea isn't a necessity," Akaisha said, not wanting Elizabeth to prepare anything for her.

"Are you sure?" Elizabeth asked, raising a dark eyebrow.

"Oh, I'm quite positive. Perhaps later on, I will take a stroll around the castle grounds. It appears to soothe my nerves," Akaisha admitted, as her thoughts suddenly drifted to Daegan. "Maybe I'll venture past the walls of Castle Daegan."

"Yes, child, I'm sure it does," Elizabeth murmured, suspicion forming upon her face. "Please, do let me know if you are in need of anything. I don't mind taking care of you."

"Thanks Elizabeth."

"I don't think you should journey past the castle walls, as it is not safe. You're an outsider and it would be best for you to have an escort," Elizabeth chastised.

"I'm sure I can protect myself," Akaisha charged, as the woman exited the room, but not before shooting her a strong glance.

Once free from Elizabeth, Akaisha searched for Michael, but he was nowhere within the castle, that she knew of, or perhaps he had transformed, and was out protecting the castle grounds from outside invaders. Either way, Akaisha was desperate to speak with him once again.

Fluttering around in the kitchen, she began talking with a few of the cooks, who allowed her to taste the most succulent pheasant they prepared. Adelaide, one of the cooks, convinced Akaisha to take a plate to her room. This was the same dish prepared for her the first evening at Castle Daegan; however, she was too upset at the time to appreciate the food.

Eagerly, she assisted in cleaning the kitchen, as this was a great of keeping her wandering mind occupied. With a great deal of persistence, she finally made Adelaide agree to let her help cook the next time a meal was prepared.

“You don’t give up, do you, Akaisha?” Adelaide grinned.

“It is not within my nature to simply give up.” Akaisha grinned, finishing her half of the cleaning.

“You haven’t even finished the meal I prepared; you must promise you will finish it, when you finally have a chance. I welcome the comments,” Adelaide stated proudly.

“Oh, this is the reason why I’ve waited Adelaide; I plan to take it to my room. I’m going to disappear, and maybe even read a book or two.”

“Well here, stubborn one, take this ration, it’s heated. I won’t hear of you eating cold food,” Adelaide muttered. “Now, go, eat!”

“Thank you so much, Adelaide, it is much appreciated.” Akaisha smiled as she exited the kitchen. Akaisha was glad she broke away from Elizabeth. Many warm-hearted folks dwelled within Castle Daegan. They all appeared eager to assist her, and they were pure of heart.

Once into the confines of her bedchamber, Akaisha locked the door. Candles dimly lit her dwellings. She humbly admired the exquisite tapestries and elaborate furniture. Daegan had exceptional taste, and it would appear that some items within the room were seemingly familiar to her. Actually, many items within these castle walls appeared to grab her attention, Akaisha thought as she nibbled at the tasty morsels. Sitting on the bed, Akaisha recalled her prior conversation with Daegan. The very thought of him made the place between her thighs moist, and brought heat to her cheeks. Akaisha jumped as someone knocked on her door. “Who is it?” she asked, upset at the fact someone had interrupted her fledgling fantasy of Daegan.

“It’s Daegan,” he called through the door in a firm voice.

Akaisha’s heart skipped a beat as she dashed over to the drawer to obtain her brush. Her hair must have been a mess, and she wanted to look her best for Daegan.

“Akaisha, are you in there?” Daegan demanded persistently.

“Yes, please give me a few moments,” Akaisha called, her heart beating stronger with each passing moment.

Checking her clothes for crumbs or stains from the scrumptious meal Adelaide prepared, Akaisha opened the door. A questionable gaze met Akaisha as she gestured for Daegan to come in.

“What were you doing, daywalker?” Daegan asked, as a sly grin formed slowly upon his lips. “Hopefully, I’m not interrupting anything,” he murmured huskily.

Translating his accusation caused her face to blush; she could not deny the thought of pleasuring herself when thoughts of Daegan had indeed crossed her mind. Her eyes met with Daegan’s and it was at that moment, he knew her every thought. The wench was going to pleasure herself while thinking of him!

“Close the door, Akaisha,” Daegan commanded in a low, husky growl. “Lock it!”

Moisture pooled between her thighs as she knew her prayers were about to be answered. There was one reason why Daegan would take initiative, visiting her bedchambers this evening. Closing the door, and locking it, Akaisha turned to speak.

”Continue facing the door, ” Daegan demanded. Obeying, Akaisha started to tremble, not with fear, but with anticipation as she slowly turned to face the door. She willingly awaited Daegan’s sweet torture on her flesh. She couldn’t hear him, but she felt his presence as he slowly approached her.

Daegan closed the gap between them, pressing his hard body against Akaisha’s petite, voluptuous frame. She exhaled sharply as Daegan’s erection throbbed against the small of her back. Pulling her hair back, he slowly pressed his lips against her neck, allowing his hot breath to scorch her skin. Akaisha felt as though her entire body had been set on fire as Daegan explored her luscious curves.

His hands fumbled with the fastenings of her elegant dress, exposing her beautiful breasts, causing Akaisha’s incisors to lengthen. A moan escaping her lips, she pressed against him as he hiked the silk fabric up to her buttocks, his large hands traveling to her aching pussy. Daegan’s tongue seductively marked a trail of fire from her earlobe down to her shoulder, causing Akaisha to shudder, almost to the brink of orgasm.

Reaching behind her, Akaisha boldly caressed Daegan’s bulge, causing him to tighten his grip on her thighs. Daegan slid a hand between her thighs, slowly playing with her swollen clitoris, bathing it in her juices. Her scent mercilessly assaulted his nostrils as he inserted a finger deep inside Akaisha.

Chapter 15

Akaisha's knees weakened as she grabbed the wrist of the hand that gave her such pleasure. Grazing her neck with his incisors, Daegan eventually drew blood, heightening Akaisha's pleasure. A moan from her lips turned into a low growl, similar to that of a jungle cat.

"I'm going to devour you, daywalker," Daegan promised in a husky tone. "But first, I intend to feast upon the tasty flesh between your thighs," he threatened, causing Akaisha to buck her hips with need. Despite Akaisha's protests, Daegan withdrew his finger from her weeping pussy, making her turn to face him. Gently, he pushed her against the door, lowering himself before her, parting the silky folds of her drenched pussy. Holding her dress around her waist, Akaisha stared, with anticipation into Daegan's eyes.

Eyes fixated upon Akaisha, Daegan's tongue parted from his lips, stopping achingly close to Akaisha's swollen clitoris. Teasing her, he blew against it, causing her to squirm as the ache to feel his tongue against her slick flesh intensified.

"Don't tease me, Daegan," Akaisha pleaded, pressing her hips forward, in vain as he chuckled, pulling his face away. "Ummm," Daegan mouthed, closing in upon her flesh once again. Slowly, he blew against the bud once more, his cock growing hard with the intense desire to claim Akaisha. He wanted to play with her, and witness how her body responded to his touch. Eager to see her reaction, Daegan flicked his tongue across the fleshy bud, forcing a groan from Akaisha's lips.

"You sound like a cat in heat," Daegan moaned with desire. "Does little kitten plan to dig her claws deep into my back again?"

"Why don't you find out and stop teasing me!" she demanded.

"Be careful what you ask for, Akaisha," Daegan warned before burying his face into her wet snatch. A hiss traveled from deep within, turning into a feline sound as it parted from her lips. Daegan's tongue probed deep within her slick tunnel. Hungrily, he lapped at her tasty nectar while squeezing her large clitoris between his fingers.

To ensure he would not abandon her pussy again, Akaisha pushed Daegan's head close to her pussy as possible. Her eyes glowed deep red, and she bucked her hips against the man's lips, calling his name repeatedly. Focusing on nothing but the building wave of release forming within the pit of her stomach, Akaisha rolled her head side to side as though she were in pain. Daegan's tongue felt her insides shudder as he desperately sucked up every drop of cream from Akaisha's pussy. Her legs buckled beneath her as Daegan's hands crept towards her ass cheeks, inserting his finger deep into her asshole, knowing this to be the death of her.

Akaisha screamed at the top of her lungs, her release carrying her to heights she had never known by herself. The very thought of coming by the hands of a man instead of her own fingers heightened her orgasm tremendously.

Daegan moaned with pleasure as he felt the hot spray of Akaisha's liquid fire coat his tongue, baptizing his face. He reveled in the fact that her body spasmed violently from his touch, and the hot juices that managed to drip down his chin, to his neck urged him to continue milking her pussy for all she was worth. Gently, he nipped at her swollen clitoris, adding to her already intense pleasure. Greedily, he lapped at her inner thighs, not wanting to waste a drop of her creamy elixir.

Picking her up, Daegan carried Akaisha to her bed, gently laying her down, ripping the dress from her body. Clumsily, they fumbled with the ties on Daegan's pants, finally freeing his aching cock. Instantaneously, Daegan was free of his confining clothes.

"I can't wait to feel you from within in once more," Daegan moaned in a deep, husky voice, as he mounted Akaisha. "I promise I will provide you with more pleasure than you can bear. You have awakened something deep within me, daywalker. You make me yearn for you, even when I sleep," he murmured into her ear. "Why do you haunt my dreams so?" he asked, his body shaking with anticipation.

"Do I have that much of an effect upon you, my Lord Daegan?" Akaisha inquired, her eyes full of passion. Daegan answered her question when he slipped his tongue past her lips, greedily sucking hers as if he could never get enough of her.

Spreading her legs, Akaisha sucked in her breath, as Daegan's tongue dueled with hers, and the gap between them was closed. His cock was long and thick, the head swollen and purplish, oozing a large glob of precum, causing her body to shake with anticipation.

"See what you do to me, my sweetest Akaisha?" Daegan said in a hushed tone. Slowly, he pressed himself against her wet pussy, nostrils flaring as he fought the urge to explode all over her body. She was a remarkable sight; her creamy mocha skin enticed him so, tempting him to devour her. Her liquid heat scorched his cock, inviting him to enter her.

Pushing his head past her lips, Akaisha wrapped her thighs around his body. Slowly he entered her, feeling her tight walls clenching his cock. Gritting her teeth in pleasure, Akaisha dug her nails into Daegan's back.

"Careful my kitten," Daegan warned. "Do you want to tear me to shreds?" he murmured playfully in her ear. Gently he pushed forward, forcing a moan from Akaisha's lips. Her heat devoured him, made him want to stay buried inside her for all eternity.

"Ummm," was all Akaisha could murmur, as Daegan caressed her breasts with a hand. Slowly, he withdrew his cock to the head, penetrating her again, this time with more force. Akaisha cried out, digging her claws deep into Daegan's back.

"Keep that up, and you will draw blood, my sweet, like you did the last time," Daegan growled in a deep voice. "Is that what you want, wench?" he questioned, grabbing a handful of Akaisha's hair. "Do you want it rough?" Daegan questioned. "I can be rough or gentle."

Hissing with want, Akaisha flexed her muscles, almost squeezing cum out of his cock. Looking him in the eyes, she defiantly scratched Daegan's back, breaking the skin.

"Two can play at that game, wench!" he hissed, plunging into her pussy with brute force. Akaisha, enjoying the pained pleasure instinctively sunk her teeth deep into Daegan's neck, causing him to howl with pain.

"Little evil wench!" Daegan hissed, as he pumped into Akaisha with much ferocity. Sinking his cock balls deep into her, Daegan pinched her nipples painfully, as Akaisha continued to feed on her lover. Daegan followed her path, sinking his teeth into her neck as he fucked her with sheer abandon. Akaisha's blood filled Daegan with intense light, allowing him to see her life in Egypt. In his entire existence, he never had experienced such intense pleasure. Her cream coated his raw cock, the treat he sought so long to acquire. He *should* stay within her pussy for the rest of their existence he decided.

Even though they stopped feeding upon one another, they continued to consummate their courtship again, their tongues wrestling one another, licking slight traces of blood from the other's lips and face. Akaisha, close to orgasm howled in pain as Daegan removed her cock from her dripping wet pussy.

"What are you doing?" She growled, her face contorted in a mixture of anger and pleasure. "

"Driving you mad with desire," Daegan crooned, wanting to bring out the dark side of Akaisha.

Slapping his face, Akaisha's incisors lengthened more as she hissed at him, her eyes flashing with pure lust as the candlelight reflected within her eyes. Daegan grabbed her wrists, flinging her over, exposing her naked ass to his view. Still holding her wrists tightly, Daegan smacked Akaisha's voluptuous ass, leaving obvious red marks on her cheeks.

Squirming to break free, Akaisha screamed obscenities at Daegan, promising to tear into his flesh. This talk only excited Daegan further, as he continued to spank her ass, causing tears to sting her eyes. Stopping the assault on her ass, Daegan penetrated Akaisha's pussy with two fingers, until she relaxed, spreading her legs. She ground her pussy into the bed, muffled moans escaping her lips.

"There, my little cat," Daegan coaxed. "You like that, don't you? Perhaps I should stop," He teased, pulling his fingers slowly out of Akaisha's pussy.

"No!" she moaned hoarsely, clenching her pussy lips together, fearing Daegan would stop pleasuring her.

Laughing, Daegan continued pleasuring Akaisha's pussy, until she was at the brink of her release. Sensing that, Daegan cruelly pulled his fingers from Akaisha's pussy, and started spanking her stinging ass cheeks again. Deeply frustrated, Akaisha gritted her teeth.

“I want to invade every orifice of your body,” Daegan moaned, as he began to finger Akaisha’s asshole. “Would you like that, my sweetest Akaisha?” Daegan asked.

“Yes, yes, please, take me, my lord,” She begged.

Daegan mounted her, plunging his cock deep into her ass, causing Akaisha to scream in pained pleasure. Slowly, he pumped in and out of Akaisha; as she reached down to pleasure her pussy, squeezing her aching clitoris. Slipping a finger into her pussy, she became amazed at the fact she could feel Daegan’s cock as he rode her asshole to completion.

“I’m going to come,” Daegan roared. “I’m going to come in that sweet, tight ass of yours, Akaisha!”

Roaring, Daegan threw his head back as his cock emptied his thick load deep into Akaisha. He continued pumping into her vigorously until he spent the last drop of his seed, rendering him useless, for now. The two collapsed, their bodies throbbing from their heated vampire mating ritual. Biting into Akaisha’s shoulder, Daegan allowed the bloodlust to overtake him, pinning her to the bed. Hissing, Akaisha grabbed a handful of his hair, making sure she had hurt him.

The hair pulling hurt him slightly, so he bit deeper into her neck, pulling forcefully each time he sucked. Pleasure built within the pit of her stomach, zeroing in on her pussy, throwing her to the brink of release, once more.

Her mind and body tingled with the sensations of Daegan’s teeth locked within her flesh. Her body felt as though a thousand pairs of fangs were nipping at her flesh. Hissing softly, Akaisha reached between her drenched thighs, stimulating her clitoris with a finger, throwing her over the edge, crying out as the intense orgasm rocked her body with pleasure.

Collapsing, she closed her eyes, body trembling with every touch Daegan inflicted upon her. “Ummm, little cat,” he murmured, nuzzling her neck as he sealed the wound. “You are so sweet, and your blood makes every fiber of my being come alive,” he confessed, kissing her along her back, causing her body to crave his touch again.

“Daegan,” Akaisha mumbled, trying to calm the yearning within her body. Every nerve within her body was alive, and she basked within the afterglow of consummating their relationship.

Chapter 16

Wrapping her arms around Daegan, Akaisha planted a long kiss upon his lips, searching the depths of his eyes. Since her stay at the castle, she had never seen such happiness in his eyes.

“Daegan, I have something to ask of you,” Akaisha confessed hesitantly.

“That depends upon the question.” Daegan grinned, playing with her hair.

“I need to know, do you murder for the sheer joy of it? I mean, do you slaughter innocent people just for their blood?” Akaisha asked, cringing at the answer.

“There was a time, Akaisha, when I hunted solely for the joy of it. Yes, I slaughtered innocent people, mercilessly, simply for their blood,” Daegan admitted coldly. “I haven’t hunted in that manner for years.” Daegan sighed.

Relieved, Akaisha laid her head down, looking up at her lover, worried for his well-being. The man was worth saving, she hoped she wasn’t too late. The need to rescue him was overbearing.

“Does drinking my blood enable you to walk during daylight hours?”

“Why do you ask, Daywalker?” Daegan demanded in a firm tone. “Do you think I’m a murderer? Your blood empowers me, but I can’t withstand the sun. Why do you ask such questions?”

“No Daegan, I don’t. I just wanted to hear you say it, that’s all. Please don’t be offended. I already knew, but hearing you say it makes a huge difference. I was just curious, some believe a daywalker’s blood allows them to withstand the sun.”

“Well, they are mistaken,” Daegan said, still puzzled.

Daegan’s eyes scanned her, forcing his lips to curl into a smile. “I’m glad you aren’t angry with me anymore, for abducting you from your homeland,” Daegan admitted.

“Do you regret bringing me here?” Akaisha asked.

“No Akaisha, I regret the way I brought you here. Perhaps, I could have simply asked for your help, instead of forcing it. It is within my nature to take.” Daegan swallowed hard. “Perhaps you can teach me otherwise.”

“Perhaps,” Akaisha stated.

“I must go, Akaisha,” Daegan said regretfully.

“No, don’t go. Stay the night, with me, Daegan,” she pleaded.

“Akaisha, I’ve matters to attend.”

“Please tell me you aren’t going to kill the werewolves?” Akaisha inquired. “That is not where you problems lay, Daegan, trust me.”

“We’ll see. The werewolves communicate with each other during the day, while we vampires sleep. Sometimes, werewolves can be easily manipulated by their own kind,” Daegan said. Giving Akaisha a peck on the head, he slid off the bed, collecting his clothes.

“Will you return to me?” Akaisha asked, worry in her eyes.

“Of course, or you can come to my bedchambers, it’s up to you. Now, I must go,” he said sternly as he headed towards the door. It confused Akaisha when he changed from the tender, loving Daegan to the serious, cold lord of the castle.

Sucking in the pain, Akaisha exhaled sharply as Daegan slammed the door shut behind him. A small part of her wanted to cut herself off from Daegan, the stubborn, larger side wanted to not give up, and fight for what she believed in. Falling backwards, she lay on her back for what seemed like hours until she finally decided on taking a stroll through the castle grounds.

* * * *

Akaisha bathed and carried the plate back to the kitchen. To her relief, Adelaide was busy preparing pastries to go with tea.

“Are you cooking again, Adelaide?” Akaisha asked in amazement.

“Why yes I am, young lady!” Adelaide chimed, happy to be in the kitchen. Cooking was her world, and she thoroughly enjoyed when people overindulged in her artistic creations. She cooked not for the vampires for obvious reasons, but for werewolves, slaves, and other daywalkers.

“Cooking is in my blood,” Adelaide chimed happily. “Just like for some, writing, or painting lies within their blood. Like with you, young daywalker, the power to help those in need courses through your veins.” Adelaide confessed, giving Akaisha a very serious stare. “Can I get you anything else, my dear?” she asked. “I’m glad you enjoyed your dinner, how about a nice pastry? You know, you need to keep up your strength,” Adelaide prodded.

“I would love to, Adelaide, when I return from my walk of the castle grounds. I need to get out, stretch my legs a bit, you know?” Akaisha stated, giving Adelaide a big smile.

“Well, I’ll have a pastry waiting right here for you. I’ll be up a tad bit later than usual, so make sure you come in through the other entrance,” she told Akaisha.

“Okay, I’ll see you later, Adelaide,” Akaisha said, waving her hand.

“Be careful, Akaisha!”

* * * *

Once outside, Akaisha began searching for the werewolf that Elizabeth warded off. She knew she'd recognize him once she found him. It was time to get down to the bottom of things. Someone meant to do Daegan harm, and she needed to put a stop to it, finally!

Akaisha traveled miles away from the castle, deep within the woods. Not knowing where she was going, she allowed her instinct to guide her, to search for the secret of Castle Daegan. Her senses heightened, Akaisha heard movement behind her. Turning around, she noticed two red eyes peering at her through the trees.

“Who's there?” Akaisha demanded, sensing werewolf. Moving closer, a figure approached, growling. It was the werewolf; he approached her on two legs. Fear crept into Akaisha, forcing her to back away from the werewolf.

Before she could say a word, the werewolf underwent what appeared to be a painful transformation, turning into a medium sized man, with bruises all over his body. “I've seen you in my visions!” Akaisha gasped, her heart going out to the man who had been beaten so badly.

“Aren't you the wolf who tried to capture my attention as Elizabeth and I were about to enter the castle?” Akaisha asked desperately.

“My name is Kale, brother of Hysteon, Lord Daegan's magus! I've much to tell you Akaisha, come, we must hurry!” Kale grabbed Akaisha by her arm, leading her deeper into the woods.

“Where are we going?” Akaisha asked, alarmed. “Please, tell me where you are taking me!”

“We need to go away from the castle, preventing any possibility of Elizabeth discovering us,” Kale said. “Akaisha, she means you harm, she is not your friend. Elizabeth is out to do us all harm. She works with Valaris, Daegan's brother. They are both evil, soulless beings.”

“By Anubis, you mean my instincts about her were correct?” Akaisha gasped, her heart sinking into the pit of her stomach. “Kale, tell me all that you know! Daegan's life is on the line.”

The pair walked until Kale led Akaisha into a dark cave, secluded by trees, the entrance protected with a small, pure white crystal. Dim lighting spilled through the small cave. Eventually, Kale led Akaisha to a frail man with white hair. He was young in appearance; however, his entire head was covered with white hair.

The man's pale blue eyes looked up at Akaisha, grateful she was there. “Hysteon, this is Akaisha.”

“I know who she is, Kale. I was the one who sent Daegan back into time to obtain her,” the man confessed.

“You’re Daegan’s magus?” Akaisha asked.

“Yes,” Hysteon said, sitting up on his haunches. Kale covered his brother with an old tattered blanket for his comfort.

“What are you both doing out here? Hysteon, Daegan has been searching for you high and low!” Akaisha told them both. “Everyone has been wondering where you are, and the black crystal, it’s lost.

“Yes,” Hysteon said, “stolen by Elizabeth and Valaris. They now have the power to travel to the past and to the future,” Hysteon confessed. “They are the ones that have wronged us all. I was kidnapped, Akaisha. They kidnapped my brother as well, torturing him for simply protecting me.”

Akaisha sat down next to Kale and Hysteon, her hands over her mouth.

“So, you both are werewolves?” Akaisha asked.

“Yes,” the brothers replied, comforted by the daywalker’s presence.

“I don’t understand. As cruel and heartless as Valaris is, he acts as though he would protect Daegan with his life. I feel and see his aura. It is as black as the night sky,” Akaisha murmured.

“Valaris seeks to destroy Daegan, obtaining his place on the council, and Castle Daegan. Valaris is ruled by greed and bloodlust,” Kale stated. “Elizabeth aids him. She stole the crystal, obtaining Hysteon’s gift of foresight.”

“That lying witch!” Akaisha cursed. “She told me she possessed the power of foresight, like me!”

“Yes,” Kale murmured. “She does, but not her own.”

“Why is Elizabeth helping Valaris? What is in it for her?” Akaisha asked, puzzled.

“A few years after Biele’s death, when Elizabeth was young and pretty, she and other prisoners were taken and brought back to the castle,” Hysteon explained. “Elizabeth adored Daegan, did everything he told her, hoping he would turn her into an immortal.”

“Daegan never liked Elizabeth, for whatever reason. Perhaps it was her black heart. Daegan has had his trials and tribulations, embracing the darkness after Biele’s death; however, there was something about Elizabeth that would not allow him to turn her,” Kale added.

“Elizabeth became infuriated; she spent many years in his service, expecting him to make her immortal, to preserve her youth. I think the fact he never bedded her was what hurt her deepest,” Hysteon commented. “This is the reason why she seeks vengeance against Daegan.”

“What of Biele?” Akaisha asked, wanting to confirm her suspicions.

“Biele was murdered by Valaris,” Hysteon spat. “We knew this, so they held us prisoners for six months. Valaris killed Biele, spreading rumors that it was Daegan, years after. He wanted nothing to interfere with the damned vampire council. The only way for Valaris to climb the ranks was if Daegan rose to power, then Valaris could claim his place, should something happen to Daegan,” Hysteon explained.

“Why didn’t they kill you?” Akaisha asked. “Not that I’m complaining.”

“Because they still need us,” Hysteon said with pride. “I know much about magic, it is our heritage. Our clan has guided the Daegan Clan for centuries Akaisha. Valaris and Elizabeth are only dabblers, they have learned a few tricks, however, they pale in comparison to the things I know. It will take them many centuries to access all the power I possess.”

“Elizabeth has a crystal, decorated with blue highlights,” Akaisha suddenly remembered. “What is that for?”

“Ah, that crystal is used to sway the minds of others. It shows them their heart’s desires, tricking them, giving them a false feeling of hope. Unfortunately, this is how Valaris and Elizabeth turned a few against Daegan, as well as spreading their hatred and lies,” Hysteon said. “Sweet Akaisha, by chance what was it you saw in that crystal?”

“Daegan was chasing me, and then I disappeared. I also saw my parents, in Egypt; I thought I would be able to travel back to my time,” Akaisha confessed sadly.

“Fear not, daywalker, there may be hope for that yet.” Kale smiled.

“My dreams, I’ve been having dreams, since before Daegan took me from my home,” Akaisha stated. “In my dreams, I was always murdered by a man, but I could never see his face. I thought it was Daegan who was murdering me, but it was Valaris?”

“Yes, Akaisha. Sometimes our intuition will show us enough, eventually it is left up to us at times to put together pieces of the puzzle,” Hysteon stated. “Your power is strong, always rely upon it, and use it well. It will never mislead you, Akaisha.”

“So, Valaris and Elizabeth are the only two traitors?” she asked.

“Yes. The other members of the coven and vampire council have absolutely nothing to do with their plans. No one even knows. Many may or may not like Elizabeth, for whatever reason they may feel. She exudes evil, as does Valaris,” Kale explained.

“Daegan isn’t an evil man. Elizabeth spread lies about him, even to me. She led me to believe he was cruel, until I started sensing things about him, experiencing certain feelings, and realizing there was still good somewhere within him,” Akaisha confessed.

Kale and Hysteon looked at one another, sharing a secret, hesitant to say anything. It was obvious as they looked at her, and then made eye contact to one another again. It was apparent they communicated purely on a psychic level.

“What is it?” Akaisha demanded, sensing the silent conversation.

“There is just one more thing, Akaisha,” Kale added, looking at his brother, who nodded in approval.

“*You are a reincarnation of Biele,*” Hysteon informed her. “I’m sure you have suspected, so has Daegan. There are so many similarities. I know from reading your aura, you have had certain instances of déjà vu within those castle walls. The feelings you experience with Daegan, the giddiness you experience when he is near. You bring him fulfillment and peace of mind, Akaisha. Something the man hasn’t experienced since your death,” Hysteon said.

“After her-your murder, a darkness claimed Daegan, so strong that all who used to enjoy being around him fled from him in fear of their lives. He would have embraced sunlight if it weren’t for Valaris, the one good deed he has accomplished in his entire blackened existence,” Kale spat.

“*By Anubis!*” Akaisha exclaimed before passing out.

Chapter 17

“Is she all right?” Kale asked, mortified.

“She’ll be fine; she comes from a strong Egyptian vampire Pharaoh and a stubborn human mother. There is nothing this daywalker can’t handle,” Hysteon assured. “It isn’t every day a person discovers they have been reincarnated. It was bad enough we abducted her from all that she knew, only to discover she was once a werewolf bride of Daegan. The visions and dreams are tough enough on a person’s psyche, continuously seeing things they do not wish to see.”

“What of Daegan?” Kale asked. “Will he make it through this? He has much to atone for.”

“And he will be fine!” Hysteon exclaimed, anger in his eyes. “He is paying the price for his past sins. The only use Valaris had was convincing Daegan not to embrace the dawn. If it weren’t for Valaris killing Biele, Daegan wouldn’t have embraced the darkness. It is a struggle for a vampire to exist many years, watching those around him dying. It is a cold, bleak existence that I would not wish upon my worst enemy.”

“Akaisha will be the one who can enlighten his soul once more. She will also protect Daegan Castle from werewolves who wish us all harm. We must show everyone what Elizabeth and Valaris have been up to all this time,” Kale added. “She’s coming to.”

Akaisha slowly sat up, with the help of Hysteon and Kale.

“Easy now, daywalker. You can afford to rest now. Much has occurred in your life these past few weeks,” Hysteon coaxed.

“Take me back to the castle, please,” Akaisha said wearily. “We need to bring this to everyone’s attention.”

“But first, we must come up with a plan. You know deep within your heart Valaris will not go down without fighting,” Hysteon admitted. “He is a natural born warrior. Elizabeth will weave her usual web of lies, so don’t trust her.”

“Daegan is as well,” Akaisha insisted, anger gripping her body.

“Save your anger, Daywalker,” Hysteon insisted. “Do you know where the black crystal is kept?” he asked.

“Yes, Elizabeth showed it to me a few weeks ago. She is quite confident that it is safe,” Akaisha told them. “I have allies, people that trust me, and I them. Michael and his family are loyal to Daegan. Adelaide and the cooks, even a few of the servants who knew Daegan before his dark years, they will become our allies.”

“You must reach Komin,” Hysteon insisted. “He is on the council and has the ability to calm Daegan. He will not have difficulty swaying other members of the council. You must not approach Daegan until the last minute, as he is hot-tempered and will immediately seek vengeance on Valaris,” Hysteon warned.

“Go, Akaisha. Tell Michael and his warriors our whereabouts. In the meantime, you must retrieve the crystal from Elizabeth. She also has obtained a few spells and charms, so beware.”

“In addition, take this.” Hysteon retrieved a pure white crystal from a pouch, and handed it to the daywalker. “This will give you the power to immobilize your enemies if they should happen to gain the upper hand over you. In addition, you have the ability to cloak yourself from another’s sight.”

“What?” Akaisha asked.

“This crystal possesses the ability to slow your attacker down, if necessary. Simply wave the crystal at them, and they will lack the power to move freely. The crystal will make you invisible as well. You may very well need this if Valaris catches you alone. Although a daywalker, you lack the strength of a full vampire. In addition, a few of the servants will not see things the way we do. They may side with Valaris as well because he promised immortality.”

“I will send Michael to you,” Akaisha said, rising to her feet, butterflies in her stomach, fighting to clear her mind.

* * * *

With lightening speed, Akaisha found her way to the castle, holding the crystal tight within her hands in case she would need it. Cleverly, she avoided certain areas in which Elizabeth spent most of her time. Successfully, she sought Michael out, who upon hearing all that Akaisha told him grew furious.

“You must go to the cave where Hysteon and Kale await. Round up your best warriors. We’ll be needing every bit of manpower we can assemble,” Akaisha spoke hurriedly.

“What about you?” Michael growled. “Daegan needs to hear of this!”

“No, not at the moment. Daegan will rush in, unprepared. We need to assemble our forces. Only tell your warriors. There are others who will blindly follow Valaris since he promised them immortality.”

Nodding, Michael rounded up a few of the other werewolves patrolling the grounds. Instinctively, they followed him in the direction where Hysteon and Kale awaited.

Accessing one of the side entrances of Castle Daegan, Akaisha heard a few of the servants and laughter of the coven. Keeping her mind clear, she silently slipped past the hall, undetected.

Feeling a sudden burst of joy within, Akaisha stopped dead in her tracks as she approached the corridor where Elizabeth's room was. Thankfully, no one was around, providing Akaisha with full access to the woman's room. Trying the handle, she cursed silently to herself upon finding the door locked. Of course, this would be no easy task.

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance," Elizabeth murmured, rendering Akaisha off balance.

Elizabeth stood a few yards away, an evil look etched upon her features. Slowly, she approached Akaisha.

"Might you be looking for this, child?" Elizabeth asked, an evil grin forming upon her face, holding the black crystal within her palm. "You know I possess the power of foresight. I really had hoped you would not be so stupid as to cross me, but here we are," Elizabeth sneered.

"You naturally do not possess the gift of sight. It is merely something you have thanks to the crystals you possess," Akaisha said, as her fangs lengthened.

"Such a pity, Akaisha. I could have returned you to your precious Egypt," Elizabeth chastised. "Now you will die!"

With a wave of her hand, Elizabeth sent Akaisha reeling into the wall. Quickly jumping to her feet, Akaisha moved at the speed of light, catching Elizabeth off balance, slamming her head against the wooden door of her bedchambers. A low growl from behind Akaisha caught her attention. She turned around, but not before Rhiannon charged at her full force, sinking her fangs into the daywalker's shoulder.

"I told you this wasn't over, daywalker!" Rhiannon spat, pinning Akaisha to the castle floor. "You and I have unfinished business!" Rhiannon growled, sinking her claw into Akaisha's wound.

Howling with pain, Akaisha fought to free herself from Rhiannon's grip, unfortunately she was too strong. Instinctively, Akaisha kicked Rhiannon between the legs, the place she valued the most. Doubling over in pain, Rhiannon dropped to the castle floor, rolling around. Kailin charged Akaisha trying to avenge her mistress. Pharaoh Nanatuthamen trained each of his daughters in hand to hand combat since they lacked strength as the full vampires did. This undoubtedly gave Akaisha an advantage over her vampire counterparts. Although wounded, Akaisha wasn't lacking in speed. Grabbing Kailin and landing a punch to the vampire's windpipe without remorse, she rendered Kailin useless for a few moments.

Bleeding profusely from the wounds Rhiannon inflicted upon her, Akaisha summoned the strength to follow Elizabeth, who like a coward, slipped away while Akaisha was battling the vampires.

Chapter 18

Michael and fifteen of his werewolf brethren discovered Hysteon and Kale exactly where Akaisha told them they would.

“Hysteon!” Michael exclaimed. “We thought you dead, brother.”

“No, only beaten and battered by Valaris,” Hysteon murmured.

“I promise to rip Valaris’ head from his body,” Michael growled.

“No, that will be Daegan’s task. Elizabeth and Valaris will pay for what they have done. Now, we must hurry, I’m sensing Akaisha is in danger. She is in great pain, and has already faced a few of the traitors alone. We must return to the castle at once,” Hysteon ordered.

“We must find Daegan,” Kale insisted.

“Leave that to me. If he is still within the castle walls, there is but one place he and other members of the council could be,” Michael assured, as they all rushed out of the cave.

* * * *

Knowing she would need to buy herself as much time as possible, Akaisha cloaked herself using the crystal; unfortunately, the droplets of blood would allow anyone who paid close enough attention the opportunity to harm her. She prayed this would not be the case with Rhiannon.

Quietly making her way down the stairs of the West wing, in hopes to find Elizabeth, Akaisha heard vampires, werewolves, cooks, and other servants gathering within the hall. Unfortunately at this point, she needed to feed, as her vampire side was greatly lacking the sufficient energy for her to complete the task without fail.

Akaisha spotting Elizabeth on the opposite side of the hall caught up to the treacherous woman, grabbing her around the throat.

“Let me go,” Elizabeth sneered, as Akaisha lifted the woman off the ground.

“You are a traitor and a liar!” Akaisha growled, revealing herself to the sight of others. The large crowd whispered amongst themselves of the current events of the castle this evening.

“No, no, no, Akaisha my dear. You are mistaken, come let us leave this place. I can take you back to Egypt!”

“More lies,” Akaisha hissed, snatching the black crystal from the woman’s hands with one hand, and throwing her to the floor with the other. Utilizing the other crystal, Akaisha immobilized the

treacherous woman and began searching the room for Daegan, pushing her way through the crowd.

Michael appeared with Daegan and Komin, seeking out Valaris. Upon seeing Akaisha drenched in blood, Daegan immediately rushed to her side. Her blood caused his fangs to elongate, forcing Daegan to summon every ounce of strength he possessed in order to control his bloodlust.

“*Quiet!*” Komin bellowed, his voice echoing throughout the great hall of Castle Daegan. “There is something you all need to hear!” he roared, as anger caused his eyes to glow.

The crowd ceased their conversations, all eyes fixated upon Komin. Valaris pushed his way through the crowd, a look of anger upon his face. “What is going on here Komin?” Valaris asked.

“Yes, Komin,” Daegan muttered. “What the hell is going on here in my castle?”

“Daegan, your brother has something to tell you. Something to tell everyone who has been lied to all these years.”

Adelaide rushed to Daegan and Akaisha, cleaning Akaisha’s wounds as they healed slowly. Hysteon and Kale appeared, joining Komin. A hushed silence fell upon the room as everyone stared in awe at the sight of the magus and his brother.

“She needs to feed,” Adelaide said. “Daegan, please help her!”

“Heal Akaisha, hurry!” Komin demanded with anticipation, knowing the deeds of Elizabeth and Valaris.

“Come on, daywalker,” Daegan coaxed, baring his throat to Akaisha. Wasting no time, Akaisha sunk her fangs into Daegan, his life force, immediately flowing through her veins, providing her with the strength needed to do battle, if necessary.

“Enough, Akaisha!” Daegan chastised, sensing he would need his strength Akaisha’s wounds immediately healed, and she felt ten times stronger thanks to Daegan’s blood.

“Hysteon!” Daegan called out. “My friend, where have you been?”

“’Tis a long story, Daegan,” Hysteon spoke in a firm tone.

“Daegan, come here,” Komin commanded.

Entrusting Akaisha with Adelaide, Daegan strolled over towards Komin. All eyes were fixated upon Daegan, some with a sense of loyalty, others exuded utter hatred towards the man.

“What’s going on?” Daegan breathed, looking Komin in the eyes.

“Who do you think murdered Biele?” Komin bellowed to the crowd, eyeing Valaris. Once more, the crowd started buzzing amongst themselves, eyes fixated upon Daegan, immediately increasing conversation again as Komin and Hysteon quieted everyone down.

“Biele was killed by Elizabeth. She cloaked herself by use of magic!” Valaris spat, trying to cover his tracks.

“Quiet your tongue, Valaris!” Komin shouted, as other vampire elders joined them.”

“Forgive me, Daegan, but Biele was killed by your brother,” Hysteon bellowed. “Elizabeth and Valaris kidnapped me, stealing the black crystal and utilizing *my* magic to cover up their evil deeds. Everyone, you have been lied to by these fiends, and justice shall prevail tonight, within these walls.”

A loud roar from the crowd permeated the castle hall, some in disbelief, some claiming to have known Daegan could not have killed Biele.

It was in this instance that Daegan roared loudly, his fangs lengthening past his bottom lip, his hands turning to claws as rage overtook his entire being.

Akaisha gasped in awe at the transformation of the man she loved, was quickly pulled back by Michael and Adelaide when she tried to approach him.

“Don’t interfere, Akaisha,” Michael warned. “This is Daegan’s fight now.”

The crowd backed away, leaving Daegan and Valaris in the middle of the hall. Swiftly, Valaris drew his sword.

“Don’t make me kill you, Daegan,” Valaris warned, threatening to behead his own brother. “I told you not to marry Biele. She was a werewolf!”

Growls from the werewolves permeated the great hall in response to Valaris’ words. The vampires who were misled hissed venomously at Valaris. A few even approached him, ready to rip him to shreds.

“Stop!” Daegan demanded. “He’s mine. Put your sword away, brother. I need no sword to slay you where you stand,” Daegan hissed venomously, sending a chill down Akaisha’s spine. “You are a coward, killing Biele on our wedding night!”

“Daegan, I would have made much progress within the vampire council, more than you will ever know. You grew weak after Biele’s death; remember it was I who saved you from embracing the dawn,” Valaris spat.

Daegan lunged at Valaris, snatching the sword from his grasp, releasing a painful blow to his brother’s face. Howling in pain, Valaris charged Daegan, slashing his chest repeatedly.

“See that, dear brother? You are weak! I should kill you where you stand, but before long, you shall bow down to me,” Valaris spat venomously.

Menacing laughter escaped Daegan’s throat as he lopped his brother’s arm off with one of his large clawed hands. Valaris screamed in pain as blood began to spurt from the socket where his arm was attached. Valaris wobbled, trying to keep up with his brother, in vain. Daegan brutally slashed Valaris’ back, making the vampire’s knees buckle as he fought to control his situation.

“So, you think me weak brother?” Daegan growled, approaching Valaris slowly. “I held you in my highest regard, Valaris,” Daegan said slowly, his eyes burning with anger. “I entrusted you with all my affairs within the vampire council.”

“Next time, you will know the difference, brother!” Valaris spat, holding his head up high in retaliation.

“There won’t be a next time,” Daegan said in a low voice before lopping off his brother’s other arm. In pain, Valaris fell to both his knees. “Hmmm, should I leave you like this, brother? Do you think you can survive the rest of eternity as helpless as Biele was the night you murdered her?” Daegan roared.

Whispers emanated from the crowd, leaving everyone in awe as Daegan prepared for the killing of Valaris.

“Have mercy on me brother!” Valaris begged. “I was only doing you a favor!”

“Did you offer mercy to Biele the night you slayed her?” Daegan hissed, picking Valaris up by one hand, sinking his fangs into his brother, eventually draining his life force from him.

Protests dispersed from those whom Valaris promised eternal life. There were many in which Valaris seduced with power within Castle Daegan, however, Elizabeth was the only one who went as far as to betray Daegan.

“Elizabeth, you old crone!” Daegan hissed. “You betrayed me, now you must pay the price. Take her off the castle grounds,” Daegan hissed to his loyal werewolf guardians, as he wiped his brother’s blood from his lips.

At first, Daegan appeared to be a maniac to Akaisha; however, after scanning his aura, she sensed his pain, and his regret of destroying Valaris. Daegan’s brother would never cease in his efforts to destroy him, and Daegan knew it. Suddenly, she felt remorse for the woman.”

“Daegan, shouldn’t we just lock her in the dungeon?” Akaisha asked.

“Akaisha, she and Valaris killed Biele. Are you mad woman? She deserves to be destroyed, and I won’t hear anymore in the matter.” Daegan growled.

Chapter 19

Elizabeth, were escorted away from the castle grounds in preparation for execution. Akaisha, Adelaide, and many of the loyal servants and cooks stayed amongst themselves, careful not to be involved with the execution. Adelaide clung close to Akaisha, laying her head on her shoulder.

“Relax Adelaide,” Akaisha coaxed as she stroked the woman’s back in an effort to comfort her. “Something isn’t right.” The daywalker said, scanning hall.

“What do you mean?” Adelaide shuddered, as a chill caressed her body.

“Something doesn’t feel right. I don’t understand,” Akaisha murmured.

“How can executing Elizabeth justify everything?” Adelaide asked.

“I know your feelings, I hold remorse for her as well. She is evil, and what’s to say she won’t do the same things again to obtain what she wants? She was an antagonist to the rumors of Daegan for many years, now wasn’t she? Somehow, everyone has managed to exist, thinking Daegan an evil, heartless ruler. His name is cleared, and those who wish to remain here within the castle may do so, I’m sure.”

Daegan approached Akaisha, staring into the depths of her soul. Komin, Hysteon, and Kale approached her as well, informing Daegan who she really was.

“It cannot be,” Daegan murmured, eyeing Akaisha from head to toe.

“You know it to be true, Daegan,” Hysteon stated. “Your dreams and instincts confirmed your suspicions quite some time ago,” the magus continued.

“So it is,” Daegan smiled, holding Akaisha’s head within his hands, planting a kiss upon her lips. “I still don’t understand, magus. We traveled to the thirteenth century to retrieve Akaisha. Biele was murdered only forty years ago.”

“Correct, Daegan. You must know that sometimes when a soul has been wronged, it seeks certain opportunities to reclaim what it has lost. The universe enforces this. Why do you think you were able to sense Akaisha so easily? The love you both had refused to be destroyed by evil,” Hysteon explained, placing a hand upon Daegan’s shoulder.

“Hysteon,” Daegan murmured. “I had a dream a while ago, viewing Akaisha as she stands before me now. I dreamed of her even before abducting her from Egypt. Am I going mad? Have demons claimed my soul at last? The murder, Biele’s murder still haunts me, making me feel as though I live a dream.” Daegan breathed, closing his eyes.

“Daegan, calm yourself my friend. You are paying the price, and will continue to pay by returning all that was lost to those, forcefully brought to this castle. It will take years; however,

you can rectify some of the wrong brought about by you and your brother. Bring peace to those whom hover on the edge of the living and spirit world. You must put them to rest. Guilt will continue to assault your conscious, due to the slaughters of innocents when you embraced the darkness, but in time, you will ease that pain. You have been given a second chance with Biele-Akaisha; do not take it for granted. “

“I don’t know if I can do this, Hysteon,” Daegan muttered, sitting in a chair. Akaisha rushed to his side, holding him tightly in an effort to provide strength to him.

“You must find the strength within, Daegan,” she whispered softly into his ear. “I’m here for you and will never leave your side.”

“I’m cursed,” Daegan groaned, holding his head in his hands. “Curse Valaris from preventing me to embrace the dawn!”

“Embracing the dawn, Daegan, is that all you can think about?” Akaisha seethed. “Surely you aren’t the coward your brother was!”

“Watch your tongue, woman!” Daegan bellowed, realizing the truth hurt.

“You’d rather embrace the dawn than to stay and fight for those who have been loyal to you, *and for me?*” Akaisha hissed. “You are no longer alone, Daegan. I’m here for you, let me in and drop this harsh demeanor of yours. Show the softer, gentle nature that exists beneath that façade of yours,” Akaisha pleaded.

All eyes were fixated upon Daegan, awaiting a response. Akaisha knelt before him, staring into the depths of his eyes, as she held his hands within hers, filling his being with positive energy.

“*I love you, Daegan, with all my heart,*” she projected into his psyche, without saying a word. It was then that Daegan embraced warm memories, and the feeling of love flowed from his heart once again.

“I love you too, my sweetest Akaisha. Please forgive me for acting like a coward. As long as I have you by my side, I will fight until the end of my existence,” Daegan promised. Looking around at a few of the faithful werewolves, vampires, and servants, Daegan extended his deepest apologies for his harshness as he stood, looking everyone in the eye.

“Can everyone find it within their hearts to forgive such a cruel lord and master?” he asked. Voices erupted into laughter as everyone spoke among themselves, happy to know Daegan’s soul would find some solace.

“We have already forgiven you, Daegan,” Michael said, smiling brightly. “Why do you think the werewolves never revolted?”

“This reminds me,” Daegan stated. “Send the word out to other covens that peace has been restored to Castle Daegan.”

“Word has already reached the other werewolf clans,” Komin breathed. “We must coordinate a meeting of all covens, so everyone will know the truth.”

Daegan and Akaisha cleaned the hall, with the help of the servants and werewolves. Michael’s family was proud warriors who saw it worthwhile to continue guarding the Daegan clan with their lives.

“Sunrise approaches!” Komin said. “The traitorous witch has been executed, now we need to succumb to deep slumber. It has been a tiring night.”

A few daywalkers who chose to stay at Castle Daegan approached Akaisha, offering peace.

“If there is anything you shall need, please do not hesitate to call upon us,” Morgan spoke softly, reaching out for Akaisha’s hands, happy to be released from Valaris’ harsh sexual treatment. “I’m happy to know my body is now my own,” she murmured softly, as she turned to exit the great hall.

Megan planted a kiss upon Akaisha’s cheek as she hurried, in an effort to catch up to her sister. Rhiannon emerged from the crowd, shooting Akaisha a seething look. “Daywalker, we have unfinished business.”

“Rhiannon, I banish you and Kailin from my castle.”

“Whatever for, my Lord?” Kailin asked.

“Akaisha is my mate, and if you continue to pursue her in such a manner, I will lay you both to waste.” Daegan said through gritted teeth. “Actually, leave Castle Daegan on this night. Any vampire who dines on the flesh and blood of humans, I want out of my castle. Accompany them off the premises,” Daegan said to his guards and a few of the werewolves who obliged. “That’s a start Daegan,” Komin said smiling. Daegan turned to his mate, a strong feeling of hope flowing through his veins.

“Do you still miss Egypt?” Daegan asked Akaisha, a look of worry slowly forming upon his handsome features. “We closed the portal; however, I’m sure Hysteon can find a way to return you, if necessary.”

“I told you, Daegan, I wish to be here with you. I miss my precious Egypt, but I cannot help to feel tied to you, to this time. I plan to seek my family out when I travel to Egypt, since all within my family are vampires, with the exception of my mother.” Akaisha lowered her head, praying Queen Isirica allowed her father to provide her with the gift of immortality. “I don’t wish to return for good, but only want to see if my parents are alright.”

“Are you absolutely sure?” Hysteon asked.

“It would serve me no purpose to return to the past. I will miss Egypt, and all that I once knew. My future is bright, and I know I will see my family again, I can feel it.” Akaisha beamed as Daegan gathered her in his arms, planting kisses upon her cheek.

Together, the couple walked to Daegan’s bedchambers, quietly talking amongst themselves, experiencing blissful joy. Once inside the bedchambers, shedding the confinements of their clothes, Daegan gently pushed Akaisha onto the bed, covering her body with his. Akaisha’s body responded with every caress, and every kiss Daegan planted on her body.

Passionately, Daegan made love to his mate, unlike other times when they ravished one another in explicit carnal desire. Her love for him reinforced his will to overcome the dark nature of his existence. Finally, after centuries of darkness, all doubts he possessed slowly melted away as he and his mate succumbed to the sleep of the vampires.

Chapter 20

It seemed like an eternity when Akaisha returned to the Valley of the Kings. Her father's precious kingdom now lay in ruins, and her family now seemed like a distant memory. She was certain their paths would cross, for they were immortals. Surely, they searched for her once discovering she was missing. Upon entering what was left of their home, a skull splitting vision engulfed Akaisha. A man, not of this land approached her father, the Pharaoh. The full moon shed its light on the inhabitants of the courtyard, as Queen Isirica looked on in great concern, fearing the outsiders, and for good reason. Venomous words were exchanged, and the Pharaoh's guards rushed to his side, as Valaris revealed his face, an army of vampires behind him, cheering him on as he rushed forward in pure bloodlust, thrusting a sword deep into Nanatuthamen's chest.

"What do you seek in our land?" Queen Isirica demanded, as the Egyptian guards fought to protect her. Nanatuthamen insisted she stay inside, but Isirica was determined to stand by her Pharaoh.

"I am your new Pharaoh, but never will I be a powerslave. I will live on!" Valaris hissed, as Nanatuthamen fell to his knees and the guards fought among themselves. "Now, summon the mother of your sky god, Horus." The bloodthirsty vampire slowly approached the queen and her guards....

* * * *

"Noooo!" Violently jolted out of her sleep by the terrifying dream, Akaisha howled in agony, as though the sword had pierced her chest instead of King Nanastantuthamen's, awakening Daegan, his feral red eyes scanning the room for possible intruders.

"Akaisha!" Daegan called her name in vain; unfortunately, his cries falling upon deaf ears, for it would appear as though Akaisha was trapped, hypnotically between this realm and her own. To his horror, he realized Akaisha saw things he could not see. The daywalker violently thrashed about, her fangs elongated, biting her own lips, heartache carved on her once peaceful face.

"*Magus!*" Daegan called at the top of his lungs, until Hysteon and Kale pounded upon the door of the bedchamber.

"Let us in, Daegan!" Hysteon yelled.

Reluctantly, Daegan dashed from the bed to open the door.

"What is wrong with her?" Hysteon asked, helping Daegan to calm Akaisha.

"I don't know, Hysteon. She awoke in this manner, and there is nothing I can do to help her!" Daegan hissed.

“Valaris killed my father!” Akaisha screeched a blood-curdling howl. Her pain, cutting through Daegan like a sharp dagger as he tried his best to restrain the woman he loved.

“No, my love, Valaris is dead! I promise you!” Daegan assured her, a look of confusion and pain forming upon his face.

“Noooo, Valaris lives! Mother!” Akaisha howled painfully, suddenly convulsing, eventually collapsing in Daegan’s arms.

Magus shook his head, closing his eyes in an effort to read Akaisha’s aura.

“No, this cannot be!” the magus roared.

“What do you speak of, brother?” Kale asked, his heart pounding violently within his chest, fearing the answer he would receive.

“She’s lost her mind, magus,” Daegan bellowed. “Help her, I beg you. Wake up, Akaisha!” Daegan roared, his heart unable to withstand losing his soul mate once again.

“She lives, Daegan,” Hysteon murmured. “Like Valaris, Akaisha is not dead, I assure you. We have bigger problems,” The magus spoke, not believing his own words.

“Then pray tell, magus, who the hell did I kill?” Daegan demanded.

“Not Valaris, Daegan. I’m afraid we underestimated him; he has traveled to Akaisha’s time killing her father, the Pharaoh. He magically cloaked a slave, leading everyone to believe you killed him. He has learned more than I thought while I was away. I’m sorry, Daegan,” Hysteon said regretfully. “He now seeks the aid of an Egyptian goddess.”

“For what?” Kale asked in disbelief.

“I’m unsure, everything is too unclear, but the queen is in danger,” Hysteon replied.

“Then I, too, shall travel to Egypt, and kill Valaris once and for all. I will need you to teach me of these tricks as well,” Daegan seethed, anger permeating his entire being. “I won’t underestimate my brother again, I promise you this. When I kill him, I shall behead the bastard and leave his dead body to greet the first light of dawn!” Daegan growled...

The End

Coming Soon: Valley of the Kings

About the Author

I enjoy writing historical and contemporary novellas, some of which are a mixture of the darker paranormal. My heroines and heroes are old, reincarnated and cursed souls who are forced to live out their existence until they have atoned for past sins they truly care not to remember. Most often, my characters are struggling between good and evil within, while some easily succumb to the darkness, others aggressively fight for what they believe in, ultimately achieving a higher level of happiness and salvation within their cursed existence.

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