

# Aisling

“Light House Magic”

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. Reader discretion is advised.

# CONTENTS

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

[7](#)

[8](#)

[9](#)

[10](#)

[11](#)

[12](#)

[13](#)

[14](#)

[15](#)

[16](#)

[17](#)

[18](#)

[19](#)

[20](#)

[21](#)

[22](#)

[23](#)

[24](#)

[25](#)

[26](#)

[27](#)

[28](#)

[29](#)

[30](#)

[31](#)

[32](#)

[33](#)

[34](#)

[35](#)

[36](#)

[37](#)

[38](#)

[39](#)

[40](#)

[41](#)

[42](#)

[43](#)

[44](#)

[45](#)

[46](#)

[47](#)

[48](#)

[49](#)

[50](#)

[51](#)

[52](#)

[53](#)

[54](#)

[55](#)

[56](#)

[57](#)

[58](#)

[59](#)

[60](#)

[61](#)

[62](#)

[63](#)

[64](#)

[65](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Other Books by Eileen Sheehan](#)

[Sneak Peek](#)

Between the exertion of the battle with the vampires and the induced miscarriage that immediately followed, it took much longer for me to heal than my patience level was prepared for. The immediate healing after ingesting the vampire blood had spoiled me.

My body was completely back to normal within a few weeks, but, admittedly, my mind was still a mess. I could not close my eyes without seeing Milo's bodyless head with its lifeless eyes staring at me. Whenever I had a quiet moment to reflect, my mind would immediately pull up the sex scenes, both the cruel rapes and my erotic, blood induced wantonness. I alternated between being horrified by my behavior and traumatized by what I'd been forced to endure for hours at a time, day after eternal day.

I was deep in my tortuous memories while cleaning vegetables for soup when Minnie entered the kitchen.

"That is one serious expression," she said with emphasis. "What are you thinking about?"

"I can't shake the memories," I said as I visibly shook my shoulders for emphasis.

Placing her aged and work worn hand on my shoulder, she sympathetically said, "Give it time. You experienced more than one horrific ordeal. Two weeks is not long enough to recover."

“It should be,” I complained.

“You witnessed the love of your life being killed,” she sympathetically reminded me. “Beheaded, before your very eyes, no less. People generally mourn for a year over the death of a loved one.” Heaving a sigh, she added, “My heart breaks daily for him and I was not his soul mate.”

“It is more than the loss of him,” I confessed.

“Of course, it is,” she firmly said as she picked up a carrot and a knife and started to vigorously clean the outer skin from it. “I know fully what torture the vampires are capable of. It is bad enough for a witch, but for an elf?”

I scowled as she blew out a puff of air for emphasis.

“I do not understand,” I said with furrowed brows.

“Why would it be worse for an elf.”

“Not to get too personal,” she said as she began to chop the cleaned carrot into bite sized pieces with the oversized knife that she’d also used to scrape off the outer skin, “but the vampire gets a type of special orgasmic high from the magic of a witch.”

“So, Garth mentioned,” I grumbled.

“An elf’s magic has a different feel than that of a witch. I am told that it is stronger in many ways,” she hesitantly said. It was clear that she was uncomfortable with the topic, but she braved on by adding, “They say that it not only makes the vampire high, but it acts as a powerful aphrodisiac that actually adds to the already lengthy time that it takes for the vampire to reach sexual satisfaction. Add

that to the effects of the vampire blood in you and I can imagine things went on for hours on end. They probably pumped you full of their blood to make sure you were able to tolerate it, as well as be willing to participate unincumbered.”

“Oh,” I mourned with mortification.

“On top of that,” she persisted, “I have no doubt that they sold you for sex to other vampires. That lot is famous for sex trafficking. You were not their captive long enough for them to grow tired of you. Even so. With the aphrodisiac effects and the high that your magical field gives them, I find it hard to believe that they would not try to make a bit of coin off you.”

Curious over whether my magic only affected the vampire, I timidly asked, “Did sex with me affect Milo in that way?”

With a slow nod, she said, “We never broached that topic, but I think it did. Maybe not to the extent as with the vampires, but, since witch magic affects everyone -including humans- to some degree, it stands to reason that elf magic would as well.”

I was instantly devastated. It felt as if my heart had tumbled from my chest and rolled across the floor.

“Is that why he said that he loved me?” I dejectedly asked.

“Absolutely not!” she said with forceful indignation as she slammed the knife onto the tabletop and moved to stand



next to me. Taking my chin in her hand, she firmly argued, “Milo was a fine, upstanding man. He would never let sex rule his life. My nephew loved you with all of his heart.”

Unexpected tears burst forth from me.

“I don’t know how I can go on without him,” I cried. “I never thought that I would ever love like that, and I know I never will again.”

“You go one day at a time, my sweet girl,” she said as she held me close.

“They fed me blood and I did things,” I murmured into her shoulder.

“I have no doubt,” she said as she gently massaged the center of my back.

“No, you don’t understand,” I cried as I vigorously shook my head while keeping my face burrowed into the softness of her flesh. “I did things with his dead body lying next to me. His lifeless eyes stared at me the entire time.”

I heard a mournful moan travel from the depths of her throat, but she continued to hold me.

With the confession that I’d been holding back finally purging whether I wanted it to or not, I continued with, “With the blood in me, I didn’t care about what they did or what they wanted me to do. All I wanted was to be taken away from the pain and the reality of where I was and what was happening. I encouraged Willoughby to come to me so he would give me his blood to make me oblivious to what was happening.” After taking a deep breath, I added, “The

greater the amount of blood that I was given, the more surreal my existence and the more willing and agreeable I became.”

I could feel her body stiffen. I waited to hear the words of accusation and beratement that I was certain would flow from her mouth. After all, I'd just confessed to having wanton sex with her nephew's murderer while next to his headless body. If she threw me out of her home and never wanted to set eyes on me again, I could not blame her.

Instead, she said, “You need to forgive yourself. It is a miracle that you survived. I dare say that if you were an ordinary witch, you might not have.” Placing her hands on both of my shoulders, she gently pushed me away from her so that she could look into my tear-stained face. “I am not certain, but, if the magic of the elf has an effect on the male that far surpasses the witch, I am tempted to believe that the blood of the vampire does the same to the elf.”

“Do you think so?” I asked as I wiped at the moisture on my cheeks with the palms of my hands.

“You need to forgive yourself,” she said with a tone that sounded remarkably close to a demand. “You did what needed to be done to survive. You are alive. That is all that matters.”

“I am, but Milo isn't,” I pouted.

“You are allowed to mourn your fiancé, my dear,” she said as she walked back around the table and picked the knife back up so that she could continue with the

vegetables. “I will allow that, but I will hear no more of this lamenting over having had sex -be it forcibly or willingly- with the vampires. You are young, strong, and resilient.”

“It only happens when I find myself alone and able to think,” I confessed.

“Then, we will have to keep you busy,” she said with a smile.

If my heartbreak over Milo's death was not enough, I had to suffer the fact that a memorial had been held for him in the land of wolves to which both Minnie and I were not invited.

"No matter," Minnie said while comforting me out of the outrage that I felt. "We will hold our own memorial for him. The wolves are a funny lot. I doubt you would have approved of their methods of saying farewell to their loved ones anyway. I have never attended one of their funerals, but I hear rumors that they eat the flesh of their dead."

"This was a memorial, not a funeral," I complained.

"Perhaps," she said with an odd tone.

"How did they find out about his death?" I reluctantly asked. "It isn't like any of them kept touch with you or me."

"You would be surprised over how much they know," Minnie replied. "They have been keeping an especially close eye on Milo's activities since he announced his intention to make you his bride. The resistance was so great within his people that, had the vampires not done him in, the potential for one of his own doing it was very real."

"They would have killed him rather than let him marry me?" I gasped. "That is not only hurtful, but also shocking."

“Now you know why I kept my marriage to his uncle a secret,” she replied. “Things were even worse back in the day.”

“Do you think that, maybe, they held a little more resentment over Milo and me because of Lizzy?” I asked.

With a weak nod, she replied, “His actions were not only unlike him, but I do not recall anyone imposing such shame upon another in that way.” When I sucked in air, she quickly said, “Don’t get me wrong. I completely understand and support his doing what he did. It is just that, looking at it from Lizzy and her family’s point of view, I can see where they would have taken affront by it all. As would the majority of his people. I imagine that the witches would feel the same had the situation been reversed and he replaced you with Lizzy.”

“Providing he was a witch and not a werewolf,” I pointed out.

“That goes without saying,” she said with a hint of annoyance between pursed lips.

“I hate that we didn’t collect his remains,” I pouted. I was aware that my behavior was wearing at her nerves, but I was too involved in self-pity to stop. “If there were any, that is.”

“There were,” she announced with obvious sadness.

“You know for sure?” I said with surprise.

“His mother is my sister-in-law, as you might recall,” she offered with what I guessed to be forced patience. At the

time, I was completely oblivious to the fact that she too was in mourning and, perhaps, was not up to our conversation. “She contacted me to let me know that a small band of wolves went into the land of vampires and brought back the bodies of their dead.”

“It should have been me doing that,” I moaned. “I should have gone to search for him before we came back here.”

“We would have come up empty handed,” she quickly assured me. “As I mentioned, he was being closely watched. As soon as word got back to the village officials that he’d taken a few of his men into the land of vampires, a small search party was sent out. From what I can tell, they were just a hair’s breadth too late to help you.”

“What makes you say that?” I asked with confusion.

“Apparently, his and the bodies of his men were still warm and fresh,” she replied.

Tears flowed down my cheeks as I said, “If only they’d been a bit earlier. They could have helped him fight.”

She looked away as she wiped away the tears that welled within her eyes.

“I am broken hearted over his death, but equally furious with the wolves,” she admitted.

“Because they omitted you from the memorial?” I asked. “Not very many knew of your relationship to him, did they?”

Shaking her head, her sad eyes looked up at the ceiling while she heaved a sigh.

I could hear the tears in her voice as she said, “You have suffered so much. I have debated and debated over whether it was right to tell you this, but, since you are taking the conversation in that direction, I will go ahead and take the chance.” Clenching her fist and slamming it into the palm of her other hand and with a mixture of bitterness and outrage, she continued with, “They witnessed you being raped by those vampires, as well as your cooperative response once given the vampire blood. Rather than help you, they stayed hidden and watched while their king lay, headless, next to you. The story of your sexual aggressiveness with Milo’s killer is the talk of the land of wolves.”

I could feel the blood draining from my face as the shock of her words hit home.

“You knew all along?” I managed to choke out.

“I am the only one who does,” she quickly insisted. “The only reason Brianna told me was because she felt it was important that I knew that you were still alive, and that Milo’s body had been collected and given a proper wolf king’s funeral.”

I could hear my voice, but it sounded far away as I asked, “Brianna?”

“Milo’s mother,” she clarified. “She understood his love for you and holds no ill feelings toward you. She made sure

to tell me because she was eager to make sure that someone helped you.”

“Even if her people would not,” I softly said.

She slowly shook her head as she said in a low tone, “I am sorry to say that their hatred for you runs deep.”

Still stunned, I muttered, “He had a funeral and not a memorial.”

“He did,” she confirmed with a nod. “We will hold the memorial for ourselves. If you wish to invite Brianna, it would be a nice gesture.”

I nodded my head as if to agree, but, in truth, her words barely registered with me. The shock that I felt over what I’d just learned occupied my thoughts as it slowly shifted to rage and anger.

“They actually watched from their cowardly hiding places while I was raped and bitten by those vampires?” I said with an elevated tone that hinted of my change in mood.

“It is shameful,” she offered. “I was not sure if I should have told you, but I worried that you’d try to interact with that lot at some point. As you can see, other than his mother, that would not be advisable.”

“Do you know who was in the party that brought Milo’s and his men’s bodies home?” I vehemently asked.

“If I did, I am not entirely certain that I would share that information with you,” she warily said. “From the look in your eyes and the tone of your voice, I fear what action you might take.”



I looked at her long and hard before vehemently asking, “If you knew that there were people who could have saved you from being captured and tortured by the vampires when they took you and you learned that not only did they not lift a finger to help you, but they watched you being tortured and then took the story back to share with anyone who wanted to revel in it, what would you do?”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“My dear girl,” she began. “I believe that I would want to do exactly what you desire at this moment. I can’t even say that I think it is wrong action. What I feel, though, is that some revenge is better dealt cold. They are in mourning for their king, and you are the one that they are blaming for his death. We do not want our people to know about all of this, so, if you went up against them, it would be you and me against an entire kingdom. I say let things calm down. Trust me. I make this promise here and now. I will get the identities of those wicked bastards who watched your humiliation and abuse and then returned home to laughingly tell the story. When the time is right, the revenge can be served and served right.”

“Are you just saying that to appease me?” I asked.

“Milo was my nephew and held a place in my heart,” she explained, “but, I look at you as my daughter. Yes, I say it to appease you for the moment, but, believe me when I tell you that I eagerly await the time when we can dish out a good dose of revenge onto those four bastards who took such

delight in your misfortune and didn't lift a finger to save you."