



Black Rose



Shadows Of Moonlight

by
Stacy Dawn

Shadows Of Moonlight

by

Stacy Dawn

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

Shadows Of Moonlight

COPYRIGHT © 2006 by Stacy Holmes

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or The Wild Rose Press except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

Cover Art by *R.J.Morris*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 706
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0706
Visit us at www.thewildrosepress.com

Publishing History

First Miniature Black Rose Edition, August 2006

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

To all those who believe love never dies.

It was her.

He knew the same way he had known the others. Though each had been different, he knew. His soul screamed it.

Chest tight, he pulled another sip of wine from his glass and let his eyes study the woman as intently as she studied the oversized canvases at Vancouver's newest up-and-coming art gallery.

She glided amongst the other patrons, spoke to a few, laughed with others, and stopped briefly here and there to study a painting or sculpture. When she pulled a strand of chestnut hair from her soft oval face, his lungs constricted. It was so like Elizabeth's, more so than the others' although, he thought with sadness, Beth never had the chance to mature into the beauty she could have been.

He pushed away the past as quickly as he pushed his shoulder from the wall.

Unable to help himself, he watched the woman greet another small group with the familiarity of long friendships. The monochromatic blue painting behind her brought out the vivid indigo shade of her eyes. A hint of long, lean leg peeking out from the slit in her willowy skirt justified the few inches she stood above her companions. Even if her hands didn't flow in elegant arcs as she spoke, he would still be able to pinpoint her voice exactly. Its melodic pitches and fairy-like laughter entranced him. For one fleeting moment, his heart soared before it plummeted to the wallowing depths of despair.

It would be better if he left. Better if she never saw him or knew him. Better for both of them.

"I wouldn't put too much hold in that one my friend. She's an odd lot."

In one disorientated moment, the shrill of conversations within the overpopulated, perfumed-saturated gallery resonated back in a tidal wave over Rick Shayne. He unerringly knew if someone approached. The fact he hadn't noticed the rather stout man now slouched upon the wall beside him, proved *she* was more of a distraction than he had first thought.

"Pardon me?" Rick muttered, annoyed with both himself and the interruption.

The stench of liquor wafted between them as his unwelcome companion lifted his blocky chin and used his near-empty glass to point to the group of women. "That lassie you have yer eye on? Witches, psychics, tooty-fruity nonsense the lot of them. Leggy yes, brains no," he slurred, tapping his head for emphasis.

Rick raised a dark brow. "I'll keep that in mind." He afforded the man a curt nod then walked away.

The crowded gallery held yuppies and artisans alike. One set wanted to spend money while the other set were all too eager to make them believe the crap on the walls was worth spending it on. He wouldn't even have bothered to come tonight if his partner's fiancée hadn't been the exhibit's premier artist. He liked Savannah's work well enough; unfortunately, it didn't change his opinion of the show as a whole.

Mood worsening by the moment, Rick set his wine glass down on the nearest hors d'oeuvre table.

His mind hummed with her energy making it easy to zero in on the specific cause of his agitation.

The drunkard's statement stuck to him like a bothersome burr as he watched her move to another party. Tooty-fruity nonsense the lot of them? Perhaps. Witches and psychics? In answer, Shakespeare's Hamlet instantly sprang to mind. *There are more*

things between Heaven and earth Horatio/Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

He should know. After all, *he* was one of those *things*.

Rick tore his gaze away. He should have left the moment he saw her. Hell, he shouldn't have even come.

Locating Mike and Savannah, he made a hasty apology then shouldered his way through the mass of people towards the exit sign. Just as he reached the door to freedom, a light hand on his shoulder stopped him as solidly as any wall.

"Excuse me but...don't I know you?"

With a heavy sigh, Rick turned. The woman's eyes glowed in their indigo depths as she searched her mind for an answer only he knew.

Yes, she did know him. She had known him forever.

"No, no I'm sorry. You must have mistaken me for someone else."

Her delicate brows knit together. "I was so sure."

The silken skin of her cheek filled his hand before he realized his own intentions. So warm, so vibrant, so alive, he knew he wouldn't survive if he lost her again.

Deep regret squeezed his heart. He had no choice. He had to let her go.

Rick bent his head close to her ear. His senses flared when her exquisite scent mingled with the heat of their skin not quite touching. With great effort, he forced back emotions long concealed within his abandoned heart.

"Forget, my love," he whispered. "Forget."

With a last caress, a last look, he let his hand drop and turned to go.

"Forget what?"

The soft-spoken words thundered in Rick's ears. He whipped his head around, brows furrowed in disbelief.

She simply stood staring at him, her innocent face marred by the confusion of knowledge just out of reach.

Impossible.

One exquisite arm extended towards him.

“Merrick wait!”

The slam of the gallery door behind him silenced her plea.

No one had ever withstood the influence of his subtle command. *Ever*. And no one called him by his given name. No one even knew it—no one except *her*. Each of them had known. And each of them had died.

It was him.

It had taken the better part of a week to locate the co-owner of the intimate cocktail lounge nestled in the heart of Vancouver’s West End. The better part of a week, the better part of her concentration, and the better half of a friend in the local police department to find a man she couldn’t forget.

The live band sang of hot sultry nights and lost lovers as Liz Greyson absently tapped her foot to the heartbeat of the blues music threading through the dimly lit corner. She still didn’t understand why she needed to find Merrick. It was a pull. Something she *had* to do almost as if her life depended on it.

A frustrated sigh escaped her lips. When she used her gifts to find lost children or stolen lives, the tellings were clear, specific, even horrifyingly detailed. Yet, when it came to herself, things became foggy like a scene through a dirty window. Still, there was no doubt it was personal this time and Liz needed to know why.

With his strong stance and broad shoulders sensually encased in a navy dress shirt, her objective was hard to miss. Liz shifted in her seat to alleviate the sudden ripple of static energy caressing her skin. She watched Merrick converse with the bartender over a clipboard. The ambient lighting kissed the highlights in his dark

hair, softened his striking features, and made him look almost...human.

Now where did that come from, Liz mused with a frown.

Merrick's head snapped up then. Deep cobalt eyes focused instantly on hers.

Though a small crowded dance floor and a handful of tables separated them, it felt as if he were no more than a breath away as his eyes devoured her like a man starved.

For a brief moment, his dark depths filled with an almost palpable anguish. Just as quickly, they closed and, with a finality to the set of his shoulders, he turned to leave.

Don't go! The chair clattered to the floor behind her as Liz bolted upright.

Unbelievably, Merrick stopped. His head turned slowly, indecision tightening his jaw.

Not about to let the opportunity go to waste, Liz forced her way through the bodies flowing slow and heavy to the band's lazy rhythm. She lost sight of him for a moment or two and a weeks worth of frustration flared back to life when she emerged on the other side to find Merrick gone.

The air deflated from her lungs in physical relief when, after scanning the length of the bar, she found him seated with a polished boot casually set upon the low foot-rail at the far end.

Liz shook her head at the bartender's question of a drink before sliding onto the stool next to Merrick.

"Is there something I can help you with?" His deep voice sounded casual but the reluctant look in his swift glance told a different story.

"I had a feeling we weren't finished with our conversation from the other night," Liz countered, pushing a stray tendril of hair behind her ear.

One dark brow rose and she didn't miss the way his eyes focused intently on her motion.

"I don't recall we ever had a conversation."

"No, you're right," she conceded. "You ran away before we had a chance."

"Excuse me?" he challenged.

That did it. Attack any man's pride and he was bound to react. Merrick was no different, at least not in this respect.

Liz, however, was unprepared for the intensity of his full gaze. Her breath hitched as sheer power emanated from his blue-black eyes. It was like the moment before you jumped off a high cliff into the water below, breathtaking and terrifying one moment, exciting and electric the next. High voltage currents flowed through her whole body and her dress suddenly felt tighter against her sensitive skin.

With the barest thread of control, Liz held his gaze. "Do you believe in destiny?"

"Destiny's a myth"

Merrick's grimace of disgust surprised Liz.

"A little cynical don't you think?"

"Let's just say I know from personal experience."

"So, you don't believe the choices we make in our lives bring us to certain moments...certain people..."

"Choices?" Merrick scoffed. "That's why it's a myth. You don't get choices. Believe me; if I had...I wouldn't even be here." He spat the last out on a self-disgusted breath as he stood.

"Merrick, wait."

Lean, strong muscles clenched beneath her hand when she braced it upon his arm.

He cast an impatient eye to the connection. "It's Rick, just Rick." Pulling away, he sighed heavily. "I haven't been Merrick...for a very long time."

She was losing him again. He stood right in front of her yet Liz could feel him slip away as sure as a ship sinking at sea.

“You haven’t even asked my name,” she threw out in desperation.

“It’s Elizabeth,” he replied in a low, reverent tone. A tingle of raw energy followed the path of his finger down her cheek. “It’s always been Elizabeth.”

“Liz.” The quiet correction on her lips fell away with the sudden faces shifting across her mind. A radiant woman, her face glowing with new life, an elderly woman, her face scored with pain, a beautiful woman, her face flushed with new love, and a little girl, her cheeks blue with cold.

I know them, Liz realized in stunned certainty. These four faces shared her dreams. She knew each kindred spirit and each life as though it were her own. And with each woman, there had been a man, the same man.

Merrick.

Liz studied the handsome face she had seen a thousand times in her dreams but only now with clarity. Each woman had loved him and been blessed with the joy and comfort of his love in return. The dreams were often so vivid Liz had secretly envied the women, wishing *he* would come to her. She had been half in love with the vision of this man her whole life and now, though she didn’t pretend to understand how it was possible, here he stood.

She witnessed each familiar face mirrored with love and pain in Rick’s dark eyes. Silence stretched on as the reflection of her own face stared back at her. Within the image of her eyes, his pain shifted to sadness and then regret.

It came to her then, the silent thrill of placing the final piece in a puzzle. Rick was meant to be hers and *she* was meant to be *his*. She had been waiting for him her whole life. Her heart knew it.

And so does his.

Liz’s brows pulled together in confusion. Then why had he wanted her to forget?

That's when she heard it, the slightest whisper caressing her mind, her heart.

One more moment. Let me look at you for one more moment before I have to let you go.

Maybe Rick only wanted a moment, but Liz wanted more. Much more.

"Dance with me...please."

The woman before Rick was an enigma. Although an array of emotions washed over her delicate face, her thoughts were shielded from him. That took skills even he had to master.

He shrugged off the questions this new information elicited because they didn't matter. There would be no getting to know this one better.

He stared down into her round indigo eyes. *Dance with me...please.* Half-way between a challenge and a plea, it had cost her, he was sure of it. It would cost him too. If he wasn't careful, it would cost him the last piece of his heart he fought fiercely to protect from the moment he spotted her in the gallery. No, she needed to leave now, before it was too late.

Delicate fingers branded his skin where Liz settled her hand in his.

Mordant laughter mocked him from within. It knew the truth even though he fought the reality. It was already too late. He could fool himself all he wanted but it wasn't in him to deny her ardent request.

Yes, he would give her this one dance but it was all he was willing to sacrifice. Shielded or not, he *would* convince her to leave.

Without a word, he led her through the congestion of bodies to the middle of the dance floor. The sultry music along with her exquisite body molded into him quickly threatened Rick's resolve. Though he couldn't read her mind, her body told him plenty. Her strength, her determination, her will, her passion, all folded

against him as if she planned to stay in his arms forever. A very bad idea.

He needed to end this *now*. He moved to pull away but the brush of her silken hair across his cheek beckoned him closer instead. Hints of jasmine and moonlight teased him and the allure of her unique scent made him long to savor the sweet essence of her pale skin.

Loving her would be so easy.

The thought whispered unbidden across his heart and this time he did pull back. Unfortunately, the instinctive movement only brought him in contact with the enchantment of her heated gaze.

Rick clenched his jaw. The air stirred between them, tangible, electric. The slight parting of her lips drew his attention. When a promising sigh flowed over their rose-colored surface, he was lost. His hands twined into the rich folds of her hair as the music's haunting melody followed his slow decent into oblivion.

Her lips were pure intoxication and he explored every inch of her supple mouth savoring her sweetness, her urgency, and her passion.

His shirt twisted in Liz's hands as she deepened the kiss. The line between reality and fantasy blurred as carnal images filled his mind: The urgent clashing of tongues and lips, her hands tearing at his shirt, and her palms burning his flesh as they pushed the errant material over his shoulders.

Rick sucked in a sharp breath when her hands molded around his torso and up his back. Her moist, warm breath fanned his skin when she pulled her lips away from his to lay a trail of feather-light kisses down his naked chest.

A fire consumed him from the inside out and he gathered her into the blaze. He buried his face in her thick hair, kissed her temple, and laid a path of heat down her cheek to capture her lips again. Brandishing his hands up her arms, he curled his fingers into the thin straps of her black shift, tore them down, and let it all

fall forgotten onto the hardwood floor. Her heartbeat melded in time with his as he rained kisses down the curve of her delicate neck, over her pale shoulders, and across the tops of her generous breasts. An enraptured sigh shuddered between them. Her head fell back in a sensual waterfall of chestnut hair cascading over his arms.

He could deny it no longer. This was what he wanted. *She* was what he wanted. Rick grazed his lips back along her collarbone. The pulse beneath her throat called to him and he raked his mouth across the sensitive skin. Liz gasped and clasped him tighter. She was sweet as nectar and the need for her overpowered him. His teeth strain against the confines of his lips, her skin yielded to their sharp pressure...

"Thanks everyone. We'll be taking a ten-minute break now."

The intrusion of the bandleader's voice and the sudden surge of lights shocked Rick enough to thrust Liz away from him. Ragged gasps pulled at his chest and he cast his gaze down the length of her.

His eyes widened. The lithe body, which mere moments ago convulsed in naked rapture beneath his hands, now stood fully dressed. A wary hand raised to his chest confirmed his own shirt was miraculously intact even though his skin still burned with the phantom caresses of her touch. Liz appeared to be under a similar dazed reaction although she didn't look half as thunderstruck as he felt.

The ignorant drone of oblivious conversations and the humid heat of sexual energy closed around Rick in claustrophobic proportions. He held up a hand to ward off the words forming on her kiss-swollen lips.

"Don't. Don't come back," he forced out of lungs painfully lacking air. "For both our sakes, take your life and live it to *your* destiny. Mine died a long time ago."

He stormed off the dance floor, straight through the Staff Only door next to the bar, and didn't stop until he pushed through the fire-exit into the alleyway. With hands braced on the brick wall, he dragged the night's cool air into his starving lungs.

When he could finally breathe with minimal effort, he lifted his face to the midnight sky. Almost full, the moon blazed down in ethereal judgment within the black, starless court.

What the hell just happened?

He rubbed the bridge of his nose in a useless attempt to ease the heavy crease. He knew Liz had something to do with this. She was all fire and power bottled inside a seductive package. Still, he shouldn't have been weak enough to get caught up in it. Rick lashed his arm back then rammed an angry fist into the wall. Large pieces of brick flew out into the night. The barest hint of discomfort across his knuckles did nothing to distract the raw emotions clawing at his chest.

His whole body screamed to go back to Liz. At the same time, all the reasons to let her go slashed through his mind in agonizing clarity.

The babe had come too soon.

The strike of Rick's fist sent another score of bricks sailing around him as violently as the surfacing memories of four lifetimes ago.

Oh God, Elizabeth. I didn't know what to do without you.

The pitiful weight of Elizabeth's weakened body filled his arms. She promised she would never leave him but she did, and the babe soon after. The sight of them lowered into the ground replayed as the burnished liquid swirled into the tavern's dirty glass.

It was only the first.

He quickly became accustomed to the bitter stench that infused his nostrils, burned his throat, and numbed his mind. For days, he walked around in a drunken stupor until the night he stumbled down the wrong street. From there, only dark images remained. An

unknown alley, a blur of fists and blood, his wife's shimmering form welcoming him Home, the excruciating pain of being wrenched away from her, and the inconceivable truth of waking up in the cold, dark alley—no longer dead, no longer alive but some monster caught in between.

A century flew past as fast as the shards from another blow to the wall.

Dear Eliza.

Each shard became a painfully sharpened image: the warm summer night, the whisper across his consciousness, the High Street townhouse, the old, frail body laying in the third-floor room, and Elizabeth's spirit glowing behind the aged, love-filled eyes.

Guilt tore at Rick's heart and mind.

"I've waited for you," she had whispered. Her smile squeezed his heart as he embraced the wrinkled hand held out to him. *"I knew you would come."*

Her whole lifetime had passed and he never knew. Had no idea it was even possible. If he had, he would have searched every inch of the earth to have his Elizabeth back.

Rick's fist flew into the wall for the life wasted and again for a life that never had a chance to begin.

Oh, Sweet Beth, I failed you too.

As with Eliza, her soul called to him. Weaving a path through the prairie snow, he found the young girl huddled beneath a grey, lifeless tree. The night had come upon her faster than expected and she was lost. Practically weightless, her small body shivered uncontrollably in his arms as he sprinted to her family's farm. Forced by the dawn's approaching light to leave, he returned the next evening to the wretched banshee cries of grief tolling from the weathered farmhouse. The fevers had stolen the girl and any chance to know his Elizabeth again.

But you did have a chance with Ellie, Rick's rebellious mind whispered cruelly as another group of bricks shot out across the alley.

Beautiful, passionate Ellie.

She never knew his secret but her smile lit up his darkness...until the night a filthy hand pulled her from his arms and into the hidden alleyway. Panic and anger infused him as he rushed to her aide. The punk never saw what attacked him. Ellie did. In horrified silence, she witnessed his true nature as he tore her assailant's throat apart. Terror scored her face when she ran from him into the street.

Neither of them saw the car until it was too late.

She alone was all the proof he needed to fight this overwhelming desire and leave Liz alone. Another strike punctuated his anger, his guilt, and his self-disgust.

"Stop."

Liz's painfully quiet word spoke volumes inside Rick.

Stop what? Stop striking out at a stupid wall? Stop wanting you? Stop fighting you? Stop denying this?

Only one answer was within his power. He dropped his hands.

On a slow turn, Rick leaned his back against the gouged wall, let his head fall back upon the remaining bricks, and closed his eyes.

"Please, just go," he whispered. "There is nothing for you here. Nothing."

"I'm not leaving until you tell me why you're fighting this? Fighting us?"

"There is no us. You never even laid eyes on me until a week ago," he challenged in a desperate attempt to discourage her.

The click of heels gauging their steps amongst the broken shards echoed in Rick's ears. When he opened his eyes, she stood a mere breath away.

"Do you really believe that?"

"For your sake, I have to." The words were pulled from his very soul.

"What about for your sake?"

He shut his eyes against the agony and ecstasy of the tender hand cupping his cheek.

"I'm not like the others."

No, it's not possible!

"Yes, I know them," Liz replied softly to his unspoken questions. "They've been in my dreams since I was a child."

Her eyes glistened with the truth whether Rick chose to believe or not.

A grieved smile shadowed her beautiful features. "I've lived with them, loved with them and mourned for each of them. And I know they all loved you and cherished your love in return. Even Beth in her childlike way loved you as much as the others."

Rick shoved himself away from the wall and the undeserved adoration in her eyes. "If you know so much," he taunted. "Then how can you stand there knowing what my love did to them?"

"How can you say that? Your love was *everything* to them!"

An insistent hand on his arm forced Rick to turn back around. Liz pinned him with a fierce glare.

"Your Elizabeth loved you beyond reason and carried your child to Heaven with tears in her eyes. Eliza's pain eased the moment you walked into her room. She was happier in those final hours than she had been her entire life." Her face and voice gentled. "And I know all Beth wanted was to go home. *You* gave that to her. The moment you picked her up, she felt safe and protected. She knew you would take her home and you did." Liz closed her eyes as whispers of pain filled her face. "Believe me, I have heard the cries and seen the terrified faces of children and others who *never* made it home."

Gravely, Rick watched the effort it took Liz to force the images plaguing her delicate features back to the dark corners of her mind.

When she opened her eyes, their indigo depths shown with the tears of a hundred souls.

“I couldn’t save them any more than you could have saved the others. But what we have is here and now, real and honest. Life’s not fair and more than often too short.” She swiped an angry hand at an escaped tear. “So, how dare *you* decide if love found you again you wouldn’t take the chance? You’d just walk away and ignore it.”

Rick almost smiled. *As if I could ignore the striking creature blazing before me.*

A puzzled expression tilted Liz’s head and she took a step back to study him. “No, that’s not it though, is it? It’s too easy. There’s something else holding you back...someone else.” Her brows creased in concentration. “Ellie? No, it can’t be her. It was an accident. The driver never saw her.” Liz dismissed the thought with a shake of her head.

It was torture to watch her beautiful face work out what she couldn’t possibly comprehend.

Rick shook his head somberly. She gave him no choice. He would sacrifice himself in a heartbeat but not her. For all her knowledge, all her power, Liz still had no idea what stood before her. He made that mistake with Ellie—he wasn’t about to make it again.

With increased determination, he stalked towards Liz. “You want real?” he ground out between clenched teeth. “You want honest?”

A trace of uncertainty flashed behind her eyes as Rick splayed his fingers through her hair.

“Here is your honesty,” he said, his voice growing deeper, fiercer. “Here is *my* reality. Here is the monster you think you’re destined to be with.”

Capturing her lips with his own, Rick infused her mind with the bloodlust, the savagery, and the unquenchable need of his existence.

He breathed into her the catalyst of his creation, the pain of sunlight and the forsaken loneliness of moonlight. He bombarded her mind with the lifeless bodies of those who had threatened him and the thousands of lives he had used for sustenance. He unleashed the terror on Ellie's face when she discovered his inner demon and the body of her assailant twitching in horror and disbelief. Rick held nothing back; he was savage in his clarity, ruthless in his assault.

With a pain-filled cry, Liz tore herself away and it killed Rick to glimpse the disgusted shock on her face as she turned to stumble over broken brick. His hand instinctively flew out to steady her but he pulled it back.

No. It's better this way.

He staggered back until his shoulders hit the hard, cold wall. It was over. She would leave now and never come back. His chin hit his chest in hollow victory.

"How dare you?"

Rick's head snapped up in time to see Liz whip around in unrestrained fury.

"Is this how you thought you'd play it? Try to scare me off, make me run so you wouldn't have to *feel* again?" The moon glinted off the indigo steel of her eyes. "Not on your life."

She retraced her steps slowly, each foot placed purposefully down upon the concrete alleyway.

"You think *you* are a monster? You have no idea what a true monster is." The heat of her palm branded itself upon his chest—directly over his heart. "Just remember, you chose the rules," she hissed as his brain split in excruciating agony.

"You were an unfortunate soul that night but you are no monster. Even through your anger, I saw remorse for your sins and mercy in your heart." Liz's voice seethed her wrath upon his mind and out into the night. "Monsters are those who make others suffer

unspeakable pain for their own pleasures. Who rip families apart with no mercy and *no* remorse.”

Rick shuddered at the flashes of pure evil darkening the eyes of murderers and molesters, stalkers, and madmen.

“Monsters are those who drink to excess and get behind the wheel murdering sons and daughters, fathers and mothers. Monsters are those who seek out children for their own sick and twisted games. Who kill over and over again to prove their dominance to a wayward society.”

Liz was relentless as more images assaulted Rick. Men pleading for their lives. Women pleading for their children. Children alone and terrified cowering from the cold empty eyes of those beyond remorse, beyond mercy, beyond the comprehension of evil.

Without warning, Liz released him.

The hard, brick-strewn pavement bit into Rick’s knees. His shirt clung cold and damp to his fiery skin as trembling hands cupped his face. The moon glowed like a silver halo behind her head as her hot tears flowed down to crash upon his cheeks.

“Don’t you see Merrick,” she choked. “Monsters aren’t made in the moonlight. They’re created in the mind by a madness in the heart.” Her hand slid down to burn through his chest. “And I know there is no madness in your heart.”

It stole his breath away to see the love and acceptance glistening in her watery blue depths.

“I’m not like the others,” she whispered. “But, like them, I have loved you forever and I always will.”

Rick captured the trembling hands that cradled his face.

No, Liz wasn’t like the others. She was more, so much more. She had seen the evil and darkness of the world and still held hope in her heart. She knew his darkest secret and yet she held him, forcing him to believe again.

Rick drew her hands to his chest as he stood. He gazed down into her love-filled eyes and knew, for all his power, he wasn't strong enough to walk away.

Her lips rose to meet his in the sweetest kiss he had ever known. And within her kiss, he found his truth. Strength didn't lay in walking away, but in staying and fighting for a love more powerful than time itself.

A love strong enough to cast away the lonely shadows of moonlight...forever.