

# Aisling

“In The Land Of Vampires”

by

Eileen Sheehan

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EARTH WISE BOOKS  
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Notice\*\* Portions of this story may prove too graphic, sexually explicit, verbally vulgar, or violent for sensitive or traumatized readers. (Contains rape and gore) Reader discretion is advised.

**Special Note from the author:** In many of my vampire based novels, the vampire is a sexy creature that we all want to fall in love with. Only a few portray them as evil. This novel happens to be one of those few.

In order to set the stage for Aisling's journey in book three, it portrays the vampires as sex driven, compassionless, torture loving bloodsuckers. Since my novels are written for the mature adult, they all have a bit of sex, gore, and use of vulgarity in them. This one, however, has more than most and could be considered quite intense. Reader discretion is advised.

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Minnie was correct when she assured me that things would calm down in the land of wolves once Badger was taken care of. Months had passed since I killed him with my bare hands and his rogue companions were slayed by the witches on the battlefield with no more uprisings, rapes, or murders from Milo's people being reported. We expected no more troubles from them for some time, if ever.

It was a different story with the vampires. I'd killed Alaric, who was the brother of Edmond, the vampire king. It was our understanding that Alaric was a roamer who rarely returned home, so, his absence would take time to be noticed by his brother. We knew, though, that as the months progressed, Edmond would be expecting Alaric to make an appearance. When he did not, then the search for him would begin.

"A good deal of time has passed since you killed that vampire prince," my mentor, protector, and high priestess of the witch community, Minnie, mused. "I imagine his brother will be searching for him soon. He may have already begun."

"Do you have anyone amongst the vampires who can keep us informed?" I nervously asked.

Although I'd achieved a deep sense of retribution and satisfaction in killing both Badger and Alaric with my bare hands, as time progressed and my emotions regulated, I

began to consider the possible repercussions that might await, not just me, but my friends, for killing the brother of a vampire king.

“I regret killing Alaric,” I’d admitted on more than one occasion.

“It would probably have been better if you hadn’t,” Minnie confessed, “but it is done and no one can blame you for it. He was a scoundrel of the worst sort. It is just a shame that he was the blood brother of a king.”

“He is also the father of the child that’s soon to be born to Kristen,” I offered. “I can’t help wondering how things might have turned out if I’d let him live. Maybe he would have done the right thing and taken her as a wife and become a father.”

“We have not come across the issue often, but we have given vampires the benefit of the doubt in the past. Sometimes, there is actual love between them and the girl. It would be a good wish for Kristen had Alaric been a vampire with a different character,” Minnie said. “Sadly, this vampire prince was of the worst sort. It is bad enough that the natural nature of a vampire is to be on the cruel and unfeeling side. Add to that the womanizing wanderlust that Alaric displayed and it is a rotten apple amongst those in a bucket that are already on the verge of spoiling.”

“That’s quite a visual,” I mused with a slight grin.

“If I am not mistaken, it was you who told me that he had a harem that he planned on placing you in. Not to

mention the fact that he already had children from some of these women. Since it is not permitted to keep a vampire female as a sex slave, this means that they are either humans or witches,” she continued. “What on this plane or the next would make you think that Kristen’s child would be special to him?”

“I wonder just how many women he really does have,” I said. “If any of them are loyal and missing him, they could be raising the alarm to his brother.”

“I thought of that,” she admitted. “The only ones who would be loyal would be those who were voluntarily there. Since he has so many women, it stands to reason that most of them are captives and sex slaves, either for their captors or to be trafficked out. It is a common practice of the vampires and sex trafficking is very big in the land of vampires. Even so, there have been a few occasions when a witch or a human actually asks to be turned vampire so that they can be with their lover and have been granted that request. I have Milo checking to see if there is any scuttle about Alaric’s absence. Since the land of wolves borders a greater part of the land of vampires, it would reach them long before it reaches the land of witches. I expect to hear from him either this afternoon or tomorrow at the latest.”

As always, whenever Milo’s name was brought up, my heart skipped a beat. Because of his position with his people and mine with the witches, we had yet to go public with our romance. It was mainly because of Milo’s resistance. He



feared the repercussions from both the wolves and the witches. Fortunately, since Minnie was a supporter of our romance -not to mention his aunt- we were able to spend a good deal of time with each other without it looking suspicious.

“When do you think that Milo and I can go public?” I asked for what must have seemed to Minnie the millionth time since he had professed his love for me after rescuing me from Badger.

“I wish I could say that it was any day now,” Minnie replied. “Milo and I spoke about it just the other day. He is not only worried about our people’s reaction, but he is worried about King Edmond. He wants to wait to see just what he will do when he learns of Alaric’s demise.”

“What does that have to do with Milo and me loving each other?” I asked with angst.

“Not everyone in the wolf or the witch community will support you two being together. Not at first, anyway,” she insisted. “We have no idea how badly things will turn with the vampires. They attacked us, then went silent. That in itself is unusual and suspicious. Add to that, the rage of a king whose brother was slain and it could get quite ugly.”

“I have been thinking about that attack,” I said. “Since there has been nothing more all of this time, maybe the king was not in on it. Maybe it was orchestrated by Alaric and his rogue vampires without the king’s knowledge. If that was the

case, then it stands to reason that was a one and done situation.”

“Perhaps,” Minnie thoughtfully said. “You have a good point, but we just don’t know. It is better to sit tight and stay armed and ready for a bit longer.”

“I just hate sneaking around,” I complained. “I especially hate the fact that I can’t even tell Kristen about it. She is my best friend. It feels deceitful.”

“She is your friend, true, but she is also heavy with child and alone. If word got out that she knew about you and Milo, but said nothing, she would be shunned even more than she already is. Is that something you want for her?”

“Of course not,” I grumbled. “I hate that she is alone and being judged by those bitchy witches to begin with.”

“It could be much worse,” Minnie pointed out. “Because of the fact that you killed Alaric and attested to his deviousness, she has been forgiven by most of the community. It is only the few... what do you call them?...Yes... Mean girls... it is the mean girls in your age group who are mistreating her. If I am not mistaken, they were doing that to some extent even before her pregnancy.”

“That does not make it right,” I pouted.

“No, it does not,” Minnie replied, “but we need to be grateful that the elders in the community have made it a point to look after her. That does not happen often and it is only because Hildegard and Gia relayed the story to them. Things are as good as they can get for Kristen, which is not

that bad. The last thing you want to do is to have the elders turn against her as well because she did not tell them about you and Milo.”

“Kristen assured me that the segregation of breeds was an antiquated tradition that was fading,” I complained.

“They are old and set in their ways,” Minnie offered. “If Kristen was not pregnant and in need of their support, my opinion and attitude would be much different.”

“She has gotten quite big,” I pointed out. “In my world, the gestation time is nine months. Since time works differently here, is it the same?”

Minnie shook her head as she said, “I expect her to deliver any day now.”

“Really?” I gasped. “That’s so short a time. Will the baby be okay?”

“It is the product of a vampire mating with a witch. Not two humans,” she insisted. “Things work differently in the land of magic.”

“I guess so,” I mused with a sense of both awe and concern.

Milo settled his powerful physique onto a log framed chair on Minnie's porch. He had a faraway look in his eyes as he stared out toward the wilderness that surrounded us.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said as I sat in the identical chair that was next to his.

"What?" he asked with surprise.

Giggling, I said, "It is a saying in my world."

"I see," he replied in a way that made me wonder just where his mind truly was.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked with concern.

Stretching over the arm of his chair, he reached for my hand. Intertwining his fingers with mine, he pulled my hand to his mouth and lightly kissed it.

"Why such a question?" he asked with that same disinterested tone of voice.

"You seem preoccupied," I informed him. "Maybe I should leave you to your thoughts."

Heaving a sigh and still firmly holding onto me, he said, "It is better if you stay. We need to have a conversation that I am not looking forward to. Now is as good a time as any."

My heart raced with concern. I did not like the tone of his voice or the words that came out of his handsome mouth.

Swallowing hard, I said, “Okay, shoot. What do you want to talk about?”

“Us,” he said with a voice that reeked of sadness.

“Us?” I exclaimed with dismay. “That does not sound good. What’s wrong with us? I thought we were good.”

“We are, but we are not,” he stammered. “Don’t get me wrong. I love you. You are my heart. I have no doubt that we are meant to be together. It’s not that. It is....”

Suddenly, severely annoyed over the direction that his talk was taking, I yanked my hand free as I snapped, “It is what? What?”

Running his strong, powerful fingers through his straight, shoulder length, raven colored hair, he pushed it free from his face and said, “It is the people. I am worried about them finding out about us before we settle things with the vampires.”

“Is that all?” I said with relief. “Minnie and I spoke about that. We will just have to stay hidden is all.”

“If it was only that simple,” he mused. “There are rumors going about that I am visiting Minnie far too often. Some are speculating that it is because of you. Others are thinking I am planning something devious with her.”

“Devious?” I exclaimed. “That’s ridiculous. She is your aunt, for crying out loud.”

“They are not privy to that information,” he reminded me. “Very few are.”

Biting my lip, I said, "I forgot about the inter-species politics. I would say that it is ridiculous, but we have things like that happening in my world too. In fact, for my world, it is worse. It is not just country against country where I come from, but it is nationality against nationality sharing the same territories. We even have skin color against skin color. It is just the nature of the beast, I guess." Then, I softly added, "It is just Toby, Meredith, and me who know. Right?"

Nodding, he added, "Plus, my mother." Then, he continued with, "The wolves and the witches are at peace, but we are not really what one would consider close friends," he explained. "After the way some of the rogue wolves partnered up with the vampires, my people are jumpy and suspicious. Generally, when things are calm and there are no issues on the table, I visit with Minnie three or four times a year. These frequent visits to see you are causing suspicion in a community that is suffering from paranoia. Especially since I often stay the night."

"Couldn't you use the vampire threat as a reason for the frequent visits?" I asked.

"I have been," he replied. "It does not seem to be enough. I imagine they expect that we should have come up with a strategy by now."

I hesitated as I asked, "What do you suggest we do?"

I suspected that I already knew the answer to my question, but I needed to hear him confirm it.

Sadly, he did.

“I am going to have to stay away for a while,” he remorsefully said.

My hand flew over my heart. Even though I’d expected that sentence, it still pierced like an arrow.

“How will I manage?” I whimpered as I struggled for air.

Almost as soon as he confirmed my fears, my chest contracted and getting air into my lungs became difficult. Realizing that I was on the verge of a panic attack, I focused on breathing in through my nose and out through my mouth at a slow and steady pace to calm myself down.

“I am so sorry, my love,” he continued. “I wish that I could think of another way around this, but, if the vampires come... or should I say *when* they come? For, come they surely will... We will need the support of all of the people. Minnie has also noticed a bit of buzzing going around amongst the witches in your community about my visits. The whispers have to cool down or we will end up paying the consequences on a serious level.”

“I don’t want to go without seeing you at all,” I pouted. “Can we visit with longer intervals in-between them?”

“I thought about that,” he said. “I am hearing rumors about the vampires. They have finally noticed Alaric’s absence. We will have to deal with them searching for him soon. The witches in witch land are a powerful lot, but so are those who belong to the vampires. Your people will need to be a unified force to stand against them.

“The only thing that werewolves have in their favor is the fact that our bite will kill them, magic, or no. That means that we have to be on the alert to avoid letting them or their magic get the better of us before we strike. I will need my total focus on what is to come and so will Minnie. I think it might be best for us to just lay low until it is over. We simply can’t risk any of our people acting up because of you and me.”

“I understand, but I can’t say that I am happy about it,” I complained.

“Nor am I,” he admitted.

I did not need to hear the sorrow in his voice to realize just how badly he wished it did not have to be this way. His facial expression said it all.

Suddenly, I had a thought that could potentially buffer our separation.

“Can I, at least, visit you with magic?” I asked.

His eyes lit up with hope and his brows raised with surprise.

“How do you mean?” he earnestly asked.

“I am able to astral project with animation,” I eagerly said. “If I astral project to you in the night when no one is there, would that be okay?”

“Animated astral projection is a trick for an advanced witch,” he mused. Looking at me, I got the impression that he felt a sense of pride as he added, “You are far more advanced than your fellow witch students.”



Smiling, I said, "That's not an answer."

A glint of mischief entered his dark eyes as he asked, "Would we be able to touch?"

"Touch?" I said, even though I knew what he was leading up to.

Standing up, he took both of my hands and pulled me to my feet.

Holding me close, he said in a sultry, sexy voice that sent erotic shivers up and down my spine, "You know. Can we make love? Or, at least kiss?"

His lips were so close to mine that I could feel the heat of his breath as I softly replied, "Sadly, we can only talk to each other."

"Then," he said with a soft sigh just before his lips consumed mine, "We had better get the kissing and touching done now."

I allowed the world and all of its troubles to fade away as I immersed myself into the passion of his love.