

# Shadow Love

Book Two

By

Eileen Sheehan

©Copyright 2018 Eileen Sheehan

Printed in The United States of America

Worldwide Electronic & Digital Rights

Worldwide English Language Print Rights

EARTH WISE BOOKS

Electronic Edition

All rights reserved. No part of book one or two 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 excerpts for use in reviews.

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

This book is a work of fiction. Characters, names, places and incidents either are 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.

This book contains a sneak peek of another of Eileen Sheehan's romance novels titled, "Dream Love" at the end.

Dear Reader,

Although most of my romance novels contain sex scenes that can be quite steamy and recommended for mature readers, this particular novel goes beyond the sweet passionate steaminess as we enter the dark and evil side of shadow land and sex slavery. Along with some rather raw scenes are a few coarse words as the story that started in Shadow Love Book One comes to a close. If you find this type of writing troublesome or offensive, this particular novel might not be right for you.

I wish to dedicate this novel to my loyal readers who support and encourage me to keep on releasing my vivid imagination in novels for your enjoyment.

# CONTENTS

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

TEN

ELEVEN

TWELVE

THIRTEEN

FOURTEEN

FIFTEEN

SIXTEEN

SEVENTEEN

EIGHTEEN

NINETEEN

TWENTY

TWENTY-ONE

TWENTY -TWO

TWENTY-THREE

TWENTY-FOUR

TWENTY-FIVE

TWENTY-SIX

[TWENTY-SEVEN](#)

[TWENTY-EIGHT](#)

[TWENTY-NINE](#)

[ABOUT THE AUTHOR](#)

[A SNEAK PEEK AT DREAM LOVE](#)

# ONE

Alison rocked in the oversized rocker on Nick's front porch as she admired his thick, powerful muscles flexing while he attacked the weeds threatening his newly sprouted garden. He'd returned to shadow land during the new moon for rejuvenation and regeneration twice without taking her. It was almost time to go again and she hoped that he would say she was finally ready to join him.

She was about to go to him and broach the subject when the sound of someone clearing their throat caught her attention.

"Excuse me," said a glamorous looking redhead as she stood near the bottom step of the stairs leading to the porch. "I'm looking for Nick Jackson. Do I have the right place?"

Alison's reply stuck in her throat as she took in every inch of the tall redhead who so innocently inquired the whereabouts of the man she loved. Thoughts of her former boyfriend, Arthur and the woman he cheated on her with, Sarah, flooded her mind as she took in the slender, yet well-defined curves, long soft-coppery red hair, lavender eyes, and ruby lips. This woman was the epitome of perfect.

The hair on the back of Alison's neck stood at attention as she entered a defensive, jealous mode. She'd lost Arthur to Sarah, but she had no intention of losing another man to a hot and sexy redhead; although she had no idea how to prevent it.

She tried not to impose the hostility she felt toward Sara on this woman. "Might I ask who's looking for him?"

The strange sex goddess moved away from the porch steps and started toward Nick. "Is that him in the garden?"

“Excuse me,” Alison hissed. “I’m the owner of this estate. Might I know who you are before you go traipsing across my property?”

The beautiful stranger stopped and looked at Alison long and hard. “I expected you to be taller, and, well, prettier.” With a sigh, she added in a condescending tone, “My name is Heloise. I was engaged to Nick before the elders made plans for him with your mother and now, you.”

It was like a nightmare starting all over again. The gorgeous, sexy, former girlfriend reappears into her lover’s life to raise havoc with her relationship with him. Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!

Her eyes narrowed as she did her best to subdue the panic and hostility that was rising so high she thought she’d explode. “Why are you here?”

“I don’t believe that’s any of your business,” Heloise hissed back. “This is between me and Nick.”

“Well, then, I’ll be sure to let him know you want to speak with him. If you’ll wait here, I’ll get him,” Alison huffed as she stood to leave the porch.

“I can manage,” Heloise said with narrowed eyes before dexterously darting across the oversized garden toward Nick.

Alison sighed. She’d hoped to be able to speak with Nick about this woman prior to her getting to him. Something didn’t feel right about her. It was more than the fact that she was knock out gorgeous and was once engaged to the man she loved. Nor was it the fact that seeing her brought out bad memories and her insecurities about her own looks. There was an underlying *something* that she couldn’t put her finger on about this woman. She was hoping Nick could shed



some light on it. She also wanted to see his immediate reaction to hearing that the ex-girlfriend was there to speak with him. Someone's immediate reaction said a lot. Now, that opportunity was lost.

She returned to her rocking chair and shaded her eyes so that she could better monitor the body language of Nick and Heloise as they stood talking with only a few feet separating them. She smiled with satisfaction when she saw him dramatically back away when Heloise reached for him. Her joy was short lived when the beauty turned to walk away, and Nick grabbed her to him and held her close.

"What's going on?" Vanessa asked as she sauntered up the steps and onto the porch. Her eyes never left the couple in the garden as she moved next to Alison.

"She's his ex," Alison said bitterly.

"Ex what?" Vanessa asked as she sat in the rocker next to her friend.

Alison shot her a scowl to beat all scowls. "Don't be dumb."

"Don't be mean," Vanessa quipped.

"I think she's a shadow walker," Alison mused.

"She's his ex what?" Vanessa asked again.

Alison sighed. "Fiancé."

Vanessa shaded her eyes with her hands as she peered to get a better look at Nick and the Heloise. "Shit. He's holding her for a long time, don't you think?"

Alison rocked, vigorously, in the chair. "Yep."

"Aren't you going to do something?" Vanessa asked.

Alison shrugged. "Like what?" After a moment she bounded from the chair and started off the porch. "I refuse to make a fool of myself over a man again. Once was enough."

"I can't see where you've made a fool of yourself over a man, ever," Vanessa said lightheartedly as she followed Alison off the porch. "Arthur wasn't a man. He was a weasel and Nick's a shadow walker."

Alison looked over her shoulder at her friend and grimaced. "Ha, ha."

"Are you really just going to walk away?" Vanessa asked as she caught up with Alison. "They're still holding each other."

"It does seem a bit much," Alison sighed as she stepped into the kitchen of the estate house. "Would you like a beer? I suddenly feel like having a beer."

"It's eleven in the morning," Vanessa said with a wrinkled nose.

Alison looked at the large, antique clock on the wall and shrugged. "So it is. Are you joining me or not?"

Vanessa took the bottle of beer Alison held out to her and opened it. "You only live once."

Alison moved to the window and looked out at Nick and his former fiancé while taking a long draught of her beer. "That's what they say."

"Why don't you go out there and see what's going on?" Vanessa sighed. "Moping in here with a beer isn't going to accomplish anything."

Alison tipped the bottle back and drained its contents. Placing her hand over her stomach, she emitted an incredibly loud and long burp. "I already feel better. I think I'll have another. How about you?"

Vanessa lifted her almost full bottle to show it to her friend. "I'm good, thanks." She walked to the window and looked out while Alison fetched another beer from the refrigerator. "She's leaving."

Alison twisted the cap off another beer and took a drink. "Good."

"Nick's looking at his porch," Vanessa said. "I think he's looking for you."

Alison wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and hiccupped, "He's probably wondering if I saw."

"You don't think he saw you on the porch when she showed up?" Vanessa asked incredulously. "That man misses very little."

"He's not a man," Alison snapped.

Vanessa winced. "Ouch. That was mean."

"You know what I mean," Alison said with a heavy sigh. "He's not a normal man. He's a shadow walker man. You pointed that out only a few minutes ago."

"That was a joke and you know it," Vanessa scolded. "Must I point out that you are a shadow walker woman; but you're still every inch a woman?"

"I wasn't trying to belittle Nick," Alison stammered. "I... I don't know what I was trying to do."

"Impose Arthur's shenanigans on Nick, maybe?" Vanessa asked with a raised brow.

"You know me too well," Alison said with a wry smile. "How do I get free of these insecurities of mine?"

Vanessa moved to Alison and guided her to a kitchen chair. "It's unfortunate that Arthur was a shit and now you have trust issues. I think that, with time, they'll fade."

The bottom of the beer bottle slammed against the wooden kitchen table as Alison dropped into the chair Vanessa offered. "It's not just about trust. It's about me. These women are beautiful. They're long, lanky, and very sexy. I'm a borderline midget who gets lost in a crowd. How can I compete with them?"

"Clearly, you see yourself through different glasses than the rest of the world does," Vanessa chuckled. When Alison scowled, she added. "Okay, so, you're petite. That doesn't mean you're not sexy and get lost in the crowd. You need to open your eyes the next time you walk into a room. You'd be surprised how many eyes are on you."

"I'm underdeveloped," Alison pouted.

"Who are you talking to?" Vanessa asked in a high-pitched tone. "Don't forget that I made merry with those boobs not that long ago. Even if you stop blooming right now, they're plenty developed. They're perfect for your size and weight. What do you want to look like... a five-feet-one-inch Dolly Parton?"

Alison chuckled. "How can she stand upright?"

"Her back must kill her," Vanessa added.

"What are you ladies talking about that's making you smile so prettily?" Nick asked from the doorway.

"Dolly Parton's boobs," Vanessa replied.

Nick's brows creased in thought. "They are significant, but, believe it or not, not all men want breasts that large on their women."

“I suppose you’re going to tell us that you’re one of those men?” Alison said as she took another drink of her beer.

“As a matter of fact, I am,” Nick said as he went to the refrigerator to get a beer as well. “It’s a little early for beer, but I’m game. What’s the occasion?”

Vanessa put her hands on her hips and scowled. “Are you going to stand there and try to make us believe that if Dolly Parton stood bare breasted in front of you that you wouldn’t want to bury your face in those babies?”

“By babies, I’m assuming you mean breasts?” Nick said with a twinkle in his rich, tawny, almond shaped eyes as he took a long drink of his cold beer. “Ahh, that’s good after the hot sun beating on my back all morning.”

“Cools you down after having that hottie in your arms for so long, too, I’ll bet,” Alison said as she tipped her beer bottle to her lips.

“You saw her?” Nick sighed.

“I spoke with her before she bounded off to your loving arms, my darling,” Alison snared. “She says she used to be your fiancé.”

“Is she still making that claim?” he asked with raised brow.

“It’s not true?” Alison asked with a voice full of hope.

“Yes, and, no,” he said thoughtfully. “I asked her to marry me and she said yes. A week later I found her in bed with another man and called it all off. So, we were engaged for one week.”

“How long did you date before you asked her to marry you?” Alison asked hesitantly. She wasn’t sure she wanted to know the answer, but she couldn’t stop herself from asking the question.

“Twenty-five years,” he replied.

“Shit,” Vanessa gasped.

“That’s not long in shadow walker years,” he shrugged.

Alison’s eyes went wide. “Well, in human years, that’s about a third of the average lifespan.”

“It’s a good thing you’re not an average human,” he grinned as he casually drank his beer. “You’re a shadow walker.”

“Who has yet to see shadow land,” Alison pouted. “Just when does my grandfather plan on extending the invitation?”

“Crossing into shadow land can be excruciating for someone of your age. It’s supposed to start when you’re just a babe in arms. We have to make sure your energy is flowing correctly,” Nick explained patiently.

“Through sex,” she mumbled.

Nick grinned and winked at Vanessa, who turned away to hide her smile. “It’s one hell of a balancing act.”

“I’m serious,” she exclaimed.

“So am I,” he replied.

Vanessa slapped the countertop in a mock drumroll. “I’m off to see Martin, if anyone’s interested.”

“Don’t you want to stick around and hear what excuse Nick’s going to make for holding his ex-lover of twenty-five years for a ridiculously long time in the garden?” Alison asked.

“Rather than why you and he are constantly going at it like rabbits?” Vanessa laughed.

Alison stuck her tongue out at her friend and wrinkled her nose. “Ha. Ha.”

“I’d love to, but Martin called and asked me to come over,” she said as she grabbed the keys to her car from the key hook on the wall and headed for the door. “If I play my cards right, I just might get lucky.”

## TWO

“She’s right, you know,” Nick said with a smirk. “We are in the bedroom a lot.”

Alison scowled as she drained her bottle. “Would you prefer we stopped?”

“Absolutely not,” he said as he threw his hands in the air. When she got up to get another beer from the refrigerator, he asked, “What’s got you all worked up to the point you’ll be drunk by noon? It can’t be Heloise showing up like that. It’s got to be more.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Alison mused as she opened her beer and tossed the cap toward the trash can that’s lid was stuck in the open position. She was unaccustomed to drinking that much so fast and her vision was already blurred. The cap missed the trash can and skidded across the floor. “Maybe it is your ex-fiancé showing up out of the blue. Maybe I don’t like arrogant beauty queens sauntering through my garden and then snuggling in the arms of my honey.”

“She’s not a beauty queen,” he said.

“You know what I mean,” she hissed. “Don’t make light of this. If the shoe was on the other foot, you’d be plenty angry.”

Nick thought for a moment and nodded. “True.”

“So?” she asked.

“So?” he asked right back at her.

“Okay,” she scowled. “I’m getting tipsy, but I’m not drunk and I’m definitely not speaking gibberish. If you plan on playing games with me, you can leave right now. Otherwise, you can tell me why you



felt the need to grab her when she was walking away and pull her into your arms.”

“You did see,” he sighed. When she folded her arms and leaned against the counter, he heaved another sigh. “If you were watching, then you saw that, in the beginning, I shunned her. It wasn’t until she told me that her mother passed away that I held her to comfort her. Losing a fellow shadow walker in death is not a common occurrence. Having it be a loved one makes it doubly worse. She told me as she was leaving. I couldn’t be that cold and cruel.”

Alison considered what she’d do if she was in his position and she agreed that he did the right thing. Even so, she wasn’t about to let him off the hook that easily. “Why didn’t she tell you right away? What else did she want?”

“She’s been assigned this area by the council,” he said.

“What? Is she a soldier, like you?” Alison asked with a voice that hinted of desperation. The mere thought of trying to compete with a tall, sleek, beauty who was also a warrior was almost crushing.

Nick smiled, “I promise you that you have nothing to worry about. I am head over heels in love with you, baby.”

Alison’s shoulder’s slumped with dismay. “So, she’s a super model and a soldier. What else?”

“She’s never modeled and she’s not a soldier,” he corrected her. “She’s more of an intelligence agent. She makes friends with mundanes who are suspected of being part of any hatchet group out to destroy us. She infiltrates the suspected groups to get the intel.”

“Why was she sent here?” Alison asked.

Nick looked at her as if she had four heads. “After Martin’s kidnapping, what you went through, and with Wilma barely cold in the ground, you need to ask?” He eyed her for a moment. “What’s really bothering you?”

“I don’t like her, and I don’t believe she came here just to play spy. Most of all, I don’t think that’s what you two talked about,” Alison pouted.

“What do I have to say to stop this jealousy?” he asked with exasperation.

“The truth,” she replied.

“I’m telling you the truth. She’s been sent here by your grandfather,” he said.

“What else?” she demanded. “Surely it wasn’t necessary for her to come to see you. I doubt that was part of her orders.”

He looked away and then said with resignation, “She heard a rumor that you and Martin can be bonded if you chose,” he said. “She came to see if that was happening.”

“How long ago did you break it off with her?” she asked.

Nick thought for a moment. “It has to be seventy-five years. Maybe one-hundred. I’ve lost track.”

“You’ve had nothing to do with her since then?” she asked suspiciously, remembering Arthur’s lies.

Nick threw his arms in the air and said with the utmost sincerity, “I swear, this is the first I’ve seen her since we broke it off.”

“Who was the guy you caught her with?” Alison asked.

Nick looked away. It was clear he didn’t want to talk about it.

“Does it still hurt you?” she asked. “Did she mean that much to you?”

“It hurts, but not the way you think,” Nick said. With a heavy heart, he explained, “The man I caught her with was a very good friend of mine. I trusted him explicitly. It still hurts to think he’d deceive me like that.”

“So, you hurt from his actions, not hers?” Alison asked incredulously. “You were engaged.”

“I didn’t love her,” Nick admitted. “It was more to stop her pestering me than anything else. I was comfortable with Heloise, but I never loved her.”

“So, is she gone now? Or, will I have to contend with more of her sniffing around?” she asked vehemently.

Nick scowled. “This isn’t about her, is it?” When Alison looked away he said. “Why don’t you tell me what it is about.”

They spent the next few hours discussing Alison’s former lover, Arthur; his secret rendezvous with Sarah; and the impact it had on Alison’s self-esteem. Nick was compassionate and understanding of her feelings, which eased much of her angst. Her continued drinking completed the task.

They finished their conversation with a lover’s kiss that led them to the bedroom for more of what Alison referred to as shadow land preparation.