

Dreams and Dragons

By : MahVash

This story has it all, Vampires, Dragons, Faerie Queens, and magic. Lisbeth has been visited in her dreams by the vampire Aidan Ollpheist. Living for years in the arms of her dream lover. Is he real? Is he just a figment of her imagination? Follow her story with Gideon Talbot, who after a brief encounter with the lovely Lisbeth, becomes obsessed with a woman who could move him with just a look. Gideon learns her story after he finds her lost journal. Her words drawing him deeper into her dreams and nightmares.



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/MahVash

Copyright © MahVash, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

Dreams and Dragons Chapter 1

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fouteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Twenty one

Chapter Twenty Two

Dreams and Dragons

Chapter Twenty Three

Chapter Twenty four

Chapter Twenty Five

Epilogue

Dreams and Dragons : Chapter 1

Chapter One -

Gideon scanned the crowd of university students milling in the small pub. Thru his many years he never tired of watching humanity move around him. He enjoyed the smells of food he could no longer taste, the way people spoke when they thought no one was listening. He was not there to hunt his next meal but if one should peak his interest he certainly did not deny his basic needs.

The sound of a pen scratching on paper in a continuous movement caught his attention. He dismissed the waiter who came to refill his wine glass; impatiently waiting for his view of the sound to be unobstructed. Across the restaurant he found her, oblivious to the world as she wrote in her book. His eyes traveled from her long fingers following her pale skin to the waterfall of silky red curls that fell across her shoulder. The curls just barely covering the lovely profile of her face so focused intently on the words being put to paper.

She paused in her writing as if sensing his eyes on her. She glanced up looking for the source of her uneasy feeling. He couldn't help the image of a sleek deer looking up from her drink to tentatively look for the prey she knows is near. He was surprised at his pulse quickening as her eyes locked with his. They had to be the clearest blue he had ever seen, so bright they were almost silver, but still so expressive. They gave him the sense that she was so much older than her actual age. He registered an understanding in here eyes, as though she saw straight thru his human facade. The look quickly faded as she looked back to her journal shaking her head. "Your crazy," he heard her whisper to herself. Shifting in her seat she drew her hair to the other shoulder, revealing her long slender neck.

Despite every instinct telling him to look away, he continued to watch her cautiously, fascinated by her. In all his years he had never experienced this strange sensation, such a strong reaction. The world seemed to fall away as he watched her unconsciously caress her neck. Her fingers resting for just a moment on that sweet area that he would use to feed. He drew in a breath in time to her own as she moved her fingers to her lips as though recounting a tender lover's kiss.

"Who is this girl?" he asked himself and why has she moved him so?

"Would you like a refill?" the waiter asked the girl as he approached with a pitcher of water. "Damn it, MOVE!" Gideon demanded with his mind.

"Thanks but no, Quinn. I'm getting ready to leave. Can you bring me the bill?"

"Sure thing, Lisbeth." He answered.

"Lisbeth," He whispered the name to feel how it rolled off his tongue.

She looked up again, as if responding to his voice. She looked around, he could feel her pulse quicken. Not seeing the face she hoped to see, her face dropped in despair. Is that a tear? Yes a single drop of water slowly left her check.

"Who are you?" he thought again to himself. He decided he would find out. It had been a long time since something caused him such a curiosity in him and in his time he had seen it all. He could easily cross to her and compel her to tell him her deepest secrets, but somehow he wanted this story to unravel at it's own pace.

Dreams and Dragons

Bill paid she grabbed her purse and coat and was gone. He was halfway out the door when he noticed her book had fallen unnoticed from her bag. He quickly retrieved it and followed her out the door.

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

Gideon sat in his study, his fingers running along the soft leather cover of the journal. When leaving the restaurant he had the fullest intention to return the lost item. To use the book as an excuse to introduce himself, but as he followed her home he just couldn't find the right window of opportunity to approach. He listened as she sang a quite melancholy song to herself, he found himself smiling at her indifference to those crossing her path and giving her quizzical looks; her own enjoyment of the song more important than the opinion of strangers. She stopped a few times on her path to admire the trees and grass fields that ran along her path home. There was something about her, a quiet confidence in her graceful steps, the bounce of her curls as she leapt over a puddle.

Once or twice as she drew closer to her home, she paused and turned looking for something. He had hunted enough to see some humans sense they were being stalked, but she lacked one thing, that shiver of fear that always followed the pause. Rather, she seemed sad and defeated not fearing a beast closing in on her.

Once she reached her apartment building, she paused, inhaled deeply, squared her shoulders and entered the three-story apartment building. She looked as though her deepest fears wait inside. He waited as the only part of the building with no sign of life quietly light up one room at a time. What did she fear, if she lived alone? He simply couldn't return the journal, he had to know more.

He opened the book and began

"I've decided to begin keeping this dream journal, I should have done this years ago, if anything to keep my sanity. I fear now that time will erase my memories, my dreams fading as my day to day life will soon force what must be a fantasy from my mind. As I grow older already the first few encounters have already begun to fade.

Soon I will have to face reality and let my childish dreams fade away. I've decided I want to remember in detail all that I dream, for only this will keep him close to me to my heart. I wonder if my dying breath will carry his name? At my passing will I then learn if he was ever real or will his ghost hunt me to my grave? Is all this just the fevered dreams of an over active imagination? I fear the answers. I fear all the options.

~

He came to me the first time when I was just a child, I think I was 10. He would gather me on his lap and tell me stories of his life, his impossibly long life. His words were tender and kind. I felt protected in his embrace, the loneliness as the words fell from his lips. He came and went from in this fashion for months. How we found each other at night in my dreams I will never know. I do know that as the sun would rise and he would leave me, I could still feel him, his touch so real to me.

I was eleven the first time he fed from me. He did not want it, I could tell but he was so weak and hungry. I couldn't take the feeling emanating off him and invading my body. Being so young, there was no way for me to absorb or deflect the overwhelming and painful sensations. I begged him to let me help. He denied me for such a long time before he finally gave into my pleading and his need.

'You don't know what your asking,' he said quietly.

'I don't care! I can see you are fading away, you will be too weak to visit me. Please, please don't leave me alone, not when I can save you.' I begged standing before him tears flowing down my face. 'Just tell me what I need to do.'

Dreams and Dragons

'Lisbeth,' he reached out and lifted my chin so I was looking in his eyes, 'I won't leave you.'

'Promise?' I asked looking into his eyes trying to determine if he was being honest.

'I promise.' He answered still holding my chin whipping a tear from my cheek with his thumb. He pulled me into an embrace, kissing the top of my head. He pulled me to his lap, resting my head on his shoulder, rocking me softly, and calming me instantly. 'This may hurt, but only for a moment' he whispers barley registering as I was so calm, floating peacefully. He pulled my wrist up to his mouth, I cried out as a deep and full pain shot thru my arm. 'Calm now little bird, just breath' his thought came thru my mind. I breathed and the pain slowly faded as he drew from me. If his hunger had leaked into my consciousness, his relief hit me like a tsunami. I could feel as if years of pain were draining from him as he drank. The feeling of running my fingers in his hair, as he cradled my captured hand in his, draining me ounce by ounce.

Those early days were the hardest. My parents had never truly noticed my existence, so they did not register my paleness and lethargy. They simply assumed I wanted to get out of school. It took months of his feeding before the first marks appeared. I awoke one morning to find blood on my bed; the brown flakes caked to my skin. This did not frighten me, only gave me hope. This did not frighten me, only gave me hope. Hope that I would see him outside my dreams. I clung to this hope for many years. Hell I still hope quietly that I will find him one day at my door.

I remember when I was first told the bloody Mary story, the legend that says if you say her name the mirror to call her to reality. I would spend many a night staring into my mirror lit only by a candle, "Aidan, Aidan, Aidan," but still only in my dreams did he appear."

Chapter 3: Chapter Three

Chapter Three -

Gideon sat back in his chair running his fingers thru his thick wild blonde hair. "Is this even possible?" he asked himself. He remembered the tales he had once been told when he was first turned of the ability to use fey magic to cross into the dreams of humans, but he thought the stories just myth. Or was she just as she stated, a young girl with an over imaginative mind fed by vampire movies full of Hollywood effects making them seem so real. He considered her eyes, the sensation they belonged to a very old soul and not the young woman her body portrayed. He turned back to the journal in front of him, reading on...

"We continued this way several years until I was thirteen. I became consumed with thoughts of him. I am not sure, as I recall the turn of events, when it was exactly that I stopped seeing him as a companion and friend. and when I began to start wanting him as a lover. I would find myself daydreaming our first kiss, his first caress.

As with any young girl who wants so much to be grown and in control, I became obsessed with the idea of true love. The difference being that the object of my fantasy was a grown man who haunted my dreams and not the cute boy down the street. At the time, television and movies were my only companion out side of Aidan. I made the mistake of assuming that to love meant to be physical, to be intimate one HAD to have sex. As my fascination with the idea increased, so did my desire to feel his lips on me. My wanting to shudder madly under his touch. I was not ashamed of it, as I know I should have been, but I longed for him to see me the same way.

One night I took a risk and kissed him. I can still feel the shock that entered me when our lips met. He did not respond as I hoped instead he pushed me back, his eyes wide in shock. I wonder now what he was thinking, was he surprised or simply disappointed? Did he not want from me the same as I craved from him? I was so young and had no way of knowing how to rescue the situation. I felt a furry of anger and fear welling up inside my bones as he looked at me, his green eyes shadowed, not saying a word. His silence cut thru me as if he had a knife right to my gut. 'What do I do, what do I say, I need to say something, damn it ANYTHING.' I told myself.

'I'm a woman now.' I said stubbornly with a slight sigh. I raised my chin trying to hide just how humiliated I felt by his rejection, trying so hard to be the woman I claimed to be. For just a second, such a short flick of time, I registered a change in his brilliant green eyes as the shadow lifted. In that brief second I know I saw a hunger. I could see and recall with absolute clarity a look as though a battle was being waged between his reason and his heart.

'Please, I want this. I think I need it.' I begged crying, afraid he would disappear and never seek me out again.

He lowered himself to me, 'You don't know what you are asking, child'.

'Don't call me that!' I spit back at him, my anger flaring. He only laughed at me. He pulled me onto his lap, gently laying my head on his shoulder. I buried my head into that one place, my place; that space where his collarbone mets his shoulder, and the indentation is the perfect fit for my head. He quietly ran his fingers thru my hair as my tears full of fear, sadness, and regret poured openly from my eyes.

'Soon, my sweet, soon but not tonight.'

Dreams and Dragons

'Don't leave me, please. I am so sorry, I will behave I promise, Oh Aidan don't leave me. I think I will die without you.' I sobbed against his chest.

He pulled me back from his chest, holding my chin in his strong, hand he turned my head to his, ensuring I was looking at him, really seeing him, paying full attention.

'Listen to me, little bird, I will not leave you tonight. You made a mistake, a slight misstep, nothing more. I will not go. Do you understand me?' He stated keeping his firm grasp on my chin. I reached up to place my fingers over his, giving a slight carress, allowing that familiar surge of electric to flow from him into me. I nodded quietly never taking my eyes from his.

'Now, let us move on from this.' He quickly twisted his hand away from my face taking my wrist into his firm grip, pulling it to his mouth with a smile on his lips.

'No!' I said, pulling my hand from his grip, I jumped up from his lap, trying to move from his grasp before he had the chance to react to my defiance. 'I don't want to feed you from my wrists any longer.'

His look of shock quickly turned into a quiet smile. A smile that registered in his brilliant green eyes more than on his face.

'And what would you recommend my little bird?' he inquired.

Surprised I spun around to find him standing behind me, arms crossed, leaning against the doorframe.

I gulped and tried to stop my body from shaking, quiet inward thoughts to give me courage to approach him. 'If you will not have me as a woman I refuse to be treated as a child,' I was testing his patience and I knew it, but I would have it no other way. Thank God, but he smiled. He reached out his hand and brushed a wayward curl from my face. 'A woman, uh?' He quipped.

'Yes,' I responded nuzzling my cheek to his palm, closing my eyes and reaching up to hold the wrist in place, silently praying the moment would last forever. In that touch, that tender moment I know I felt his soul. I looked at him thru my lashes and in his eyes I could see that he had waited for this night.

I trembled as he moved my hair from my shoulder. Only in this moment in which I was to receive what I had begged for, did it occur to me to wonder how this would feel, would there be pain? And then I realized I simply did not care. I could feel his hunger. It flowed from him and into me an ache that would grip you from the deep inside your body, gnawing, clawing, trying to escape. When he first began to visit me I know he would use so much of his strength to keep the sensation from overwhelming my little body and mind, but overtime I had learned to deal with this pain, giving him the chance to conserve his energy, allowing the dreams to be more detailed and to last longer. I may have managed to live with his pain as my own and give appearances that I was content, but his hunger had long ago become my compass, guiding my actions.

Now his need was vibrating in sheets of anguish into my body. I opened to him, gracefully arching my neck when he placed his hand behind my neck at the base of my skull, placing the other on my jaw pulling it up to the side for access. I relaxed and inhaled while I waited for his next move, knowing that the relief he would find from his hunger would be my salvation.

His lips caressed my cheek, leaving a trail of soft and tender kisses. It was the first time I felt aroused. I was so confused at the wetness growing between my legs. His kisses stopped and held as he increased the pressure on my jaw, 'Are you sure you are ready for this, my sweet?' He asked, his mouth barley hovering over my skin, raising the hairs.

Dreams and Dragons

'Yes' I whispered, 'your hunger is driving me mad, please let me feed you.'

I heard more then felt his fangs extract and I tensed. I could feel his smile against my pulsing neck. And then he entered me. The pain I had feared did not come, only a wave of pure pleasure.

I now realize I was indeed too young for what I had asked, I had no way of understanding what effect he had on my body, my desires. It seemed as if I were born to be his, my instincts screaming at me to follow thru on things that I should never have known to do. That moment, that first night, as I took him so intimately into my body, I remember that wave crushing me and pulling me under into a lust, fulfilling a need I was not aware my body required. I remember, on that first night, relying on nothing more pure instinct, I knew to incline my neck to just the right position, causing his fangs to push further into my neck, hitting perfectly on a pressure point that caused my whole body to sail off into oblivion. I remember he quivered as I relaxed and I allowed the feeling of his pleasure to feed my soul; just as my blood nourished his body.

A few days after this dream the first mark appeared on my neck. The mark could be explained away as a unnoticed birth mark or dirt, or who knows, but I knew in my heart that this was only one of many signs that I was not dreaming; but in fact living another life while the world slept. I just prayed night after night, 'When, dear God, would he appear to me in a form I could feel and touch?'

Gideon pulled away from the writing to find him self aroused by the tale and starving. He never considered the idea of such a symbiotic relationship with a human. The idea that she was feeling the hunger as if it was her own and the act of feeding becoming her release as much as his, was so enticing. He had used women for feeding, he fed from every part of the body. He drank from women while fucking them senseless just as often as he has fed while slowly and tenderly bringing himself and his partner to climax. But never, never had he fed from a human, man or woman, who craved for and then reacted to the feeding with such need and desire. In all his years he had never found a partner who not only pleaded for his bite, but rejoiced in it.

He drew in a deep breath, the mental picture of this girl begging for the permission to fed, to relieve his pain, to sustain her dream lover, her Aidan, was simply too much to bare. He left his desk to find his specially reserved bottle of scotch, hoping the heat would abate his own growing needs. He should put the damn journal down, go out and find someone to burry himself in to find his own release. Spellbound, he simply could not pull away, he needed to read more.

Chapter 4: Chapter Four

Chapter Four-

"I guess this first entry will be filled with firsts. So I might as well leave it all on this page. A few years later, when I was 17, he came to me with such a sad expression I almost cried as he entered my mind. He just sat and watched me, no attempts to pull me to him, not a word left his lips. He just stared at me with such longing mixed with what I now know to be his seething anger. The room he built for us in his mind had changed, from just a sitting room with his chair, to a room with a roaring fire and a fur rug and a large four-poster bed. The bed was hung with deep red velvet curtains that appeared heavy and luxurious. I ran my fingers along the velvet duvet covers, the sensation so soft against my fingers, my pale skin seeming to glow against the dark red. The sensation created a heat deep within my body that I knew would be only slightly sated when he finally fed from me that evening.

He moved to the chair, a deep exhale escaping his lips. He leaned his head back slightly, closing his eyes as if caught in a silent battle of wills. I could feel his unease, his inner turmoil, as it braided in with his hunger, creating a tidal wave of new feelings for me. I felt panic, a frantic compulsion to submit to desires, to fulfill his need; or was it my own desires I wanted satisfied? To this day I am not sure.

I crossed to him standing before him, my head bowed.

'Undress' he said. I looked up, unsure if I heard him correctly.

'Undress' he growled as if any delay on my part would drain his courage. The battle once again raging behind his eyes; I could see it even in the dark. With shaking fingers I loosened my gown and let it drop to the floor. His eyes following me, 'I know you have been waiting for this' he said quietly, 'I know what you do when you think I can not see'.

I can still feel the heat flowing thru my body when I realized what he was referring to.

I had begun to explore my body, learning to find my own release as I learned to carress my sex and explore my sex. I would lie in the dark of my room, sliding my hands across my body, touching my breasts, experimenting in the various sensations, letting my desire build and build. I would running just a finger up my neck where he would feed, and if the bite was still fresh, I would push ever so slightly feeling the pressure exploding in bursts of pleasure across my skin. Leaving one hand to keep up the sweet onslaught I would use the other hand to begin the slow circles around my clit. Find my button and teasing it mercilessly fantasizing his hands were my own. Until I would arch and contract in waves of orgasm. This little ritual my secret garden before I would enter my dream world to be with the man who I would envision hovering over me and I would dream him smiling and contracting with me, my newly found release washing over us in a wave of pleasure.

Here I stood before him, heat creeping across my face and body, burning me from the inside out. I stifled a sob, holding in tears, when I felt him behind me, his hands traveling along my arms, caressing me, calming my violent shaking. He began to caress my hair with such a loving touch I relaxed resting my back to his muscular chest. A fire ripped thru me, a new feeling that I instinctively understand was a mixture of his projected feelings twisted up with my desires. The fear and shame that had me crying just a second before gave way as my breath increased and my legs became wet with anticipation of his touch. In a second his gentle caress changed as he knotted my hair in his grip and pulled back, a shock of pain running thru me at the violent move.

Dreams and Dragons

'You belong to me!' he growled, 'Say it'.

'I belong to you,' I whispered at his command, my fear and my trembling returning. This was not what I had expected from my gentle companion.

'How is it that you always manage to force me into something I am trying so hard to avoid? Mmmm,' he snarled into my ear. 'You should understand, I am not some romantic figure from one of your epic novels? It would serve you better to remember I am more the dark creature from your worst nightmare.'

He gripped my hair tighter with the last sentence, pulling my head violently so he could whisper the venomous words in my other ear. I fisted my hands, my body tensing, my eyelids shut tight, realizing he wanted me afraid. I should have begged for mercy, fell to my knees and pleaded for him to forgive me, but I could feel him, his needs, his love, and my heart told me his words were not a reflection of his true feelings. Why was he trying to scare me? Why did I get the feeling he wanted me to break free of him, demand he leave? Regardless of his threats, I would not break from him. I forced a deep sigh, relaxed every muscle in my body, and whispered,

'There is no nightmare worse than a life without you. I should feel imprisoned by these dreams when in fact I crave them when I am awake, forced to wait, wait for the minutes to slip away closer to the night. I pray as I close my eyes I will find you waiting for me here. I will continue my prayer and be content when it is answered. I don't care if it is you, a vision of romance, or a dark nightmare. I love you, I crave you, and I will learn to love and to find peace with the creature you claim I should fear. Do I want you to love me, make love to me? Yes, with all my soul, yes! I crave your touch every moment of every day. There are times when I am awake and I swear I can feel your breath on me, your hands on me to the point I think I will go mad. If that means that I have to submit to your anger, to the creature inside you in order to actually have you touching me, kissing me, fucking me, then I will surrender to this beast.'

I felt his grip soften slightly and I turned to face him, bringing my hand to his face, running my finger down his cheek and across his lips, 'Don't you see, it is your pleasure that drives me? I will survive anything if it means I can feel your release, your hunger lift and subside. You are correct that I am yours, and as yours I wish only to bring you pleasure.' I searched his eyes for understanding, praying I had broken thru his reserves.

'This is not the way it is suppose to be. I should have left you years ago.' He said, his tender caress running down my back. 'I had never meant to let this carry on. When I had the strength, I should have let you be, but damn you, I can't. Thoughts of you rarely leave me. You are my heart, Lisbeth, do you not see that?' he questioned me.

'As you are mine, my love.' I answered, slipping my hand around his head, I pushed him towards me I kissed him deeply, and unlike that night when he rejected my kiss, this night he accepted my advances. A lightning strike ran thru my skin when his tongue parted my lips, invading my mouth, staking a claim.

'Is this what you have wanted, what you hoped?'

'Yes,' I moaned back. He lowered his kisses, his mouth making a path for my breasts. His hands slowly working their way down my back as he kissed the top of each shoulder. He reached his arm around, one nail sliding down the center of my back, causing me to arch into his touch. He released my bra, freeing my breasts. My nipples sprang into hard nubs as he ran a touch so soft it felt like a cool breeze rather than a man's strong hands.

Dreams and Dragons

I gasped as he took my nipple in his mouth with a deep hard pull of his mouth a wave of heat running straight to somewhere inside. His other hand holding the weight of the opposite breast in his palm, his thumb gently guiding back and forth across the tip in time to the pulls from his mouth. I felt I was doomed to fall, just holding on as the my legs attempted to give out.

He lifted me quickly in time his mouth descending on my other breast, the rush and sinking feeling hitting me at once. My head flew back, my hair sweeping over his arm and just whispering on the floor as he lifted me. 'Sweet mother,' I panted.

He lowered me to the rug to lie beneath him, reaching out to run his hand along my face as if he was trying to memorize this moment in his mind. I reached up and ran my hands under his shirt, feeling his cold skin against my hands. I moved my hands to his back, pulling him into me, I started kissing him softly with closed lips, enjoying the taste of him, pausing to pull him free of his shirt. Once he was bare chested, I smiled at him, admiring his body, running my finger down his chest, bringing my head up to suck on his nipples, teasing them as he had my own a moment before. I remember his gasp of excitement and his pull on my body, as I ran my tongue along his sternum, taking his chin into my mouth for small nip, and then invading his mouth and running my tongue along the inside of his lip, exploring him completely.

He ran his finger down my throat. My body reacted with learned response, breaking away from his kiss and arching back, preparing for his bite. A new wave of wetness burst between my legs, I kept rocking my hips to try and gain some friction, panting in anticipation for his mouth on my neck.

'tsk, tsk,' he whispered with a smile, bending down to give a soft kiss at the top of chest, using his tongue to leave a trail of burning heat between my breasts. His mouth and hands renewed their slow torment of my restless body. Just above the nipple he took in a mouthful of skin, sucking in deeply, a sensation that should have been painful but I moaned. My body rocked by an ache, a need for him to pull harder on my skin, to draw out his fangs. I arched my back driving him deeper, a jagged moan escaping both our lips. He was surprised by my reaction, perhaps at his own, spurring him on. He turned to the next breast and repeated the same motions, sounds came from deep within me, moans being produced in a voice I had never heard before. I moved with him, joining in this erotic dance of fire running along our skin. I would have lived in that moment for eternity had we been able. Oblivious to everything but his kisses and his touch, it was not until he pulled away to remove his pants that I realized I was completely naked before him. My thighs quivered as he parted my legs. I looked into his eyes as he entwined his fingers with mine, 'Are you sure this is what you want?'

'Yes, please,' I panted, 'please, I need to feel you, I want you, I want this.' I pleaded quietly. He entered me slowly, I felt the muscles restrict a painful feeling ripping thru me. He kissed me gently, pushing in further and futher, each time a new feeling of being slowly ripped apart ran thru me like a wildfire. I tensed, scared, embarrassed, where was that heat, that passion, the pleasure from only a moment ago?

"Shhh, little bird, let it flow thru you," He whispered in my ear, 'Almost there my sweet,' and he drove himself fully into me. A deep growl came from his lips, it came from somewhere so deep within him, I could feel the vibration of it on my skin. Once fully inside of me he stopped moving, allowing my body to adjust to the his girth, his lips gently kissing, his hands never leaving mine.

'Your doing fine my love, it will be over soon.' His hands left mine to brush away the tears, 'it won't always be this way.'

He pulled back slowly, my sex burning with his slow withdrawl, with a new thrust he filled me again. I clamped my eyes shut trying to will away the feelings running thru me. 'Look at me' he whispered, kissing my neck. I looked up into his green eyes that burned like fire. My body reacting on it's own in response to his

Dreams and Dragons

eyes, I relaxed and opened again to him, trying to draw his love from that moment wanting it to nourish me as I had nourished him.

My eyes opened wide and his smile grew as I realized he had moved his hand to my clit, a strong electricity running thru me as he began making slow circles with his thumb on my sensitive button, 'I want to see you cum, virgin or not, I will see you lose your self to me.' he demanded with such passion; I was overcome practically by his words alone.

My body began moving driving my hips to match his strokes, a feral sound growing from somewhere inside of me. If I think hard enough, I can still feel that first orgasm growing inside me, that first night of fullness. His fangs extracted as I felt him grow stiffer inside me. Without prompting I arched my neck inviting him. As he bit into my neck, my world shattered, ripples of pleasure rocking thru me as he took long draws of blood.

As we lay by the fire, my head resting on his chest, my fingers for the first time caressing his bare skin, he pulled my chin up and said, 'Promise me, you will never think of anyone else. Swear to me now, no man will have you.' I should have been happy at his request but my heart sank when his earlier words returned to me, 'I know what you do when you think I can not see.'

He did not plan this night out of passion but jealousy.

As I had many a night, I had aroused my self, touched, caressed, pinched, fingered myself to a climax, but on this night when I closed my eyes I had envisioned the face of another. The handsome face of a boy from school who had smiled at me and made me feel pretty, made me as I think a normal girl should. This was the first night I had put aside the face and fantasy of my dark dream lover.

I realize now as I write this, was the moment I truly sold my soul to him when I replied, 'I swear it will only and always be you. I am yours and yours alone.'

Gideon took a deep drink from his crystal glass, resting his head back, trying to clear away the image of the girl he had seen in the pub, her long pale legs wrapped around him. He could see those crystal blue eyes, the look of pain, trust, and passion and interchanging as she arched and writhed below his weight. The shape of her lips as she moaned when brought to the edge and pushed over.

Gideon had been with virgins before, their blood being particularly satisfying, but being their first was never something he enjoyed. Their nervousness, their shame, rarely matched their original willingness to surrender. He could tell from her journal that Lisbeth would have been different. Her love for this man had become all encompassing for her, her surrender would have been so delicious. To have someone as passionate as Lisbeth, so willing to submit only to him, the things he would have done to make her cum again and again

He could not deny his own need any longer, closing the book, he picked up his keys and left, wanting only to hunt for his dinner and his pleasure, not necessarily in that order.

Chapter 5: Chapter Five

It had been two days since Gideon had read Lisbeth's first passage in her journal. He would find himself outside her apartment building, hoping to catch a glimpse of her thru the curtains. He found himself holding his breath, as if she could hear him breathing from across the street. He would give anything to find himself in her home, sitting next to her as they watched TV, leaning against the frame of the kitchen door, watching her sing to herself as she did the dishes. His heart tightened when he thought how her face must light up when she laughs.

What was happening to him, "this has to stop!" he would scold himself, "You have to let this go," the words repeating like a mantra, but he would soon find himself sitting in front of her journal, debating with no one if he should read more. The struggle was mute, he would read on, he had no choice.

"Well, journal, that night was three years ago, and I can still see it as if it was yesterday's dream. Although I was happy that I was finally able to burry myself in my passion rather than try to run from it, I was sad for change in our relationship outside the bed. No longer would I sit in his lap with him telling me stories and the legends of his younger days. Sometimes I would long just to have that again, be sitting on his lap, listening to his tender musings.

I learned to late what it meant to be his lover.

At first things were very passionate and loving. His passion consuming me like fire when we were together, my body weak and feeling devoid without him; but I only had to wait a few waking hours before we would be reunited in my dreams. He seemed to grow stronger, the evidence found in the realism of our environment. I began to see more than just a chair, a bed, a fire. I could see great detail in the walls, the paintings being hung had more detail, the sound of the curtains rising up in the breeze from an open window, the sweet smell of a moonlit garden. We carried on this way for the first year, but then something in him changed.

He started disappearing for weeks between visits; weeks soon turned into months. I don't know if it was pure withdrawl but sometimes on these long breaks I would swear I could feel him following me during the day or hear him call my name as I went for a walk. Did he know how lonely it was for me? Did he care?

My friends and I began to grow apart. I felt starved without him, I hadn't the strength to be emotionally available for them. I would smile at their new discoveries and cry at night for the loss of my own. I watched helplessly as one by one they drifted away to find love and passion. I was left alone devoid until he would appear, my everything, shining new light into my dreary existence. And this pattern would repeat and repeat. Leaving me to battle with myself over his existence. Was he real, a dream, a sick fantasy? Always, just before I would break, he would return.

During some of these absences I tried to feel like a normal teenage girl, saying yes when boys would ask me out. However, these relationships would never last long. I had no real feeling for them, I would not return their touches, my kisses passionless. They would become frustrated at my lack of passion, say the meanest things; and I would accept their frustration, apologize and let them move on to more willing partners.

Soon, what friends I had left began telling me of their first sexual experiences, I would smile and pretend to be interested in what they thought was deep knowledge. I resented their condescending attitudes as if I knew so little about sex and pleasure. When I knew so much.

So now I simply record my encounters in you little journal. My only confidant, for there is no one else to share my life with as I wait for his touch, his kiss, his need, and his bite.

Chapter 6: Chapter Six

Chapter Six -

He came to me last night, it had been weeks since I had felt him last. His pull on me has grown so strong, I know now when he will seek me long before I close my eyes to sleep. The feeling coming over me in a wave so strong I would just wait with baited breath until I could close my eyes and drift into his world.

One night, he held me for a long time without saying a word, he was shaken so deeply.

I tried singing to him soft sweet lyrics, with his head in my lap my hands mindlessly playing with his hair, but then tension would not leave his body.

'Please tell me, what is wrong.'

'Nothing for you to worry about, little bird.' He said staring at nothing.

'Something has happened; please let me in. I will try not to worry, if that makes you feel better, but honestly, who can you confide in if not me?' I should know better than to push him, but I wanted him to trust me.

'I have enemies. They defeated me once, leaving me with nothing, barely existing and caught in a frozen state unable to move or break free, left to rot. I was almost dead the when you first found me, without you to sustain me, child, I would have died'

A picture of him flashed thru my mind at that moment, of the first time I dreamt of him. He was so old then. His body was thin and skeleton like. I should have been afraid of him, with his paper-thin skin and his suit hanging loosely from his body. I felt his loneliness as a reflection of my own so I never feared him.

'How were you able find me?'

'Do you remember what you were doing the day I first came to you?'

I had to think hard, it seemed lifetimes ago. 'I remember I had gotten lost with my brother. We had been exploring, and had gone farther from our home then ever before. We came upon this abandoned property; our curiosity got the best of us and just had to find a way in We finally found a lower part of the wall and climbed over. The property seemed such a sad abandoned place, so old and so isolated. Bobby acted so brave when we came to the building, but I knew he was afraid. '

'But you were not were you?' He smiled and kissing my head running his hand down my arm.

'No. I was intrigued. Something about the place seemed so lost and alone. I could feel its pain as if it was a person or an injured animal. Bobby dared me to go in. I had to accept, I remember feeling so drawn to the place, like I was meant to be there. I found a broken window, and just as I had managed to climb in, an old man came running and yelling at us threatening to call the police. So I climbed back out. Bobby and I ran as fast as we could.'

'Do you remember anything else? Think hard my dear.' He challenged

'I thinkâ ' the images finally broking thru, I said, 'Yes, I cut myself as I came in the room. I fell thru the window and landed on the glass. It took forever for that cut to heal, I think I still have the scar.' I lifted my leg

Dreams and Dragons

to find the curved scar next to my knee. He leaned forward and kissed my knee, running his tongue along the scar, sending the familiar electricity running thru my skin.

'That, my love, is how I found you. I was held captive in that home, sealed beneath the floor. Your blood woke me from my stasis bringing me to you as my only hope for life.'

How could I not have seen it? At the time I had grown so use to his face and feel of his body, I had fogoten that he was not always so young and strong as our time together passed on.

'It took me years of feeding from you in order to find the strength to break free of that hell. It is only a matter of time before my enemies discover I have returned.'

For the first time I realized he might not just stop appearing to me of his own will, but could be torn from me as well.

I pulled myself on top of him, removed my gown, and guided myself on to him. I had never taken the liberty to initiate sex with him, but my fear led me to believe I would never have him again. I cried as I drove him into me, moving my hips, wanting to bring him solace more than my need for release. My hands pushed on his chest as I worked myself into a frantic rhythm, my head rocking back in pleasure and cries leaving me in loud moans of suffering and passion. My sadness soon turned to a heated passion as angered filled me. 'Tell me you will not leave. Tell me I am yours and only yours.' I pleaded as my nails dug into him.

He pulled himself up, knotting my hair with his fist and drove deep inside of me, bringing me to a full shuddering end, 'You are MINE' he growled pulling me down to him and sinking his fangs into my breast, sucking the life from me, a new wave exploding around us. It is nights like this that bring me to my knees in the sun, praying and pleading with whatever God there is to bring him to me in more then just dreams.

Chapter 7: Chapter Seven

Chapter Seven -

I think I am in hell! I have never felt as isolated and alone as I do today.

Three months have passed since I last saw him. A month since I felt his presence.

I can't take this bullshit anymore!

He is not real, and I am insane.

He is no more flesh and blood then the papers within your covers.

I need real affection, I need to feel a man's powerful hands on my body, I will not continue with this childish dreaming any more!

There is a boy in one of my classes. Despite my numerous rejections he continues to ask me out. I have decided I am going to accept. His name is Christopher. I think I am attracted more to the things that make him so different from Aidan. His hair is blonde not black, his eyes a kind brown compared to Aidan's stormy green. He seems kind and he carries himself as if he hadn't a care in the world. How different it would be to just be with someone so carefree and happy. Perhaps I can learn to find myself happy with him and forget all this darkness.

Yes, no more doubt, I have decided to try, really try to make this work.

Journal, I will respond to his touch, his kisses, I don't care what nightmares Aidan delivers, if he wants me, he will just have to present himself to me in the flesh. No more Goddamn games!

~

Journal, I have just returned home, and I must say, I had a marvelous time with Christopher tonight. It all was so deliciously normal. He took me to a nice restaurant; a silly movie (about vampires no less, I rolled my eyes at almost every scene, ridiculous!) and we ended the night in his car at the park. I had never "parked" with a boy before. I tell you, my journal, I tried I really did try to enjoy his kisses, but it just wasn't the same. His lips were hard, his kisses clumsy, it just all felt so different.

His touches were so gentle, so shy, they seemed to be almost absent.

Will it be this way with every real man? I am ashamed to say I need something more. Moreâ I don't knowâ I need someone strong, commanding, the touch of a strong hand, experienced and demanding kisses. I think Aidan has ruined me for any thing less.

I wonder, am I even still really a virgin? I have woken from my dreams feeling sore and spent, but does that translate to actual changes in my body? Do I really want to be with this boy? Should I wait longer?

I am so confused.

~

Dreams and Dragons

I will not wait, why should I?

Chirs has asked me out again and I know the way he looks at my body that he wants more than just kisses in his car. I have accepted. I am prepared to take this leap. I will let him have what he wants. I think it is like a leap of faith, how will I know if this is really the way people are with each other? Maybe this is the only way to find out, to take it as far as I can before I lose my nerve. But, I tell you this journal, the boy had better learn to be more of a man or I will lose my nerve.

~

Aidan came to me in a rage last night. For months I have been without him in my dreams and only after my decision does he appear? I realize now I should not have challenged him as I had my previous entries. I think, my dear journal, I will regret it till the day I die, for my life and my dreams will never be the same.

At first I thought I was having a normal nightmare. I was being chased in a wood, by some unseen hunter. I dashed and jumped, swerving this way and that. Trying to hide in the foliage to catch my breath only to have to jump and run when the sound of footfalls came to near. Fear as I have never known it pumped adrenaline into my soul as I fled. I thought I had lost the hunter, burrowed into a hole in an old rotting tree. I tried to hold my breath covering my mouth to keep screams from escaping my trembling lips.

At first there were no sounds, but as the hunter came near, I thought I would pass out from holding my breath, but the footsteps began moving away until they were no longer audible. I allowed myself to exhale and relax, but just when I thought I was safe, unseen hands reached from the darkness and pulled my feet with dragging my body as if it were as light as a rag doll. I clawed at the ground trying to find something to grab onto, to stop my movements. There was nothing but dead leaves and dirt. The smell of decay and death all around me, I tried to scream but nothing would come from me, I tried to struggle but the grip on my ankles was so strong, hands now becoming claws, digging into my skin.

The dragging stopped. The claws releasing my feet and I was left alone.

Or so I thought.

Suddenly, I found myself being raised by the wrists, being tied between two trees, my shirt ripped from my body. I was left suspended, my feet trying to find a footing but only just touching the leaves under my toes.

'Please' I tried to beg but was silenced by a fierce slam to my face.

'You wanted a nightmare, so I am only obliging your wishes' a voice came from nowhere. My blood pounded in my ears, my heart seemed it would explode in my chest with fear.

'Aidan?' An evil laugh returned my silent question.

'You swore no other would have you, would touch you, and not but a blink of time goes by and you are ready to give what is not yours to what? To a ridiculous boy! I don't not take kindly to being defied and lied to!'

'You are not real!' I screamed back at the nothing, 'You are nothing! A figment of my imagination. You do not exist!'

'Nothing you say? Could nothing do this?' Another hard blow to the face, I could feel my lip swelling up, tasting my own blood in my mouth.

Dreams and Dragons

'Please, Aidan, you have to understand. You left me, you abandoned me!' I tried to explain, but my breath escaped me as another invisible fist struck my stomach.

'I am with you always. I own your pathetic body and will use it as I please!' He growled in my ear.

'You swore to me! And what do I find but you taunting your infidelity in your thoughts. You said you did not care what nightmare I brought to youâ€

So here I am!' The last words coming from a deep growl more than a voice.

Red eyes glowed in the dark and long fangs appeared, gleaming in the night. A shimmer of scale reflecting in what little light poured thru the trees.

'I'm sorry, please, I'm sorry' I moaned and pleaded but I knew I would find no mercy here in this hellscape.

A wind picked up and a whisper carried on the breeze with words that broke my heart into a million pieces as it drifted into my mind, 'not as sorry as I am'.

I screamed as the first lash struck my back. Where had it come from?

I could feel no one behind me. The sound of flesh tearing was all I registered before the pain radiated from the second blow. I begged and begged for it to stop as the third and fourth lashes from something hard and spiked brought the smell of blood to the air. I felt a long forked tongue lapping up the dripping liquid as unfamiliar hands came around and clawed at my naked breast. The touch was different from the hands of my dreams; the fingers were so much longer tipped with curved sharp nails.

'Mercy, please, I beg you, no more.' Sweat now dripping from me. My dignity left seeping away as I hung there and the unseen hands fondling me.

'You will never doubt my existence again, of this I promise you.' The growling voice panted. One clawed hand wrapped around my throat, restricting my breath holding me in place. I could feel a hard scaled chest firm against me, with me trapped by its strength. A new wave of terror renewed my violent shaking, knowing what was going to happen next. I tried to scream but the hand closed in harder around my neck as he thrust his member into me from behind. All feeling left as his girth filled me, tearing me apart from the inside. I stared at the moon with silent tears flowing down mixing with the smeared dirt and blood now caked on my face and breasts.

'Say it! Say what I want to hear!' He hissed in my ear, his claws loosening enough from to allow the words to slip thru.

'I am yours and only yours.' I managed out with a sob as he came inside me.

I woke this morning with my pajamas torn into shreds, my face swollen from his attack. A shame I had never thought possible unfurled inside me, as I gathered up my torn cloths and blood stained sheets. The night replayed in mind in horrific detail as I showered, hoping the hot water would wash away the pain and sorrow, the water turning brown and red as it flowed down the drain.

I had my long awaited proof that my dream lover was real, my soul tore apart as the sobs escaped me. I curled myself up into a ball, sliding down the wall of the shower to lay on the tile when I realized my love, my dreams would never be what I hoped. I knew now that he could and would use me, my affection, my body however he pleased. I would say my heart, but my heart was lost last night, left behind in that forest, tied

Dreams and Dragons

somewhere to the tree, left to rot with my dignity."

"What the fuck!" Gideon yelled from his desk. Anger surging thru him unlike he had ever experienced. He reached up and threw the book across the room, tipping his desk in an attempt to relieve his frustration. His mind went back to the sweet face that first caught his attention. Those startling blue eyes, staring back at him. How could anyone abuse this loyal caring woman?

If this Aidan were in front of him now he would tear him limb from limb, wait for the appendages to grow back only to rejoice in tearing them off again. He was not a foolish man prone to fantasy but there was something in this woman, something in the way she had begun to fascinate him that opened this side of his heart. He understood the evil nature found in creatures like himself, he should not have been surprised at the attack, but stillâ

He tried to calm himself. The only solace came with the mental image of skinning the bastard alive and leaving him staked for the morning sun. He wanted blood, he wanted vengeance for this innocent girl who did nothing but wanting to love and be loved in return.

Chapter 8: Chapter Eight

Chapter Eight -

He barley registered his movements until he realized he was in front of her home again. The windows darkened, sad that she was not home. With his head bent, he began to walk away but froze when he heard her voice singing lightly, coming around the corner. He looked up to find her carrying a bag of groceries, oblivious to the world around her. He could not believe the girl who wrote the last entry seemed so carefree in front of him. He watched her, wanting desperately to approach her, to touch her, but he knew all too well now what her punishment would be. As if providence were looking after him, he watched as a careless biker whirled too close to her, causing her to stumble and lose her footing. She went down hard, her groceries spilling out around her.

"Hey!" she yelled as the man continued his speed down the sidewalk.

"Great, just freaking great!" she said as she blew her hair from her face and began collecting her things.

"Let me help you," Gideon said moving so fast she probably wondered where he had come from.

"Thanks, I got it." she said nervously her eyes traveling from his feet to meet his eyes.

"It's no problem. I don't mind" He bent over and began collecting her oranges that seemed to have rolled in all directions. Their fingers touched for just a moment as he handed her the last orange. An electric spark traveled along his skin and he knew from the sound of her increased pulse that she felt it as well. She looked at him with such intensity he was forced to look away first.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so" he lied, you don't know me, but I know you, "Gideon, Gideon Talbot" he said offering her his hand.

"Lisbeth" she responded as she took his and to stand and trying to find her footing while balancing the now torn bag in her hand. Another item falling again to the ground, "Damn the devil to hell!" she whispered in frustration.

"I got it" he smiled, "let me help you, please." He asked as he removed the bag from her arms, "do you live far from here?"

"No, no I am just here. I think I can manage." She said not wanting to meet his eyes.

"You're bleeding," Gideon said softly.

"What? Oh, wellâ that happens" she said as she looked down at her skinned knee. Gideon bent down, pulling a kerchief from his pocket, wiping the blood away gently. He saw the small scar on the knee that he had read in her journal, he wanted so much to reach out and give a gentle kiss, to try and make up for the last words he had read.

"Please, sir, don't" she said backing away. He could feel her fear as she began shaking and looking around for something that was not there.

Dreams and Dragons

"Of course, I am sorry" he replied, "But please let me help you to your door. No funny business, I promise." He lifted his fingers, "Scouts honor" he smiled. He was relieved to see she smiled back. His heart lifted to know he made that smile appear. If only he could bring more to her lovely face.

"Okay, but only to the door," she paused trying to remember his name.

"Gideon"

"Right, Gideon, thank you," the smile returning to her heart shaped face.

He walked her to the apartment entrance, watching as she dug in her purse for her keys. "Thank you, again, but I have it from here." She said firmly, looking around searching for an invisible spy that maybe watching them, even he wondered if the unseen eyes were on them now.

"As promised, my lady," he bowed with a flourish of his hand. His heart leapt at the sound of laughter that escaped her lips. The sound carried on the wind, a tiny tune as sweet as her voice when she sang.

"Good night" and with that she was gone, the door closing slowly behind her.

He returned home, straightened his desk, and retrieved her journal. He reached in his pocket pulling the kerchief to his nose, inhaling deeply at her scent. With her laughter still singing in his ears he returned to her story

"After my last encounter with Aidan I had hoped he would not return. Given my swollen face and the difficulty I had in sitting, I had no choice but to cancel my date with Chris and avoid my classes on campus. I tried to stay awake for as long as I could but sleep finally took me over. I entered a room filled with roses and calla lilies. I found Aidan standing in the middle, a lily in his hand and a smile on his face. The smile quickly faded once he saw the bruises on my face. He came upon me, in a blink he was in front of me. I cringed as he reached out and tenderly touched my face, sadness deepening the green of his eyes.

'I knew I had gone too far but I did not realize how far.' He whispered.

'What did you expect? Your marks were strong enough to be left on me when I woke, do you realize that?' I answered my head bent, not looking up from the floor.

'My marks?'

My god how can he not remember what he had done to me? I yanked my shirt above my head and turned around, 'Look at me!' I screamed, 'Look at what you did to me!' I sobbed and collapsed to my knees. I could hear his own sob as he fell to my level, a shaken hand reaching to the welts and scabbed gashes that now scarred my back.

'Tâ 'I did not mean toâ 'to" words failed him.

'To what, hurt me? What did you intend? To scare me, break me? To rape me?'

'What?! I never, I would neverâ 'I'

'My God Aidan, don't you remember what you did to me? Don't you dare say it just a nightmare, it was youâ 'it was all you. You have your wish, I will never again doubt your existence!' I sobbed. I wanted to escape so badly, but where could I run? Where could I go that he would not find me?'

Dreams and Dragons

Spitting his words back at him seemed to open a memory. I could feel it tear thru him as he recalled the events of the night before.

'I am sorry. Forgive me, Lisbeth, forgive me. I did not mean it, I was so angry; I don't know what came over me. Please, Iâ Iâ ' he just stopped speaking.

'I saw the real you, the monster you truly are under this human appearance. That creature is not who I swore myself to. He is not who I have spent the last years of my life with, or surrendered my youth to.' I stopped at the sound of my own sobbing.

The sounds of his quiet sob, the absence of his body as he retreated from me, the horror I found on his face, brought out the girl in me, the girl who remembered his tenderness, his loneliness, and God help me but I turned to him, reaching across to caress his face, 'Promise me, that thing will never return to me. Promise me you will never hurt me that way again.'

His tear filled eyes looked up to meet mine, 'I swear to you, it will never happen again, it should never have happened to begin with. I had no idea I was capable of such a thing.'

'I will find a way to sever the link between us, do you understand?' I picked his chin up and forced him to see how serious I was, 'I will kill myself before I let you touch me again if that thing ever comes near me. This is a vow I will keep. Do you hear me goddamn you?'

'No, you can't leave me, never, promise me, never' he begged. God save me but I agreed.

'Don't touch me, don't..' I said as I pushed his hand away. 'If you love me, if you ever loved me, you will leave me alone. I can't stand you near me right now. Please, let me dream of something else or not at all, but leave me.'

'As you wish' he said slowly and the room faded away to nothing.

~

It has been months since this last encounter and I am the happier for it. For the first time in my young life I rejoice in the sun rather than wait impatiently for it to set. I have opened myself up to my friends and have decided to welcome life in any way I can find it. I only hope this lull lasts for a long while.

~

I traveled back to my childhood home today. I actually went in search of that damned old house that Aidan claimed was his prison. The property has been restored; the manor rebuilt and full of life. I am not sure who lives there, as it appeared there were only workmen on site. Has he there still? Has he moved on? I wanted so much to sense his presence. I waited until nightfall like some sick stalker, but there was no movement from within, he did not emerge into the night as I had hoped. If he is in fact a real being, why will he not show himself to me? At this point I will take any appearance, dream or reality.

It has been so long since he has fed from me, I feel so full as if too much blood is running thru me. A pressure building up in me that is almost more than I can bear. I have started thinking of cutting myself just to find relief. Please Aidan, if you can read me, read my thoughts, come to me soon.

~

Dreams and Dragons

He answered my prayers; he came to me last night. We were in the garden near a small lake with the moon reflecting in the water. I was looking out on it alone, a slight breeze picking up my hair and caressing my face, when I felt his lips on my shoulder.

'Have you forgiven me, my little bird?' He asked.

'Yes,' I whispered as he turned me into a gentle kiss. I returned the kiss with such passion I surprised myself. I must be sick to want to be in the arms of the man who was so brutal.

'I need to feel you inside me, please, I have ached for your touch, do not deny me now.' I begged.

'Lisbeth,' he sighed in relief, his fangs extracted and he entered me with such a passion my knees buckled beneath me as the fiercest wave ran thru me. He drew from me in long hard swallows, and I found myself reaching up and pulling him in deeper. I came in that moment of sweet release as he drew his final drops from me.

'I've missed you too' he smiled as he caressed my hair from my face.

Frantic, and with a lust I did not think myself capable of, I pulled at his clothes, my mouth burning as it touched his skin. His head fell back as I proceeded, his own passion rising to meet mine. I blush as I write these words, but I swear his absence had driven me mad. He pushed me down onto the grass parting my legs with his knees. My fingers moved from his chest to release his pants and find his hard member waiting for me.

'I am yours, my love, and I have been left wanting, please find your way home to me.'

He smiled at my words bringing a sweet kiss to my mouth; his finger pressing in where his bite was still hot to the touch. I lowered my head to feel him touching and sucking his way down my body. My eyes opened wide as his tongue found his way to my sex, moving in small circles around my sensitive button. Wave upon wave of heat hit me in succession as my hips began rocking and grinding into his mouth. He laughed at my reaction, 'perhaps I should leave you wanting more often my sweet little bird.'

I only responded with moans, grabbing his hair in my hands silently pleading for the sweet torture to return. He retuned his mouth to me and just as I was to be pushed over, he slowed to a stop. 'patience my love, patience'

Damn him but he was reveling in my torture.

'Please, more, I want more' I tried to move but he had me pinned beneath his grip. His kisses turning to my inner thigh,

'I have never drank from you in this spot. I have denied you such a treat.' He whispered and I gasped when I felt his fingers enter me, pulling and pushing in slow strokes, curving his fingers within me, hitting a spot I did not know was there. I began rocking my hips pumping myself greedily against this invasion while he pressed his thumb on my clit. I was a thrashing and moaning as his mouth began sucking on my thigh, 'Now please, now' I pleaded for release, I didn't care that he may take too much from me, I could die and do so willing in his arms on this night, in this garden. Just when I thought I would break, his teeth sunk into my tender flesh. The familiar pull taking me over the edge and I screamed his name into the night sky. I felt his mouth curl into a satisfied smile.

In one night, he held me captive again, a slave to his touch and his desires.

Chapter 9: Chapter Nine

Chapter Nine -

Gideon pulled away from the book, his own passion building inside him. He found himself imagining his own lips on her body, the sweet taste of her desire on his tongue. He wanted with everything in his being to sink his teeth into her soft pale thigh.

What was he doing? Spying on this girl's innermost thoughts, held captive by her story. He wanted to run to her home, tear the door down and fight for her to be his own. In his many years no woman had stirred so much passion in him. He knew it was impossible to win her, the danger to her being to great as long as that creature was still haunting her dreams. The consequences of his actions would cost her too much.

The phone ringing brought him back to reality,

"Speak," he hissed into the phone.

"Wo, hey man, what's eating you?" Constantine's voice came thru other line.

"Sorry, just in the middle of something."

"Something? Or Someone?" Constantine laughed on the other end.

"I wish," Gideon sighed.

"I am having a little party tonight. I have a delightful meal waiting for us, if you're interested. It's been a while since I have seen you out, thought you could use a little distraction."

"You have no idea. What's on the menu?" Gideon smiled.

"A little of this, a little of that. A brunette here, a blonde there, compelled and ready for an interesting night. College girls, sorority sisters no less, so eager to experience a true Roman style dinner party. They shouldn't think twice when they wake tomorrow with a bite or two and a little soreness between their sweet thighs." Leave it to his friend to find the right distraction at the right moment.

Constantine Atratinus was the oldest vampire he knew. He was turned in the height of the Roman Empire and now entertains himself by passing as an expert on the early Rome and the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Lecturing at colleges all over the world. He had made quite a habit of pulling the right girls from his lecture halls. These giggling, admiring girls all too willing became pleasant distractions in a long and mundane existence. Gideon had to admit no one knows better than Connie about throwing proper orgy of sex and feeding.

"I'm in, what time."

"My place, 2 hours?" Constantine replied. "See you then."

Relieved that he will find his release shortly, Gideon decided to read one more entry before preparing for the evening's event

Dreams and Dragons

"The strangest thing happened to me today. At first it was the familiar feeling that Aidan was watching me. I kept looking around to see if he was there. Foolish during the day, I know but still.

Later, in the middle of class, I felt his hand on my shoulder. I turned to find no one behind me. And then the most electrifying sensation came over me. I had to bite my lip not to moan. I tried to look at the teacher and concentrate on the lesson, but the sensation of a mouth suckling my breast would not leave me. I wiggled in my chair trying to push the sensation down.

'I'm not going anywhere my little bird.' I heard him whisper in my mind. I closed my eyes and breathed in deep, willing him to go away.

'Don't pout my dear, just enjoy.' I must have looked a fool as I know I turned the deepest shade of red. I looked around nervously hoping now one was watching this silent assault. I looked up and into the confused eyes of Chris, the boy I had attempted to date. The poor guy is still so offended that I stopped returning his calls. He had tried numerous times to approach me but I managed to sneak away before he had the chance to say more than a word or two.

Chris kept looking at me in shocked fascination mixed with a growing heat, it was if he knew I was up to something dirty. I looked away trying to concentrate on the lecture. Using all my will power to stay perfectly still. I stifled a moan by clamping my hand over my mouth when I felt a second mouth begin sucking and licking, this invisible twin joined in the sensation of both mouths running their tongues simultaneously along my nipples beneath my shirt.

'Please not now, this is to much, people are watching' I whispered.

'I know, be quiet and stay still if you want to keep from looking like a fool.' He laughed in my ear.

My hands gripped the edge of the desk as my legs were pried open beneath the wood, the cold metal frames touching my skin. I felt a hand reaching up between my legs, a finger pulling my underwear to the side, the familiar wave of heat flowing thru me as it began its invisible movements around my clit. It took everything in me not to move or make a sound. I looked straight ahead, trying to pay attention to the teacher.

'Pay attention, this will be on the exam' Aidan laughed in my mind.

I felt the invisible fingers enter me as the thumb continued its slow movements. All of this happening while the invisible mouths worked on my breasts, a third mouth claiming my neck.

My hands tightened on the edge of the desk, my nails clawing into the wood beneath. I tried to squirm ever so slightly to find some friction, but not enough to be noticed by the students behind and beside me. My breath quickened and my pulse sped up to match the rhythm of the hands within me. I closed my eyes and moved my head to make it seem as if I was just stretching my muscles as the first wave of the orgasm hit my body. My hands relaxed and contracted, blood filling my mouth as I bit my lip to keep from moaning out loud. Wave after wave flooded me as the after shocks hit.

I looked up to find Chris still watching me, mouth agape. A fresh flood of heat ran up my face, when my eyes lowered to find him rubbing himself under the desk. Did he know what was happening to me? I looked around to find everyone else absorbed in the lesson, his eyes the only one to see my quiet torture.

'Oh he knows alright' Aidan whispered. 'He knows because I told him.' I gasped in horror!

Dreams and Dragons

'I told him to watch your sweet surrender, whispering to him that you would never react to him this way. Ahh, look at his poor dejected face, he knows he will never be man enough for you. He thinks he sees me whispering in your ear, your cumming to my words alone.' I cringed as his presence left me.

I opened my eyes again as the class ended, to find Chris's head down dozing in his chair. Startled awake only when a classmate tapped his shoulder. I darted my eyes away before he could see that I was staring at him. My first encounter with Aidan during the day and it was only to torment a boy who was innocent and foolish enough to care for me. Damn him!

Chapter 10: Chapter Ten

Chapter Ten -

Gideon replayed the scene in his mind as he approached Constantine's door. He shook his head and tried to remove the images from his mind. He couldn't understand how this woman was able to consume his every waking thought. Would he ever find himself alone with her? Her long silky legs wrapped tight around him as he drove himself inside her? Would she look upon him with the love, the love he knew she reserved for the master of her dreams?

"Pull it together, Talbot," he admonished himself as he entered his friend's home.

He walked calmly towards Constantine's study, wanting to take in a long drink of something strong, to calm his nerves, passing the sound of giggling women coming from the sitting room.

"I should have told you it was a toga party," a laughing voice greeted him as he threw back his second shot of whiskey. "No matter, I can have Smith bring you something." He continued as he motioned to his servant to retrieve the clothing.

"Something is really off with you, my friend." He could hear the concern in Connie's voice.

"You got that right" he tried to smile to keep his friend from forcing him to say more.

"Okay, out with it."

"I wouldn't even know where to begin" Gideon sighed as he closed his eyes only to find Lisbeth's gaze waiting for him in the dark.

"What's her name? Is she human?"

"Yes, and she belongs to someone else."

"Well, it's easy to overcome that." Connie teased pouring himself his own drink.

"Not this time. Tell me, have you ever actually known a vampire that could dream walk?"

Constantine's long pause told him all he needed to know. "Yes, but it has been ages and ages. I first encountered it when we invaded Britain with Caesar's army. Magic was still quite strong in those days. Hell, I think there were even still dragons living. I did not think there were ancient ones left who could still do it. It comes from very old Fey magic." A new look of concern crossed his face, "Who is this girl?"

Gideon exhaled a deep breath and recounted his story from the moment he first saw Lisbeth and not stopping until he revealed her last entry.

"Oh, man. You have to let this one go. Give the book back and stop reading it. That woman will bring you nothing but pain and maybe death."

"But there has to be something, anything, that can sever the link, free her from his grasp, right." Gideon pleaded with this friend.

Dreams and Dragons

"You are talking about magic I have never been very familiar with. You say his name is Aidan? I wonder if it is Aodhan Ollpheist. He was the last of the dragon clan in Ireland. I thought him dead for all these years. To think he was just wasting away in that old castle of his. Amazing. If that is the man you are thinking of going against, I am telling you now, DON'T! Maybe if he was still weak; but it sounds as if his strength has only grown. Let it go man, just let it go." Constantine warned.

He looked into his old friends eyes and said, "Your right. Now, I am starved, show me to your waiting vestal virgins, uh" He faked a laugh as he slapped his friend shoulder, watching the worry give way to the familiar shine of mischief in his friends eyes.

Chapter 11: Chapter Eleven

Chapter Eleven -

After a night of releasing his pent up frustrations and drinking his fill he was happy to go to ground relaxed for the first time since he started reading Lisbeth's book. He resolved once the sun had set he would return it to the restaurant, with the promise it's contents were untouched. He would refuse to continue reading the contents. The dawn came upon him and closed his eyes hoping to have dreams filled with the girls from last night and not her sweet voice singing as she wandered the streets.

He woke the next evening, planning to follow thru with this promise to Constantine, but as he laid his hand on the soft leather, tracing the gilded word "Journal" with his finger, his resolve melted and he opened the book to read the next entry.

"I have decided to hunt Aidan down. This may be my last entry, my dear journal, but I don't care. If I don't find him I think I will die rather than carry on this way. It has been months since my waking dream of him in class. I am so lonely and in such need of his touch, the sound of his voice. I am going to return to the property he claims is where I first found him. I will find the owner and beg entry to look around, perhaps, just perhaps there is a clue there for me. Wish me luck journal, I think I will need it.

~

Oh Journal, I am filled with joy as I write this new entry. I have seen my love in the flesh, and felt his real touch and tasted his delicious skin! The look on his face when he realized I was truly standing before him, will last me all my days, but let me start at the beginning.

I gained entry to the property early in the morning as the men began gathering to start the day's work, by introducing myself to the foreman, providing my college ID to prove I was indeed a student. I explained that I was studying architecture and in the process of researching the estate for a paper. He was a kind gentleman with a happy smile and he laughed as he told me of his own children currently at attending University. He gladly showed me around; proud of the work and all his crew was doing to restore the manor. The house is not as old as the grounds, but had been built over the ruin of a former keep. It had been left in ruins for all these centuries as the local community believed it to be cursed. In the last few years a descendant of the Ollpheist family appeared and took control of the property, paying to have it restored.

"Ollpheist is Gaelic for dragon, you know." The foreman mused as he showed me around the gardens. I almost cried when I saw the familiar fountain and flowers planted on the walk paths that I had seen so many nights in my dreams. "The Ollpheist family goes back to the times long before the Romans came to our shores. It was long believed their line had died out, but the town was relieved to find someone willing to take it over and restore it."

He became distracted when a young man stumbled and dropped an expensive statue, "Hey, Tommy, watch what your doing lad!" he yelled as he left me. The distraction gave me a chance to wonder off and attempt to find my way inside. No one really paid me any attention as I entered the great hall of the home. I ran my fingers along the wood panels, feeling the life of the home restored from how I found it all those years ago. In a trance I found my way to the study. I knew this was the room I had stumbled in as a child. The broken window now replaced with a stained glass depiction of a dragon wrapping its tail around a flaming heart. Did Aidan design the glass with us in mind, my heart imprisoned within the dragon's embrace? I ran my fingers along the lead in the glass, tracing the dragon's face, musing that the dragon's eyes were made of the same green of Aidan's. As my finger traced the fins on the creatures back, and I swear I could feel the house vibrate

Dreams and Dragons

as if something were stirring deep within the structure.

'What in the hell do you think you are doing?' and angry voice shook me from my concentration on the stained glass.

'Um.. sorry, I was looking for the owner?' I gasped, trying to remember my excuse for being here. As I turned I came face to face with a small man, as I looked in his cold light brown eyes, the first thought entering my head was the image of a rat. 'A life-sized rat', the thought would not leave me as my eyes were drawn to the movement of his long fingers curling around his thin elongated chin. He and his nervous subconscious movements instantly repulsed me.

'The master of the house is not available at the moment. How did you get in here?'

I rambled on about my story of college and writing the paper, praying he bought into my lie.

'I would like to explore the house, if you don't mind, wait for him to return. Please?' A flash of something wicked crossed his eyes as he licked his lips.

'I think master Ollpheist will be quite happy to meet with you.' He stroked his chin again, and a chill went thru me. 'Come, let me get you something to drink, and then a tour.'

I drew a breath of relief that he bought my story. I could only pray that his Master Ollpheist was my own Aidan. I accepted the cool drink he offered, and downed it nervously, trying to wet my dry mouth.

'Let us begin that tour, yes?' the man said kindly. Perhaps I had misjudged him? I decided to follow him, forgetting my earlier misgivings ignoring the warning signs, distracted by the grandeur of the home. We walked thru the great room, the dinning area, and finally ascending the grand staircase. I thought I must have been out of shape as my legs began to feel like dead weight when we reached the top.

I followed the servant who walked down a long hall, bypassing the various closed doors, taking me to the final room at the end of the hall. Once I passed the threshold my body awakened, seeming to know the space instinctually. I gasped as I recognized the fireplace, the tall windows with silky inner curtains that I knew would dance with a breeze in the moonlight. I turned to the large four-poster bed, approaching cautiously under the watchful eye of the Rat king. I began to run my hand along the soft velvet coverings, their color a deep burgundy, a red that almost matched my hair. Suddenly, I felt the room begin to tilt. I tightened my grip on the poster, looking up to find a pair of dangling wrist cuffs, 'what the hell?' I thought to myself as the servant crept up behind me.

He massaged my shoulders, which had begun to tense to fight off the rooms spinning,

'Just let go,' he whispered in my ear, 'don't fight it and you will soon find yourself drifting away.'

His hands began to shift from my shoulders to the tops of my breasts. With every ounce of strength I still had within me, I grabbed his wrist and turned to him with eyes as cold as my Aidan's.

'I would not do that if I were you' I let out in as steady a voice as I could, adding as much vile as I was able, 'Not that I won't enjoy watching your master break each bone in that very long hand of yours, I don't think you will find joy in the act. We both know how much he detests someone taking what belongs only to him.'

I felt satisfied when the slimy man jumped back. I knew I was in the right place when I saw the absolute fear register in eyes when he realized I knew exactly who is master was and how quick his mood could change.

Dreams and Dragons

'I didn't know, mistress, please forgive me, oh my god, he is going to kill me!'

All the anger left me at his quiet words, God help me but I felt sorry for this small rodent of a man in front of me.

'You didn't know, no harm is done, I will try and protect you, but you must help me, I think I am about to fall.' My last memory of that early morning was only his rushing to catch me before I hit the floor.

I woke what must have been hours later, to the gentle nudging at my shoulders and the smell of sweet hot tea near my noise.

'Please mistress, please wake up.' He pleading driving me to open my eyes.

I could tell the day was almost at an end based on the orange mixed with deep blue that was coming thru the window. The little man handed me a cup of tea as I sat up in the bed, relieved to find I was still clothed completely. 'The master will be waking soon and I must have you leave before he realizes you are here.'

'I am afraid that is too late, he would have known the moment I was on the grounds.' I said resting my head back on the headboard. I remembered the feeling of the house vibrating under me as I ran my fingers along the glass window.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not seen Aidan in my dreams when I passed out. I had no dreams at all, why is that? Was it the drug the man had slipped into my drink? I had to know what it was, experiment with it at my home. I wanted to see if I could lock Aidan out of my mind and give him a taste of what it meant to go so long without me.

'What was that drug you gave me? Have you used it before?' I asked narrowing my eyes. 'Do not lie to me boy,' I growled. It was against my nature to be so mean to another person, but I knew I would get no answers if he felt me weak.

'Yes, it is how he found me. He caught me using rufies in the pub. He threatened to tell the girl's pa what I had done, if I didn't agree to work for him.'

A wave of pure jealousy hit me in that moment. A feeling I was not use to.

'Calm yourself girl,' I thought to myself. Of course he had women in this home. I just never thought of it before. Realizing what a strange denial to think of myself as his source of life and pleasure.

'And you would bring women to him as well as keep an eye over him as he sleeps?'

He bowed his head, I think for the first time in his sick life he felt shame at his own wickedness.

'Yes mistress' he answered quietly.

'And how would you prepare them?'

'I wouldâ ' umm' words were failing him.

'Answer me, you little worm before I lose my patience!' I snapped as I reached out and grabbed his oily hair, bringing his head back in a sharp snap. My strength amazed me, I had no idea I could enjoy tormenting this insufferable fool.

Dreams and Dragons

'I would see they were bathed, stripped, and restrained to await him.' The rat king whimpered.

'Tie them where?' I asked not releasing my hold on his head; my eyes followed his long finger as he pointed to the cuffs attached to the bedpost.

'I see.' I stated as I released him and took another sip of my tea. Hollow in my response as if I were reading the morning post.

Suddenly, my skin was a flame with desire. I imagined my hands bound to the bed, Aidan's strong hands running down my bare back, a smile spreading across his face, enjoying my reaction.

'I feel he is about to waken. Prepare me as you would the others.' I stated, waiving my hand to dismiss him.

'Miss?' he questioned.

'Do as you are told boy! Draw me a bath!' I yelled back. Goddamn my soul, but I smiled as he scurried away like the rat he truly was.

Soon I entered the warm waters that were infused with oils and perfume, flowers from the garden floating on the surface. Something told me the poor girls before were not treated with such affection. I rose and dried off, calling out to the boy.

'What is your name anyway,' I demanded as I came from the bath with a towel wrapped around me.

'Conner, ma'm.' he stated.

'Well Conner, the hour is here. I am ready to be tied to await your Master.' He refused to look up from the floor, scared to move an inch from his spot.

'I can't ma'm, I just can't. Please take this gown instead. I will bind you as you have requested but I cannot do so with you naked. I am too afraid.' I smiled at his fear, it seemed so refreshing to see someone else as frightened of Aidan as I.

'All right then, leave me to change. I will call for you when I am done.'

He left the room as I picked up the silk and lace gown laid out on the bed for me. Ivory in color it looked like cream flowing along my body. It had a halter-top with a clasp found at the ends of the lace. One click and the gown would float down like a feather on the breeze. Well chosen, I thought with a smile.

'You may come in now.' I said calmly. Eyeing him carefully as he entered the room, 'come now and help me with these restraints.' I ordered raising my hands above my head to suspend them in the cuffs secured by small chains to a large nail in the post.

The man approached his fingers shaking as he worked the buckles around my wrists.

'I don't think this is a good idea, miss.' He sighed losing his resolve.

'Shhh, it will be myself who will take the blunt of his anger. I promise. Now hurry before he is awake.' I spoke calmly.

Dreams and Dragons

As he finished working the buckles on the soft leather cuffs I said, 'Once he comes in we are not to be disturbed, no matter what you hear, do you understand.' My question unanswered, 'Do You Understand?' I hissed the question as an order.

'Yes mistress, you are not to be disturbed.'

I felt more than heard that Aidan was awake and on the ground floor.

'Conner, would you stop with that annoying racket!' he bellowed from the floor below.

'Go now,' I whispered, every hair on my body standing to attention.

I could hear Conner scurry along the hallway and stop short as Aidan's heavy footsteps reached the top of the stairs.

'Who do you have up here Conner, I thought I told you I did not need anyone tonight, I have other plans' he stopped his sentence short. I knew he must of just realized that his sense of me was stronger than it should be, realizing not only that I must be close but actually in his home. I winced as I heard Conner yelp as he was slammed against the wall.

'Please sir, she insisted, I didn't know I swear I didn't know until it was too late!' he cried. I heard him drop to floor. The sound of his body hitting the wood was joined by a crashing picture frame knocked loose by the force of Aidan pushing the boy into the wall.

The door slammed open and I prayed away my shaking as I felt his anger flowing off him in waves. I expected him to yell at me, ask what I was doing here, waiting for his anger. I felt him approaching slowly behind me and I had to fight my primal instinct to keep from turning around to watch his approach. I held my breath waiting for his first touch.

He stood behind me and I could hear him breath in my scent, running his hands softly down my restrained arms. A new shudder, one so much more violent came over me. He was touching me in the flesh, this is not a dream, THIS was reality. A reality I had forced on us both.

'You shouldn't have come here, little bird' he whispered in my ear. His mouth so close to my ear caused me to lose the strength in my knees, my only support coming from the ties to the bedpost. 'It's not safe for you here' a hand traveling down my bare back, heat moving thru me at his touch.

'But I am here, nothing on this world could keep me from you. You must know that.' I answered between pants. A whimper leaving me as he backed away, 'Don't go, please, touch me again.'

In my dreams this slight physical distance never brought this feeling of pure absence, as I could always sense him. In reality I did not expect to feel so distant at such a short pace. To be so close and yet so far away was unbearable.

'You don't know what you ask of me.' I looked up to see him on the other side of the bed staring so intently at my face.

'I know exactly what I am asking. Take me, feed from me, beat me, kill me, I care not which, but please don't leave me alone.' I cried, silent tears rolling down my face.

'You wish me to end your life?' a deep sadness sweeping across his brilliant green eyes.

Dreams and Dragons

'If you will not have me, then my life is nothing. I have resigned myself to this fate, it is your choice what you decide to do with it.' In his actual physical presence, I was overcome by the images of all the times he touched me, all the times he held me, kissed me and told me he loved me. I think I forgave him all his cruelty, unable to recall anything but his gentle caress.

In a movement so fast it did not register, he was again behind me, his kiss tender on my neck.

'What is this, this mark here?' he asked softly, his finger lightly moving across the small infinity shaped mark on my neck.

'My daily reminder of you. It appeared after your first bite there, it darkens when you feed and fades in your absence.' His kiss deepened and turned into a gentle suck, pulling the blood to the skin. I moaned and leaned my head back to his shoulder as his hands worked around to my breasts. His touch in my dreams did not prepare me for the weight of his hands in reality. I shook in sweet tremors knowing this was real and not another dream. I moved my head to kiss the strong shape of his jaw. With his hand on my chin he gently turned my face to him and we kissed as if for the first time.

'Lisbeth' he breathed in a moan. His hands drifted to my back tracing the skin left bare by the backless shape of the gown, stopping when they crossed the scars left from that awful night so long ago.

'How, what is this?' I heard him gasp.

'Never mind that, my love.' I said another tear dripping from my cheek.

'I don't understand' he said, his soft fingers running along the raised white skin.

'I told you they survived the dream. I don't mind them anymore, come back to me.'

The bed shook as he punched the side of the footboard.

'This is not right, you have to go.'

'Do not banish me, not when I have finally found you, please 'Aidan, kiss me again.' I begged him our eyes meeting in the dim lit room. 'Lay me down and make love to me. Allow me this one night.' The words had barely left my lips when I felt the cuffs loosen and my hands freed.

I spun to find him at the door, hand readied on the handle. I ran for him, striking him again and again, all the years of frustration and anger flowing from me in useless pounding on his strong back. He turned to face my onslaught; I smacked his face again and again, my fingers clawing at his chest, sobs raking my body. He just stood and allowed my anger to flow from me.

His strong arms encased me as I lost all my strength and began to collapse. He lifted me gently and took me to his chair, cradling me in lap as he had done when I was a child. Years of tears and sadness ran from me as he rocked me gently.

'Shhh, little one, shhh' he purred at me, running his fingers thru my hair. This motion lulling me into dry racking sobs. Exhausted I could do nothing but close my eyes and rest against his silent chest. It seemed forever that I stayed there curled in his arms, as a child again. But I am no longer a child, the thought renewing my courage.

Dreams and Dragons

I took his hand, bringing it to my lips to kiss his palm and feel my face nestled in his hand once again. The pulse of electric that shot thru me fired me into a renewed passion. I took his hand and began kissing the tips of his fingers one by one, ending with this thumb which I took into my mouth, sucking on it lightly, I had learned a thing or two about seduction in my time with him.

'Stop' he said quietly, as exhausted by this scene as myself. I was wearing him down, his walls decaying at my touch. I continued my soft kisses as I turned to anchor myself, my knees outside his strong thighs, pulling up the gown to free the space between my knees. My kisses traveled up his arm, to his neck, I rested my mouth on the same spot that mirrored my own. I opened my mouth and began moving my tongue in slow circles; light feathers dancing on his skin, I could feel his response between my legs. I started suckling on the spot, lightly a rhythm to it that mimicked his sweet long draws he had taken at my own neck for so many nights.

I began rocking my hips with sweet friction on his hardened member. I bit ever so lightly, eliciting a cry of passion from his lips. I raised my lips to his, pulling back as his tongue attempted to explore me. He opened his eyes to find mine staring at him and slight smile on my lips.

'Oh no my love, you had your chance to touch, that time has passed.' I pushed him back on the chair, resuming my movements on his lap. I kissed him lightly again. Using my fingers to open his mouth ever so slightly, I slid my tongue into just the front running it along the inside of his lip, a maneuver that had always excited him. He tried again to lean forward and take control only to find me pull away and push him back. 'Be a good boy now,' I scolded him.

I moved my hips again, using my weight to rub my sex against the bulge in his pants. As I would end the length of him, I continued the graceful movement by arching my back, bringing to his shoulders to steady my movements; completing the wave when I would bring my hips back to make the move again. I looked up into his eyes as I reached back and I unsnapped the halter holding the silken gown to my frame. It fell in a quiet motion, feeling like faery wings caressing my skin.

With hooded eyes, I watched him as I ran my tongue along my own lips bringing my hands up to caress my breasts while my lower half continued its gyrations.

'You want to touch, don't you.' His hand reached up and I slapped it away. I increased my rocking, throwing my head back hard enough to have my hair fly up and back, the curls landing on the tops of his hand which were now gripping my hips in attempt to control the speed of my movements, forcing my weight down as I moved across him. I smiled as the tips of my hair caressed his fingers when I moved my hips and shoulders. Excited by the sound of a moan escaping his lips, his head laid back, eyes closed.

I released my breasts and reached out to unbutton his shirt, my mouth following each inch as I it opened; my tongue tasting his flesh, now so real beneath me. A gentle tremor passed from me to him as my mouth encased his nipple. My tongue sliding over the hardened nub on it while my finger pulled and pinched the twin across his chest.

'This is what it is to be loved by me, my sweet Aidan, enjoy this moment.' I sent my thoughts to him, praying in this plain of existence he could hear it just as loud.

I pulled back from his lap to stand before him, the gown completing its fall to the ground. I could see his brows knit in frustration as he opened his eyes to take in my naked form.

I went to my knees, kneeling before him I opened his legs so I could fit between them. With shaking fingers I unbuttoned his pants, he lifted his hips to allow me to remove them, his hands running thru my hair. Even in my dreams I had not dared to take him in my mouth, I prayed for courage to do this right and make him want

Dreams and Dragons

me again.

I knelt over his large member, running my fingers up the shaft, exploring how unexpectedly soft the skin was around such a hard item. I opened my mouth, running my tongue across the bell shaped head. A wave of pleasure rippled thru him and into me, giving me the courage to continue taking his length into my mouth. Going as far as I could and using my hands to stroke what remained, I slowly pulled back, sucking slightly, increasing the pressure once I returned to the top. Repeating the motion while twisting my hands so my thumb could run up the pulsing vein that ran the length of him.

I increased my motions as his hips began to thrust into me, his hands entwined in my hair moving my head to his liking. 'Yes, just like that, yes' he moaned and I shook with the pleasure coursing thru me knowing I could effect him this way. The pressure was building inside him and I knew I was close when he tensed and grew harder in my mouth. Suddenly a hot spring came from him. I drank it all in, the salty taste of my Aidan so pleasant in my mouth. 'I love you, Lisbeth' he moaned as I sucked the last of him into my mouth. 'And I you,' I responded as I ran my hand under his thighs milking his orgasm and bringing new tremors to his body and my own.

I stood up and gently, pulling on his hands to guide him to the bed. I climbed on the top being sure to wiggle my behind in just the right way, inviting him to join me.

I turned onto my back, bringing my legs around under me, 'Make me a woman in this world as you have in my dreams. Claim what is yours, my love.' I beckoned him to me, running my finger over my lips, opening my mouth just enough for him to see my tongue; hoping he would respond as a mortal man would to a siren's call.

'You are mine,' he said as he began to climb onto the bed.

'Yes, I am, but only if you will have me.' I knew those words would unlock whatever else kept him from my side.

In a blink of an eye he was beside me, lifting me so my legs were wrapped around his hips as he sat on his heels. He held my face firmly in his hand, our eyes meeting for just a hungry moment before he pressed his lips hard on my own. I opened my mouth to him, arching my back as if I could melt into him. Pure joy invaded my heart as I felt his response. His mouth moved in hungry, furious movements down my neck. Small bites leaving red welts in their wake, but I felt no pain only pleasure. I moaned as his fingers clawed into my sensitive back, I arched back to take them in deeper. 'Yes, oh Yes' I cried as wave after wave took me to a new heights.

He laid me back, moving his fingers in between my legs while his mouth and free hand worked on my breast, my nipples hard and pointing at his touch. My hips thrust towards him aching to feel him within me. He only allowed me to move just enough to find the tip of him at the edge of my sex.

He smiled, 'patience, little bird, patience', I moaned in answer. He bit my breast releasing the first orgasm thru my body.

'Now, god please now,' I lifted my head up to whisper in his ear and try to find a place for my lips, biting into his shoulder.

'Say what I want to hear, sing your song for me little bird, and I may allow you your wish,' he purred in my ear as he pushed me back grabbing my wrists in one strong hand and holding them captive above me head. I rolled my body like a wave, the deep arch allowing a breast to catch near his lips as his head was bowed

Dreams and Dragons

awaiting my reply. I withheld the words, trying again to force him into me by tightening my legs and pushing him closer to me.

'Say it my lovely, I can hear the words running thru your fevered mind.' He smiled at my inquisitive look, 'Oh yes, I can still hear you even in this room, dream or not.'

'No man has ever had what so clearly belongs only to you.' I whispered.

'Again, my sweet.' He growled pulling my hair back with his spare hand arching my neck at an unnatural angle.

'No man has touched what belongs only to you. Claim what is yours!' I said louder, pleading with my eyes.

'As you wish,' he smiled. Spreading my thighs wider he came closer, running his member between my soaking walls, teasing my throbbing clit, he maneuvered himself into place and began the first thrust. Despite the many times we had been together in my dreams, this was the first time my actual body had experienced a man. As I expected the was there, ten fold in this real place, but I was older now and ready for it. I had learned to take pain in my time with him. I breathed and let the ripples flow thru me and allowed the pain to fade into pleasure.

'I want all of you, more, I want more.' I said in a husky voice I did not recognize as my own. He smiled at me with pure hungry love as he pushed himself deeper.

'Aaahh,' I exploded as the new pain registered only as sweet torment, 'again my love, more,' he thrust deeper and I could feel the base of him as his pubic bone rubbed on my clit. He withdrew and thrust himself in one fast hard stroke, and I exploded all around him. He began driving harder into me, his thrust quick and fast. He began three fast half thrusts finished by a hard slam, setting off fireworks within me. I grabbed his hips, digging my fingers into his skin, crying, 'Harder, faster, more' driving his passion anew. I opened my eyes as I came so close to the edge, to see his head thrown back and his fangs extracted, and I knew he was ready.

'Tell me I can cum, cum with me, send us both to oblivion.' In a move that we had perfected so long ago, I arched my neck for him just in time for his dissent. I swear the bed shook as violently as our bodies when we both shattered into each other. 'We are equal in this bed, in this place' were the last thoughts I had as I fell, him drinking from me as I descended into darkness.

Chapter 12: Chapter Twelve

Chapter Twelve -

Gideon read and re-read the last passage at least twenty times. He dreamed when he went to ground that he was in Aidan's place. He drove himself mad with the thought of her blue eyes looking up at him as her pink lips surrounded him. He dreamed of knotting her silky red hair in his grip. He tortured himself with the sound of her begging him to take her and the feel of thrusting himself in her tight maiden womanhood.

He returned to the pub near their home, scanning the crowd hoping to see her profile in the booth where he first found her. He tried to burry himself in women, returning to Constantine's home and his many "dinner parties." But nothing could wash away his hunger. It took weeks before he read the next and last passage in her journal.

"I woke in the early hours to find him sitting across from me in his chair, gazing at me so intently, his fingers tempted at his mouth. I went to him and crawled naked onto his lap, resting my head on his shoulder.

'This can not happen again, Lisbeth.' He stated with finality in his voice. He built up new walls that I knew I would never be able to break thru again.

'I know' I conceded, 'I don't understand why, but I know.'

'I have learned that most of my enemies have died off but there is still one left who wouldn't think twice about using you to get to me.' He looked down at me and he must of seen the look of doubt, heard in my mind the words I was planning to say to try and argue with him.

'Don't you think I would have sought you out? Come to you earlier? Why do you think I have kept my distance?' he asked.

'I never considered it. The idea of someone hurting me just to spite you. I guess I have never thought of the world past you and I.' I answered.

'Do you really think me so cruel?' he asked, lifting my chin so he could see my eyes. I think I broke his heart in that moment when I remained silent; knowing anything I said would be a lie.

'Is this the end? The end of us?' I asked, new tears falling from my eyes.

'No, God no, child.' He sighed and kissed me as if to prove it was the truth.

'I will still come to you has I have in the past. You will never be far from my heart, little bird.' He whispered into my ear.

After a long silence I made a decision. With resolve in my voice I said, 'Turn me then.'

He grabbed my shoulders with a fierce strength and said loudly, 'Listen to me when I say this to you and do not argue. For once in your life do not ask this. I don't know if I will have the strength to deny you, but know this, I will not turn you into one of my kind.'

'Why?' I asked, those damned tears falling from me again, 'If I am like you, they won't hurt me, I will be strong.'

Dreams and Dragons

"Vampires can still die, and that death is more horrible than you can imagine. Or worse you find your self locked in an eternity of hunger, as you found me so many years ago. I promise you it is not like some epic romance."

For once Gideon found himself agreeing with his whole heart with Aidan. He looked over the words again and began to respect the older vampire and his reasons for keeping Lisbeth at a distance.

"He held me there for what must have been a long time, our fingers entwined with each other. The moments till dawn creeping up on us faster and faster."

'Aidan, that night in the forest, when you were so angry with me.' I paused, 'Why did you not remember what happened?'

He considered my question for a few moments; I could tell he was struggling with weather to tell me the truth. 'I am the last of my kind. I am not like the other vampires, which is why they thought I was dead when really I was only interred. My kind are as old as the earth, we have lived here in this land long before human kind came into existence. We were a mix of faeries, vampire, and dragon. We come from the oldest of Fey magik. If faced with a rage or a fear that is so primal,' he paused, 'I am unable to control it, I can turn into our true form.'

I remembered the red glowing eyes and long fierce fangs from that night, a shiver running thru me. I thought back trying to hold the moment in my mind, and once in focus I could see what I now know for certain to be scales shining in the light of the night sky.

'I was not in full control of myself that night, I will never forgive myself for what happened.'

I took his face in my hand, looking him in the eye, 'you must forgive yourself, as I forgive you right now in this moment.'

A deep sigh released from him that felt as though he had been holding his breath for all these years.

We stayed together as long as we could, until the day came upon us like a train barreling down the tracks, forcing me to get up and dress.

I will never forget the way he looked standing there, his face blurred by my tears, slowly becoming smaller and smaller as Conner pulled away from the house, my sobs the only sound.

I love him, my dear little journal, my heart will always beat in time to his own. I only pray he can defeat the things that chase him in his own dreams and in his life so he kind find the faith to come for me.

Gideon closed the book on the last page, wanting to tear the small leather bound thing into small pieces. This *thing* had become his obsession, the words within it a curse. He screamed outloud in frustration knowing with absolute certainty he would never be able to make his fantasies come true, not with her. It was simple enough to see and to understand, he would never be able to replace Aidan. What little hope he had in his heart to one day make her is own was torn at her final words, *"my heart will always beat in time to his own."* Gideon would have to accept this fact if he were to ever find peace.

Even in his agony he was unable to free his mind from her image. Only now the sights had changed from glimpses of her and him together, to images of her hurt, tortured, or worse. He could almost hear her screams, her cries for help, as some unseen hand tortured her. Her sweet face contorted in pain and agony, eclipsed by the imagined laugh of Aidan's enemies. This was one thing he knew for certain, she was in danger. He was not

Dreams and Dragons

sure where this impulse this paranoia was coming from, but it struck in him so deeply he was convinced it to be a sign.

He laid his hand on the cover and swore to himself in that moment that he would watch over her, protect her from Aidan's enemies, and fight to the death to save her. Gathering his courage, he took the book and placed it into an envelope with a letter:

Aidan,

You do not know me, but we share a common affection.

I came upon your "little bird" a few months ago in a pub near her home. I was immediately drawn to her, something so isolated and fragile holding steady as the human world bustled around her. I found her writing in this journal which she dropped as she left the building. It was wrong of me to take it and read her intimate thoughts, but I am ashamed to say I did not have the control to keep myself from it. I had to know more about this stunning woman who captured my attention with nothing more than a gaze across the room. I am sure you are more than familiar with the effect she can have on a man's heart and soul.

I won't lie to you and say I never approached her; I tried many a time, watching her from a far not daring to come closer. Only once did we speak but she kept her distance and did nothing to encourage my deepening affection. I will also say there were times when I wanted you dead and punished as I read her words. Not until the last sentences in this journal did I finally come to see you for who you really are and what she means to you.

I think I love her and God help me I long to see her happy even if that happiness can only be found in your arms. I now understand, with a heavy heart that her only true bliss can be found with you. She has been and will continue to be yours and yours alone.

I also can not shake this feeling that she is in danger. I know you have a connection with her so perhaps you can sense it as well. If so then you know my concerns are not all together unfounded. I want to protect her for this coming storm. You have been underground for so long I know you have few allies left to fight with you and you will need help.

I understand your first reaction will be to tear me limb from limb, and trust me brother, I have thought the same of you, but hold that instinct, for I wish nothing more than to give you this promise. I will swear an oath that you have my allegiance, I will join in the fight against your enemy, and I will lay down my life to protect your love, your Lisbeth.

I am not near as hold as you, but I am old enough to remember the ancient ways. I am willing to meet your challenge and complete the ceremony to seal my bond with a blood oath.

I am sure you will respect my not wanting to negotiate these terms in private. If you choose to accept my offer, and you choose to meet on common ground, I believe this can be arranged. You may recall Constantine Atratinus, who claims to have met with you in the past. You can make arrangements for this meet thru him, I have included his information.

Please allow time for your anger at my invasion of your lady's privacy to pass before you make any final judgments.

Gideon Talbot

Chapter 13: Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Thirteen -

"Come on Lisbeth, it will be a blast! You have to come." Diane whined at her, pouting.

"I don't know about that Professor Atratinus, he has been known to thru some pretty crazy parties." Lisbeth may seem a prude to her friends, but she had heard the stories and she wondered sometimes if half the girls hadn't been drugged to forget.

"Okay, listen," Diane continued in her debate, "How's about you come along and be a designated driver? Mmmm, you can play house mother to us girls and keep us on the straight and narrow?"

Lisbeth considered her logic, the event was supposed to be the biggest party of the year, hosted during the summer solstice, a masquerade with full costumes in the theme of mid-summer nights dream. An interesting theme given the party was to be held on during the summer solstice. She had to admit she was intrigued.

"Do you remember Christopher, he will be there." Diane teased.

"Oh please," Lisbeth sighed, "that is such old news."

"I don't know, I think he still holds quite a flame for you."

"Hey, are you trying to talk me into this or out of it?" Lisbeth teased, throwing a crumpled paper at her friend.

"In, In" Diane sang back clapping her hands together.

"Alright, but if I say it's time to go, then I am leaving with or without you." Lisbeth agreed in a firm tone.

"Deal!" Diane squealed with delight, "Now the only problem left is what are we going to be dressed as?" Lisbeth had no fears that her two friends would figure out something show stopping.

"Faeries! That is absolutely the way to go." Mary Margret said with a sparkle in her eye. Lisbeth knew she must already be thinking of the costume designs. Diane and Mary Margret were both attending the University for theatre with a concentration in costume and fashion design.

"I want to be a wood faerie." Mary Margret claimed as she picked up a bolt of sheer forest green fabric from her wall of material.

"You should be a water faerie, Diane." Lisbeth suggested sitting back with a smile watching her friends begin drawing and debating different parts of the whole design. She sat back to enjoy this moment with her friends, seeing them so full of life and energy, she felt like drawing on their excitement. Trying to absorb it into her as one would the sun on a warm day.

"Hey, Lizzie, you gonna give us your opinion or what?" Mary Margret chided her as her friend realized they were leaving her out of the conversation, "What do you want to be?"

Lisbeth thought hard on it and a slow smile stretched across her face, "A dragon faerie!"

Dreams and Dragons

"What? I've never heard of that butâ!" Her friend paused mid thought with a pencil bouncing off the edge of her mouth, lost in thought, "I got it! By George, I think I got it!" She laughed out loud while her two friends looked on in quiet confusion, "I have the best material for that idea." She began drawing frantically on her pad, "We'll start by cutting it to look like scales, butâ oh my this is going to be so fantastic!" She gathered her friends around her as she began explaining the dress and the accessories that were going to make them the success of the party.

Chapter 14: Chapter Fouteen

Chapter Fourteen -

"I think you are absolutely insane my friend." Constantine sighed as he paced the floor in front of him. "Not but a few months ago you wanted to see this guy dead and now you want to swear a blood oath? What in the hell were you thinking?"

"This is what I want, Connie." Gideon replied taking a deep pull on the tumbler of scotch in his hand. "I can't go into the details, but you have to trust me this is the right thing to do."

"Well, it is a good thing I already had this summer party planned as a costume party, we can hide in plain sight."

"Hide what?" Gideon asked with a deep swallow, what had he agreed to?

"You really don't know what you have gotten yourself into," Constantine said as he shook his head, "The challenge he has requested and the oath ceremony is very, very old. It requires faerie magik and not just any small magik, it will require the presence of the faerie queen. I did not know such things still existed, but somehow even in his long absence he was able to make the arrangements for her to attend. This place will be filled with humans, vampires, faeries, hell maybe a leprechaun or two, the way this is shaking out." He laughed as he dragged his hand thru his black hair.

"Patience, my brother, I promise this is the right thing. I don't know how or why I have found myself in this situation but I know I was meant for it. Something's coming, something big, I don't know what but I can't shake the feeling that I am meant to be in the middle of it." Gideon sighed as he looked at his oldest friend.

"Alright, Gideon, I'm in the thick of it already, I might as well see it thru with you."

"Now, what do you know about Aidan, exactly?" Gideon asked refilling his drink. "I need to understand why he is so convinced he is in constant danger."

Constantine took a deep breath, "You have to understand the way our world was divided at the time he was thought to have been killed," he began as he entered the code to unlock his vault. Gideon following him in the room sized safe. The room was lined with shelves filled with books, scrolls, sculptures, and various other items Constantine had collected in his years.

"You were only just born into our world as Christianity was taking a hold over the people in this land. Before then magik was everywhere, you could feel it and taste it. As the human's beliefs changed the magik lost its hold and everything seemed to be in chaos. It was in the darkest part of this chaos that the vampire clans went to war. With Fey magik being weakend and the war there was a create loss to both vampire and Fey.

The different clans were forced into peace their only other option being to face utter aniolation. You see the war practically eradicated the natural born vampires."

"Wait, natural born vampires?" Gideon interrupted Constantine midsentence.

Constantine ignored his question at first, running his finger along a set of scrolls, the other finger pressed against his lips, "Yes, when you hear of the 'ancients' that is what they are referring to. The first vampires were born into this world thru magik as were other Fey beings. I don't know exactly when they stopped being

Dreams and Dragons

born but it was this evolution in the species that forced the ancients towards turning humans. My sire was an ancient, he was the last born into his clan, he claimed he was old enough to have been witness to the rise of Romulous and Reimus." Connie sighed in disgust when he looked up and found his friend staring at him in confusion. "Romulous and Reimus were the son's of Rhea and Mars the God of War. For their protection she hid them by setting them adrift on a River. They were protected and fed by a she-wolf until they were found by a shepard. When the twin brothers grew up they decided to become kings, dreaming of a day when they would build the a city by the River Tiber. As generally happens when two men with such ambition they fought over who would be the king, neither wishing to share the throne. Romulus picked up a rock and in a fit of rage he killed Reimus. One day Romulus killed his brother, making himself king of their new city, Rome." Connie turned back to his shelf, "Ahhh - here it is!"

Constantine pulled a scroll that appeared to be leather more than paper. He brought it to the island found in the middle of the vault, unrolling it carefully on the marble surface. The drawing on the thin leather showed a crude rendering of the outlines of Ireland, Britian, and western Europe as it must have appeared to the artist who drew out the map. The lands were divided by burned in lines and slight color changes.

"You see the truce created these territories, each to be ruled by the remaining Vampire Clans. This territory," Constantine pointed to the upper half of Britian, Scotland, and Ireland, "was ruled by Aidan's Clan, until his death, he was the ruler and the last of his kind."

"So you're saying he was a king?" Gideon asked, trying hard to remember any of this from his youth, both human and vampire. So much of his early years as vampire was a haze as his own sire had been captured and murdered only a few months after he was turned. Without any real guidance or instruction his first century was a blur of carnality, crude and vile feeding binges, Gideon had lived on pure instinct alone. He was lucky not to have been caught and killed before Constantine had found him and began guiding him back to some form of humanity.

"Yes, and not just any king, but a well loved and respected king. He was fair but not weak, he allowed refugees from other territories to live in this land in peace, he was trying to keep the Fey world strong as the humans moved more and more towards their new Christian religion, their loss of faith weakening the Fey powers that held the community together."

"So what happened? If he was so revered how did he end up in that desolate place, locked there for centuries? And how had no one disturbed the area or his grave?"

"Slow down there brother, one question at a time." Constantine laughed.

"The other clans became angry with his ruling style. They refused to see the future Aidan was trying to build for them, for all of us. They believed he was growing too powerful and it was simply a matter of time before he would attack. They were too greedy to see he was building what could have been a lasting peace between vampire, Fey, and Human.

Legend has it that the other clans decided they would kill him and divide his territory amongst themselves. And I hate to say it but the strategy they pursued was brilliant, so subtle and slow moving it took years to come to it's conclusion.

They claimed be having conflict between the four remaining clans and they wanted to bring Aidan in to resolve the issue and find a new treaty. This in and of it self was not an unusual request as he was often asked to arbitrate major conflicts. They negotiated for decades, slowly lulling him into believing that he was helping to build a better world, when in fact they were just waiting for the right time to strike.

Dreams and Dragons

The time came when the final treaty was agreed upon, and the clans were to meet to give their oath and seal the agreement. It was only logical for the ceremony to take place at his Keep. I am sure he thought nothing of it. It is said that on the eve of the ceremony during a feast, they poisoned part of his garrison army and viciously murdered the remainder. The Clan rulers had brought their own servants, again nothing unexpected with this, but their true purpose was not to serve the attendees but to murder Aidan's staff. They managed to remove all the Faeries that were in the Keep and used their own sorcerer to spell the building to restrict entry to any Faerie or Faerie magik not already held within."

Gideon suddenly felt very tired. He tried to shake the sight from his mind of what that night must of entailed. The sounds of screaming, fighting, begging, if ever there hell broke open to this earth it had to have on that night.

Constantine rolled the map back up, returning it to the shelf and guiding Gideon out of the room, closing the vault door behind them, resuming his story, "No one knows what happened in that throne room as the only occupants were the 5 Clan leaders. The legend goes that they poisoned Aidan first to keep him still. It is said the 4 remaining rulers divided the his territory while he was forced to watch, unable to move or speak. Once they agreed to the new territorial lines, they had their guardsmen bring in the Faerie women who had been in his service along with wife and her sisters, they were said to have violated the women in ways I won't discuss here, drained them, and severed their heads. They then placed the heads of his loved ones on the plates around the table as if they were being served for dessert. All the while he was tied to the head of the table frozen by some potion, unable to do anything to stop the unfolding horror before him. Once their *'feast'* had concluded they staked him and removed his heart, leaving his body tied to his throne, the bodies of his staff posed on stakes and swords to look as though they were simply mid bow or mid curtsy. It is said it took a month before the spell holding the Keep could be broken for the Faerie King and Queen to gain entrance.

The legend says the Faerie queen, refused to simply burn the Keep down and ignore destroying the bodies inside. She ordered that each person would be prepared for a proper funeral pyre, the bodies cleaned, prayed over, and prepared by whatever family could be found. The funeral pyres burned so high it could be seen from miles away. Only the Faerie King and Queen cared for Aidan's remains. No one knew what they had done to dispose of the body, but I guess we know now they simply interred him beneath the throne room floors.

I remember being told they spelled the property to always appear to be just recently abandoned. As time passed, any human who came upon the property would simply see a decaying building, not an ancient ruin of a Keep. Whether they saw a Keep, a castle, a manor, or a shack, would depend on the person attempting to trespass on the land. Now how they kept the land from being bought and sold thru the centuries, I could not tell you, but somehow the descendants of the servants and garrison men, managed to hold it until someone worthy stepped forth to claim it. And who better than the original owner and ruler of the land?" Constantine sighed as he finished his tale, brining his fingers to the bridge of his nose trying to loosen the tension in his face.

"Sweet Mother, how is he not dead?"

Constantine rolled his head back and with a deep rolling laugh, "You see that is the beauty of it. I only learned this information about 200 years ago." He shook his head and brought his fingers up to his face, squinting his eye between his thumb and index finger, "If the other clan rulers had been a just a hair more sensitive to the other Fey in the land, perhaps someone would have warned them." His laugh renewed as he gripped his sides.

"Warned them about what?" Gideon could not help but smile at his friend's levity.

"Dragons have 2 hearts not one." They both roared with laughter.

Dreams and Dragons

After a few minutes Constantine's face turned solemn and he wiped a tear from his cheek, "I don't know if it was the poison keeping him still or simply a soul broken by all he was forced to witness, but somehow, he survived all this time. I am not sure if it was providence or if the Faerie King and Queen spelled him as they did the land."

The room grew quiet as the two men thought about those words and the torture this being must have endured for the centuries it took to free himself from the floor of his Keep.

"But why is he still so afraid? The territories have been written and rewritten time and again, I am not sure any of the original clans rulers are even still alive." Gideon asked trying to find reason in Aidan's paranoia.

"You are almost correct. There is only one of the remaining clan leaders left and there is a reason he is the only one left. I have never met Aeron and I hope I never have to, he has a reputation that makes Nero and Caligula look like shy giggling school girls."

"Shit," Gideon said, resting his head back in the chair trying to soak it all in. He did not need a lesson in who Aeron was or how far his evil could reach. Aeron was the vampire who ordered his sire's death and left him to fend for himself for all that time. Gideon also knew that Aeron's current politics had not changed much in the last millennium, he believed what was left of the Fey creatures like the Fearie were only a short rung above the human race, which he felt were weak creatures meant only for food and pleasure.

Aeron specialized in creating conflict around the world, starting wars, destructive coups, or supporting the rise of bloody dictators. He would let it all unfold beneath him and reap the benefit by the untold number of humans he could enslave and consume. He had no need for territories when he was feared the world over by vampires and fey alike.

Constantine interrupted Gideon's thoughts, "From everything you have told me about Aidan as he is today, I don't see any reason for a new feud, so perhaps nothing will come of it all, who knows."

"Thanks, but we both know that is very unlikely. Aidan may not be the vindictive type, but Aeron is too paranoid to take that chance. It's more likely he believes that Aidan must have spent the last 1600 years with nothing more to do but plot revenge. The way his twisted mind works he will want to strike first. The question is does he know that Aidan has risen?"

"I guess we will just have to wait. Although, I don't think we will have to wait very long." Constantine said as he handed his friend a new class of scotch. Saying with a sad smile, "Cheers brother." The two men drank deeply both lost in their own world of worry.

Chapter 15: Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Fifteen -

"Lizzie, you okay?" Diane asked with concern as she caught hold of her friend's elbow. Lisbeth stood trying to catch her balance on a small platform, her friend placing pins here and there during the last fitting before the party.

"Yes, of course," she laughed, pushing her hair away from her face. "I am just tired I think. I swear I can't get enough sleep lately. I could just curl up in a ball right here on the floor and sleep for a month." She laughed.

If only she were joking. She had become use to going without normal sleep for years, adjusting to her second life with Aidan, but lately, even with this last elongated absence, she was exhausted. It took everything in her to get up and go to class and work. The lack of rest was only the half of it, the other half was the thirst. She could not get enough water or ice. She had begun drinking giant jugs of water and had taken to using her meat mallet for crushing plastic bags full of ice.

"It's no wonder I am tired, I think I have to go the bathroom like every 10 minutes." She laughed, "and I think I am due for a fresh visit."

"Okay, one more pin and we are good." Diane mumbled, balancing stick pins in her mouth. "Alright, all done, let's get this off you and you can will be free, torture over." She said, standing back to admire the dress.

"Diane, it is so beautiful!" Lisbeth gasped as she took a quick spin. *"I only wish Aidan could see me in this dress, I think it would drive him mad."* Lisbeth thought to herself as admired the costume created by her friends. The one-shouldered gown shimmered as she moved under the lights. The bodice of the top was layered with pieces of cloth cut to look like scales. The majority of the scales being a shiny silver material; the other scales were created from a material that would change color based on how the light would reflect. One would see either a silvery deep blue, purple, or deep red, depending on what angle the light was hitting the material. The dress's one sleeve was made of the same material as the corseted bodice, mimicking size of the scales which gradually decreased until they reached the cuff. Diane had cut the sleeve to be just longer than Lisbeth's arm so she could slip her thumb thru the cuff, giving the effect of a glove rather than the end of the sleeve.

The bodice scooped low from the one shoulder, the cut and placement of the scales hiding a corset beneath which lifted her breasts and slimed her waist. The pattern of these scales continued to give way to diamond cut strips of iridescent silky material that swayed like a mist as she moved. The dress was only part of the costume as Mary Margret had planned to tattoo the girls bare arms and shoulders with hena.

Mary Margret and Diane's outfits were made as either sleeveless or a halter top leaving both arms and shoulders open canvases for Mary's designs. She had researched ancient celtic designs and had decided on a pattern of growing vines of wild roses, the vines creating the intricate celtic crosses and familiar woven patterns. The final tattoos would include small cherub like faeries involved in different forms of mischief. All three girls would have matching wings that were made of a plastic that when reflected in the light had the same color as a freshly blown soap bubble drifting across the yard.

"We are going to turn the heads of every man in that place!" Diane laughed as she admired her work. "And I swear, if we don't I am hanging up my shears and resigning myself to being a shift lead at Harrod's." All three girls laughed as Lisbeth took one more spin on the platform

Chapter 16: Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Sixteen -

Aidan paced with his hands clasped firmly behind his back, anxious to get this night over with. Mostly, he wanted this foolish *Gideon* to fail the challenge so he could break every bone in his hands, his arms, hell his body! He thought back to the day the package was left for him by his servant Connor. He sat in shock as he read the declarations of this foolish creature. How dare he declare his love for Lisbeth, admit to spying on her, thus spying on him, and then expect to be sworn as an ally? *"Seriously, the boy must have been a knight in his human existence to act this way."* Aidan thought to himself with a grin growing across his face, he had to laugh at the idea of calling a 600 year old vampire a boy.

The moment passed as he resumed his nervous pacing. As much as he was shocked by the contents of the letter, he was in no way prepared for the words written in the journal found wrapped in tissue within the package. Lisbeth's words, her recollections of their times together, their many firsts. The link he had built with her gave him access to her many thoughts, her feelings, but those pages contained her heart, open and unabashed. The contents of that journal soothed him, tormented him, and gave him purpose. Her last few words are the only reason he had not sought this Gideon out and snapped his neck weeks ago.

"I love him, my dear little journal, my heart will always beat in time to his own. I only pray he can defeat the things that chase him in his own dreams and in his life so he can find the faith to come for me."

Aidan had to face reality as those words haunted him night after night. He will not find peace on his own. He will never be free from fearing his enemy if stood on his own, he had to find allies, he had to build relationships that had long ago died as he rotted on the grounds of his Keep. For her, for his little bird, his Lisbeth, he would give this Gideon a chance, but he is no fool, he will have to pass the challenge first.

He made arrangements with the reigning faerie Queen to conduct the ceremony. With the help of magik the room will be sealed. The seal will hide the ceremony from those who can sense magik, but it will also keep the ceremony from being interrupted. The Queen Uonaidh will put Gideon to the test and if he is found to be true of heart, he will be marked and their alliance will be sealed with each taking the blood of the other. Aidan smiled as one image floated into his mind's eye, "but if he should be found wanting, then it will be my turn to play."

"Aidan!" Constantine called out from the entry of the room, "Welcome old friend, welcome to my home." He smiled as he crossed the room, hand outstretched. "It is good to see you again, alive and well."

"I agree, Constantine, I thank you again for playing host."

"Of course, it is my pleasure," He replied, the smile leaving his face, "I hope you know Gideon is a good man. He may be insane for suggesting this audience with you, but he has a good heart, I can promise you this Aidon."

"Thank you for your words, and I wish I could rely on them alone, but you will understand if I require more."

"Yes, sir, absolutely," Constantine answered the natural joy in his eyes returning as Aidan's words registered.

"So the plan is that we allow the crowd to converge, mingle a little with the humans and Fey. The costume theme will allow them to mix without the Humans realizing what is in their mists. If nothing else were to be happening tonight, the sight alone would be something to enjoy."

Dreams and Dragons

"Human and Fey, still hiding from each other, I had hoped things would have changed for the better by now." Aidan stated sadly.

"Well, let's not lose hope my lord, at least they stopped hunting and burning witches, it's only been about 200 years but hey progress right?" Connie offered with a smile and light pat on the back, attempting to lift Aidan's humor.

"You were always one to see the better side of things." Aidan smiled back.

"Connie, I am here" a voice boomed from the entry hall. Aidan tensed, his hands snapping back into place as he watched the tall man cross into the ballroom. Gideon Talbot strode towards the two men in long easy strides. He wore a tuxedo but the collar of his white dress shirt was open to the second button and he carried the jacket hooked on his long fingers casually over his shoulder. His blonde hair was cut short the slight curl gave the appearance of being unkempt.

Aidan studied him carefully trying to assess his fighting ability. His carried himself in an easy fluid manner, his lean muscular torso balanced perfectly on his long strong legs, he walked with ease and finesse.

Aidan considered Gideon imagining how he would have appeared if they were still locked in Gideon's time. He considered his strong jaw and soft lines that hinted at an easy smile and a calm disposition. He thought about how he must have looked weighted down by chain mail, long sword moving effortlessly over his head. Aidan smiled to himself as he realized he would probably always see this man as a knight and not a modern person.

"Aodhan Ollpheist, meet Gideon Talbot," Constantine guided Gideon to Aidan, introducing him with his original given name; trying with all his might to keep a smile on his face and the mood as light as possible.

"Aidan," Aidan said coldly as Gideon offered his hand, shoulders straight, his grip firm, appearing as though he could spring into a full fight at a seconds notice.

"Okay you two, let's take the tension down a notch or two. This is supposed to be a party, remember? Laughter, dancing, drinking, maybe even a little fucking by night's end? I mean the theme is mid-summer nights dream, right?" Constantine laughed trying to break the tension between the two.

Aidan broke first, knowing his actions would set the tone for the evening, "Constantine is right, we should at least appear to relax and sit back and watch the festivities."

"You are correct, brother" Gideon answered, a visible release of tension in his shoulders.

The lights dimmed as music began to drift across room and the guests started entering Constantine's marbled lined great hall. Aidan put on his mask, which was modeled after the upper face of a dragon, with small horns, and glittering red scales. The cut of the mask enhanced his normally strong jaw causing it to appear far more angular. The red of the mask enhanced the green of his eyes in a way that would leave a person to wonder if they were actually glowing.

"Listen," Gideon spoke quietly his eyes tied to the floor, trying to figure out the right words while he played nervously with the buttons on his dress shirt, "Connie told me about how you wereâ well you know.. how they tricked you." Finally looking up to meet his seething eyes, he regretted his words almost immediately. "What I mean is, I know how much courage it would take to meet a stranger like this." He tried to relay to the dragon-masked man that he was sincere, hoping to ease the tension between them.

Dreams and Dragons

Aidan considered the man's words, his shy countenance, his humble attempts to explain his position. He could not help but think back to that last night so many centuries ago. The sound of his wife screaming for mercy has Aeron and the others violated her body, breaking her spirit, before finally staking her and severing her head and placing on his plate, her dead eyes haunting him, the poison keeping him frozen unable to move or speak or scream. He closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, forcing the images from his mind, letting the energy of the young humans filling in around them to calm his nerve and give him strength. He could see the empathy in the man's eyes, even a hint of regret.

"I wish I could change things," Gideon mumbled softly, "If I could have been there, perhapsâ!"

"Gideon, if you had been there you would be dead, long removed from this world. I understand what you are saying, I hear you." Aidan stated as he reached out and placed a hand on Gideon's shoulder.

"Well, I am glad to see you two getting along, I was worried for a moment," Constantine smiled as he returned to the two men, handing them crystal glasses with dark amber drink.

"Here is to new beginnings." Gideon said loudly over the music holding his glass up.

"New beginnings" Aidan and Constantine repeated. Before he brought his drink to his mouth, Aidan's smile slowly faded as he tilted his head slightly. The look in his eyes and the strange way he held his head reminded Gideon of a dog that could hear a noise others were unable to register. Suddenly his inquisitive look became full of white-hot anger. Gideon looked up to Constantine to see if he had any idea of what was happening but he could tell by his friend's mirrored reaction, Constantine was just as confused.

"What is she doing here? What kind of trick are trying to pull?" He growled between gritted teeth, he was about to run only stopped by the defensive posturing of Gideon and Constantine who had a hand on each shoulder.

"Who, who is here? "

"There is no trick!" both men speaking over each other in utter confusion. The two friends both turned at the same time scanning the crowd without letting go of Aidan's shoulders.

"Lisbeth, why is she here? Why would you bring her here?" He responded reaching up to grab both hands and fully prepared to rip them off the bodies of these two infuriating men.

"Connie, is she here, did you really bring her here?" Gideon turned briefly in hurt shock before resuming his scan of the crowd.

"I don't even know what she looks like brother, I didn't invite her!" Constantine answered bringing his hands up defensively, suddenly faced with two very angry vampires. "I swear it!"

"I should have fucking known better!" Aidan spit ready to break away and call the whole night a disaster, "I should killâ!" He halted mid-sentence forced by an involuntary intake of air.

Gideon registered a slight change in the mood of the room, it seemed as if the crowd all inhaled at the same time. Gideon and Constantine both turned at the same time to face what had frozen Aidan in place. The crowd instinctively parted revealing three women dressed as fearies. Lisbeth led the group walking slightly ahead of her two friends, the lights from the dance floor reflecting and refracting across the scale like shapes of her dress. Gideon relaxed his stance; dropping his hand from Aidan's shoulder so he could turn and take in the full sight of the woman he was about to swear his life to protect.

Dreams and Dragons

Gideon studied her as she looked around the room taking in the grandeur of the great halls decorations. Smiling to her friends, tilting her head back to release that beautiful laugh. He watched as her hair swayed, the deep red tresses woven with silver and gold, her long unruly curls bouncing down her back, covering an elegant set of wings. His eye was caught by bits of light sparkling on her arm and shoulder. On closer inspection he could see the design and scenes playing out on her body, small gems glued within the design to accentuate the magical scenes playing out on her pale skin. Although the dress only added to her beauty it was her smile that held his heart. Looking over at Aidan he saw that his fear and anger were gone, breathless at the sight of her. It suddenly occurred to Gideon that although Aidan had been with her, visited her in her dreams, knew her thoughts and desires; he had never actually seen her with other people. He had never had the pleasure of watching her light up the room. "This is why I am going to fight with you. So you can see her outside of your walls, see how she can bring such joy to others, how she shines even in a dark room." Gideon said, Aidan turning to him a new respect in his eyes. "I hope you appreciate her. I pray I am making the right decision, because if you hurt herâ Not even hell could keep me from killing you."

Chapter 17: Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Seventeen -

Lisbeth entered the room awed by the scene laid out before her. The ceiling had some kind of projection to make it appear full of stars, a slow moving comet, and a colorful recreation of the aurous borealis. In the corner hung a large orange moon it's light drifting thru the leaves of several giant trees. The trees seemed to grow from the walls, thick roots stretching out onto what appeared to be a grass and moss covered forest floor. There were lighted footpaths leading to various sitting areas and a large dance floor made to look like a reflective lake, mirroring the sky above. The sitting areas were so varied, from a low hanging branch large enough to seat four to overly large toadstools carved with areas for sitting. There was an area with a swing supported by vines interwoven with flowers. The most impressive seating areas were secluded booths semi hidden in hollowed parts of the large trees. The DJs equipment was sitting on top of an small stage built to look like the stump of a once large giant oak, hidden behind a trellis of white and pink flowers.

"This is truly amazing," Lisbeth whispered in Diane's ears.

"I told you the Professor goes all out for these things, but this is insane!" Diane replied.

"Why is everyone looking at us?" Lisbeth asked both friends feeling insecure and hoping she did not look foolish.

"Are you kidding?" Mary Margret laughed, "We are the hottest little things in this place."

"I guess I can take my shears off the rack and tell Harold's to suck it!" Diane said as she enjoyed the looks from the various men in the place. All three girls laughed out loud, relaxing into the scene around them.

As the three moved deeper into the room, Lisbeth could not help but sense Aidan's presence; but this feeling was something all together new to her. It was she like she had a swarm of butterflies in her stomach, a feeling of excitement deep within her that made her think of a puppy's restlessness when it's owner returned home. *"Simmer down, I doubt he is here, you just miss him because you haven't seen him in so long. God, I hope he comes to me tonight."* She thought to herself trying to calm down her nervousness.

"There is Professor Atratinus, let's go say hello." Diane said as she grabbed Lisbeth's arm pulling her along one of the footpaths towards a group of three men. The three were standing in the shadow of one of the trees, their faces obscured in shadow. It was only until the Professor stepped into the light coming from the moon that Lisbeth could get a good look at him. He was a tad shorter then the other two men in his presence, slim but muscular with collar length black hair. He had large almond shaped light brown eyes, an aquiline nose, full lips, and a small but square chin.

"I tell you this much," Mary Margret said in Lisbeth's ear, "I surely wouldn't kick him out of bed for eating crackers." Lisbeth turned red and laughed with her friend.

"Professor, this place is breath taking! How on earth did you pull this off?" Diane asked catching the man as he stepped away from his guests.

"Well, my dear Diane, magik of course!" He replied, holding his hand up pretending to tell her a secret, "And a hell of a lot of money."

Dreams and Dragons

"Professor, you are so bad!" Diane laughed resting her hand on his arm while flipping her hair off her shoulder with the other. Lisbeth and Mary Margret rolled their eyes in unison.

"Constantine, please, no need for formalities on a night like tonight." He said catching her chin with long finger. It seemed that Diane was going to melt right there in front of him like those girls you see in old news reels about Elvis or the Beatles. "Mary Margret, a pleasure as always. I take it these wonderful tattoos are your work?"

"Yes, they are. You really like them?" Now it was Mary Margret's turn to melt.

"Of course," He smiled turning his attention to Lisbeth, "And you are?"

"Oh, um right," Diane responded composing herself, "This is my friend Lisbeth."

"Pleasure to meet you." He smiled, "Let me introduce you to my friends." He said as he took Diane's arm in his own, leading the girls back towards his friends. As they approached the other two men stepped forward. Lisbeth's heart stopped when the man in the red mask stepped forward. Although most of his face was hidden behind the mask, she knew that jaw line and chin anywhere, no doubt was left when she saw the brilliant green eyes shining thru.

"It's best if you pretend you don't know me." Aidan's voice rang in her mind, *"I am sorry, but it is safer that way. I don't know who I can trust here. I did not think you would be here tonight or I would have warned you away. I am sorry, little bird."* Lisbeth nodded slightly, signaling that she understood.

"Ladies, this is my good friend Gideon Talbot." Constantine remarked patting the tall blonde man on the back. Lisbeth had to think hard to recall where she had first seen that face before, it seemed so familiar, it was not until he bowed before the women that it came to her.

"Ahh, the great rescuer of wayward oranges." Lisbeth smiled at the memory. Gideon smiled in return, but Lisbeth saw his nervous glance at Aidan, and Aiden's simmering gaze.

"That would be I my lady." He winked with a deeper bow. Lisbeth looked over at her friends who both had open shocked mouths.

"We bumped into each other on my street. Some jerk tried to run me over with a bike, my groceries went flying, oranges everywhere." She explained to her friends but mostly for Aidan's sake. "Gideon this is my friend Diane and Mary Margret. Diane designed and made our costumes for tonight." Lisbeth added trying to change the subject.

"Really? They are marvelous, Diane, quite breath taking."

"Thank you," Diane replied trying to catch her breath.

Constantine stepped in motioning towards Aidan, "And this masked man is Aidan Ollipheist."

"It is a pleasure to meet you," Aidan replied, taking Diane and Mary Margret's hands giving them a quick kiss on their knuckles causing a nervous giggle to erupt in both women. Aidan turned towards Lisbeth taking her hand, "And you are?"

"Yours" she sent him the thought, seeing the playful smile on his lips, she almost lost her balance. "Lisbeth, my lord." She said out loud continuing her playful jest from before.

Dreams and Dragons

"Diane, look his mask matches her costume perfectly! How divine!" Mary Margret said clapping her hands like a child on Christmas morning.

"And so they are a pair then." Constantine quipped. "Diane, I take it you are a water faerie or is it a Siren come to draw me into your dangerous waters." A flush of red smeared across her cheeks.

"A water faerie" she replied turning quickly to show the way the cut of the dress would flare out, giving the appearance of waves on a light blue ocean.

"And you Mary Margret, a fierce warrior of the woods?" Gideon asked picking an arrow from the quiver resting between her wings.

"Yes, so watch it Mister!" She answered lifting the bow she carried, "Oranges ain't got nothin' on me." Gideon smiled back as she laughed.

"Now Miss Lisbeth, I can't quite put a finger on your costume." Constantine said, placing a finger over his lips.

"Dragon faerie." Lisbeth replied with a curtsy.

"We thought it crazy at first but she insisted." Diane laughed, poking Lisbeth in the shoulder.

"Well, I have a soft spot for dragons, you see." She said softly, winking at Aidan, who smiled warmly in return.

"Well Ladies, I am afraid my guests and I have some mingling to do." Constantine cut in, Diane visibly deflating at the words, "But promise to save me a dance or two before the end of the night." He added again lifting her chin up to meet his gaze.

"Yes, of course," She beamed.

"If you are giving out dances, I think I would like to take a turn with the warrior of the wood, saving you don't poke me with one of those arrows."

"I don't know, sometimes people need a good poke, keeps them in line." Mary Margret flirted shamelessly, "but perhaps I can behave myself for one dance."

Gideon nudged Aidan, "Lisbeth, you will make sure my friend Aidan won't be left without a turn on the floor right?" Aidan turned, his mouth dropped open.

Lisbeth brought her hand up to her face, trying to hid her smile.

"I am sure we will work something out." She laughed, turning and taking her three friends by the arms, leading them to the bar.

"Ladies," Gideon yelled after them.

Chapter 18: Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Eighteen -

"I can see why you two are so taken with her." Constantine said as the three women drifted into the growing crowd. "She is quite lovely."

"Yes, she is" Aidan answered watching her as she looked back over her shoulder, smiling when she met his eyes.

"Well, time for me to make the rounds." Constantine motioned for the men to join him. Gideon began to follow his friend looking back at Aidan.

"You two go on, I would prefer to be alone." He said dismissing the two vampires with a wave of his hand. He knew he was being too paranoid, he would sense if there was anyone here to be frightened of, but he wanted to keep his anonymity for a while longer.

Aidan watched the humanity moving before him. It had been a long time since he had allowed himself to be near such a large group. He enjoyed the frivolity of those attending the party, realizing how much he missed the sound of laughter and conversation. The music being played by the DJ was so unusual for him, he had never imagined such sounds could exist. He suddenly felt so sad for all the things he had missed.

He spent much of his time after he rose from his prison trying to learn all he could about this age of man. Once he found Conner and took him on as a servant the pace of his education was quicker, but there was still many things he needed to learn to survive in this age. He couldn't wait to find the safety he needed to explore this world, his Lisbeth by his side.

He hated to admit it but Gideon reaching out to him was a relief. Coming here tonight, connecting again with Constantine, and soon the Faerie Queen, it was a salve on his soul. He can't face Aeron on his own, he needed support, he could not live hidden his house forever, his only escape entering Lisbeth's dreams. His only haven found in her arms.

He scanned the crowd looking for her beautiful face. He smiled when he saw her enter the dance floor with her two friends. Diane guiding the two with their hands raised high above her head. Turning them both when they reached the middle of the floor. Their happiness radiated from them in waves. Lisbeth was swaying back and forth, turning every now and again, throwing her head back, full laughs coming from her. The three began singing to each other in a circle, snapping their fingers and mimicking some dance move. She seemed so content there with her companions and he felt a bit of shame, remembering her journal entries describing her sense of isolation. As if she could feel the turn in his mood, she looked up trying to find him, when their eyes met she smiled, *"I love you, I have no regrets my love."* Her thoughts whispered in his mind. He smiled, a warmth enveloping him as if he had dipped into a comfortable bath.

Lisbeth turned back to her friends and continued her gyrations, lost again in the music.

~

Lisbeth could not remember the last time she felt so happy, so light. She closed her eyes and let the music move her. She swayed her hips and rolled her shoulders, letting all the worries in her world simply evaporate. Her Aidan was here, he loved her, he needed her, and that was all she needed to be happy. She was happy to see his mood lift when she sent him her thoughts. It encouraged her to know she could bring him joy just from

Dreams and Dragons

a thought, a few words.

When the arms closed in around her, she thought for just a second that he decided to join her on the floor, but the second she touched the arm wrapped tight around her waist, she knew it was not Aidan. She spun around to find Christopher's hungry blue eyes. She looked quickly over to Aidan, he was set to jump on the man standing in front of her.

She looked up at Christopher while she put her hand to signal Aidan to stop, "*I got this. No scenes remember?*" She looked back to see Aidan hadn't moved but his body still tensed.

"Come on, dance with me," he advanced thrusting himself towards her, his hands reaching for her hips.

"I don't think so Chris." She responded pushing his hands away.

"What's your fucking problem?" He spit out raising his voice.

"Your drunk, go away. We can talk about this when you sober up." She said, turning from him.

"Hey Chris, I'll dance with you," Mary Margret offered, trying to move him way from her friend. Mary Margret knew how to handle drunk frat boys.

"You're a fucking cock tease you know that! You come on all hot and heavy and then nothing. You are on this dance floor shaking your body like the whore you are!"

"And what the fuck does that make you!" Diane yelled back, Chris and Mary Margret turning to her in confusing, "If even whores don't want you, well what does that say? So why don't you take your impotent needle dick and your worthless ass and get the fuck out!"

Chris tried to push past Mary Margret reaching back his fist ready to take a swing at Diane when a hand grabbed him by the arm pinning him in place. Lisbeth watched in horror, "*Don't kill him, please, don't kill him. He's drunk, he doesn't know what he's doing.*" She sent her plea to the man holding Chris by the wrist.

"Is there a problem here?" he asked coolly. Christopher started to open his mouth, closing it again, realizing he hadn't a chance in a fight against the man with the iron grip on his arm. Aidan leaned over his shoulder whispering in his ear, "You need to learn when to walk away son. Now is as good a time as any." Aidan relaxed his grip, Christopher bowing his head mumbled under his breath giving Lisbeth and Diane one last glare before sulking off. He was quickly collected by two large bouncers and escorted away.

As the excitement died down the DJ switched the music, A Fine Frenzy's "You Picked Me," began to play.

"May I have this dance?" Aidan asked reaching his now free hand to Lisbeth.

"Yes you may, my lord." Lisbeth answered taken his hand. He pulled her in close to him, placing his other hand at the small of her back, perfectly placed beneath her Fearie wings. She looped her arm on his shoulder, her fingers resting on the back of his neck. Her index finger curling in his hair.

"A girl could get use to this." She said into his ear, pressing her cheek to his. The hairs on her arms stood up as his breath caressed her neck. "I would give anything for this dance to last for hours. But I guess that would defeat the purpose of us seeming indifferent to each other." She smiled, leaning back so she could see his eyes.

Dreams and Dragons

"As would I my dear, let us just enjoy this moment, we will have plenty of time to dance in the future."

"Promise?"

"I promise." He answered spinning her and lowering her in a small dip before bringing her back up.

"You know I think of you every time I hear this song?" She whispered in his ear and began to sing along,

"Like an apple on a tree

Hiding out behind the leaves

I was difficult to reach

But you picked me

Like a shell upon a beach

Just another pretty piece

It was difficult to see

But you picked me

Yeah, you picked me"

"Oh, I see. Well I could say the same for you. I love it when you sing to me little bird." He whispered in her ear.

"Aidan, what are you doing here?"

"I came to meet with Gideon. It would take too long to explain here, I will tell you later, but I can tell you this, it is the first real step to make it safe for us to be together." Lisbeth pulled back so she could see if he was telling her the truth. Her heart jumped to find him sincere. "Now, you have to know this meeting is very much a secret. So don't be afraid if I seem to disappear for a while."

"Can I come with you, can I help?"

"No my love, not tonight. Just stay close to your friends and if you need anything Conner is here." He spun her around so she could see his servant standing near the bar, restless.

"Rat King, really, Aidan?" She laughed looking at the mask Aidan had acquired for the servant.

"I have become quite attached to the idea, once you left I could not stop thinking of him as a rat. So when I was planning for tonight, I couldn't help myself." Lisbeth laughed and shook her head, looking back with love into Aidan's smiling face.

"I want to be alone with you before you leave. I don't know when I will see you again. Please? We could meet in the garden, I could go first and find a secluded spot. You can come when you are finished, find me. No one needs to know."

Dreams and Dragons

He spun her around for one last dip, lowering himself to so she could hear, "I'll always find you." He brought her back up slowly as the song died off.

"Till then" she said, reluctantly releasing his hand as she drifted back into the crowd.

Well that is all I have so far friends. i will add more as soon as I can. Please leave comments, I would love to hear from you!

Chapter 19: Chapter Nineteen

Chapter 19

Aidan watched as the faerie Queen's handmaiden's prepared the area that would soon keep Gideon bound for the challenge. They moved in silence more like a sheet blowing in the wind floating as they worked. He watched quietly, staying in the far corner. He had always loved to watch faeries, they could be so graceful when they felt safe, but although peaceful by nature, they could become quite vicious when they need to be. He missed this part of his former life, he thought back to his earlier days when faeries were free to roam his kingdom and allowed to show their true form within the grounds of his Keep.

What he missed most was his dearest friend, Finnbheara, the Faerie King. He smiled when he remembered being hunched over their Fidchell board, a strategy game that would sometimes go for days and days. Some games lasting so long they would have to leave the board set waiting for Finn's next visit. Finn would smile, a twinkle in his eye as he claimed Cuchulainn himself taught him the game. Cuchulainn was the son of Lugh, the Sun God and supposed inventor of the strategy game.

"I beat him once you know," Finn said, trying to distract Aidan from his next move,

"No one thought it possible butâ " he paused as Aidan completed his next move, "he made a move just like that one. And what a shame it was because he was doomed from that moment on."

Aidan would just shake his head and respond, "We have been playing this game for 100 years now and you tell that same joke every time you are losing. You need to work on that, my friend."

The memory of the exchange was so fresh in his mind he could still hear Finn's booming laugh. He cried when he found the board, his gold pieces set waiting for Finn's bronze piece to make the next move, so perfect, frozen in time as if Finn would be back to complete the game. It had been stored with him in the room he was laid to rest in, a final homage left by his friend, no doubt.

The handmaidens finished their work, lighting the flame on the last of the two fire bowl columns. One placed on both sides of the area were Gideon would soon stand to face him. He knew the scene about to play before him would be torture him, for both of them. He crossed to the fires as the servants left the room, letting his hand drift back and forth across the flames. Vampires were naturally afraid of fire, but being the last of the Dragon Clan, his kind were immune to fire. He scooped his hand into the licking flames, bowling his hand to hold some of the fire. He lifted it up and looked into the red dancing in his hand, trying to still his heart from the dread it felt.

"I see you still enjoy playing with fire." The soft lilting voice broke him from his reverie. He turned to find Unaidh, the Faerie Queen standing in the doorway. She drifted in, the light blue of her gown whispering across the floor. She was a tall slender being with fine silver hair that fell to her waist, her eyes of the same color held a sense of joy and sadness as she looked at him. She had pale skin that seemed to glow in any light or dark space, light flecks of glimmer highlighting her checks. She smiled at him with her plump perfect lips. She still had a stunning figure, which her gown accentuated, with its deep V shape exposing just enough of her breasts to keep a man interested, her hips swayed under the shimmering gossamer like material.

"And what are you thinking about so intently," she teased with an inviting smile.

"I was thinking how I never understood why Finn was so infatuated with human women when he had you as a wife." Aidan answered as he kissed her hand.

Dreams and Dragons

"Shameless Aohdan, I see your internment has not dulled your flirtatious ways." She laughed, "I have missed you old friend, so terribly much." She opened her arms to him and he gladly accepted the embrace, "As I have you, my queen."

"I waited so long for your return. I was worried it would be another millennium before the right one would find you and wake you."

"I..I don't understand?" Aidan replied confused.

"Finn said I was insane, but I told him I did not think you really dead. I had such hope, I could not let it go." He could see her eyes darken at the memory, "My spell to protect your tomb and your property, was not just to keep it as a memory. I had hoped to hide you and protect you until it was safe. Until it was time for you to live and love again."

"Love again, Uonaidh, what did you do?" Aidan asked, not in anger but in some denial. He knew the answer but he did not want to believe it.

"Do you think it was a coincidence that the girl would just, oops, fall and cut herself in just the right spot?" She smiled at him, talking to him as if he were a simple child asking if the rain was actually God's tears. "The spell could only be broken by your true love, your soul mate, the one that Mother earth wants for you."

"Uonaidh, how could you know there would ever be anyone? I was so near death when she found me, even your spell could not have slowed time down enough to keep me alive forever. What if she never stumbled on to the place? What if her brother and her went the wrong way that day, what ifâ" his questions stopped when she lifted her finger to his lips.

"She would have found it. She was not aware of the why or the how, but she was drawn to that place. They were not lost; she is the one who pulled her brother in that direction. She was the one who kept saying, 'Let's go this way, one more block, one more street, let's try going to the left.' Your heart was calling to her even then, my lord."

Aidan fell back into a chair, his mind racing thru his memory of her, how he was floating in a dark hole starving, the scent of her blood waking him, the void descending. He was bound to her at that moment, able to see the world thru her eyes. The joy he felt when he was able to break thru to her dream, her life force flooding into him each time he met her. Those first visits were not enough to break him from his hole, but it sustained him, keeping death at bay a while longer. He remembered still the first taste of her blood on his tongue as life flowed thru him again, allowing him to break completely free of his tomb.

"This was meant to be Aohdan, you shouldn't fight nature, for she will always find a way." She said as she stroked his hair.

"Ma'am" a soft voice floated from the door, "It's time."

"Yes, go and bring me this Gideon." She said pulling herself away from Aidan, straightening her shoulders and taking a deep breath, preparing for the battle she was about to perform.

Thanks for continuing to read! I love to hear from you so please keep the comments coming!

The challenge (chapter 20) was quite the, well, challenge, but I figured it out and am starting to write it now, it's going to be juicy. ~Mahvash.

Chapter 20: Chapter Twenty

This is a long chapter, but so worth the read. I hope you enjoy it! Please be sure to leave comments, I love to hear from you!

Chapter Twenty -

"uhhumm" Constantine cleared his throat, causing Gideon to break away from Mary Margret's mouth. He had decided to take her up on the dance she promised and was pleasantly surprised when she pulled him into the dark hallway for a more private session. He decided he needed a distraction from the evenings coming events and she was all too happy to assist. Five more minutes and he would have taken her there in the hall, and he knew she would have gladly allowed him, party or not.

"Argghh," she moaned rolling her head back against the wall, "Constantine, you have the *worst* timing!" She turned to face the unsmiling face of the professor. She quickly straightened up, putting her breast back inside her bodice, suddenly remembering to whom she was talking to and the fact that it was his house.

"Don't stop that smart mouth now, not when I was just getting acquainted with it." Gideon smiled, pulling her chin up. "We can continue this later."

"Yes, I and my smart mouth have other things they would like to be acquainted with." She whispered in his ear, taking a small nipple.

"Proper introductions *ARE* so very important after all." He whispered back taking a quick bite of his own.

"Professor," she nodded as she sauntered away down the hall.

"It's time Gideon." Connie said a look of worry prominent on his face as he turned away expecting Gideon to follow.

Gideon followed his friend as they entered a rarely used wing in his house. The walk seemed to take forever, each step quickening his heart. Gideon could just make out the light coming from under the last door in the long hallway. Just as they reached the door, Constantine turned to him, "It's not too late you know, we could stop this right here and now, you could go back to your wood nymph."

"Thank you for the attempt to distract me brother, but my mind is still quite made up. I am going to go thru with it. Have faith in me, Connie, I can do this." He didn't entirely believe his own words, but he was determined.

"I can't protect you if this goes wrong, you know that right?"

"I know," Gideon answered rolling his shoulders and moving his head, like a boxer before a fight, "Let's go, no more delays."

Constantine sighed as he turned away and opened the door. Gideon's heart tripled it's speed as they stepped inside . He could see Aidan sitting in the chair directly from him, his face tense and his eyes glowing with something fierce. Was it anger, fear, or both? *"What do you have to be afraid of? I'm the one on display here."* Gideon thought to himself.

"Gideon Talbot," A sweet singsong voice rang out, the most enchanting woman approaching him.

Dreams and Dragons

"Your Majesty," Gideon said taking a knee before the Faerie Queen.

"You were so right Aohdan, a knight thru and thru," Uonaidh laughed looking over her shoulder at Aidan.

"Ma'am?" Gideon said looking up in confusion.

"Tell me, Gideon Talbot, were you a knight?" She smiled at him, placing her hand under his chin, tipping his head up to meet her cheerful eyes.

"Yes Ma'am, until my last day."

"Well, then, good sir, a simple blood oath should be nothing to a war borne man as yourself. All you have to fear is the truth," she said to him lifting him up to standing still holding his chin. She smiled as her eyes took in his form, her hand running down his neck, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. With the shirt open she ran her hand along his chest, admiring his muscles, tracing his abs with her fingers. "I hope you pass the challenge, it will be a shame to waste such a fine body." She said as she pulled his shirt from his arms, leaving him bare to the waist.

She pulled his hand leading him to the middle of the room, entering the circle that had been prepared, the middle of the circle contained two columns topped with bowls of fire. She led him between the columns, "You will have to be bound my good knight, it's for your own safety I assure you." She whispered into his ear as she crossed behind him, running her fingers softly down his back, leaving a trail of heat. Two beautiful brunettes floated to them and one by one they had bound his hands with iron cuffs. He was stretched out so tight he could not move. If he were to pass out the taugt iron chains would still suspend him.

"Shhh, my knight, calm yourself," She sang to him. He watched as she reached out and touched the cuffs, the color of the metal instantly changing to a reflective silver. He knew that magik existed but he had never actually seen it so powerfully used. He looked up to find Aidan still sitting in the chair, his hands gripping the edge of the arms so tightly; it was only a matter of time before he would break the sturdy wooden frame. His stomach turned as he began to have second thoughts.

He felt Uonaidh's touch on his chest and looked down to find her palm flat against the center of his chest, her head bowed, chanting quietly. A warmth spread thru him like he had not felt since his human days, his heart began to slow, as a deep hum ran thru him. Every muscle in his body that had been taught near tearing a moment before was now relaxing and loosening. Her chanting began to sound like a sweet lullaby used to calm a child to sleep. He looked up from her silvery hair to find Constantine, he fought to keep his eyes open, shaking his head from side to side. Complete darkness enveloped him as her long slender finger touched his forehead, "Sleep now" She whispered.

~

"Gideon" the whisper filled his ears, it seemed to echo from all around him. He tried to see where it was coming from, but the darkness was blinding.

"Gideon" the whisper danced around him. He tried to turn his head in the direction, but he could not figure out where it was coming from.

A wisp of something ran across his chest, "Show yourself!" he demanded, pulling on the chains trying to free his hands to catch whatever was haunting him.

Dreams and Dragons

"Gideon," The voice rang out again in a song, followed by a lilting laugh. He knew that laugh, he knew that voice.

"Lisbeth?" He asked, the sweet laugh answering him in the dark.

"Open your eyes, I am right here." She whispered. He could feel her breath on his neck, her hands touching his chest.

"My eyes are open, I can't see a damn thing!" He cried out.

"Close your eyes, trust me, I'm right here." Her hands grew heavier on his chest. He obeyed her, and just when his lids close, he felt soft lips on his. He moaned slightly as she pushed his mouth open with her tongue, thrusting thru to explore him. His body tensed, his arms pulling on the chains.

"Open your eyes." He slowly raised the lids to see her standing before him. She smiled at him tenderly, running her hand down his cheeks. She was wearing a simply white linen summer dress, barefoot, her wild curls pulled to one side, falling to her slender waist. She glowed against the dark. He was trapped in this place, just him and her, the world having fallen away.

He watched her as she reached out and ran her hand down his neck, her touch burning his skin. He was frozen by her seductive stance, mesmerized by the sight of her tongue running across her lips, her hunger for him radiating like heat.

"Lisbeth, what are you doing here?"

"I wanted to touch you. I wanted to kiss you." She said as she pressed her body against him, "I know you want me too." She said as she ran her tongue up his sternum. He rolled his head back, torn to pieces by her words and her actions.

"No, I can't, please stop"

"You think I really didn't remember you from that day?" She smiled, her hands moving to the buckle of his pants, "The day I dropped my journal? I knew you were following me. I knew what you were the moment our eyes met. I kept waiting for you but you never approached me." She continued, taking a nip at his neck and chin while she pulled the belt loose and undid the top button.

"Lisbeth, stop!" He said firmly, "You don't know what your saying. You under some kind of spell."

"Ummm, maybe I am." She hummed as she placed her left hand inside his pants, wrapping her long fingers around his already engorged cock. "Maybe not, maybe I am just a woman who wants a strong man beside her, inside her," her fingers tightening at the last words.

"My Gods," he cried out, "Lisbeth, you can't do this to me, stop, please I beg you."

She laughed again as she ducked under his arm, crossing behind him, all without removing her hand from his member.

"But there are so many things you want to do to me, things you want me to do you. I can feel your desires calling to me."

"No!" He cried, "Not like this, not anymore."

Dreams and Dragons

"Oh how sweet, a man of your word, mmm" she took his earlobe into her mouth, her tongue playing with it as she sucked, her hand moving inside his pants. "I want to see what you have been dreaming about. I want to see all the things your body is whispering that it wants."

Abruptly a dim light began to show in the darkness, it grew larger until it filled the darkness in front of them, like a movie projected on a wall. The images that filled the screen were of her sitting in the booth that day in the pub, her writing frantically in her book, and looking up at him, their eyes meeting. The scene quickly changed to the street and him following her, only in this version he catches up with her, grabs her arm, pulling her to him, kissing her deeply, her melting into him, meeting his passion. He recognized the images as his own dreams. He had dreamed again and again, of that kiss, wishing the night had gone different.

"So romantic, what happens next, do I take you home?" She whispers in his ear.

"Yes," he moans, leaning his head back, giving into the visions being forced on him, breaking down his ability to fight off her advances.

He picks his head back up and opens his eyes at the sound of her moaning. He looks up to find the image of her long legs wrapped tightly around his hips, their fingers entwined as he drives himself into her. He watches as her body undulates beneath his weight, her back and neck arching gracefully as she cries out his name.

"Gideon, yes, Gideon." She moans, taking his hand to her mouth and sucking on his fingers. He lowers himself to her to take her breast into his mouth, pulling on it fiercely as he trusts himself into her tight body. "Yes, fuck, yes!" she cries out. He brings himself up, releasing his fangs, sinking them into her breast, her orgasm welling up pushing him into his own release.

"Looks like you know a thing or two about a woman's body." She said, running her tongue along his back, "what other delights do you have for me in that imagination of yours, mmm?"

The scene changed to a moonlit night, the two of them on the grass, his head buried between her legs. Her hips thrusting up into his mouth, her hand fisting around his hair as he worked his tongue around her clit.

"That looks like fun," she smiled as she whispered in his ear, her grip still firm around him slowly stroking him, the pressure not quite enough to bring him to the edge. He fought his own body to keep from pushing himself between her silky fingers. The sounds of her moaning echoing off the darkness, surrounding them. He tried to look away from the sight but she used her free hand to force his head back.

His cock twitched at sight of her legs working back and forth across his back. "Gideon, Oh God, yes, right there, aaah" she cries driving him faster between her legs as her body tensed and shook with a powerful orgasm.

"I think we will definitely have to do that for real, top of the list," she laughed, loosening her grip on him.

"Lisbeth, please, I am begging you, stop, your killing me." He moaned pulling hard on the chains trying to free himself from this torture.

"Not just yet, my dear, I want to see what other wonderful shows you have stored away in that lascivious mind of yours." She pulled his head up again, for him to see the scene had changed. He was now sitting in a chair, her naked body kneeling before him, her red hair running down her back, moving up and down, the curly ends just caressing her bottom as she worked his length into her mouth. The scene shifted to his point of view, the look of lust in her eyes as she peered at him thru her long lashes. She pulled him from her mouth just enough to run her tongue along the head and then down his shaft, taking his scrotum into her hands

Dreams and Dragons

pushing up as she lowered her head again, slowly taking him all the way in. A sucking sound bounced around him, as his dream self took her hair in his hand guiding her to the movement he craved. He watched himself, head back and mouth open, gasping for air as he began to cum in her mouth. She worked herself faster forcing his orgasm to tear thru him, a deep growl emitting from both him and his dream self.

The vision disappeared, the light fading as she crossed in front of him, taking his mouth with hers, melting into his rigid body. Tears streamed down his face, he could not take much more, he needed to give in, he wanted to give in, but he couldn't and the torture was killing him. "I think it's time. I will be yours, you can have all of me, just as you imagined."

"If you are going to show my dreams, you had better show ALL of them." He growled thru his gritted teeth.

"As you wish," She let him go, turned her back, resting her head against his chest.

The light returned, the scene unfolding before them.

"Gideon!" Lisbeth's screams echoed thru the room, accompanied by the sight of her being dragged away from him, her hands clawing into the ground trying to stop the attack.

"Lisbeth, I'm coming, Lisbeth!" he reached out for her trying to catch her hand. He started to run but he got nowhere. His feet were moving, his arms and legs pumping, but the path around him did not change. He screamed in aggravation as her screams and her body were pulled farther and farther away. Just as he was about to loose all faith, his feet found traction and he was able to take off. He ran with all his strength and speed to catch up to her. Her cries for help leading him to her location.

Finally he broke thru the trees to a clearing. He stopped short as he came upon her and her tormentor.

"Gideon, help" she cried silently her voice gone. She was on all fours, one hand reaching out to him. Her hair pulled tight like reins by the hands of the man kneeling behind her, finishing a thrust into her ass.

"mmm, I just love sweet virginal ass." Aeron smiled smacking her bare cheeks with a sound that could have shattered glass. He pulled back, driving his entire length into her, forcing a silent scream from her lips, her eyes begging him to help. Aeron let go of her hair, increasing the speed of strokes, throwing his head back howling into the night sky. Gideon tried to move, but he was once again frozen in place.

"I'm afraid you're too late. You should have been more careful with such a fine pet as this." He cackled. Gideon watched in horror, fighting to break the invisible wall holding him in place, as the sliver of light reflected on the blade. Time seemed to slow down as Aeron dragged the blade across her long throat, easily detaching it from her body. Aeron held the head by the hair as he gave one last thrust into her, screaming as the orgasm rippled thru his body. "Maybe next time you will be on time." He said calmly, tossing her head to him, it rolling along the ground, landing to look up at him. Lisbeth's beautiful eyes staring up at him, her mouth still open locked forever in her silent scream. The vision faded leaving them in darkness.

"It's okay, Gideon, I am still here, not hurt, not damaged," Lisbeth's voice drifted to him, "Come to me." She said.

He looked up to find a new light revealing a large bed, Lisbeth lying naked on her side, hand held out motioning him to join her. He realized in that moment that he was no longer bound. He moved towards her, tears running freely down his face, "Lisbeth, forgive me, I tried to save you, every night I try to save you, and every night I fail."

Dreams and Dragons

"No, I am here, my love, you have not failed me. Come to me, touch me and let me show you I am not hurt."

Gideon began to walk towards her; so happy to see she was safe, alive, happy. He made it half way to her and stopped, "No, I can't do this. I can't do this to Aidan. I made a promise."

"Don't worry about Aidan, he won't be a problem." She pointed to the foot of the bed. A light traveled along the path she was pointing revealing Aidan bound; taking Gideon's place within the circle chained between the two fires.

"Take me Gideon, make me yours, bring those sweet dreams to reality. I want to squirm beneath you, I want to feel you inside of me as I scream your name in pleasure." She was standing in front of him now, her hand taking his.

"Just finish him, and then I will be everything you ever dreamed and more, so much more." He looked down to his free hand to find it holding his long sword.

"You are almost there Gideon, just a few more steps and we can begin our life together."

"But you love him."

"No, I love you, I have always loved just you." She purred, leading him towards the bound Aidan.

He stood there, looking down at her sweet face. The look of love so real, so enticing. He lowered his head down to kiss her. The sensation of her lips on his so beautiful it moved his soul. He wanted to stay in this moment forever, he wanting him, loving him.

"Yes, forever, my love, I will be yours forever." She kissed him again, leaning her breasts into his chest. He felt that if they held this way another moment they would melt into each other. He moaned into her mouth, his will giving way, the tension fading from his tired body. He was so tired of fighting, her arms his salvation.

He began to turn her towards the bed, the sword becoming heavy in his hand. He looked up at Aidan, his eyes dull with sorrow and loss. Suddenly, he remembered her words, the words from her journal. The sentence that forced him to see reality, "*my heart will always beat in time to his own.*"

He released her from his arms, crossing to Aidan's tortured body.

He raised his sword high above his head, held his breath and brought it down in a movement swift enough to produce a slight breeze. The sharpened blade cutting easily thru Aidan's chains as the room turned black, the void returning.

~

"He has passed the challenge." Uonaidh stated quietly, sweat dripping down her face and neck. Aidan flew to her side in time to catch her as she fell. He picked her up carrying her back to his chair. "He loves, it is very true, but he knows she will never love him as she loves you. His heart is pure, you can trust him." She said as he sat her down.

Aidan crossed over to the man, his head moving slowly as he began to fight his way back to this reality. Aidan studied him as he raised Gideon's head to meet his eyes, "I've had the same nightmare, Aeron destroying her, my not being able to do a damn thing about it. It kills me."

Dreams and Dragons

"Together, we can save her, I know it Aidan, don't ask me how I just know it." Gideon replied.

Aidan placed his hand in the flame holding it there for several minutes. When he pulled away his hand was glowing red, like an iron at a smith's anvil. Aidan approached Gideon, reaching out and laying his glowing hand in the center of Gideon's chest. Aidan watched passively as the bound man let back his head, his screams filling the air as the smell of burnt flesh filled the room, watching as his mark began to burn itself into Gideon's skin. Slowly the red hot lines began to form and take shape, the wings of a dragon spread out across Gideon's chest, the long neck of the beast winding its way across his collarbone, ending with the head fully formed on his left shoulder. The creature's body ran along his sternum, its tail running to the right, wrapping around Gideon's back, and reappearing, the tip resting at the dragon's feet.

"Do you swear to fight for me, to defend me, to obey my wishes in battle and in peace?" Aidan asked.

"I do," Gideon panted in painful breaths as the lines began to cool. The handmaidens reappeared, unlocking his new ally from his binds. Aidan reached over, taking Gideon's arm, his free hand extending out to Gideon, together, they extracted their fangs and sank into each others wrists.

Their bond sealed, they were now brothers in battle.

Chapter 21: Chapter Twenty one

It has been a real pleasure sharing this story with all of you. Please like or comment, your positive words keep me going.

~Mahvash

Chapter 21 -

Lisbeth shivered with anticipation as she entered the garden in the back of Constantine's home. She walked towards the large circular fountain admiring the various flowers and roses. She scanned the area looking for a place to wait for Aidan, wondering when he would be finished with his meeting. She thought back to his warning that he would disappear, she assumed he meant that she would not see him; she had no idea it meant she would also not feel his presence. Was he even still on the grounds? He told her not to worry, but something inside was quietly warning her. She couldn't believe he had left his home much less coming into such a public and crowded event.

She sat at the edge of the fountain, dipping her hands into the water, enjoying the light breeze and the moon's reflection. Aidan had promised tonight was a step towards making it safe for them to be together, a promise she felt she could hold on to. She tried to envision a life where she could hold his hand freely, a normal existence where she only had to call his name and he would be there smiling. Well, as normal as one can be when living with a vampire. She made a quiet splash in the fountain's water, laughing with a joy she had not felt in such a long time.

Standing, she continued her inspection of the garden, looking for a quiet isolated place to wait for him. She wondered if Constantine would allow them to stay the night in one of his many rooms, the thought bringing a sudden desire to her body. Her mind flashed an image of her rocking slowly on his body, his hands gripping her hips controlling her movements, her hands reaching out digging into his chest. Her sex began to throb with a deep ache at the tantalizing vision. She decided room or not she would make the fantasy a reality with him before he left her again. At that moment she saw a small enclosure with an arched entry surround by a high wall. The trellis long ago filled in with climbing roses. The door closed off by a small gate.

She pushed open the gate to find a charming English garden, white and red roses forming a small meditation-walking path. In the far corner she found a small covered seating area with a cushioned bench and table. She could imagine spending her afternoon's here, feet tucked under her as she read a book and sipped on tea. She wondered if Aidan had a similar area on his estate. If not she would ask him to build one for her, knowing he wouldn't hesitate if it made her happy. A private garden built just for her to escape the world.

She took a few steps to the seating area when she felt a firm grip on her arm. She was spun around to find Christopher sneering at her; two other men came thru the gate quickly surrounding her.

"What are you doing here?" She asked twisting free of his grip.

"Thought I went home to lick my wounds did you?"

"I thought they kicked you out?" She answered tensing as the three men encircled her, her stomach painfully rolling and rolling. She tried to inch towards the gate. *"Aidan, if you can hear me, help."* She thought knowing he was sealed off and her cry for help falling empty.

"Where do you think you are going?" Chris laughed stepping in front of her, blocking her path.

Dreams and Dragons

"Christopher, I am sorry you were embarrassed tonight, it was not my intention to lead you on, but Iâ!" Two strong arms grabbed her, each man taking her arms, pinning her between them; Chris's hand reaching out yanking her hair back violently.

"Sorry? Sorry about tonight? What about all the other times, mmm? Well don't worry, I think we will find a way for you to show me how sorry you are," he growled bringing his mouth down with force, his tongue fighting to enter her unwilling mouth. She shook her head, trying to get out from under him but was held in place by his firm grip on her hair.

"Chris don't do this. You'll get more than you bargained for." She said when he pulled himself back, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

"Ha, you hear that boys, I told you she was a randy thing." He turned his gaze back to her; "we each will take a turn with you, maybe all of us at once. You would like that wouldn't you, a slut like you." Before she could say a thing he backhanded her face with his strong hand, his ring leaving a cut across her cheek, her head flying to the side.

Something inside her began to move; a tearing inside as if something were trying to claw its way out. She tried to double over but the men kept her frozen unable to move, a sharp painful scream erupting from her mouth. He slapped her again, "You can scream all you like, no one will hear you over that racket in the house." He stepped closer taking her mouth again, his other hand reaching inside her tight bodice, painfully grabbing her breast, sinking his nails into the sensitive skin. He pulled back; releasing her hair, he took both hands and ripped the material exposing her breasts.

"Very nice," the man on the right said, reaching around, pulling painfully on her nipple. She moaned in fear, the pain in her stomach growing. Suddenly, Chris slapped the hand away. "He man, you said we would get a chance at her!"

"Not until I have had my turn!" Chris growled back. Bringing his head to her breast he took a deep bite, bringing blood, which slowly began to run in a stream between her breasts, causing Lisbeth to scream out in pain once again. Chris took a step back to admire his work and then suddenly slapped her chest in quick forceful moves, leaving angry red welts. Between Chris's abuse and the constant movement in her body, she thought she would faint. She silently prayed the darkness would take her, hoping to sleep through the things she knew he had planned for her.

The attacked spurred on his friends began tearing her costume to shreds, Chris joining in, soon leaving her naked except for the one sleeve, now the only cloth left on her skin. Chris put his knee between her legs, forcing them open as he reached down to touch, angrily entering his fingers deep inside.

"Ah! I told you she wanted it. She's wet already." Fisting his hands in her hair, pulling her so he could whisper in her ear, "Wet for me, aren't you love?" he laughed, a twisted look of pride on his face. Lisbeth wanted to die, knowing the wetness was left from her earlier thoughts of making love to Aidan in the garden. His other hand went around to the back of her, a finger inserting into her tight hole. She cried out in pain and the humiliation of his entry.

"Aidan, please, God, please help me, Aidan!" She screamed in panic. She knew he would not hear but she hoped that somehow it would make its way thru to him.

"Aidan is it? That wanker from the party? The one from the classroom?" Chris laughed. She stared in shock at his words, remember her daydream, Aidan's causing her to cum in public with Chris watching. She knew he was just sleeping and Aidan was torturing him in a shared dream, he did it out of jealousy, and now she would

Dreams and Dragons

pay for his indiscretion.

"Christopher, listen to me. It's not too late, it hasn't gone too far," Lisbeth said trying to keep calm and talk her way out of this nightmare, "If you walk away now you won't get hurt. You don't know what you're getting yourself into. Aidan is a very powerful man; he would kill you and not think twice about it. You would be lucky if killing you is the only thing he does."

"Hey man, maybe she's right, let's just split. I don't have a good feeling about this." The man on the left said.

"Shut your mouth! I am not leaving until I get what I came for!" Chris shouted in the man's face, pulling himself painfully from Lisbeth's body. He turned around running his hands thru his hair, "I will finish it!" He glared, his confidence renewed, he began unbuttoning his pants.

"Man she is getting hot!" The man on the right said.

"Of course she is, told you she was a whore." He smiled at his friend. Removing his hard cock from his pants, "now lay her down!"

"No man, I mean really hot, her skin is on fire. Something ain't right with her "Topher," the sound of panic registering in his voice.

"Please Chris, you're going to get your friends killed, and they don't deserve it. Just walk away. I promise I won't tell him who did this to me," she turned to the man on the left, thinking he would be the weakest willed of the three and easier to break, "I don't even know your name, so even if he reads my mind he won't find you. Leave now, before it's too late." She continued, trying to convince him, even though she knew there was no hope to save his life, she lied to save her own.

"Aaaaaagghh!" She screamed, the force of the tear inside of her, pumping her body with a new shot of adrenaline, giving her strength to pull her body down, folding in half; her capture's hands loosening in fear at her words.

"Somethingâ something is wrong with me, help me!" She reached out to the one on the left, who seemed concerned for her all of a sudden.

"Fuck this man! I'm outta here." He said turning to leave motioning to the other to follow him.

"She just trying to trick you, there is nothing wrong with her. This Aidan guy isn't some super villain who will kill us!" He yelled after them.

"No, but I am," were the last words Christopher would ever hear followed by a loud crack, as a pair of hands twisted his head, snapping his neck. His body collapsing to the ground, his face turned backwards, his dead eyes staring blankly at Lisbeth as she writhed in pain on the ground.

"What the fuck?" One of the men said, frozen in fear as the other dashed away quickly. He tried to follow but the man was too fast, appearing behind him just as he turned, "You should have listened to the lady when she warned you, she says it was not too late, but I say different." The boy tried to punch him, the mystery man grabbed his fist, catching it easily in his grip. As easy as cracking a peanut shell, the man broke every bone in the former capture's hand.

"Jesus Christ" He screamed in pain.

Dreams and Dragons

"Nope, no Christ here, sorry," he smiled, and at that he tore the boy's throat out. He dropped the piece of anatomy, wiping his hands as if he had simply squashed a bug.

He casually crossed over to Lisbeth, "You know I came here tonight to find out what the Roman knew about the rumor's of Aohdan's resurrection, and what do I find as I hopped the walls?" he knelt down to her level, lifting up her chin, "Your enchanting screams. I came to watch your little show here, thinking I would perhaps take a turn myself, when I hear you cry for Aidan. Is that what he is calling himself now?" He asked her. She twisted her face in agony as another wave of pain hit her abdomen.

"Thank you for your honesty. Are you his lover? I can't imagine he would leave you in the open for such an assault, but then again he always was so trusting." He said as he swept a section of loose hair from her face.

"You are a lovely creature, I will give him that. It is almost a shame I will have to kill you. I could wait and force you to watch as I kill him, that would be a twist wouldn't it?" His words came out in an average tone as if he were discussing a diner or a game of cards. He ran his hand down the side of her face, a soft caress as he considered his idea. The sound of his sucking his teeth in made her shrink away, trying to bore a hole in the ground.

"But then again I did have such a wonderful time torturing his sweet wife. The look of horror on his face, unable to rescue her from my and my men's many turns at her body. One of the most memorable evenings of my life." He stated evenly as if recounting a night at the opera. "No I think I will just have to take my time with you." He said, his mind decided, he stooped to pick her up, her body too weak to fight any longer.

"Those men were right, your skin really is on fire. I bet your blood is boiling." He crossed to the seating area, sitting her on his lap, he moved her hair to the side, his fangs extracting, "just have to have a little taste, see what it is about you that Aohdan likes so much." His teeth sank into her. As he drew in from her, a darkness formed around her eyes, a fire building it's way out of her.

Aeron pulled back suddenly as if he tasted something poisonous. He looked in shock as her eyes began to glow a deep red, her body becoming stone in his arms, her head falling back, her mouth opening, a painful and loud cry emitting from her mouth. A sound so piercing it shook his body, leaving a trail of blood falling from his ears.

~

The blood oath completed, Uonaidh began to break the spell holding them hidden in the room. Just as the words fell from her mouth, a blood curdling scream entered the room, shaking the windows. The howl of a creature unlike anyone had heard before, anyone that is except for Aidan and Uonaidh.

"What in the hell is that?" Gideon asked turning to Aidan, frozen as he was putting his shirt back on.

"It's...It's not possible," Aidan stammered his mouth open in shock; a wave of panic hitting him so hard he stumbled. Uonaidh reached out to catch his elbow, "I'm, uh, I'm the last, it's impossible!" he whispered his eyes searching Uonaidh's face, his own knotted in worry and confusion.

"You forget old friend, the most rule. Nature will always find a way. I told you she is who Mother Earth wants for you."

"What the *FUCK* is going on?" Gideon yelled, trying to break thru Aidan's shock, his gut telling him something was very, very wrong.

Dreams and Dragons

"It's a dragon's cry, a call for help," Uonaith responded, "A baby's cry for help." She added when she turned back to Aidan trying to get him to understand.

"Aidan!" Gideon, crossed to him, smacking him hard across the face, "snap the hell out of it. Where is Lisbeth?" The realization hitting him before it hit Aidan.

The hit and the words finally sank into Aidan, he searched his mind for her. He felt her, but barley. He closed his eyes to enter her mind, speaking outloud, "she is in the garden, no, she is being moved. She's.." he paused, anger welling up in his voice, "She's naked, her clothes have been torn away."

With a speed that came easy to his kind, he and Gideon found the enclosed garden in seconds to find the dead bodies of two men, one half dressed, his member hanging out, flaccid in death.

"There were three human's here, I can smell them," Gideon said, turning and disappearing from the area. He returned in an instant a whimpering boy held in his grip. "What the fuck happened here!" He growled at the boy who twisted trying to hide himself.

"Answer him!"

"It was Chris's idea. It was all him, I tried to talk him out of it. She warned us, I tried to run away," he pleaded with Gideon, "She said if I left . . . she said it was not too late, she would protect me from this Aidan. I did, I ran away, please, please don't kill me." He cried.

"Tell us where she is and maybe, just maybe, I will let you go!" Aidan growled, his eyes turning red, his fingers growing longer, scales slowly growing up his hand disappearing under his sleeve.

"I..I don't know. This guy he just appeared, he took Chris out, I ran to hide." A memory surfacing, one he hoped would save his life, "I heard him say his name. Don't kill me, please, I tried to stop it, I tried to help her. Really," he begged.

"Give us the name boy, I will let you go." Gideon turned the boy's face so he could concentrate on him and not the monster that began forming out of Aidan's body.

"He said his name was Aeron. He said, he was looking for Aohdan."

"Run, and don't look back." Gideon said as he dropped the boy.

Chapter 22: Chapter Twenty Two

Okay Fans, So I may have painted my self into a corner with that last chapter. I think I found a creative way out of it, but you will be the judge. Add some comments so I know if you like where I am headed. ALSO, tell me what you think of my new character. He so cute, I want to put him in my pocket. Let me know if you do too!

~Mahvash

Chapter 22 ~

Gideon paused for just a moment to wonder at the creature forming in front of him, the natural instinct freezing him to the ground. He drew a deep breath, gathering his courage to reach out to the man before him. He stepped forward wrapping his hand firm around Aidan's scaled neck, his other hand on his shoulder, "Brother, you need to think, calm yourself." He searched the glowing red eyes trying to find the man within the monster, "I know you're scared, this is our worst nightmare come true, but we can't go storming after her. That is exactly what he expects, we need to have a plan, we have to take advantage of it and come at him in a way he won't expect." He saw that his words had broken thru as the red began to fade twirling around the green which was fighting to come back. He felt the scales under his fingers soften; he continued his grip on the area until it was only skin beneath his hand.

Aidan brought his arm up to rest on Gideon's shoulder his head bowed in defeat, "I can't lose her Gideon, not now."

"And the one sure fired way for that to happen is for us to go about this without a plan. Think! He doesn't know you have any allies left he thinks you are alone. He won't be expecting me,"

"Or me," Uonaidh said appearing behind Gideon.

Aidan looked up at the group forming around him, the support giving him a new hope that he could save Lisbeth and the child he now knew she carried.

"You just try to reach her, see if she can tell us anything, we will work out the rest." Gideon said, leading Aidan back towards the house.

"So what did you find?" Constantine asked as the three returned to the great hall, the last of the party's participants had been herded away, grumbling that the night had ended so abruptly.

"Aeron," Gideon replied, the one word being the only thing needed for Constantine to understand exactly what the situation was.

"What about that noise, would someone explain to me how in the hell it's possible?" Constantine asked looking into each face, "Aidan?"

"I don't fucking know!" Aidan yelled back, "It should not have been possible. I mean even if she were turned, it shouldn't be possible, there have been no true born vampires for over a millennium."

"So what does that mean for Lisbeth, since she is only human?" Gideon asked, a sick fear feeling wrapping his stomach in knots at the realization that Aeron may not be the only threat to the woman he had just sworn to protect.

Dreams and Dragons

"Breadan, we are waiting!" Uonaidh said loudly into the room, a hint of impatience in her voice. Abruptly there was a loud clatter as items fell down in the hall closet. Gideon and Constantine sprung into action getting to the closet before the last of the items fell from their place on the shelf. Constantine held a finger up to Gideon silently counting, he gave the signal swinging it open, as Gideon stood posed ready for whatever stood behind the door. It was not until he heard Constantine's sudden laughter that he allowed his shoulders to relax, following his friends gaze to find at the bottom of the closet, surrounded by the various items that had fallen over, a small thin man. The man froze in his attempts to gather various scrolls that had fallen from his arms, his eyes freezing at the men's feet. Despite the trying activities of the night, Gideon could not help the smile that began to form on his face as he crossed his arms and looked down on the mop of messy silver white curls, two small pointed ears peaking thru the top.

The small Faerie slowly lifted his head to look up into the smiling faces of the two men. A slow but deep flush of red grew across his silver highlighted cheeks. He slowly reached up to push his rounded glasses farther up onto the bridge of his thin nose, "Gentlemen, a hand please," he replied trying to gain some composure after such an embarrassing entrance.

Gideon reached out a hand to the clumsy faerie, his yank pulling the man easily from his position, a quiet yelp escaping his mouth, quickly followed by a clearing of his throat as he ran his hands down the front of his double breasted vest.

Constantine moved quickly stacking the various scrolls in his arms, "What are all these?" he asked the faerie.

"They are everything I could find on the mating habits of the Dragon Clan." The tweed clad faerie said as he stretched his hands towards the documents, a careful step towards the vampire who was now looking over the items with more effort and excitement.

"I will take those back now if you please," the man commented, looking carefully at Gideon trying to gauge if he was in danger. Constantine began to unroll one of scrolls when the white hair fair barked, "Don't touch that," a sudden spark of courage in his voice at the idea his precious papers may be mishandled, "They are quite priceless! Hand them over before you do something to ruin them!"

"You have nothing to worry about that with this one," Gideon patted the man on the shoulder, using his thumb to indicate he was talking about Constantine, "He loves those dusty old items more than you do, I imagine." Gideon picked the thin man up by the collar and began dragging him back into the great hall, "Connie, If we survive this whole thing you may have finally found someone with more old crap than you have!"

"Unhand me, you oaf!" the man cried out kicking his legs uselessly as he was carried back to the great hall, "I am the personal librarian to the Faerie Queen, and she will not take lightly to mishandling me or her papers!"

"Breandan, simmer down my dear, these are friends of mine," Uonaidh said when she saw and heard her subject, "Gideon, put him down please."

Gideon set the man down, giving him a good natured pat on the back, winking at him as he turned. Breandan looked around assessing the situation, his gaze settling on Aidan before he mindlessly pushed his glasses back in place on his nose.

Breandan crossed to Constantine who had only now entered the room, so lost in the ancient documents he held in his arms.

"Sir, if you please?" Breandan asked his arms stretched out carefully as if he were asking the man to return a newborn babe. Constantine reluctantly handed the documents to the librarian commenting, "Gideon is right, I

Dreams and Dragons

do have a love for texts and ancient writings, I would not harm your items."

Breandan looked into the Vampires eyes and found respect shining back at him. "Thank you sir." He said humbly before returning to his Queen.

"So, what did you find," Aidan said his face knotted with worry.

"Well, there is quite a legend around your heritage my lord, I am surprised it is not spoken of more often. I guess the story had been lost over time. It is a miracle these scrolls survived the clan wars at all."

"Yes, yes. Now get on with it. Cut all the formalities and cut to the meat of it!" Gideon said sharply, growing impatient at all this meaningless talk.

Breandan pushed his glasses up and again, cleared his throat, before glancing over his shoulder at the Queen, seeking her permission to continue. Once he saw her slight nod, he began to speak, "Apparently, as the natural born vampires began to decline, and the dragon clan's numbers began to dwindle, the head of the clan, your father, Sir Aohdan, and his two remaining brothers, made an appeal to the Goddess Brigid and her two sisters. He agreed to protect their memories and shrines in exchange for a way to continue his bloodline.

The sister goddess's agreed and thru their intervention a set of perfect triplets were born to the Ruler's human servant. The three babes were raised under the watchful eye of the ruler; they soon grew into very beautiful women. The legend says that it was only when the three sisters entered the beginning of puberty that the ruling brothers were first given the gift of dreamwalking. Each brother was drawn to the girl who was meant to be his mate." He paused to let the story sink into the audience before him. He crossed to the table where he had laid out his various documents, unrolling one of the oldest. He handed the item to Aidan. Aidan's hands trembled as he reached out to run a finger along the painted item on the fragile paper. In the drawing where three girls, the representation clearly showing them to have the flaming red hair he had come to love from the moment he say it.

"Continue please, Breandan." The Queen ordered.

"Well, it is said the women grew to be some of the most beautiful in the land. Their unusual red hair was legend, a mark that they were created in part by the fire diety, created especially to carry a child of the dragon clan."

"But what happened to them?" Gideon asked, "I mean if their line survived then why did it take so long for Aidan to free himself?"

"My documents state, that each sister produced a male heir, and before they could conceive a second child, the great territory wars had begun. By the time the wars were over the women had been killed and Aohdan was the only one left of his cousins."

"So they didn't die in childbirth? Their bodies survived?" Gideon asked, relief evident in his tone.

"No, they were actually married to each of the brothers. Remember, Brigid was a Goddess of of midwife's and protector of women. It is said that once the child was conceived the women's body would begin to change in order to accommodate the child. Apparently Brigid made the women especially, something in their blood once mixed with the child's would create a strong magical seal. Once the seal begins, the human female's body would begin to change, allowing her to carry the child safely."

Dreams and Dragons

"What kind of changes?" Aidan asked remembering how tired Lisbeth felt tonight and distant he had felt from her in the last few months. He thought it strange that he did not sense her presence tonight until she was almost in the building.

"Well at first a lot of her energy will be depleted as her body begins to change, soon the core temperature will slowly rise. As the child gets closer to its birth, the bond between mother and child will grow, over riding the father's mental bond with her. This allows for the fetus to fully synchronize its animal instincts syncing with the mother's, one of several protective traits. Humans aren't made to sense danger as well as the offspring of the dragon clan. This merging is just another step in completing the seal. Another one of Brigid's plans to allow nature to protect itself." The man paused for a moment searching again through his ancient papers before finding what he was looking for, "According to these accounts, the father of the child must feed the mother from his vein. This feeding is the final step to preparing the mother's body for the birth. It will not only give her the strength to protect the child she is carrying but also allow her body the ability to heal after the birth. The child will die without the mother to feed it. This is why your cousins did not survive. Their mothers had been killed early on in the wars, only your mother was able to escape until you were old enough to care for yourself," Breandan explained, looking at the man with a mixture of admiration and sadness.

"You're holding something back, what is it?" Aidan asked, bracing himself for what he knew was coming next.

Breandan straightened his shoulders, looking down at his long fingers as he knotted them in nervous rings; he looked to his Queen as if asking for courage or permission.

"It's all right Breandan, tell him everything."

"Yes, your Majesty," The small man said before taking a deep inhale and quietly addressing Aidan, "Unfortunately this feeding will complete the seal. The mixing of her blood with the child and father will finalize her own transformation in becoming apart of the Dragon Clan. Her days of being human will be over."

"Fuck this! You have to be joking me!" Gideon stormed. All this information was simply too much for him to handle in one sitting. He paced back and forth in front of Aidan who seemed to be way to calm and collected. "I still don't understand, if all these women were killed during the wars, then it's possible Lisbeth is not one of them, this could all be a big mistake? Maybe Aeron has known about her all along and is playing some kind of sick joke on us!"

"No, it's true, it's all true." Aidan replied dully, the shock of all the information slowly breaking through his denial of what was happening. He pointed to the scroll with the drawing, the faded depiction of the three identical women a perfect match to Lisbeth's appearance. Tell him Uonaidh."

"The spell I cast could only be broken by the one meant for him. Part of the property I protected contained one of the original shrines to Brigid and her sisters, thus keeping Aohdan's father's promise, she must have found a way to keep hers as well."

Constantine was the first to break the silence in the room, "Can he feed her in a dreamwalk? Will that work to complete the seal?"

"Why in the hell would I want to do that!" Aidan fumed.

"Think about it Aidan, if she completes the seal, she has a better chance of protecting herself against Aeron. Nothing is stronger in this world than a mother's instinct to protect her child, am I wrong your Majesty?" Constantine asked the silver haired faerie.

Dreams and Dragons

"He is right, Aohdan, it will be your best option to save her, *if* you could get to her." Uonaidh looked away from her friend, "Breandan, is there anything to answer the question?"

"No Ma'am, but I would assume the answer is no. She must feed physically from the vein, but, I am confident to feed in a dreamwalk will give her enough strength to keep her alive for at least a day or two."

"Aidan, you have to do this," Gideon said talking his face into his hand, a brotherly touch, "I don't like it either but what choice do we have? If you don't do this you will lose them both."

"I know, Goddamn it! I know!"

~

Aidan paced back and forth in the great room, he had been trying for over an hour to reach Lisbeth's mind. But all he continued to find was emptiness. Since he first found her not a day had gone by that he was not able to reach out and touch her with his mind, this emptiness created an ache so deep it began to be all he could think about. He couldn't tear his mind of the idea of his life, a life without her in it.

He paused, shaking his head trying to focus, to concentrate once again on reaching her.

"Aohdan, be calm, concentrate and try to reach out to her. Please, let me help you." Uonaidh whispered into his ear. He nodded in defeat, he heard her begin to chant as she raised her hands to his face, sending a current of warmth into his skin, his muscles relaxing slightly as her magic worked thru his system. Aidan closed his eyes, finally feeling a brush of his Lisbeth.

He sought the sensation out, running after it, finally grasping it and pushing himself into her mind. He knew he had her but was frightened that he she still felt so distant, hidden some where in this abyss.

"Lisbeth, can you hear me?" He cried out in the darkness, his call echoing softly.

"Aidan?" her voice carried back to him so weak he could barely make it out.

"Lisbeth, concentrate my love, come to the sound of my voice, fight for me." He called out, turning frantically trying to see if he had broken thru to her. A very faint light moved out of the corner of his eye, he spun around trying to find it, "That's it little one, keep it up, come on you can do it." The light returned but held steady, the small circular orb growing in size just enough for him to begin to make out a room on the other side.

Just when he started to feel relief, the orb began shrinking again prompting him to call out, "Noooo, Lisbeth, don't stop, please baby, try, just try!"

His panic must have woken something in her because the orb expanded in less than a second, flooding his sight with what must be the room she was being held in. He spun around looking for her, finding her lying on a large bed, her wrists bound by long tight chains, securing her to the bed's frame. He ran to her side, reaching out to her, frustrated that his link with her was too fragile. He needed to finish what he came for before it was too late. He would not have the strength to release her from the chains, guide her safely from the room. It tore him to pieces.

"It hurts Aidan, everything hurts so much" she cried out to him, "Help me, please!" fresh tears flowing from her face, mixing in with the dried blood on her neck.

"I know Lisbeth, I am sorry, I am coming for you. You have to hold on for me, don't give up on me."

Dreams and Dragons

"I'm so tired, I just need to sleep a little longer," she whispered her head rolling back in his arms; the edges of the room becoming dark.

"NO! Lisbeth you stay with me, fight for me." He cried out, slapping her face, her eyes springing open. He lifted his arm, tearing the skin at his wrist with his fangs, putting it to her lips, "Drink! Take it!" He yelled, increasing the grip on the back of her head and neck to keep her from shaking her head back and forth. Her eyes squeezed against him, fighting him out of instinct.

He was flooded with relief when her head stopped moving and her mouth grew tighter against his open vein, sucking on him greedily. Her eyes flew open and he drew an involuntary breath as he watched a thin line of glowing red encircle the clear blue her eyes. His child within her taking the nourishment, he found in that moment more than panic and fear for her life, he found his anger again, his courage to fight for what was his, to defend his the woman he loved and his unborn child.

He reached out and stroked her hair. "I am coming for you, I will not lose you, but you have to fight for me, don't give up on me, Lisbeth. Do you hear me."

"Yes," she breathed as he pulled his arm from her mouth, wiping the excess from her face, before lowering his head and kissing her, perhaps the last kiss he would ever lay on her lips.

"Dawn is coming soon, rest for now. Try to pay attention to what is around you, try to give me as much information as you can. Aeron doesn't know I can dreamwalk, he won't know you are able to tell me things, use that to our advantage. Can you do that for me? Lisbeth." He could see the exhaustion seeping back into her face, his blood would give her strength but it needed time to work it's way thru her. "Lisbeth, do you understand? Answer me and then you can sleep, Lisbeth!"

"I understand," she whispered, the room growing dark around him again, "I love you Aidan."

"I love you more Lisbeth," he said trying to kiss her one last time before the abyss swallowed him again.

Chapter 23: Chapter Twenty Three

Chapter 23 ~

Aidan opened his eyes to find himself seated; Unoaidh was standing before him and Gideon who was sitting in the chair next him. At the snap of the Queens' fingers, a quiet procession of six of her handmaidens entered the room.

"You will need to enhance your strength for the fight tomorrow. You will feed from my servants before you go to ground. While you sleep I will work with my huntsmen to track where Aeron is and report back to us what he and his men find." Aidan opened his mouth to object only to be silenced by Unoaidh's hand, "I will have no argument on this Aohdan. Before dusk we will meet back to here to discuss what I have learned and to formulate our plans. By nightfall we will be ready to move."

As the Queen finished her words she snapped her fingers once again, prompting the women to move forward and line up next to Gideon and himself. Gideon smiled rakishly at the first in line, holding his hand out to her, "My lady," he offered with a wink, the faerie blushing as she sat in his lap. Gideon kissed her affectionately before saying, "Thank you." The faerie practically swooned at the handsome knight before gathering herself, seductively pulling her long golden hair to the side, offering her neck.

"My lord?" the quiet voice causing him to look up into the silver-eyed servant in front of him. He hated the idea of drinking from these women, but he knew the Queen was correct that he would need all the strength he could get.

"Come here child," he sighed motioning for her to sit in his lap. She did so immediately her head bowed, "Thank you for your service, it means everything to me."

"Yes, my lord," she answered as he took her hand, kissing her wrist before taking her into his mouth.

~

Lisbeth woke to the sound of a door closing. She looked up to find a young girl carrying a tray of hot tea. The woman paused briefly when she saw Lisbeth looking at her, she curtsied slightly, "Mistress," before she brought the tray to the bedside. The woman quickly and quietly released Lisbeth from the cuffs that kept her bound to the large bed, helping her to sit up right before placing the tray at her lap.

This certainly was not what she expected to wake up to. A Spanish inquisitor perhaps, but not a meek slip of a Latina girl calling her "mistress."

"Lisbeth," she said quietly.

"I am sorry, ma'm?" the girl asked, never raising her eyes.

Lisbeth reached out to lift the girl's chin, admiring her dark features, "My name is Lisbeth, if you please. And you are?"

"Inez, Mistress," the girl smiled back. Lisbeth figured it must have been a very long time since someone actually addressed the girl directly without barking an order,

"Inez, that is a lovely name."

Dreams and Dragons

"Thank you, ma'am." The girl said as she began to pour Lisbeth's tea. "I am to prepare you for Master Aeron's dinner." Inez said as she set the pot back on the tray. Lisbeth must have jumped because the girl immediately corrected herself, reaching out for Lisbeth's hand, "as a guest, Mistress, as a guest."

"Of course, thank you." Lisbeth sighed heavily as she picked up the cup, thankful to have something to do other than look at the girl's concerned face. She concentrated on not making her hands shake as she lifted the warm sweet tea to her mouth.

She closed her eyes thinking back on Aidan's last words to her, *"Try to pay attention to what is around you, try to give me as much information as you can. Aeron doesn't know I can dreamwalk, he won't know you are able to tell me things, use that to our advantage. I am coming for you, I will not lose you, but you have to fight for me."*

She looked up from her tea to see Inez coming back into the room, laying out a dress for her, "Inez, I would like to go for a walk before dinner. Would that be possible?"

"No, Mistress!" Inez answered back in shock at the suggestion, "I am not to let you leave the room."

"You don't have to worry about me running off. I am sure this place has a swarm of guards. I doubt I would make it very far if I tried to run."

"It's not the guards you have to worry about out there, it's the Masters wolves. They'd tear a man to shreds if allowed. You don't want to go out there, Ma'am."

"Oh, sounds frightening, I suppose your right."

Lisbeth continued to drink her tea, watching the girl go in the attached bathroom, the sound of water running, Inez returning with a large terrycloth robe.

"You must have your hands full what with taking care of all those guards. They must run you ragged around this place. I hope I am not adding to your troubles, Inez." She smiled sweetly at the young servant.

"It's not so bad mistress, I prefer to wait on you then those men anyway. The evenings are easier anyway with the Master being awake, most of the men leave at night. So I only have to serve the 12 or so that are left."

"Wow, 12 guards! I think I should listen to you when you say I should not leave my room."

"Yes Mistress, please don't leave." Inez looked at her with pure fear in her eyes.

"Inez? What is it, I won't do anything to get you hurt, I promise," Lisbeth said to the trembling Latina and she meant it.

"It's not me I am worried for." Inez looked around as if searching for someone else who may be listening before she inched closer to Lisbeth's ear, "the Master has my family. He may kill me quickly but I can't risk what he would do to them."

Lisbeth's heart broke for the girl, and she swore not to ask any more questions that may get the woman or her family murdered.

"I understand Inez, believe me I do."

Dreams and Dragons

"Now Misstress, your bath is ready," Inez said pulling the covers back reaching for Lisbeth's hand, "I am sorry but I will have to leave the door open. I am supposed to stay and watch you but I will just wait by the door. Please, remember your promise?"

"Yes, Inez, I will behave."

Lisbeth sighed deeply as she lowered her sore body into the water. She was surprised she did not hurt more than she did; her muscles were only just slightly sore. *"I guess that is why he made me feed from him,"* she thought to herself. At the memory of his wrist at her mouth, the taste of copper flooding over her tongue, she felt a something flutter inside of her. She recognized it as the same feeling she had when she saw Aidan at the beginning of the party. *"What is happening to me?"* she thought as the flutter returned, the force of it multiplied. She lowered her hand to her belly, running her hand along the area that would not seem to settle down. She gasped when something moved inside her, pushing back against her hand, like a kitten's head nuzzling her hand. She moved her hand, looking down in shock to see her skin move, a long thin line rising just under her skin, slithering across her belly like a snake. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" she cried out.

"Ma'am? Are you alright?" Inez poked her head around the corner.

"Yes, yes," she said to her trying to catch her breath, "I just bumped my head. Sorry."

She placed her hand back on her belly, the movement returning, and she felt her heart grow and pound as though it would burst. She closed her eyes, trying to reach out to Aidan, praying he could hear her.

She was so happy to find herself in his room, looking out to see his chair, the rug, the fire burning as always in the fireplace. "Aidan?" she called out to the empty room, "Aidan, where are you?" She began to cry, why would he show her an empty room?

She felt a slight nudge at her hand. She looked down to see a small heart shaped face looking back at her. "Well, hello there," she smiled at the small child.

It took a second for her to see that the face looking back at her was a carbon copy of herself save for two small differences. The child's hair, although the same fire red as her own, hung straight and fine compared to Lisbeth's thick uncontrollable curls. The child's large expressive green eyes blinked at her, her eyes glimmered the same as Aidan's when he was at his happiest. *"Aidan's eyes, she has Aidan's eyes,"* the thought crossed her mind before it all clicked into place.

She bent down quickly lifting the small version of herself, swirling her around into her tight embrace. A light tinkle of a small giggle lifting into the air as she spun herself and her daughter around, landing in the chair. She cradled the girl in her lap as Aidan had her so many years ago, laying her head on her chest, stroking her long silky hair. She rocked back and forth, tears flowing down her face.

She was unsure how long she sat there weeping before she felt the girl's tiny hand come up to wipe away her tears.

"No words for me yet? Mmmm, little one?" Lisbeth asked the child. The little girl put her index finger in her mouth, sucking on the tip quietly shaking her head back and forth.

"That's alright, little one, I didn't like to talk very much either." She leaned down, tickling the sweet cherub in her lap; the child's face lighting up and the giggle echoing off the walls. Lisbeth knew then and there she would do anything to protect this angel. She would lie, scheme, and debase herself to survive this night. She would kill if she had to, but she and her child were going to survive this place.

Dreams and Dragons

"Do you know where Daddy is?" Lisbeth asked. The child looked back at her unsure, then squished her little face, her eyes squeezed tight in effort before springing her saucer shaped green orbs open. She removed her finger from her mouth, smiled and shook her head up and down. She turned herself to climb off Lisbeth's lap, tugging at her hand to communicate that Lisbeth should follow. She led Lisbeth to the familiar wooden door, waiting patiently for it to be opened. On the other side, she did not find the hallway she expected, but rather she found herself back in Constantine's home.

Quickly the girl increased her speed, dragging Lisbeth down a long hall and into a study. In the room she found the group hovering around a table set in the middle of the room. She saw Aidan, Constantine, Gideon, and the most beautiful silver haired woman she had ever seen. Beside the woman was a large man who wore all green and had a quiver of bows slung over his shoulder. All of them were watching a small tweed covered man with round spectacles as he pointed something out on a map.

~

"We think the best entrance will be here." Breandan pointed. It is the fastest portal we have to the area, it will put you a quarter kilometer away, but that should also give you an element of surprise.

"I have archers already posted along the perimeter," Cord, the Queen's huntsman said, "They are my sharpest shooters, they will provide cover for you as you approach the main house. My spotters say there are at least 6 guardsmen patrolling the outer grounds and 2 snipers found here and here. There are also surveillance and motion sensors."

Aidan was concentrating on the map in front of them barley noticing the slight tug at his pants. Instinctively he looked up at Breandan wondering if he was near by, but the librarian was at a second table pulling thru papers, looking for technical specs of the surveillance equipment. Who would think that faerie folk kept manuals of modern equipment in their resources? The tug came again only harder and more urgent.

He looked down to find Lisbeth's child like image looking back at him. "Lisbeth?" he asked reaching out to the small heart shaped face.

"No, but she's beautiful isn't she?" he heard Lisbeth's voice behind him.

He spun around to face the woman he loved standing behind him, his mouth dropped open as he stood in shock; only moving when the tug returned, but now on his hand, the child's small fingers just able to wrap around his smallest finger. He bent down to the child, "Hello," She child smiled before darting away to hide behind Lisbeth's legs.

"I think she's a little shy," Lisbeth smiled.

"Howâ How are you here?" he sighed, relief flooding him.

"I'm not, your dreaming," Lisbeth pointed to the group behind him. He turned back to see himself leaning against the table his head bowed, eyes closed.

"Aidan, we don't have long. I came to tell you, there are 12 guards at night, and some vicious pack of wolves, I don't know how big, but they are something to fear. I am suppose to join this Aeron at his dinner table after he rises." Lisbeth spoke quickly, the little girl pulling at her arms to be lifted up. Lisbeth lifted her up, kissing her cheek, guiding the girl's head to her shoulder, "She's tired, we can't stay much longer," Lisbeth said, rocking the child back and forth, tilting her head to rest with the child's.

Dreams and Dragons

"Don't go, don't go." Aidan cried out, crossing to them with just enough time to have his fingers brush against the girls fine hair.

"Hurry Aidan, hurry," Lisbeth's final words were all that was left of them as they disappeared.

"Aidan? Aidan?" Gideon called out to him, shaking him slightly at the shoulder.

"What!" he yelled back, a single tear running down his face.

"Are you okay, what happened?" Constantine asked.

Aidan looked up at Uonaidh to see her all knowing eyes, "I saw her, she is beautiful, Aohdan."

"Saw what, saw who? Lisbeth?" Gideon asked, his voice urgent with worry.

"My daughter." Aidan answered, wiping the tear from his face, straightening his shoulders, a fierce wave of determination locking him back into the task before them, "Lisbeth says there are 12 guards, she will be in the dinning hall, and apparently there is some pack of wolves. Knowing Aeron they will be practically rabid in nature." Aidan looked up finally when he realized no one was talking. "Well come on! Let's figure this shit out so we can go save my family!"

Chapter 24: Chapter Twenty four

Chapter 24~

Lisbeth left the safety of her room and Inez's companionship to be led thru the enormous house. She fidgeted in the dress as they walked down the hall. The backless frock was made of black lace, the front marked by a deep V cut, the diamond shaped strips of lace barely covered her breasts, the bottom of the which were met with a multi-layered skirt that appeared to be made from raven's wings. She would have admired the outfit if it did not feel like she was headed towards her own funeral.

She almost bumped into the guard's back when he stopped to open the door to Aeron's dinning room. The room seemed cavernous with mahogany lined walls, a twenty foot long table, and a fireplace at one end that seemed large enough for a truck to drive thru. The guard led her to the table, pulling out the chair to the right of the head of the table. She looked over to see that outside of her own there were two other place settings. She had to wonder who the third seat was for.

"Don't be Aidan, Don't be Aidan, Don't be Aidan." She prayed silently.

She waited there for what felt like years before she heard the sound of harsh laughter approaching the door. She could hear two distinct voices, one of which she recognized from the night before. She closed her eyes, trying to will herself invisible, trying to wake herself from this hideous nightmare only to be startled back to the room at sound of someone sucking air thru their teeth, the man standing behind her, reaching over to pull her chin up to his face, "You are right brother, she is a beautiful thing. Seems such a waste to tear this one up."

She looked up into the black eyes of the man before her. He stood at least six and half feet tall, with broad shoulders and a thin waist. His black wavy hair hung around his face, to the collar of his shirt, his mustache and thin beard meeting to form an anchor along his squared jaw line. The lines of this chiseled face deepened as he clinched his jaw when she tried to twist her face from his hand, he only smiled and held it tighter, "Oh, she's a fighter this one. I think I like her." The man's large hand released her face before traveling down her neck, his finger tracing her sternum.

"Lukas, you are handling my special reserve. You may have a taste once I am done." Aeron said with a flat matter of fact tone as he gracefully unfolded his cloth napkin and placed it in his lap.

"Not even just a taste, a bit of appetizer?" Lukas smiled at Lisbeth, pure lust in his black eyes.

"Lukas, behave for our special guest would you." His tone seemed slightly perturbed, but it was enough to send Lukas away quickly with a short huff as he walked to the opposite side of the table, throwing himself down on the chair.

Aeron cleared his throat and immediately the door to the far side of the room opened and two footmen appeared carrying trays. The first footman approached Aeron displaying an old bottle, waiting patiently for his masters nod of approval before going back to the sideboard to begin opening the wine.

Lisbeth finally had the opportunity to take in the man who kidnapped her. Aidan's one remaining enemy, the man who had kept Aidan from her all these years. Despite the way he commanded himself and the reaction to those around him, he was not a very tall man. His face was lined with sharp features that finished at his pointed chin. He had dirty blonde hair, which he kept trimmed short and neat, contained a single silver streak at on the left temple. If his gaze was not so cold his eyes would be mesmerizing. They were unlike anything

Dreams and Dragons

Lisbeth had ever seen, the base of the eyes were ice blue overlaid with multiple gold flecks. The outer ring of the blue was a perfect circle of bright hazel. He sat with an aristocratic air, but unlike Aidan whose projected nobility; Aeron projected something thin and sinister.

The other footman approached Lisbeth, setting a bowl of soup in front of her before reaching to pour water into one of her crystal glasses.

Lisbeth lowered her head, looking into the bowl of delicious looking soup. The smell made her stomach move and she realized she was starving. She kept looking at the delightful smelling broth, wondering why she should be so hungry with food in front of her that seemed so appetizing and yet she was not interested in eating.

"Is there a problem with your food?" Aeron asked as he waived away the footman who had just poured his wine.

"No sir, I am just a bit leery." She answered looking him in the eye, an idea beginning to form in her mind.

"Why, I think I should be offended," Aeron gasped in a fake tone, turning his eyes towards Lukas who grinned in return. "You think I would poison you or drug you?" Aeron laughed. Lisbeth knew she found a way in, a way to distract this dangerous man beside her.

"You? Drug me? I doubt it. You would not require any assistance in subduing a woman." She returned in a tone of fact, her face betraying nothing, her blue eyes iced over, "but those damned fools from last night, that was another story," Aeron and Lukas were shocked into silence as Lisbeth snapped her fingers at the footman who approached immediately. She lifted her wine glass to indicate she would like some of the wine offered to the men. She waited patiently for the servant to begin pouring before she continued, "I am sorry you had to see me in such a disgusting state, I am surprised you didn't just snap my neck and be done with me and all my whining and moaning." She twirled the glass beneath her nose, making a seductive show of bringing the glass to her lips. She peered above the rim at Aeron, as she sipped, closing her eyes to enjoy the liquid, opening them again just as she slowly licked the taste from her bottom lip.

She had to suppress a smile when she saw Aeron respond with pure lust and shock at the woman in front of him. She finished her excuse with, "So you will simply have to forgive me if I am not ready for food just yet."

"Well I am fucking ready!" Lukas barked out, kicking the footman as he passed by him, "Bring me my dinner already!"

Lisbeth winced at the rukus, recovering quickly with a roll of the eyes, noticing Aeron watching her intently; she could tell he was trying to size her up. The memory came in flash of him attempting to drink from her, spitting the blood up and wondering what she was. Hell, she no longer knew what she was. Something else she could try to use to her advantage.

She looked away for the first time when she heard a whimper coming from the far door. Rather than a tray of dishes, the footmen were pulling in a naked woman who was bound at the wrists, her body lurching forward as they dragged her along, spanish expletives bursting from her mouth as she fought against the servants. Lisbeth froze, trying to keep her face disinterested at the scene unfolding before her. Lukas laughed at the woman as he was handed the leash, pulling her closer and closer to him, mocking her frightened cries. Lisbeth glared across the table, her anger rippling thru her at the sight of Inez, the servant who had taken care of her.

Aeron smiled at her, thinking he found her weakness, "You don't care for Lukas's meal either? You are turning out to be a very unfriendly houseguest."

Dreams and Dragons

Lisbeth sighed with impatience, sitting forward in her chair, shooting a lava-filled glare at Lukas, "I just think it rude to play with one's food. Very unseemly," Lisbeth turned her head away from Lukas, her anger cooling to disinterest, as her eyes met Aeron's, "don't you think, *Master Aeron*."

If this night had happened even a few days ago, Lisbeth would have been dead in an instant as Lukas moved, appearing behind her in less than a second after the last syllable left her lips. But tonight, she was a different woman, on this night she was able to see him move as if he were taking a leisurely stroll.

"Perhaps I should show you personally how I play with my food?" He growled in her ear. She smiled at Aeron, never moving her gaze from his as she lifted her hand up in the appearance of a caress for Lukas's cheek, surprising the giant vampire by gripping his head and slamming it down on the table. She used her elbow to pin him down while she brought the steak knife to his throat, "I believe your host said not to touch his, what did you call it my dear?" She looked away from Lukas to see Aeron's smile, "Ah yes, special reserve."

She moved the knife, sliding against his skin, her mouth watering as the blood seeped forth. She leaned over the man who was squirming beneath her strong touch, the child inside her demanding her to drink. She lowered her head down, her lips wrapping around the wound as the copper taste flooded her mouth. The sensation of the liquid filling her was unlike anything she had ever experienced. A sudden relief filled her body, she could actually feel her muscles strengthen and her body healing. She opened her eyes peering out at Aeron as she had the with the wine glass, drinking greedily from Lukas, who was still whimpering beneath her weight. She had to bite down on his neck to keep from screaming when her tongue split, forming an opening in the middle, a small tendon like tube cutting thru and spewing an acid liquid like a jet into the wound on Lukas's neck. The poison soon flooding his system via the vein, paralyzing him completely.

Having had her fill she sat back in her chair, Lukas's useless body falling to the ground as she gracefully lifted her napkin to clean at the corners of her mouth. "You see, *Master Aeron*, that is a more refined dining experience, don't you think?"

"Yes, my dearâ!"

"Lisbeth."

"Yes, Lisbeth, I think I do agree." He answered in awe of the scene that just played out in front of him.

"*Master Aeron*, would you please allow this woman to go back to my chambers? She pulled at my hair earlier this evening and I already had plans for her punishment. You wouldn't deprive a lady of an evening's entertainment, would you?" Inez looked up at her Mistress, realizing what Lisbeth was actually doing caused the Latina to quickly change the look of relief on her face to one of horror. Aeron motioned to the footman who immediately moved forward. "Take her back to the Lady's rooms, have her cleaned and dressed."

Lisbeth relaxed just a hair as the two servants left the room, but that was all Aeron needed to find a kink in her new armor. Before she could register what was happening he had her by the throat lifting her from the chair, twisting her around and sitting her back down on the edge of the table. "I don't know what game you are playing at here, I know the woman I saw last night was human, weakâ!" Aeron glared at her.

Lisbeth kept calm, reaching her hand over his, and to Aeron's shock, she increased his grasp on her neck, a seductive smile spreading across her face. Aeron loosened his grip allowing her to talk, "You drank from me, did I taste human?" her words registering something in him, his grip loosened further but he kept his hands around her throat.

Dreams and Dragons

"And Aidan, why has he been hiding you?" he barked, his instincts temporarily overriding his hunger for her.

"Aidan is nothingâ!" she began when he tightened his grip around her once again.

"Don't you lie to me! I heard you calling for him last night, whimpering for him to save you!"

"And did he come? No! He left me to fend off those drunken monkeys. I may still be something important to him, but he is nothing to me." Aeron glared at her, searching her eyes trying to determine if she were being truthful. Lisbeth decided to play into his arrogance, "If your holding me to get to him, trying to hurt him. Which do you think would hurt more..." She said running her hand up his arm, along his shoulder to his neck, "...finding you burried deep within me and me begging you to stop?" she said coolly as she wrapped her legs around Aeron's waist, shoving him into her as she slid herself to the very edge of the table, "Or me begging you *not* to stop."

"Lisbeth what are you doing?" Aidan's voice rang out in her mind, she could sense he and the others were on the edge of the property.

"I am doing what I have to do. Just hurry and get here before this goes farther than I want it to." She answered him sharply before snapping him from her mind.

~

Aidan almost jumped at the feeling of her locking him out . He had not expected she would gain the ability to control his link with her, and to control it with such strength! He wanted to crawl back into her mind and see the whole picture of what was going on in that dinning room. All he was able to see and feel was Aeron's lustful glare, his hands wrapped around her throat, but that did not concern near as much as the way she had her self wrapped around him, pulling him to her body. He prayed she knew what she was doing.

"Lisbeth is with him in the dinning room, if we are going to move in we have to do it now." Aidan said to the group.

The group now consisted of Gideon, Cord the Queen's huntsmen, Angus her kennel master, and Uonaidh. Cord's men were already in position hidden in the tree line waiting for the signal to take out the snipers and as many patrolmen as possible. Angus, who was part faerie and part animal was here to control the wolfepack as well as disengaging the security system.

Aidan watched as Angus pulled four ferrets from his bag whispering something in their ear before setting them down on the top of the brick fencing, they squirmed away in a line as Angus quickly hopped over the fence. Once out of sight, Aidan heard a soft low melody lifting into the air, soon followed by the howling of Aeron's wolves. Aidan turned to Unoaidh mouthing a quick, "Good Luck, friend," before she began her incantation.

"I call upon you, great Queen, Sister Morrighu, allow me your wisdom, share with me your power, walk with me into battleâ!" Unoaidh's words turned soft as she began to chant, faster and faster until his ears could no longer make out the words. He watched in awe as she threw her head back, the white of her eyes filling in with a black liquid covering until there was nothing but dark glass staring back, she doubled over as her silver white hair began to grow black from the root. A cry pierced the sky when she threw her arms back, her body splitting and dividing into an enormous murder of crows.

The crows flew in tight formation, working their way into the compound, Gideon, Cord, and Aidan watched as the swarm surrounded the first of the six guards they would need to overcome to gain access to the house.

Dreams and Dragons

Gideon nudged Cord, the red light on the back of the camera that they had been watching went out, the ferrets having chewed thru the securities electrical system. Cord released a bird call into the trees, and in quick succession you heard a whistle in the wind followed by the gasp of the two snipers and the quiet sound of their bodies hitting the rooftops. The time to cross was now.

~

Lisbeth gently pried Aeron's hand off her neck, guiding it down to her breast, "It's only natural for a woman to choose the alpha male, isn't it," she purred as he slid his hand under the lace of her dress, moaning softly as his thumb pushed the material to the side exposing her breast to the air. She raised her other hand, pulling his face to hers, letting him kiss her.

She knew she had him on the hook, but something inside her warned that while this maybe an interesting turn of events for Aeron, it would not be enough to really keep him distracted. She reflected about how he reacted to her behavior with Lukas, how the buldge in his pants grew when she tightened his own grip on her neck. It turned him on more than anything to think she enjoyed participating in his brutality rather than fighting against it.

She pulled back from his kiss, testing her theory by backhanding him with enough force to send his head reeling to the side. He paused for only a second before he lifted his head and the look of desire in eyes burned brighter. She knew in that moment how she would survive the night. It would be the most disgusting thing she would ever have to live thru, but to save herself and her child she was willing to take the chance.

~

Gideon, Cord, and Aidan flew thru the outer limits of the estate, approaching the back entry when they froze at the sound of the first growl. They turned to find 12 white and grey wolves so large they would dwarf an average great dane. Aidan knew he could out run a few of them, but it would only be a matter of time before they would be surrounded again. Not to mention the noise it would cause.

"There, there little guy, take it easyâ!" Gideon cooed at the leader of the pack who only growled deeper his teeth dripping with drool, "Where the hell is Angus?" Gideon whispered thru gritted teeth as the three men closed circles shoulder to shoulder. The wolves began to lower their upper bodies, the rear legs ready to pounce.

"Get down!" someone yelled as the wolves sprung over the three men, all of who spun around in shock at the sound of two men screaming as the wolves tore them to bits. Gideon and Aidan both took off in a flash, quickly tackling the last of the exterior guards, snapping their necks before they could send out an alert.

Agnus and Cord caught up with the two before they entered the rear entrance.

"Angus, you and the wolves keep watch of the grounds, send a signal if they send for reinforcements." Gideon whispered, before turning to Cord, "Stay here and guard the exit."

Aidan broke in, "Gideon, if nothing else, you grab Lisbeth and get the hell out of here and don't look back."

"I'm not leaving you behind, brother."

"Yes you will, if it means saving them, you do it. Don't look back!"

"I won't look back." Gideon promised.

Dreams and Dragons

~

Without a word Aeron's hand flew back at her face, she used all the strength she had to keep her head in place, snaking her tongue out to lick the blood dripping from her busted lip, smiling back at him in challenge. Lisbeth's hand shot out taking the back of his head in her now superhuman strength, her sharp nails slicing easily into his skin, bringing him back to her lips, her tongue taking dominance in his mouth.

She knew her instincts were dead right when his erection grew against her pantiless mound. She pulled his head back glaring at him in a look that mixed lust and seething anger, "It must be agony for you. I will bet it has been a good century, if not longer, since you had a woman with the ability to give you what you *really* need."

He growled at her trying to reach out again for her throat, but she was faster, taking his hand in hers and twisting it. Between the hold on his hand, his head, and her leg's vice grip around his waist, she pushed him down, forcing him to kneel before her body.

"Show me how much you've missed a *real* woman's body. Prove to me you can be a master to me, make me scream until I beg you for more. If you can do that, I will reward you with the pain you truly desire." She hissed the last words to him, pulling her legs up to be around his shoulders, her nails bloody as they dug deeper into his skin touching his skull. He moaned like a man who found water after days in the endless desert.

She raised her head up to the ceiling, finally able to let her real emotions play across her face, she clawed at the table, stripping it of its varnish, not from passion or her body's natural response to Aeron's skilled tongue, but to keep from vomiting her disgust all over him.

She opened her mind to Aidan just enough to send him these words, "*He is distracted, if your going to strike, do it NOW!*"

Chapter 25: Chapter Twenty Five

Chapter Twenty Five ~

Lisbeth cried out for Aeron's benefit, raising her foot to his sternum before pushing him with enough force to send him flying back against the wall, "Enough!" She gracefully slid off the table swaying her hips as she walked towards him. He raised himself from the wall, eyeing her from her foot to her head as she said, "You miserable worm," she began as she reached him, running her finger down his shirt before tearing it away, "now you will have the pain I promised." She finished her statement while digging her nails into his chest, leaving long lines of ripped flesh. For the first time that night she didn't have to fake the look of disgust in her eyes.

He moaned in pleasure as he reached out fisting her hair in his hand, bringing her face to his, forcing his mouth on hers, his tongue invading her, lashing away inside her mouth.

Lisbeth could sense Aidan behind the door, she moaned in an attempt to hide the sound of him and Gideon killing the two vampires who stood guard. She miscalculated his hearing and he snapped his head back while spinning her body around and slamming against the wall. His strong hand against her throat, he lifted her up, "You bitch!"

At his words the doors to the room flew open as Aidan and the others entered the room. Without taking his eyes from Lisbeth's frightened face, he reached down to the amulet that hung to his chest, touching it and mouthing a few words, the result of which was Unoidh flying backwards thru the open doorway. Lisbeth looked over to see the woman pounding uselessly against an invisible barrier.

"Little something my sorcerer left me, keeps the Faerie trash out of my way." He laughed before finally turning to Aidan. "You know I think I like this one more than your wife, Aohdan. She's a bit more feisty." He sneered bringing his hands to his lips and making a show of wiping her juices from his mouth, "her cunnie is even better, tastes of strawberries."

His words were more than Gideon could handle, the tall knight rushed forward his long sword striking at Aeron's head. Aeron was faster and stronger, able to fling Lisbeth easily, sending her body flying towards the back of the room, her body slamming against the wall and landing with an echo on the floor. Even with this move he was still able to swing himself behind Gideon, locking his arm around the man's neck, lowering him to his knees. Aeron reached out taking Gideon's arm that was holding the sword, crushing the bones, "It's a shame Constantine got his claws into you. I had hoped for another 50 years or so of you ripping your way thru Europe, before coming to collect you. I had you picked out special, killing your maker to leave you to fend for yourself. I had such high hopes for you, you were to be one of my top men, but that fucking Roman and his *love* of humanity ruined it all!" The words sunk into Gideon, forcing him to realize his early vampire life that still haunted him was all due to Aeron and his reckless way of preparing him for his inner circle. Gideon attempted to lurch forward, trying to bend his still mending arm, when Aeron twisted his neck, snapping the spine and dropping him to the floor.

"Well that should give us some alone time, Aohdan or is it Aidan now?"

"This has been a long time coming Aeron." Aidan said coolly, still standing back waiting for Aeron to make the first move.

"Yes, thought I had done you in for sure last time. That was one night to remember, but alas, the glory days are behind us."

Dreams and Dragons

"You would be surprised how much harder it will be to defeat me when I am not frozen to my chair." Aidan glared back, keeping his stance, never taking his eyes off Aeron.

"Perhaps," Aeron smiled, "Perhaps not!" he said as he sprang forward launching himself in the air. Aidan responded with his own leap at his oldest foe. The two crashed into each other, dropping onto the floor, the boards splintering beneath them. They landed with Aeron on top, throwing a punch into Aidan who ducked in time for Aeron's hand to land in the floorboards stuck long enough for Aidan to break free, spin behind him and land a solid hit to the side of Aeron's head. The hit barely fazed the man who swung his leg out, sweeping Aidan off his feet just in time for Aeron to free his hand and roll out of the way.

Aidan took another run at the evil in front of him. Aeron expected a head on collision only to be surprised when Aidan flew over him, landing behind as he took Aeron by the neck. "You've become slow and lazy in your old age, Aeron." Aidan taunted.

"Well not all of us had the fortune to sleep thru the last 1800 years," Aeron grunted, swinging himself forward, causing Aidan to land at his feet, Aeron's foot at his throat.

Lisbeth woke to the sound of items crashing, she looked up to see Aidan and Aeron, their fists flying to fast to detect, grunts and sighs as the different hits landed on each other. She looked over to see Gideon lying on the floor, not moving. Keeping an eye on the two combatants, she slowly crawled towards him, "Gideon, wake up, Gideon?" she whispered, smacking his face. As he began to come around she lifted her finger to her mouth, warning him to keep quiet. He winced as he quietly twisted his neck, the bones snapping and mending back into place. "You have to get out of here, Lisbeth." He said, seeing the opportunity with the men distracted. "I promised Aidan, I would get you out."

"I am not going anywhere, so fucking deal with it!" she glared back. He sat shocked for only a second before anger found it's place.

"Woman, you will do as your told! You are a distraction to him, not a help!"

She looked back up to check on the fight, realizing Gideon was right. She sighed deeply, anxiety gripping her again. "Fine, but I want you to stay and help him!" She looked back around to see the door to the servant's hall, peeping out from the crack she could just make out Inez's face and fingers motioning her towards the escape.

Gideon took her hand, keeping her crouched low as they crossed the large room. He got her to the door telling the woman in the hall, "Get her to the back entrance we have people waiting there." He quickly turned, headed back for his sword. Just as he reached it, taking it in hand, Aidan broke thru his thoughts, "*Get out! Go with her, you swore to me. I have to do this on my own. Fucking GO!*" Gideon paused for just a moment wanting to argue but he knew he had to keep his word.

"Aidan!" he yelled as he tossed the sword and darted quickly from the room.

The sword flipped tip over hilt as it flew towards Aidan, who jumped in time to retrieve it from the air, bringing it down and slicing thru Aeron's arm.

Aidan stepped back panting, satisfied with the look in Aeron's wounded face. "I think it's time we finished this don't you?" He asked looking down at the only thing keeping him from his life. "Say goodbye Aeron." He said, bringing the blade in a perfect swing, the echo of Aeron's head hitting the floor the only sound in the room outside of Aidan's deep sigh.

Chapter 26: Epilogue

Epilogue ~

Aidan stood his hands twisting in nervous tension as he waited. It seemed to be such a long wait, a long time for something so natural to happen. He looked around at the wedding party, smiling a little when he saw Gideon laughing at something Constantine had said, Cord and Angus joining in, giving Gideon a good natured punch in the arm. He turned his glance towards Unoaidh standing at the alter, dressed in a silver gown that shimmered against the fire from the torches lining the area. Unoaidh was the perfect choice to officiate the vows that would bind husband and wife together.

He started fidgeting again, pulling at his vest, when the first chords of the wedding march began. He looked up and felt his heart leap into his chest at the sight of the woman standing before him. The way her long red hair laid perfectly against the white lace gown, her fingers flexing nervously around the bouquet of deep red roses. In all his days he had never seen something as beautiful as the sight in front of him. His throat caught as he tried to fight the sudden need to cry.

"Are you ready Daddy?" She said to him. Her words bringing forth a flash of his life with her; the first time she was laid in his arms and the way her little hand felt when as she reached up to grab his index finger. The feeling of utter peace that he felt when she would wrap her arms around his neck, twisting his hair around her finger while she was being rocked to sleep. All of it flooding into his mind, forcing him to remember she was no longer a child but a woman.

"Are you sure this is what you want, Eve? It's not too late for us to run in the other direction." He whispered in her ear as he took her arm in his.

"Now, I will have none of that," Lisbeth said stepping out from behind their daughter. His wife stood before him, the green of her dress a perfect reflection of his and Eve's eyes.

"Gideon was made for her the same way I was made for you, my love." She said as she kissed his cheek. "He is going to make a wonderful husband who will make her very happy, and we both know it," she concluded as she adjusted Eve's veil.

"So, can we go now?" Eve said, smiling, "I would really like to get married sometime today."

"I guess we can't put it off forever," Aidan sighed.

Lisbeth took Eve's other arm while wiping away a tear and replying, "I guess not."

They walked their daughter down the aisle, looking and smiling at the small group of Aidan's now inner circle. The various humans, vampire, Fey and Faerie sat beaming back at them. This group had formed itself over the last 25 years as Aidan slowly began to build back the foundation to his dreams of bringing humanity and Fey back into a peaceful existence.

And he was just only getting started.

The End.

Dreams and Dragons

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-11-26 10:32:34