

For Love of a Vampire

by

Eileen Sheehan

Copyright 2015 Eileen Sheehan
Printed in the United States of America
Worldwide Electronic & Digital Rights
Worldwide Print Rights
Worldwide Rights of all Languages

ELECTRONIC EDITION

EARTH WISE BOOKS

www.earthwisebooks.com

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any form, including digital and electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the prior written consent of the Publisher, except for brief quotes for use in reviews

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

Notice** Portions of this story may prove too graphic, sexually explicit, or violent for sensitive readers. This novel is intended for adult readers.

A note from the publisher

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only and is offered at a fair and reasonable cost. Unless clearly stated in writing that it is a part of a special program that it was enrolled in by the publisher or author, this eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this eBook with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you are reading this eBook and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use [only], then please return it to your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

This book is dedicated to all you incurable romantics
who enjoy mixing fantasy with reality.

CONTENTS

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[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 FOURTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER FIFTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER SIXTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER SEVENTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER EIGHTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER NINETEEN](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT](#)

[ABOUT THE AUTHOR](#)

[BOOKS BY EILEEN SHEEHAN](#)

[A SNEAK PEEK AT THE PRINCESS AND THE VAMPIRE KING](#)

CHAPTER ONE

“Jane Wells! Where are you?”

I covered my ears with my hands. The old crone's screeching was enough to make me want to rip them from my head. Mildred Elliot's squalling voice grated on my nerves like nails against a blackboard. I'd told her so on more than one frustrated occasion. It had little impact on the old woman, other than reinforcing her viewpoint that I was a bit “odd in the head”. Mildred hadn't a clue what a blackboard was. They weren't invented yet. That came years later, around the turn of the nineteenth century, when a headmaster in Scotland named James Pilans got it into his head to frame a piece of slate for the school's use. The screeching old crone I was fervently dodging happened to be located in England in the year seventeen-forty-five.

I didn't belong in that time or place. I was a covert transient from the twenty-first century. I'd traveled back in time for one purpose only. To change the future for the one I loved.

I was never very good at planning things out. I'm more of a grab the seat of my pants and go kind of girl. Patience has also never been one of my strongest virtues. Historically, this grab and go habit always worked for me. Somehow, I managed to achieve my goals. This time I wasn't so sure. Had I jumped the gun without adequate preparation?

I'd arrived outside the village of Colchester, England almost seven weeks earlier. The first thing I did was steal what had to be the scratchiest, most abrasive bodice, skirt, and gown in existence. I'm not a thief by nature. It's just that, since I'd jumped back in time without considering what I was going to wear I needed to do something. Jeans, a tee shirt, and a hoodie weren't the proper attire for someone trying to blend in. I spotted the apparel drying on a bush behind a little farm cottage not far from the cave where I'd teleported into the eighteenth century and grabbed what I could. As luck would have it, the owner and I were close in size. Over time, I managed to acquire a few more necessities for my needs.

“Jane!” the old crone screamed out so loud I was sure she was going to go hoarse, “Where are you, gal? The washing will not tend to itself!”

I held my breath as I waited for her to finish her bellowing.

“Fie... the wench will be the death of me,” she muttered.

I felt a little guilty about referring to Mildred Gould to an old crone, even if she did look the part with her piercing black eyes and hawk-like, wart infested nose. If she was in the twentieth century she could have easily gotten the part of the Wicked Witch of the West in the Wizard of Oz film. The makeup department wouldn't have had to do a thing, except paint her green. She'd shown me a bit of kindness and

deserved a little more consideration and compassion from me. After all, there were no plastic surgeons around to help the poor woman out.

Mildred and her oversized husband, Carl, owned a busy little inn on the edge of town on the main road of travel. They were not a bad sort, as persons of the times went. They lived a life comfortable enough to keep them above the pits of poverty, but not sufficient enough for them to rub elbows with the upper class in any way other than catering to their needs on the occasions a lord or lady saw fit to patronize their little establishment. The innkeepers belonged to a branch of society destined to be labeled the 'middle class.'

Mildred was good enough to take me in and give me a roof over my head, a uniform, and food. I was fed a decent portion of gruel in the morning to start my day. In the evening, I was provided with a sparse portion of hard crusted bread with the tiniest bit of butter, bland potatoes boiled in oxtail broth with an occasional piece of meat stuck to them, and weak ale. In exchange for these I worked, and worked, and worked some more. I was left with about two shillings at the end of the month, when all was said and done. I continually had to remind myself that in a time when generosity and kindness were not at optimum -with no governmental social services to fall back on- I was lucky to have stumbled upon the inn almost immediately after

arriving. Talk about serendipity! As unprepared as I was for survival, I might have been forced to go into a workhouse.

So, why was I hiding from good old Mildred?

I'd stolen again.

I'd just finished hiding a crisp white falling band and a pair of beautifully embroidered mules amongst my other stolen goods and I needed time to compose myself.

I'd made good use of time, since teleporting from the future, to acclimate to their ways and culture. I spent every waking moment studying the language, style of dress, politics, mode of living, et cetera. Working at an inn located on a heavily traveled road gave me the opportunity to witness a variety of life. I saw travelers from varied social stations enter and stay in the humble place of food and rest.

I was grateful for the linguistic lessons I took to enhance my acting skills. I was able to pick up the dialect of both the tavern workers and the elite who occasionally passed through. Since I still hadn't worked out how I was going to pull off my mission, I needed to be prepared to pass as a person of whatever social standing proved beneficial for me to be successful. Feeling confident in the versatility of my linguistic skills, it was time to move on to the next stage of my mission. I had to do what I could to change the course of history for Duncan. This was my one and only chance. If I was unsuccessful, he would be doomed to a life he despised... a life that saddened him to the core... the life of a vampire.

I first met Duncan Colliers at the neighborhood bar located just below my apartment in Queens. I hooked up with my friends, Doug, Chuck, and Linda, at Patty's Pub every Thursday night for our ritual of a few drinks and a few games of billiards. It was ten thirty and I was leaning against the wall and casually rolling a cue stick between my palms while I waited for my turn at the table. I was in-between acting jobs, but my friends had to work the next day. We were just about to call it a night when I felt Duncan enter. His presence was so strong and commanding, there was no way I couldn't feel it. I don't know if everyone felt him; probably not, but since I'm a little bit psychic and extremely sensitive there was no getting his arrival past me.

Just as I knew there was something uniquely different about him, he recognized a difference in me. He said I stood out from the rest of the room and was like a beacon of light in the gloom of his existence. Who knew such a corny comment could send shivers of delight up and down my spine like it did? I watched him out of the corner of my eye while my friends and I finished the game and said our good-byes. I pretended to leave with my friends. After we parted ways, I waited in the foyer of my building until I was sure they wouldn't see me before heading back into the bar. I brazenly sat on the stool next to him. I knew the bartender,

Julie, so it was easy to find an excuse to justify my presence. He never let on, but I'm pretty sure he saw through my charade.

I didn't have to wait long before he struck up a conversation with me. We talked until Julie made last call. He asked me to meet him the following night. I agreed. The next night he asked me to meet him the night after that. I agreed again. Then the following night we agreed to get together the next night... and so on.

Never once did he mention he was a vampire.

Never once did I see signs of him being a vampire.

Never once would I have even considered he would be a vampire.

First of all, I didn't believe vampires really existed. Secondly, from what I'd read in books and seen in films, vampires were quite grotesque with long nails, red lips, and piercing yellow eyes. Duncan's hands were extremely well manicured, his lips were normal in color, his eyes were a delicious sea foam blue and his hair was the color of sun kissed wheat. He stood half a foot taller than my five-foot-five inches and moved with the grace, beauty, and self-confidence that radiated wealth and good breeding. Everything about him spoke of 'rich kid from the right side of the European tracks'; nothing more.

We'd been together for a few months before I learned of his true nature. It wasn't as if he'd intended to show me. He confessed sometime later that he'd feared showing me his

true self because he worried I'd walk away if he did. That was a natural fear. I'd probably feel the same if the situation was reversed. In fact, it was in a way. He may have been keeping his vampire identity a secret from me, but I was doing pretty much the same thing. Not that I was a vampire; because I wasn't. I was a psychic, and a sensitive who dabbled in magic; real magic, not that of an illusionist. Could I have been called a witch? I wouldn't have called myself that. I practiced no rituals and belonged to no covens. I simply had abilities to feel and sense things. I occasionally saw and spoke to spirits -although the ability wasn't something I had a lot of control over- and I possessed a strong curiosity and interest in alchemy.

One night, after visiting my favorite occult bookstore, I was followed by a small group of freaky looking characters. There were five or six of them. From what I could tell, they were all boys, but I could be wrong. They wore their hair in a green, orange, and blue punk spike. I assumed it was some sort of gang symbol; like them all having the same tattoo or something. They sported leather studded jackets and body piercings of indescribable locations and amounts. This was in stark contrast to my designer jeans, navy wool pee-coat with a matching beret -that was pinned just right on my fashionably braided long, honey blonde hair-, pear studded earrings, and Movado watch. I was wearing green and tan pumps and carried a green and tan Liz Claiborne crossover bag to match. They actually had the audacity to

taunt me for being weird because I'd bought a few things at a spooky occult store. Imagine that? I did my best to ignore them while I picked up my pace. Unfortunately, they were itching for a confrontation. Since I'd never considered myself a fighter or the least bit brave, I did the only thing I could think to do.

I ran.

Right into a dead-end alley.

Before I knew what was happening, I was on the ground with those punks ransacking my Liz Claiborne shoulder bag, pulling at the pockets of my pee-coat, and tossing the contents of my shopping bag back and forth between each other. In my struggles to be free and salvage what I could, I'd managed to obtain a few cuts and bruises. Unfortunately, due to poor blood coagulation, I bled a lot more than one would have expected wounds of that nature to bleed. Needless to say, even though my wounds weren't really bad, my type "A positive" blood was all over the place.

What happened next I can only say was so far-fetched, had I not known better, I would have thought I was dreaming.

There was a loud swooshing sound. I heard it clearly above the cackling of the haughty attackers as they reveled in their torment of me. Either they didn't hear it or they just didn't care because they kept on doing their utmost best to rob me of all I had to offer; my dignity included. A loud anguished cry brought the entire scene to a standstill while

everyone focused on the source. As my assailants slowly backed away from me, I witnessed a sight that burned so deep in my memory I'm sure I'll carry it with me forever. Two vampires stood over me. Their mouths dripped with the blood of several of my tormentors who now lay in a heap on the ground nearby.

It's strange what goes on in one's mind when facing death. I'd always been told my life would flash before my eyes chronologically. That didn't happen. Perhaps it was because in some crazy way I didn't think what happened to my attackers would happen to me or perhaps it was because I'd been misinformed. I couldn't say. There was certainly no walking down memory lane. Instead of reviewing my almost nineteen years of life, I studied the faces of my soon to be slaughterers. I stared deep into their eyes, while noticing the kaleidoscope glow that shot light from their pupils like one of those mini flashlights on key chains. I felt their rage permeate my surroundings. One vampire was male and one female, but both radiated equally angry power. Had I not seen them and only been privy to their energy, I would have been hard pressed to decipher gender.

Their faces were distorted. It wasn't just their anger causing it. Their bones were... how do I put it? Off. They looked animalistic. These were like the faces you'd expect to see on the silver screen. Exactly!

I looked beyond the distorted bone structure of the female and decided she was a beautiful woman when she

was in human state. She must have felt my energy piercing through her vampire veil because she stopped advancing and stared at me, as if bewildered.

The male, on the other hand, kept on coming. I could smell his foul breath as he closed in on me. His halitosis was so horrific, I gasped for air. I cringed at the long, pointed nails on his hands when he reached to grab my shoulders. They resembled claws. Even while he was lifting me effortlessly to my feet, I couldn't help confirming that the nails matched the vampire stories as well. It was hard to tell how his lips compared -since they were dripping of blood and were overshadowed by elongated fang-like teeth at the moment-, but his eyes actually flashed some sort of red spark from them. It wasn't quite like a strobe light, but more like a neon light gone bad.

As crazy as it sounds, I'd yet to fear for my life.

My feet were several inches off the ground when I heard, as well as felt, the swoosh of someone else arriving. It was an energy I recognized, but I couldn't place it in my chaotic state. I twisted my head as best I could to look for the familiar. Through the entire ordeal, I'd stayed relatively numb. Now, I was finally shocked! There, only feet away from me, stood Duncan... my Duncan... or a version of him, anyway. His face was not as distorted in the animalistic manner as my captors, but it certainly wasn't the handsome face I'd made love to over the last few months. Long canines projected from his beautiful set of brilliant white choppers.

His normally rosy cheeks were sunken and hollow. His sea foam blue eyes were so dark they could have been mistaken for black.

I gasped -more with surprise than with fear- while I watched him tear the heads off my assailants with rapid speed and incredible ease. It brought to mind my brother's slaughter of my dolls when we were kids.

I fell to the ground along with my headless attacker and quickly pried myself from its lifeless vice grip. I stayed breathless and motionless while I watched Duncan look around with disgust before he scooped me into his arms. He half-ran, half-flew across roof tops to my apartment building, with me in his arms as if I weighed no more than a feather. He quickly found the doorway from the roof to the stair well and continued until he deposited me on my living room sofa. Without a word, or allowing time for me to gather my wits to comprehend the reality of what was happening, he disappeared.

For whatever reason -probably shock- I decided to play Scarlet O'Hara and deal with what happened another day. I immediately went to bed. Believe it or not, I slept like a baby that night. One would have never guessed I'd been through such an ordeal. It wasn't until the following morning, when I turned on the news and saw the report of the dead bodies of the punks who'd tried to mug me, that reality struck and I collapsed from the trauma of it all.

CHAPTER TWO

I came to my senses by evening and called Duncan's cell phone. No answer. So, I tried his house phone. Again, no answer. This went on for days. Thinking me disgusted and frightened by his true identity, he'd gone into hiding. It took almost two weeks for him to resurface.

I used this time of separation from my lover to study and research as much as I could about vampires. I ran across a statement that stuck in my head and just kept playing over and over. God makes and loves all things and all creatures. It's man who decides what's evil and what's not. It was so true. Sure, the vampires that attacked me and my group of muggers were bad, but so were the muggers. There are good and bad in all species. I knew in my heart of hearts that Duncan was good. If the truth was to be known; even if he was bad, it was too late. I'd already fallen in love with him.

I felt Duncan standing in the hall before he gathered the courage up to tap quietly on my door. He'd expected me to scream and refuse to open the door. Instead I'd surprised him with my wild abandoned welcome. I swung the door open and flew into his arms, kissing him wildly. In turn, he surprised me by trembling from the sheer joy of my acceptance of him. It was a powerful reunion.

We spent the next few days making love and baring the deepest secrets about ourselves. I learned Duncan was

turned just days before his wedding was to take place in the year seventeen-forty-five. He'd never encountered supernatural creatures such as vampires, so he never thought to take heed of the stories or precautions while traveling certain roads alone at night. There were rumors that Lady Vivian Everhoust -the season's most eligible debutant who was madly in love with Lord Duncan and made no secret of it- dabbled in witchcraft. When she realized Lord Duncan planned on going through with the union with another woman, she assured him that his black heart would be devoured by one even blacker and he would live eternity in darkness and remorse. Duncan considered her words the idle threat of a thwarted woman and paid it very little mind.

He never saw it coming.

After his change, he faked his death and moved away. He confessed that, although he spent his time traveling and experiencing the world, the sadness of leaving that he carried with him over the centuries had, little by little, chiseled away at his heart. Lady Vivian had gotten her revenge.

He and his future bride were sweethearts since childhood. The marriage bands were read early in their life and were to be fulfilled when she turned eighteen and Duncan was twenty-five. He told me the sadness only began to lift when he met me. He couldn't or wouldn't tell

me why; just that when he met me, he found hope for his future. What type of hope? He didn't say. Just hope.

I believed him.

I shared my own secrets. I told how I'd kept my abilities close to my chest for fear of being ostracized by my fellow man. Even though times were progressing, I still found myself uncomfortable admitting my true nature. Look what happened on the street with those punks simply because I'd made a purchase at an occult shop. Surely that was sufficient evidence to support my hesitancy.

Duncan agreed.

Intrigued by my abilities and skills, Duncan pressed as much information from me as he could. He'd met plenty of people with my "talents" over the centuries and was certain he could find someone to help me perfect them. It was such a twist to have support for my skills and actual encouragement to use and enhance them. I hadn't really thought about working with them -nor was it really important to me to do so- but, if learning more about the arts of alchemy was part of the being with Duncan package, then I was willing to give it a shot.

He introduced me to an ancient witch named Isabelle. When I say ancient, I really do mean ancient. Isabelle was almost as old as Duncan; yet, she looked not a day over forty. How did she accomplish this? That was part of my lesson plan.

I could hardly wait.

Once I'd moved through the jealousy of discovering that Isabelle and Duncan were once an item, I was able to relax and actually enjoy her company, tutelage, and eventual friendship. She confided that I was the first person Duncan ever asked her to instruct. It pleased her. I pleased her. Apparently, she didn't harbor my insecurities. I couldn't detect a jealous bone in her body from the moment we met.

Her lack of jealousy bothered me enough to spend longer than usual in front of a mirror scrutinizing my looks. Isabelle had porcelain skin, an oval face with a Vivian Leigh chin, dark dancing eyes, and thick black hair that traveled down her back like a sensual waterfall. We couldn't have been more opposite. Whenever my jealous monster raised his ugly head and insecurities reigned supreme, I reminded myself that without her magic she'd be a hag; or a skeleton, since she would have been long dead by now.

As the wisdom of the ages poured forth from my mentor, our friendship grew naturally. It soon became clear that we had a lot more than Duncan in common. Isabelle was impressed with the education I'd given myself. It may have been limited, but it was thorough. She used this education as a platform to build upon. It wasn't long before I was casting spells and transforming materials.

It took the better part of a year of intense study for Isabelle to announce she felt I was ready to learn to teleport. We started small at first. I'd move a pencil or a book from

one side of the room to the other. Eventually I graduated to bigger items and greater distances.

During this time, I moved in with Duncan and gave up the waitress job I worked to support myself while I pursued a career in acting. This allowed me to focus completely on my studies with Isabelle. It was Isabelle's idea, but Duncan agreed whole-heartedly. He took delight in watching me develop from a bud to a flower. It was a corny phrase, I know, but I liked it.

Actually, finding out his true age and era of birth did wonders for us both. It allowed us to relax with each other. Duncan was no longer forced to monitor his style of speech and often slipped back into an antiquated pattern of speaking. For the first time in years, he was able to be himself; with no fear of judgment or chaos. With a natural curiosity and desire to perfect my dialect for my future career in acting, I delighted at every opportunity to mimic him and query him on words and their meanings. We were an ideal couple. He felt it, I felt it, and much to my surprise and delight, Isabelle voiced it.

Now that I was learning from Isabelle, the fear of Duncan outliving me no longer cast a shadow on our relationship. What did, was his sadness for being a creature of the night. Being a sensitive can be difficult at times. Some days I could hardly bear the sorrow that I picked up from him. It was almost crippling. I discussed this with Isabelle and we came up with a solution. Isabelle would anchor me

to the present while I went back in time and stopped Duncan from being turned into a vampire. Then, I would bring him back to the future with me where Isabelle would work her magic on him to prevent him from aging. After which, we would live happily ever after.

What a great idea!

We approached Duncan with our great idea. He surprised me by opposing it. Apparently, he was far more informed on the rewards, perils, and pitfalls of magic than we gave him credit for. He was fully aware of the risk both Isabelle and I were taking by sending me back in time. He would have no part of it.

“It warms my heart that you love me enough to want to do this for me,” he said to us both, “but I cannot let you go through with it.” He took Isabelle’s hands in his. “It is my understanding that you must do more than simply anchor Jane. She is not yet developed enough to do this on her own. You will have to use much of your own magic in order to make this happen. I am correct with this, am I not?”

Isabelle looked away while I gasped. This was a bit of information she’d neglected to share with me.

“Is this true?” I asked quietly.

“Yes, it is,” she whispered, “but I have no doubt you will be able to succeed, dear Jane. It is worth the risk to me.” She looked Duncan in the eyes, “I have loved you for so long, but my love has never given you the joy I see in your eyes and feel in your heart whenever you are near Jane. If we

can find a way to remove this blackness that burdens your heart and make you whole again to live and love, I want to try. To see you happy... truly happy... would bring me the greatest pleasure. If you ever cared for me, you won't deny me this."

"What will happen to you? What risk are we talking about?" I demanded, more than asked.

It was all fine and dandy that Isabelle chose this moment to act out some scene of a romance novel and sacrifice herself for her love, but if it meant her life... well, I wasn't that selfless. I'd grown attached and a little dependent on Isabelle as a friend and a tutor. I wasn't all that eager to give her up.

"She risks losing her magic," Duncan stated flatly. His eyes never left Isabelle's.

"I won't," Isabelle protested.

"How can you be so sure?" I interjected. "If you lose your magic, what happens then?"

I already knew the answer, but I still needed to hear someone say it. It was Duncan who did the honors.

"She turns to dust," he said flatly.

"But, it's your era. You were born then, how could you turn to dust?" I asked with confusion. "Is your magic at risk if you help me from here?" I demanded, "Be truthful."

She nodded slowly.

"I did not simply travel through time to get here. I used magic to live through time. Because of this, my cells

have matured and would remember that I should be long dead if the magic that keeps them alive leaves me,” she said sadly. “It would be risky for me to teleport back to the time when I was born. My cells might reject the magic of the future. I would have to help you from here. If you run into trouble and I have to stretch across time with my magic, it is possible I would have to use too much of it without being able to replenish it.”

“In which case she would turn to dust,” Duncan interjected.

“Oh, hell no!” I bellowed. “Duncan, I love you. You know I do. I feel really bad about your sorrow about being a vampire. I want to help you. I do. But... I can’t risk killing Isabelle in order to do it.”

“Nor can I,” he stated passionately.

For a brief moment I forgot I’d worked through my jealousy over those two having been a onetime couple as I watched them look into each other’s eyes and basically reminisce of days gone by. My psychic abilities were working overtime. I was able to witness what they shared in my mind’s eye. They’d been together in an era far more romantic than the times we lived in now. The romance and chivalry was wonderful. I felt cheated. It seemed so unfair that I’d never be privy to experiencing a life of privilege and romance of this magnitude.

I struggled to subdue the green-eyed monster that threatened to creep up on me. Duncan loved me body and

soul. There was no mistaking it. He had a history with Isabelle. He loved her, true, but in a way far different than he loved me. She was no threat. Furthermore, she was my friend. For what seemed like the hundredth time, I mentally chastised myself for my insecurities.

“Is that the only danger?” I blurted out, forcing them to return to the here and now”.

“No,” Isabelle sighed. “There is more. When you work against nature and time, like we desire to do, there is always danger.”

“Tell me,” I said as steadily as I could.

“She did tell you there’s a chance you could get stuck there, did she not?” Duncan asked.