

Jasper

Love and Monsters

[Book 2]

By Eileen Sheehan

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Notice: Portions of this novel could prove too graphic, violent, or explicit to the sensitive reader. It is intended for mature readers.

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Chapter 1

The first thing that Lila did when she recovered from her fainting spell was to focus on her surroundings. They looked familiar. Yet, her still muddled mind couldn't quite place them. It took several minutes of study before she realized that she was back in the wing of the vampire castle where she and Jasper had spent so many months. The room was closer to the lab than the one she'd occupied before her escape and much smaller. She'd used it to nap in a few times when she wanted a brief break from the lab but didn't want to be too far from Jasper in case he needed her.

Placing her hand on her stomach, she cradled the bump that seemed to have appeared overnight. Realizing that she was about to give birth to a baby in an environment that had never seen a vampire birth before sent a ripple of fear through her. She had no idea what to expect. She'd never had a human baby, let alone a vampire one. In fact, she didn't even know that she'd had sex and conceived. Up until meeting Marcus and being informed that she was expecting, she'd thought herself a virgin.

Her hatred for the vampires was so strong that when Samuel entered the room, she raced toward him with the intent of digging his eyes out with her fingernails.

Amused by her spunk, Samuel grabbed her by the wrists and held her away from him.

“You are courageous, little witch,” he said with humor.
“I will give you that.”

“I hate you,” she bellowed.

“That is fine,” he apathetically said. “I have no need for your liking me. I simply require a daily dose of your magic and, of course, the delivery of my son. We are making vampire history, my pretty witch.”

“I am not a witch,” she hissed. “I’m in training to be one, but I’m not one.”

The vampire’s brows raised.

“You are not aware of your magic, then?” he asked.
“How very odd.”

Forcing her to the bed, he shoved her onto her back. Pushing the shift she wore up over her hips, he ripped at her panties with one hand while exposing his manhood with the other.

Realizing what he was about to do, she screeched her warning, “You can’t do that right now. I could lose the baby.”

Samuel stopped in mid-motion. This was something that he hadn’t considered. Scowling, he tucked his manhood back into his pants. Sex was the best way to absorb the magic. If he couldn’t have sex with her, he had no choice but to absorb it through her blood. Since he believed this to be far more dangerous than the sex, the turn of events caused him concern. Needing to think on what to do, he stomped from the room.

He'd been held captive long enough for the addiction to magic to lessen, but not disappear. Being so close to a witch had caused it to resurface full force. Like an addict, he paced while he thought on what to do.

"Damn that cursed child," he grumbled as he paced the main hall. "I cannot risk killing it with sex or the mother by drinking her blood."

"What is the problem?" Oscar asked as he carefully approached his maker.

"The birth of a vampire baby, even one who is half human, is an historical event, is it not?" Samuel asked.

"Indeed," Oscar said with a hint of envy.

"She warns that she is too close to delivery and sex could harm the child," he continued. "I dare not take her blood. Being our first human to impregnate, we have no idea what a loss of blood would do at this stage."

"True," Oscar mused.

"I feel like I will explode without a dose of her magic," he complained.

Oscar raised a brow. "She is magical?"

Samuel nodded. "I believe that is why she conceived which makes her even more valuable if we want to make more vampire children."

"Do you think the other subjects have that ability as well?" Oscar asked.

"I cannot believe that I am alone with this," Samuel offered. "I simply planted my seed inside a witch."

“And the magic took over,” Oscar said with delight.

“And the magic took over,” Samuel repeated with a nod and a slight grin.

“Do you think that Cerie can conceive?” Oscar asked.

“She’s quite old, but she is a powerful witch.”

Samuel’s eyes lit up.

“Cerie!” He exclaimed. “I forgot about that old hag. I can get my magical dose from her.”

“If she can give us vampire babies, we’ll need to lighten the amount of magic we take from her so that she can renew her youthful body,” Oscar warned.

“True,” Samuel said, “but for today, she is the solution to my addiction problem.”

“It is addictive,” Oscar knowingly said as he watched his maker race off to where Cerie was held prisoner.

Chapter 2

Jasper silently sat across from Ben as he waited for the warlock to mentally connect with Lila.

With his eyes closed and his facial features stoic, Ben said, “She is safe for now. No one is touching her until the baby is born.”

“What about the witch they have?” Jasper urgently asked. “Is she going to be a problem? Will she be a friend or a foe to Lila?”

“I can’t say,” Ben said as he opened his eyes. “Lila is aware that she is in the castle but has yet to see her.”

“She paid me a visit,” Jasper mused. “I expected her to do the same with Lila. You’d think she’d, at least, be curious about the baby.”

Ben cocked his head and furrowed his brows. “I’m getting very little energy coming from that witch. It’s weaker than when I came to rescue you. She seems to be running with minimum magic.”

With a confused tone, Jasper said, “I don’t understand. Are you saying that witches can run out of magic?”

Ben opened his eyes and looked directly at Jasper as he explained, “Just as a person’s energy can be drained by another person, so can the magic be taken by another meta-human.”

“Meta-human?” Jasper repeated with a hint of humor.

“What else would you call someone who is out of the normal realm of human?” Ben asked with angst. “Meta means out of, correct?”

Jasper nodded, “Correct.”

“Well, in this case, these meta-humans are vampires,” Ben continued. “They look human and have human traits but aren’t human in the sense that we think of a human. They are able to drain the magic from us through energy contact. The siphoning of energy through sex is one way and blood draining is another.”

“Do you think that was what was happening to Lila and she, by happenstance, got pregnant?” Jasper asked.

“It would make sense,” Ben replied. “Lucky for her that she is young with minimal magic to drain. The older the magician, the more magic to loose and the less vitality left behind.”

“So, this draining of magic can kill Lila?” Jasper gasped.

Ben nodded, “If it goes unchecked.”

“I guess that baby is a blessing,” Jasper sighed. “We need to get her out of there before someone says, ‘baby be damned’ and drains her anyway.” His tone echoed his relief as he added, “If this old witch is still alive but very weak, she’ll at least be no threat to Lila.”

“I imagine she’s being siphoned of her magic on a regular basis,” Ben said with a shake of his head. “I don’t understand what happened to put her in such a position.

Her magic is old and powerful. How did she manage to end up feeding their addiction?"

"I'm glad for it," Jasper said with relief. "I'm sorry for her if it's something she didn't want, but I'm glad for Lila."

"I was hoping to connect with her, if possible," Ben said. "If I'm correct in my assumption, she's being held prisoner. She may have been on their side when she visited you, but I'll wager that's changed by now. Especially since King Rowan is gone."

Jasper looked away.

"I actually have mixed emotions about his loss," he admitted.

"Good riddan to bad rubbish, I say," Ben scoffed. "I'm only sorry the whole lot of them didn't perish."

"Yes," Jasper said with a weak nod. "I imagine we'd be much better off without vampires. Even so, there was a bit of humanity left in Rowan that I had the opportunity to witness on occasion. He could have had me killed, you know."

As soon as the words left his lips, Jasper regretted them. It was only natural that Ben would expect an explanation as to why the vampires would think of killing their prize scientist and he'd have to admit that he was infected with zombie venom. Still uncertain of the response he'd get, he had no desire to divulge this information. He'd held his breath on many an occasion when Samuel was their prisoner for fear that he'd make mention of it. Thankfully, he hadn't."

To his relief, a message from Lila reached Ben before he could inquire on Jasper's narrowly escaped death sentence.

"Lila is trying to reach me," he urgently informed Jasper. "I need to get quiet to let her in."