

Cassandra Wolf loves reading and writing paranormal stories, fictional characters, and also enjoys exploring the world as a full-time fiction writer. She is a curious collector and researcher of ancient writings and religious books.

To Cindy

Cassandra Wolf

THE HUNT

 AUSTIN MACAULEY PUBLISHERS™
LONDON • CAMBRIDGE • NEW YORK • SHARJAH

Copyright © Cassandra Wolf (2018)

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher.

Any person who commits any unauthorized act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

Ordering Information:

Quantity sales: special discounts are available on quantity purchases by corporations, associations, and others. For details, contact the publisher at the address below.

Publishers cataloging in publishing data

Wolf, Cassandra
The Hunt

ISBN 9781641822053 (Paperback)

ISBN 9781641822046 (Hardback)

ISBN 9781641822039 (E-Book)

The main category of the book — Fantasy

www.austinmacauley.com

First Published (2018)

Austin Macauley Publishers LLC.

40 Wall Street, 28th Floor

New York, NY 10005

USA

mail-usa@austinmacauley.com

+1 (646) 5125767

To my editor, Mike Valentino.

*“The Most Beautiful thing we can experience is ‘the
Mysterious.’ It is the source of all true art and science.”*
— Fazza

Chapter One

Freedom is earned, but only among the lingering, wounded memories of death, as the breathtaking beauty of the haunting landscape, swirled with the scented lavender fields and blood rose gardens that perfumed the air. The clomping of the horses' hooves, breathing in the crispy, windy spring air at the farm with tragic memories. Israeli Mossad agents aboard a low-flying black helicopter, circled the Memorial Plaque Cemetery for the fallen victims as the families and their close-knit friends gathered. The fragrance of the roses against the cold black marble, the sniffing sounds, and their solemn looks of helplessness, exposed their fears of being caught in a war about to get nastier than they could ever imagine. The terrorist cells had done this, and it would not be long before the horror reached their borders, their doors, their businesses—nowhere was a safe haven. The world's armies were gathering, and the battle would be fueled by ancient, deep seated hatred and revenge.

Sheba Blair was not the only observer jogging obscurely in the distance at the park. Prince of Jinns, Suliman lurked in the mysterious Whistler Mountains, hiding from his enemy, Prince Rashid. They watched in silence, keeping their distance until their leaders gave the signal to attack. A creeping horror awaited the town of Whistler, shrouded in the dense forest that was home to the Shadow People Clan.

The Jinns were an invisible race that lived alongside humans in parallel worlds, shielded from virtually all of mankind's senses. They were the earth's first race, created from the wind and pure fire. They lived in earthen caves and on mountaintops, known to only the gifted chosen few of humans, as shape-shifters. Prince Damien's family held the reins of power, and their enemies felt it was time to end their centuries old

stranglehold; they served as the top heads of the world's biggest oil companies and had become billionaire Saudi business elites.

The remaining clans gathered for the memorial service as the ghostly winter frost trimmed the fall cedar hedge along Pemberton Valley Highway 99. One year ago today, came the Silent Falls tragedy, the bombing of a private jet carrying rival Saudi business elites, jetting off to a secret location. The business meeting would have determined the fate of the power struggle between the states, over assets owned by the family clans.

Prince Damien wondered if his wife and son were missing or killed? While he was on assignment in France, he learned that a bomb at their penthouse apartment at the Fairmount Resort had, apparently killed them—but the bodies remained a mystery. No remains had been found inside the apartment. The tragic fire was only days after the bombed plane, when he had been set to close a very important deal to end the war between rival families engaged in a power struggle. The businessmen had been poised to sign a treaty onboard the old ruling King Abu Yaz's private jet, unaware of the time bomb set to go off two minutes later.

The steel cargo door was flung open by two secret agents working for their own governments—one for the Federation of Arab Nations, the other for the special FBI Falcon Unit. The two agents, both skilled skydivers were supposed to be dead after their suicide mission, but they survived. Sheba Blair had decided to ditch the “tomb mission” contract, breaking all the rules to live as a ghost if they were found alive, as they both signed a contract for a suicidal mission. Not many agents took the tomb mission, unless they had a terminal illness or deadly past they chose not to return to; either way, survival was not part of the mission. But they both were also skilled professional undercover agents, chosen to train in secret operative units for their swiftness. The second jumper, a woman, was also a gifted seer. They were trained FBI agents working for the enemies of the family onboard the crashed jet.

They had escaped and flown under the radar using fake identities as the war deepened its fangs. The ongoing conflict had brutally wounded the clans' top decision-makers, since so many of the elders were wiped out by the crash, which was intended to weaken their hold on the wealth. Creeping fears of power corruption and extortion roamed freely in the chaos that

followed, as the thirst for bloody revenge killings grew insatiably. Deep sleeper cells awakened while the clueless armies of powerful countries remained oblivious to the war that was about to be unleashed.

Luckily, two survivors walked away from the crash. The first missing passenger was a reporter and an undercover agent for the FBI Special Terrorism Unit. The other was a young, intelligent Interpol Reporter agent. Neither body was ever recovered; the FBI special tomb mission unit combed the area for the bodies, but with no success. Regarding the identity of the two special agents, one was Sheba Blair, the other known as Agent #7.

On Whistler Peak, high and deep cave glaciers glared in the distance. The breathtaking view of London Mountain centered on its highest glaciers, known as "Seventh Heaven." Though they had no way of knowing it, the incurably curious visitors were never alone, even in their luxurious penthouse apartments at the Fairmount Hotel Resort. Looming deep in the caves of the Blue Mountains, lurked the ever-watchful glowing red eyes of ghost Red Wolves, raging with revenge. The mysterious invisible creatures lived within the tunnels of the glaciers, anxious to hunt. Their fearsome heads bounced up and down intently as they sniffed and licked the air. Their spine-chilling howls exposed their curled tongues and hungry drooling. They relentlessly circled the resort log cabins, stalking the scent of the human bloodline. The eerie omen of a strange falcon, circling and flying low for seven days around a log cabin or farms, was in fact no falcon at all, but one of the Red Wolf Shadow People, a clan of shape-shifters.

The red wolves were drooling at the scent of blood in the airy full moon sky, with increased frenzy as the moon raged with its realm of energetic magnetic tug, as the terrified horses in the stables shuffled about restlessly, sensing the danger coming their way. The shifter Red Wolves were not men, they were Jinns, the commanders of their armies. Their caves echoed with their war cries, and their chilling howling raged as their lust for human blood drove them into crazed fits, listening to the deep breathing of men sleeping. Desire stirred their hearts, a passion for blood, for revenge. The panting of the human heart enraged their reptilian blood, blue and cold. They stalked the bewildered hikers who wandered lost, deeper into the forest, growing close

to their mysterious caves. The lost hikers never returned, and the Rockies troopers never spoke of the legends of the Red Wolves. They did not want to scare away the nature seekers, but the sneering howls alerted the troopers in the quiet, picturesque town.

The Red Wolves hunted with patience, waiting for night to fall upon the forest trails. Their intense gaze was ever wakeful, ever watchful as they cruelly enjoyed the hunt. Light met darkness in the game of death and wars, creeping up on the humans' playgrounds from the invisible, inter-dimensional world. The Red Wolves could also be invisible when they chose. The night lured them. The scent drew them—the unmistakable combination of perfumes mixed with sweat. The Red Wolves sniffed the freezing wind, and the scent of human blood unleashed waves of rage through their haunting howls. Their war cries filled the frosty forest as they rested after their dance of hunting from the night kill. The stray horses that bolted from the stable that night were lured by the powers of the Red Wolves. They ravaged their kill, leaving the head of the horse untouched, their trophy dragged a mile away deeper into the forest bed of thorn bushes, a gruesome scene of their dance of death.

The forest along the biker's trail that led to Blackcomb Falls shaded the early morning vacationers. Nature's exotic lure surrounded him like art as sizzling heat pulsed in his veins as blue as his skin. He was intent, as his steady gaze and hands worked their wicked way into the pleasure caves of his client. Grippingly brutal, the strong, sexy, muscular hands playfully tightened, releasing the sweetest pain one could ever experience, right here in the art of bondage love. Sexy, steamy, hot female and male models sought him out. Their sexual appetite deepened with their loneliness as they explored the dark regions of the art of sex bonds. He drove the human body into a slavish state of secret desires in the one-hour session of seductive, fetish Japanese sex-rope bondage.

"God", as his clients knew from his special-need services, such as the blonde beauty who had inherited her father's global medical insurance company along with prime real estate—the Seven Sons Hotel Resort in Dubai, a modern, amazing desert city. The blonde in her mid-thirties was stunning as she lay stark naked. Strikingly beautiful, her long, athletic legs were

supported by hemp ropes in myriad custom colors. Her satin skin shimmered in sweet agony as she twisted into an artful, erotic sex position. The beauty on the bondage table was blindfolded and hogtied. Her bare feet, suspended in the air, quivered with pleasure.

“God,” she breathed, the nickname they’d given him bringing a smile to his lips. They thought his blue skin and his chiseled, towering body was a fetish costume he wore when putting on a show for their selfish, painful fantasy. His million-dollar wine collection was for the ladies, but it was for pain that they sought him out. He had style and a strong desire for romantic fantasy. Once a year, they came to him for wild, tribal orgasms—something they could not achieve with their partners in hogtie and elbow bondage, or on their own. His touch sent a magnetic wave, unimaginable until it was felt.

“God” was their darkest secret. Blessed or cursed by his sweet torture, they flocked to him like blind sheep ready to be thrown off the cliff. They melted under his wicked, signature touch that sent rippling waves of sheer magnetic erotic pleasure and pain through their entire body. Their quivering sent tremors of orgasms, blessed release for the pent-up desires of these deprived, billionaire women professionals. His billionaire lair attracted them. Such lovely polished faces hid the cold loneliness of these rich women who came to the “Prince of Jinns” to quench their thirst for the pleasure only he could offer.

The night was busy. Freaky sex was always a must-do on the list of high-end elite shoppers. It was like shopping for a limited-edition pair of red, shiny heels. “Yeah,” ‘God’ muttered, “just as exciting as that for a lonely, bored woman hunting restlessly for a pleasurable distraction.” His mischievous grin parted his lips, baring his fangs in the dim, candlelit room. They were like beggars hanging on his arms all night, until he lured them to a night of sweet pain—all part of blending in. Freak met freak; the needy met the needful. He never disappointed. Love is bondage of the heart, and the body is bondage of sex. It’s adventure.

Knocking at his door, begging to be tied up ... he knew that a high bondage of the body left the heart wanting more of his type of love. They tended to forget they were top models when loneliness knocked. For the beauties that strolled into his lair, their status didn’t matter. This evening’s appointments were

interestingly willing as he attended to their needs. The pay was damn decent, made up of incredible tips given in bags of cash. No questions asked, no credit card trails. He kept his clients' names a secret, carefully hiding his contact black book.

30 minutes drag on... special needs... therapy rope bondage, he glanced nervously at the clock, hating time, which confused his timeless mind ... the warmth of a real woman had left their bodies, their soul, a long time ago ... dark coldness blanketed his heart for the zombie robotic women, devoid of feelings... unless induced by his craft of pain, They were useless to the world... throw them to real wolves, he would gladly do so, to end their shame and the sufferings of their world... time was their invisible enemy taunting their existence... His gaze lingered attentively, his eyes flashing and glowing, bathing the room in a blue glow, invisible to the pretty blonde lying naked on his red massage table. He began his session by tying the knots skillfully, intently twisting her thighs into the painful erotic positions, though she tried to press her knees together. Her body quivered as it responded to the magnetic waves swirling and releasing a stormy ripple that awakened the sleeping snake of emotional longings and sweet fear.

Her long, toned legs gave way, parting with a slight jerk as the heaven spot awakened dead zone revived her now hot, wet pussy. She struggled, just as "God" had expected. The Prince of Jinn had seen the same response a few times since his services had begun in early January a year ago. The female body halted all guilt, releasing the burdens of society. She let go, surrendering with a sweet spasm to the joyful surprise, lying helplessly without knowing the real secret to the fetish. As she waited anxiously, sexual feelings pricked like tiny needles all over her cold, naked body, flushing her fragile form with a wave of heat.

"God" had to be careful not to drain their life energy before they returned to their penthouse at the hotel. If he did, it would raise an alarm. He did not desire to kill this way—or in any way—but he was breaking the rules. They were supposed to be kidnapped, a revenge kill on the human race to trigger the war. They were meant to be a message to others, a warning to follow the new type of killers who mastered the art of killing, as evidenced by the limp, shredded bodies of their victims. Their

fate awaited them in the deep forest once the Shadow People took them. He had made a deal with the Jinns shape-shifters, the Red Wolves, but this client would be his last. He found no amusement or comfort in doing the bidding of these poor women any longer. The time of his mission was drawing closer; on this earth, soon they would seek another rope bondage fetish master from his world. Who knew what creature would take his place when he left?

All the while, the agent who survived the crash was getting closer. He could smell her, the scent of lavender and cinnamon permeating her skin and hair. She was seductively alluring, tempting men. He could sense her and knew she could drive a man wild just by standing next to him. Who was she? He could feel the human woman close by, she was his mission, but he had to focus on his client's needs. Ooh yeah, the pleasure of a man, a human woman, sadly, will never experience herself, she was the giver after all, the baby maker. He mercilessly rammed his huge dick, hard as steel, into the blonde model's wet, wild honey pot. He plunged into her mercilessly, thrusting wildly as she screamed with pent-up rage, that gave way to whimpering moans while her quivering legs pulled against their bonds.

He felt nothing for her as a woman. She was just a female ... a sexual being ... the human race was not his burden... he was a weapon for wars, a prince, a protector, sent from his world to guard against this one. This was just a distraction as he waited for a special human woman, *a name, a face he was yet to see, the cry of her call he was yet to hear.* She was special. He knew instinctively that her face would melt and break his heart. An omen of feeling rushed over him. She needed his cloak of protection. He could telepathically read her thoughts, but she was blocking her identity and location from him. She must have been unaware of her birthright—the gifted powers of a seer. She could pierce the invisible veils of the unseen world that surrounded her own world. Inherited from her ancestors' tribal line, the blue blood of the Jinns ran in her veins.

He awaited her. The rest was a game—the party of the fetish rope sex bondage, the huge egos, and the unforgivable, professional, discreet, wealthy, lonely, sex-craved clients who came to his lair by private invitation. Some of them were regulars in popular cities around the world. The city of San Francisco hid

an erotic oasis of discreet underground fetish parties. American sex bondage was like a street delicacy for the bored, elite professionals looking for some fun beyond the limited boundaries of the human zombie zone. They descended into stony thoughts of their shitty, bored-to-death existence. “Someone, please kill me!” they wanted to cry.

These same discreet clients jumped onto the spice train that deliberately snaked through the mountains into the unlikely covered wilderness. Hotels and resorts hid the vaulted secret. The clients hiked or took the bike trail route group tour that led them to the rope bondage den of “God.” They came drooling, dragging their burden of raw emotions, numbed by their confused sexual desires. They craved human feelings hungrily, angrily—relentlessly. Their deprived existence, devoid of feeling, drove them here at their own risk. They longed to feel something, even if it were only pain.

Occasionally, if he surfaced as a guest on their list at their charity functions, the elite businesswomen were easy targets. Nameless they remained, never to be seen again until the bloody trail led the cops to their mutilated, shredded torso and distorted body parts, eaten by some savage creature. The authorities brushed off the deaths as bikers wandering off too far into the forest on their own. Their bodies were always found at the river’s edge close to the caves where the wolves lived and feasted.

His clients knew the risks involved. They must come alone and return alone on the path trails. Still, they kept coming back for more of the bondage sessions where laser needles prickled under their feet, scarring them with a sweet, searing pain that awakened the sleeping orgasm. Once awakened, they met their “God,” who blessed them with addictive, powerful secrets they couldn’t deny. They would rather die in such sweet agony than return to the normalcy of the daily grind that tortured their tormented minds.

Like flipping a switch to another world, their fantasy existed in the secret spa cabin of the “God.” The lures of the mysterious caves and glaciers at the highest peak of the snowy mountains haunted their hearts and filled them with awe. Human curiosity brought them by the droves, like flies caught in honey. They returned year after year, summer and winter, with their families or with their lovers. They sought refuge at the retreats and

lodges, at private cabins and vacation spots for gay festivals. Stanley Park was a great jogging spot and romantically ideal. Bikers and hikers curiously followed the horse riders' trails that ran along the creek, never knowing they were entering the ancient cedar red forest haunted by the Red Wolves, who prowled along the soft, mossy grounds of the tribal Indians' medicine forest.

Giant mushrooms grew huge and wildly. A dark cure, unknown to most, lay within their roots for the brave, lonely minds. It was the perfect setting for the dark lairs sought by the hidden penthouse apartment crowd seeking the fantasy tribal sex of bondage. The playhouse of the super-rich elite bankers, it was a haven for the steamy sex parties, a paradise for the special festivals where even the elite, bored billionaires prowled freely. The expected crowds gathered in awe, filled with the incurable curiosity that was the hallmark of human nature. Many made the journey to paradise in the Rockies. The ancient redwood forest and its caves made it a fun vacation choice for bankers and hedge fund managers. There, the elite shed their public masks and set their caged spirits free. They roamed restlessly, coming for the experience of nature tribal sex parties at its best. Closet gays, newlywed gays, and bisexual couples—it didn't matter there, because "God" dwelled deep in the mountainous caves. Little did they know their bloody fate as they bared their dark secrets to him. Though lasting friendships with humans were not his thing, he enjoyed the memories of their weakness, their utterly dark, curious minds in all their glory and awe.

The gay pride festivals were a yearly event. Today, the 25th of January, was bitterly cold as winter silently raged, heralding the creeping horrors that were sure to follow. Icy sleet and snow fell, shrouding everything in white. The deadly Arctic cold showed no mercy as it bore down on the yearly gay pride festival. Some of the staff at the Fairmount Hotel remembered the deafening sounds of the engines on fire as they were shredded by a ticking time bomb. The jet plane horror scene left no survivors, only torn human body parts caught between the mangled, twisted metal. The crash had left an impact on the fishing village town of Blackcomb. The rest of the plane—the burning cockpit of the private jet—broke off into Yaz Lake in British Columbia.

One year ago, on that brutally icy January day, the tragic plane crash on the mountain had killed most of the passengers. Ten were reported dead, and two missing. The names and identities of the dead were unknown, their secrets forever cast in stone and withheld from the public. The real names of the two missing passengers were never released. No one had answers—but who cared? No one in particular, except the two surviving souls.

Sheba Blair and Jesse Rockefeller were unknown reporters on special case assignments. Both may have planned their escape; they were skilled skydivers. The mystery of the crash was no accident. The group consisted of high-powered leaders who were super-rich royal relatives of the clan's victims of the mystery crash in the glaciers. The ongoing search was called off. The private jet had been owned by a group of bankers and investors. Their families had been on board, but their lives were kept secret in an ironic twist of fate. Their elite security personnel, who had connections with the private jet's pilot, planted the bombs in the plane's engines. As they say, "It's all about connections."

The jet was on fire already before it crashed according to staff witnesses and nature seekers on the mountain trails. The aircraft came down fast with a roaring crash. A war missile to silence a powerful family, a bomb on board to replace them, or was it shot down? No one would ever know unless Sheba Blair decided to reveal her true identity.

The silent, ominous laser beam came from within Seventh Heaven, shot by the glacier tunnel dwellers deep inside Blackcomb Mountains where her stalker waited patiently. Prince Damien, the man she knew was always lurking in the shadows. She could feel his presence. He was watching the memorial gathering through his telescope in his log cabin home in the mountains. His lair was a secret—unless Sheba Blair gave up her last name along with her past as a lone sniper undercover agent. She took up residence at the cottage studio hideaway home, yet the memory was vivid. Her past was powerful but dark. Sheba would not return to that past without a sign from the universe unless she was needed for her last mission—if it was worth it.

Sheba's sleep led her into the nightmare that haunts her every night...

Sheba Blair was strangely in a relaxed mood as she sipped champagne at cruising altitude, just minutes after take-off from British Columbia Private Jets Airport. The private luxury jet 700 suddenly dove sharply as it increased its speed, spiraling out of control toward the crash site. A scene she could have prevented, lives she could have saved—she was not sure about anything anymore. She just knew the recurring vision... dream—omen? Whatever it was, something sinister, a creeping unknown power was approaching. Her hellish nightmare of past regrets and remorseful memories lingered timelessly as it haunted her in her dreams.

Sheba struggled to wake up, but he would not let her. She could not see him. In the next second, she was thrown into the shadowy arms of a tall, hooded man. His face was shining blue—a glowing, blinding light. Sheba felt trapped as fear gripped her quivering heart. She was locked in the strange man's tight embrace. This close, she could see him clearly—his short, wavy, jet-black hair, curls, glowing halo crown, his head ... She could feel his angelic blue velvet skin as he held her in his arms. Their lips locked in the longest kiss of her life, leaving her gasping and panting for release or rescue. She was so confused. Was she losing her mind? Was it atmospheric isolation?

Maybe she imagined the mysterious, long, muscular fingers caressing her breasts. But no, she felt herself being carried in his arms, across oceans of time and up into the highlands of the Whistler Mountains. The tight grip was strangling her as she fell into a deep sleep in the arms of the strange creature. He held her and rocked her in the embrace of his invisible dark world. She mumbled, "Prince of Jinns," her lips, wet and moist. His queer, starry blue eyes fascinated her.

His deep, thundering voice whispered with raw emotion, "You call me, and I will come to you." He let her sink back into her world. The creature was half-man, half-Jinn, an ancient shape-shifter who had once mated with humans 30,000 years ago. To this day, they remained invisible to most humans, except the ones born with the gift of a seer. Known as the silent watchers, they lived among the human race.

They parted as he slowly vanished from her dream. She could hear the cries of hungry, angry wolves among the caves deep in the highlands of the mountains. The haunting echoes of

the Red Wolves' howls wove their spell over her cottage as she returned from her dark past and recurring dreams.

Sheba was awakened by the pounding of the rain and her inner fire made her restless. She felt a damp sensation. Long, wet fingers caressed her small, perfectly round tits as her hard nipples warmed to these invisible, mysterious, invading hands. The tender touch drove her wild as she yielded with desire and passion. Her white cotton dress offered no cover from his strong gentle touch. The mysterious touch kept her awake sometimes all night.

For seven nights it went on. Then it disappeared, stoking her desire to see this invisible creature of the night. Maybe Sheba was just imagining him—or was she a gifted seer, sensing ghosts and creatures from other worlds? Some had invaded her space and communicated with her telepathically in her teens, but this creature wanted nothing. She felt protected by his desire to know her. His touch was spooky, but she was caged between his touch and her passion, piquing her curiosity to explore his world, to know him.

It had begun a year ago at her new cottage home. The ominous thunder lashed out angrily, creating a powerful show of relentless, unstoppable awesomeness as it lit up the dark, purple-bruised skies. Sometimes, the message in it scared her. It was alive; it spoke to her as it roared. Lightning struck fiercely at her as it growled angrily at the night skies, hidden by a pale moon among vaulted dark clouds that gave way to the lashing strokes of the lightning. It roared harshly as the rain beat the stained green window of her cottage home nestled in the Whistler Mountains.

The cottage was in Vancouver, in Rockwood glacier river valley suburbs. Two miles away, a stable stood in silence, except for the galloping hooves of stallions in retirement. Blissfully, they strolled and roamed free on full moon nights, their shining satin black skin glowing in the full moonlight. They lured Sheba to the edge of Whistler Lake; the lake's edge was crisscrossed with breathtaking nature trails and bike tour trails that she followed on her way home.

On the edge of the cliff, she glimpsed from the corner of her eye a slender, mysterious figure glowing bluish. His hairy body shone as he silently glided through Rockwood among the giant

cedars. He lurked as her spirit guide. He had chosen her; she did not choose him. The Prince of Jinns, Suliman, would protect her—this shape-shifting hybrid, triple DNA helix M17, part-human, part-interdimensional being. The Shadow People were living legends. Hikers told stories of their sightings of a strange, owl-faced winged creature they called the “owl man.” They claimed he lived in the mountain forests, but they knew little more.

The Shadow People’s leader, Prince Suliman, was the owl man, a crossbreed shape-shifter, and a creature of the invisible world. Sheba Blair wanted to believe the telepathic mental pleas he sent to her. He told her that only those he trusted knew his true appearance. Among the tribal people, legend told of the Shadow People, of the mysterious glowing red light from within the mountains, where the Red Wolves emerged with the full moon. They told of the mysterious death of the jockey trainer, an Arab owner of the stables who went missing ten years ago. He vanished without a trace, never to be found, but the jockeys, stable boys, and groomers knew the Red Wolves of the caves had attacked and killed him. He had come from a life of fishing and pearl diving, ousted when two powerful Saudi families, who were bitter rivals, had cut their ties with him. He’d travelled to foreign lands to purchase stables for the legendary breed of Arab stallions and mares from the mountains. He’d died or disappeared one day, on his way along the forest trails that led to the mountains, where the owl man shape-shifter had come to protect Sheba from the approaching danger.

Sheba Blair saw the news flash across her BlackBerry: two terrorists had set a train on fire. When the news splashed across her screen, Sheba hit the speed dial for Olav, her friend at the horse stable for retired stallions a quarter mile away from her red cottage. She would give it all up to live like this forever, if only her dark past didn’t continue to follow her. Inhaling the sight of it stunned her broken soul. The breathtaking beauty of the lake stretched out in the warmth of the incoming summer months. Gentle winds lingered and swirled across Sheba’s porch overlooking the Glacier River. The shores, covered with gray pebbles and large boulders, sprawled majestically only steps away from her cottage porch.

Sheba had inherited the red cottage from her uncle, as she'd learned when his lawyer had visited her after the funeral. He'd died in a mysterious plane accident over the Indian Ocean two years earlier. In truth, the plane had vanished, leaving behind no evidence. No bodies or crash site found. Sheba had recurring dreams and visions of the exact location of the crash, and recurring vivid dreams of an island, though she saw no bodies, no bloody body parts—nothing. No clues. The mystery deepened as she saw the empty seats with no suitcases, just the wreckage of the plane. That had been her weekly recurring dream. Then it had stopped when she relocated to the red cottage. She never let go of her secret visions. She wrote them down in her diaries, kept hidden from prying eyes among the vultures of reporters.

The loud rings of the phone startled her. She picked up the phone nervously, weary from her sleepless nights. Her voice trembled as she said, "Hello?"

Her deep, exotic voice caught the attention of Sam, the typewriter shop owner, but his voice was unfamiliar to her. "Hello, Sheba? Are you the therapist in Whistler Mountains cottage? Sorry, I mean ... the therapist for the blind?" He sounded apologetic.

"Yes, I am. Don't be sorry. I get that line all the time—from my clients, mostly." She giggled. "And you are?"

"I'm the owner of an antique typewriter shop in Atlanta. I received a package with a typewriter from eBay with your address. I think it was delivered to the wrong place. I was just calling to let you know that the postal service made a wrong delivery, but now it's been sent to you."

"Oh, really? I was wondering when it was going to arrive. Thank you for calling."

"No problem. So, are you into antique typewriters? I mean ... are you a writer?" Sam asked curiously. He had felt a strange tingling around the package that held the typewriter.

"No, Sam, I'm just a poet," said Sheba wryly.

"Oh, really? Wow! And what better way to write poetry than on an antique typewriter, right?" Sam said excitedly, as though that was all he talked about all day at his shop.

"I'm an avid collector of antique books, and I guess this typewriter just cast a spell on me."

“That makes two of us. But if you’re ever in Atlanta, drop by Sam’s Antique Typewriter Buy and Sell Shop. I will give you the history tour of famous owners of my typewriters on sale. You know, they say Edgar Allan Poe used this typewriter once. Yeah, right, but I think the real owner is as mysterious as ... well, you never know with true ownership.” Sam gave her a quick history of the business before becoming suddenly aware of forgetting his manners.

“Sorry,” he said sheepishly. “I’m Sam Walton, by the way.”

“Okay, Sam thanks again. I’ll be sure to drop in the next time I’m in Atlanta.”

As she hung up the phone, spring was coming. Sheba glanced at her watch: 12 a.m. She should have driven to the flower shop; she needed a two-flower pot for her porch, for the lavender and roses, and she swore under her breath, “Damn it.” She cursed her lapse of memory, forgetting that her Jeep was getting a paint job.

She watched the blood red color fading in the distance behind the ancient oak trees. A strange owl with big, starry blue eyes and pale gray and white feathers had made his home on her porch a couple of months ago and refused to leave. She’d discovered it was blind and needed care, so Sheba had adopted the blind owl. She fed him and nursed him back to health. He sometimes disappeared, mysteriously, from the redwoods of the nearby forest, before reappearing from nowhere to visit Sheba’s porch. At night, he filled the air with haunting hoots. The blind owl’s eyes had no irises. She saw him as an omen—a bird of prey, like the falcon that followed her Jeep. If ever her sight failed, her old friend Olav the horseshoe maker would be sure to help. It’s all mind over matter. Nothing is what it seems.

Seven days has passed before the package arrived. The UPS driver passed the stables on his way to Sheba’s red cottage further up the bike and horse trails. It was a damp, chilly morning. The red typewriter with the name “The Chicago,” was as antique as it got. Sheba knew it was a rare find the first time she saw it on eBay. She had been determined that it was going to be hers.

She liked driving to the fishing village where the scenic lakes were home to fishing festivals during the season. It was only three miles away, but no one knew she was close to the postcard

village unless she wanted them to. Olav was always there with her if she needed him, but lately he'd been nowhere to be seen. That morning she thought that was odd. She felt strangely sad as she drew closer to the stable, expecting to find him with his favorite stallion—which was also, strangely, out of sight this morning. Maybe she'd missed him. The stallion could be out on the horse trails or....

Well, she thought, *I'll show it to him over dinner*. She was expecting him tonight. It was his birthday—he had just turned seventy—and she'd told him to come over. He had agreed, only now, he was not there.

Suddenly, she heard his voice in the field a distance away. He was on the ground with the stallion prancing around nervously. Sheba was careful not to get in the horse's way, but as soon as Black Silk saw her, he headed toward her. He slowed down, his tense body relaxing as he affectionately bowed his head. He was in awe of her humble beauty, and her kindness touched him. As he galloped away from her, he disappeared into thin air. Black Silk was gone, as if he'd ventured into an invisible world.

This is crazy. Sheba did not want to think about what she had just seen. Getting Olav to the hospital was more urgent. "Olav, stay with me," her stress levels went up; his breathing was deep and slow.

As she got closer, he whispered in her ear, trembling voice, his hands held hers, "Black Silk is in the stable... it was... not Black Silk. It was the prince of the Jinns; the dark, tall stranger, he's not a man... he... will find you. He's here for you. Beware, he lives in the shadows of the forest and mountains... the shape-shifter, the protector of someone he has chosen to protect—I think it is *you*, Sheba! He is here to protect you." His voice faded, as did his breathing. He closed his eyes slowly and gave a final whisper, "Prince of Jinns Suliman is here to protect you. The typewriter messages are the key to your destiny..."

"No! No, Olav, the ambulance will be here soon!" Sheba sobbed uncontrollably. Olav was already dead. His slowly beating heart ended its drumming abruptly. He was buried in the Rose Garden Cemetery. In the back, lay a jogging trail that led to Sheba's cottage.

Sheba kept a low profile at her Whistler cottage. She needed a place to work as a therapist for the partially blind and those soon to be blind. She helped her clients cross over into the world of the blind without the anxiety. Every client was different, some were quicker to adapt, some never returned for their booked sessions. Al Saks was progressing well, the talk therapy was like the sessions of a grief consultant, each session designed for the subconscious to listen and accept the reality of the conscious state. Sheba's clients' emotions were like acceptance receptors of the brain from the subconscious, corridors of understanding, the reward of listening. Her day job paid the bills, her night job, writing her dark erotic poetry on her antique typewriter—she was dead to the world. She had faked her own death, complete with a funeral. The FBI agents who were after her believed it, and the few who knew she was alive, kept her secret well-guarded. The world she knew, family and friends, all of that she left in the past.

The thought occupied her mind endlessly. The idea of being dead to friends and family was easy here in the forest, but she could not go on this way until she knew the truth of why she had such powers. Maybe she would never know, but until she found answers to her mysterious origin and past, she would be recklessly ruthless. Every inch of her wanted to embrace the danger that came with it. She would find the answers, even if it killed her.

Sheba Blair was stubborn as hell. She could not keep running or change her identity. It was all she had that meant anything to her, and this solitary life, this place—her escape too after the plane crash. Crowded places made her feel nervous, jittery, and dry mouthed. She would rather die than board a plane ever again. Not even a private jet could lure her now.

Olav was dead—her only friend at the stable for retired stallions. There was his personal pride and joy. The other stable hand came in on weekdays and returned to the city on weekends. A maintenance company ran the stable from Vancouver. They were already gone for the weekend. The place was quiet on the weekend, unless there were tours with groups visiting the stables.

This weekend, it was simply void of any workers when Olav fell from the horse. He had insisted it was not Black Silk and that the horse was there in his stable. The horse that disappeared into

thin air was from another time or an invisible world. Sheba had heard of the forest being haunted by the ghosts of the native tribe of Indians, but she had never thought that today was going to be a supernatural day filled with strange encounters. Yet, stranger still was the silent, steady gaze, the shadow, and the real presence of the creature. She caught a glimpse of him and saw he was towering and slender, with a broad, muscular chest. The creature—beast or man—wore a black hood as he stood in the woods looking at her.

As she watched him, he feared that he allowed his emotion to attach itself too soon to her beauty. He quickly disappeared into the forest, fading like a shadow. Sheba was shocked by the strange, glowing blue eyes staring at her. His face was like a wolf, but it captured her heart instantly.

Oh no, this is not happening, she thought. The beautiful man looked to be in his mid-thirties. A black hooded sweater covered his dark blue skin. His nearly transparent outline revealed his muscular, giant body. She could not determine his height in the brief glimpse she caught of this mysterious figure, but she knew that she saw him. She felt chills run down her back. She felt he was watching her, that he was everywhere. How could this be? Stalked by this creature—or man. He was dangerously close as she hurried inside and bolted the cottage door. Living alone can do strange things, especially amidst the legends of the mystical Blackcomb Mountains, the stories told by the local tribes of the hidden ones' emerald caves along the forested slopes. All of it may flow with some truth after all.

Chapter Two

Black Silk's death was mysterious. Sheba had gotten attached to him and had fond memories of rides along the nature trails. She had learned to ride at the age of twelve. Riding was in her blood. At her uncle's ranch on Thousand Island, he had two stallions that she rode sometimes when she was left there on summer holidays while her mom was visiting. Sheba did not like her uncle's temper much, so she had not returned after she turned eighteen. He had passed away two years ago, a year before her mom died. She would always remember that day—the memory that haunted her of her mother at the farm.

Sheba snapped out of her memories as a text came in from Al Saks. He was in Vancouver and coming by to see her on Sunday. He would like to drop in for his final session of talk therapy for his blindness.

During the war in Iraq, he'd served as a Special Forces sniper for the Marines. He'd lost his left eye to an enemy bullet, and damage to his right had left it almost blind as well. He could see partially and sometimes make out faces, but on gloomy days when he was depressed, he couldn't see a thing. That was why his eye doctor had recommended Sheba to him.

He had been seeing her for the past year. Whenever he was at the Fairmount Hotel, he visited, but his business as an investment consultant with Royals from the Arabian Peninsula limited his days off. He spent that time at luxury hotels like the Pacific Rims, as a guest of the Royals. "The Thirty" Special Forces soldiers were the commandos that were visiting the Royals.

Sheba quickly texted back with her reply: *Hope to see you on Sunday. Hope all is well with you. I am doing fine for now.*

Al was from Valley Hills in Norway, a small fishing village. He was the alpha male in his village, he'd told her once, and

alpha males had to take care of their muscle cars. He loved his Jaguars, the sporty, shiny glam cars. He was a collector indeed. After all, making deals for wealthy elite royal businessmen was his profession, and he was damn good at it. He had bought her a stallion as a gift for helping him cope mentally with his fading sight.

Suddenly Sheba heard the sound of the typewriter keystrokes pounding away in the study room. She was alone; the typewriter was working by itself, as if an invisible person were striking the keys. Sheba listened and then, cautiously, approached the antique red typewriter. "The Chicago" was printed on the typewriter in bold gold. Something was striking it hard. Sheba could not believe her eyes—an invisible ghost was pounding away at the keys. It stopped when she entered.

The paper in it came from the red oak desk in her study. She took the paper off the roller. What she saw alarmed her, and a dreaded fear enveloped her mind. "11 a.m.—on the fifth day, blood will spill from a bombed train station. Do not take the train.

Your protector
Prince Suliman"

What the hell? Is this a joke, or am I losing my mind? No, I mean my typewriter is haunted as hell by a creature. Could it be the Prince of Jinns that looks like a man with owl eyes and a wolf face? Is this some kind of prank by the stable boys?

"Where the hell are you? Show yourself!" Sheba shouted angrily, eyes darting nervously around the study room. Feelings of her past resurfaced, and anxiety threatened to overwhelm her safe haven of peace and solitude. She liked her solitary life here, tucked away from the rest of the nosey, insane, chaotic world. Though she was alone, she knew the forest rangers were only a call away... but this was no mortal man. She could feel it now. Shadowy hills held a lot of mystery, but not haunting disturbances of any kind in the town or on the hills and mountains. The Indian reservations were close, but the legends of the shape-shifters in the cedar forest were real.

Sheba nervously picked up the red typewriter from her desk in the study and locked the door on her way out. Her night was

restless. She was looking forward to her freaky weekend as she fell asleep.

Later, the windows to her bedroom opened on their own, the white lace curtains blowing in the cold, gentle breeze. In his human form, Prince Suliman materialized slowly. His breathing was heavy as he edged forward creeping up closer to Sheba. She was in a trance, a deep sleep, a power Prince Suliman had to induce on humans at will while they were asleep. Her long, black hair caught his luminous blue eyes as he gently touched the curly strands with his strong hands. She backed away slowly, breathing softly. She felt safe. As he touched her face, her lips awakened the beast. This gentle creature, whose heart knew the pain and sadness of humans, was gentle but strong. He willed her to wake and see him, her protector. Prince Suliman was there next to her, his hot, panting breath speaking of his passion and desire for her as a woman.

Sheba Blair awakened his sexual desire for her as a human woman. He wanted her to give herself to him. She belonged to him. She had been created for him, his touch woke her. She caught a glimpse of Prince Suliman; he was real, only not in her dimension. He had to find a way to show her he was real a man—an angel to her. He would do anything to save her from this dark world.

She knew he was next to her. Prince Suliman, Prince of the Jinns was her protector. She could feel him as his fingers sensually stroked her curly black hair that spilled over the edge of her pillow. He took the form of a pure-blue fiery man. “I want you to be my mate in my world,” he rumbled. “You must listen to my voice. My predictions are real. I am Prince Suliman. I was brought here to protect a well-guarded tunnel, a secret in the caves where the Red Wolves live. I was given permission to come into your dimension to help humans. We choose to be their protectors upon being called. I’m from the clan of the Shadow People. We are older than man and have lived since the ancient days. It does not make sense to me why I’m called this. I have needs, too.

“I am here to fight the stronger tribes of my own kind who are also invisible to you. I know you were born with the gift to see the invisible. Only time will tell if you can remember how to use it to find me, to see me. The accident with the prince... he

will come here looking for you, but he will find more than he wants to know about his destiny with you. He does not know the danger that will grip his world and him. You are hearing me, and you are not sleeping. You're in a trance; it's the only way I could speak to you.

"Sheba, you possess the gift of the seers. The veil that keeps your race from seeing us is parted for you. You see, smell... dream, feel, and sense us when we are near. Follow Prince Suliman at the hermit huts alongside the lighthouse at the sea resort cliff where we await the orders for our next attack. I am here to follow your heart, and I don't know why. He will be here soon. He is at the Pemberton Stables where Olav worked, where the stable boys are training and grooming his favorite horse in rehab, and the retired stallions are out romping and roaming on the farm. His sight is fading. He can see only with our help, that's why we came with him.

"You can't see the rest of us because we are in different shapes. Some are in Russia; the great Gray and Red Wolves are the enemies of the Prince of Jinns and they are more powerful, but they are also Jinns from the Shadow People clans. They are protecting the forest and the lakes from being poisoned. A great danger is coming to the earth, but I can't say more about their work there. They have their orders, and I have mine where you are concerned.

"Sheba, I'm here as your protector, but if you want to summon me for help, you must call my name, Prince Suliman. I will hear your voice, your panicked cries, and I will be at your side. When you wish me to leave, I must. I will not force you. Your beauty weakens me. Your special gift as a human to see me in your world draws me closer to you... my tribe of the Shadow People lives in the deep valley of the Rockies' valleys shadowed by the caves, and hunts in the Whistler Mountains in the fall. They also love the spring. They will take you from your world. I can't allow that, as I know your work with the blind is humble and good for such humans. We were alive long before humans, but we have joined the others like us to fight this evil here. We work with the kings of the royal family—what's left of them in hiding. We could not save them all. We are like a special unit of assassins, only invisible to most humans. The shamans and other spiritual leaders knows us. We can't reveal much, but we are

given the choice to do well and stop the wars and their deceptions.

“When you awake, you will remember all I have said. I am here for you. Just think of me when you need me. I know this will be confusing, but I am the last messenger of the omen. You are descended from the Queen of Sheba, the heir to The Thirty, an ancient elite mercenary group of special soldiers from King David and his son Solomon. Their invisible descendants possess special shape-shifting powers. The Red Wolves are the fiercest and strongest invisible Shadow People. But their insatiable thirst for human blood wants more war; the feast of the blood makes them stronger shifters. The warriors of the elite group have returned from the time tunnel as time travelers to finish their mission against man. Their powers grow stronger. I took the form of your horse, the black stallion, and your beloved Shadow messenger.

“The Red Wolves are here. They are a very strong race created from the powerful fire of the sun’s core. Older than man, they were once protectors of man like us, but they broke away from the tribes. They became too powerful to control. They began to think they were creators of worlds when they were only beings with special powers. They are shape-shifters and have other powers—they can travel and be at any place on earth in an instant. Corrupted by their power, they became sworn enemies of men though they loved the earth, this world of men, more than their own.

“You are getting weak now. I must leave. My energy is drawing too much from you. You must go...”

Chapter Three

Shadow Dancer

“Tell me what is going on? Why is it so hard for you to accept your blindness? Al, you were doing so fine until last week. What or who is it now, a woman? Who? Who or whatever it is, we can discuss it. You need this last session,” Sheba pleaded with her client, who now had become her friend; his change of mind worried her. “You know, a recent study showed that some experimental drugs like LSD may help blind people regain their sight gradually. Maybe you should think about it.”

“I don’t think it will work with me anyway,” he interrupted with a hint of sarcasm in his voice, “but maybe we should try it together for a ‘good feel.’ Lord knows we both need it.

“Our lives were both ruined, yours by the past that haunts you day and night. I know you are running from a darker past than the one that is waiting for me when I become totally blind.”

“Al, don’t talk like this, it only sinks you further in the darkness, leads you to ‘the trappings of the darkness,’ it’s like a lighthouse gone dark. Be the lighthouse for yourself, Al, and share that light with those you love.”

“That’s just it, Sheba.” Al’s voice trembled over the phone. “I don’t have anyone to connect to that loves me or that will ever love me this way. A blind man ain’t got too many lovers or friends unless they are blind as well.”

“Then it’s a choice you will have to make, Al, and a place you have to travel along because you ought to see the way the blind live and how fulfilling and happy they are. Not because they can see with their inner eyes. Al, think about your future and the changes you have to make to adjust to bring you the comfort you need. I promise I will be here if you need me; it’s all I can do.”

“Sheba, I will be ok, you have done much to help me accept my blindness. I hope one day I can have the courage to accept it.”

Sheba ignored his ignorance on the matter of the proven effects of LSD on the blind. He was immovable, set in his ways. A hedge fund consultant, he was visiting for the gay festival that was on her birthday this weekend. He had flown in his friend’s private jet to enjoy golf and horseback riding at the stables at his elite clients’ request, but he’d wanted to do a session on the phone about his sight. He did not want his clients to know of his blindness, and it was a burden—very much so today.

“I can’t tell you why all the time. Sheba, you have to give me the comforting words I need to hear. I don’t hear them now. All I hear is your concern about me not telling my close clients. For God’s sake, I am a private hedge fund consultant. They don’t have to know my medical records, especially not now when we are closing in on a deal to buy the Farm Stables and a ski resort. I am closing the deal this weekend. Besides, this deal is my last, then I may just do the vanishing act for good.”

He breathed heavily into the phone. “I will be ok, my lovely Sheba. I will just be a phone call away, I promise, and stop worrying about me, it’s not what I am paying you to do, my sweetie. Get some rest, go shopping, go clubbing, for God’s sake, woman, get some sex in there too. Then you can tell me all about it when I visit you for my next session. Live a little, you got perfect sight, use it, Sheba, find your love, open your arms and let him in.”

“Ok ok, that’s enough, Romeo. Bye. I will take your advice if you do mine. Deal?” Sheba challenged Al.

“Deal,” Al said. “My, Sheba you do crave romance,” Al teased. “Well, I must go, talk soon. I’ll see you soon.” His voice dived low, a hint of a sadness seeping into it.

Sheba sensed a very disturbing depression coming through her client’s voice. “Okay,” she said at last. “I will give your ears what you need to hear. You don’t have to tell them anything. Just stay away from the sun. Stay in the shade, and don’t read anything today. Can you do that? At least for a day!”

Sheba’s sarcasm seeped through as she rubbed her forehead in annoyance. She felt strangely weak.

“Yes, okay, I can do that,” he said calmly.

“Okay, then I will call you later on today. Okay?” said Sheba.

“Yes, sure, bye.” He tried his best to sound strong, but Sheba knew he would be in tears before the day was done. He’d show up at her door if he could drop his ego somewhere on the golf course. His clients were royals, elite businessmen. Sheba got that part, but she could not understand why he was afraid of making his impending blindness public. He was finding it difficult to shake the shame off. She knew it would become an uphill battle—and then a downhill battle of depression if he did not come to terms with his shame about his medical condition. His unwillingness to face it could lead him to a crippling depressive state that would almost certainly end in suicide. Of course, that might be just what he had planned.

Sheba closed her eyes and saw a flash of blinding light that resolved into visions of him. Her client exploded in midair as his red Bugatti sports car was shattered by a bomb. It had arrived in a package, a gift from one of his golf buddies and business associates. She somehow heard this message as it was whispered in her ears. Sheba knew she was not dreaming now.

She could see *him* slowly appearing before her. His deep, throaty voice held a hint of concern as he spoke in whispered tones in her ear. His breath was icy cold, his eyes a sad, glowing dark blue that held a soft, compassionate look. He was brutally athletic and muscular. He stalked toward her naked, a man with lean, lengthy limbs, sexy biceps, breathtaking dark-blue satin skin. His strange owl-like eyes gazed at her tenderly as he towered over her. A swirling, gentle, warm wind whipped silently, bringing her his scent of eucalyptus oil and mountain trees. His satin skin and wings shimmered with a hauntingly blue ominous glow.

Sheba thought he was a ghost. She was used to seeing them hovering around her, but this creature was no human ghost. He was an unknown creature from the forested “Shadow Mountains,” as the locals called them. “Please don’t hurt me! I don’t care if you’re here, but why? I can see you are real, but hell only knows why you’re here. Please, I’m begging you,” Sheba protested with fear for her life as she bolted out the door, stumbling as she fled. The hardwood cedar floor was wet and slippery, but she quickly scrambled up and ran in fear.

She was picking up his comforting telepathic thoughts. She could feel him pleading with her to stop running as unseen hands pushed her. She fell close to a boulder but luckily missed it by an inch. She struggled to loosen her stiff legs and stand. Before she could, an incredible hand picked her up. She bolted, heading for the safety of the horse stable, needing to ride away from this creature, Prince of Jinns. She did not trust her feelings for this mysterious, strangely gentle half-man.

Sheba reached the stables panting, her eyes darting around as she heard the creepy heavy breathing beside her in the airy stables. She felt many eyes on her at once, sending a shiver up her spine. Her hair whipped up, swirling wildly in a sudden cold breeze. Dusk was approaching fast as ominous clouds covered the golden sunset over Whistler Lake, a mile away from the red cottage.

Sheba mounted a flying black stallion that glimmered in the fading light. As she took off, she felt herself lifted suddenly by strong arms. The presence of a horse rode next to her stallion, and her mount slowed down and then bucked, galloping wildly. She was thrown into the air, but as she fell, his arms were already securing her. The strong pillars of his gripping arms held her tightly against his heavy beating chest. The heart of the creature beat like that of a mortal man, but he was not. She must not forget his nature. He was a beast, not a human.

His breath came in gasps as he rode with Sheba. She collapsed into his arms. She could hear but not see where she was going. He rode up a rough trail, deeper into the forested mountain where he lived in a cottage hanging over a cliffside. This was his home for now, an abandoned cottage. He put her down gently on the wooden floor of the empty cottage filled with the eerie echoes of howling wolves.

Sheba could hear their mournful howling as it came closer to the cottage. Prince of Jinns Suliman was swirling into a vortex of wind and bluish light that brightened the entire cottage. Flying through the air in a combat attachment he swooped down like an eagle and circled the wolves like a falcon. He cornered the black wolves and tightened his powerful grip around the neck of one of the wolves while he kept his eyes on the other that crept up slowly. It menacingly snarled at Sheba as she backed away slowly. Sheba reached out for the fire pit tongs. The black wolf

spoke to her. "I don't want to kill you," he said in Russian as he fled the scene. *No use killing this lone woman, we need more female humans.* The huge, thick, black-coated wolves of Russia were shape-shifters as well, and they were hunting the women, but Sheba was given time. He told his packs and the red wolves that the human was the Prince of Jinns and the woman was a seer. "We don't kill seer humans, they can see our world and we can fall in love with those that see us." The woman was his and he had chosen to be her protector. He had travelled this far in the mountains of Whistler to reach her, and he refused to let her go this way. She needed him and had much left to do.

The red wolves tore the neck of the black Russian wolf. "You were supposed to kill her, she will get very powerful soon, she is evolving! He revealed to her the truth of her origin, her blood, her DNA. He will activate and she will share our powers. The humans can't know about the power transformation, we only give it to the humans we choose and have power over. They are slaves of us. The war must continue, it's their destiny, the earth is our home too but we will not share it with them anymore."

"You can't win this war," declared the dying, bleeding black Russia wolf. "Sheba and Prince Suliman will fight you because you have betrayed your clans."

Prince Suliman ripped their necks apart. In the form of wolves, they were stronger but not as skilled or as quick as he was in combat. He was a trained commando killer from his clan. This earth also belonged to the Shadow People, the invisible clan. Their strong ties with the humans must be kept a secret, and those who protected the secret knew that meant wars with the humans.

Alongside his shape shifting abilities, his human nature was intensified by his strong feelings for Sheba. He was already protecting her. She was chosen. She belonged to him, maybe in his world, but not here. She had to find answers to her questions too, she would never accept him as the beast he was. She knew Prince Suliman's wish and longed, more than ever now, to live among the humans in peace, but the others would not accept the pact that had been made. They would not stop the war against humans even if they had to possess them to get them to create a war of genocide. They pitted the humans against each other. The

war was coming, bringing with it the end of any kind of hope for peace with humans. The bloody battle ahead had already begun.

The wolves were entering this world through the vortex hidden in the glaciers deep in the forest. He was under attack; it was time to call his tribe for help. The flying Prince of Jinns powers would be stronger after he summoned the Shadow People. The hidden ones appeared silently in the room. They took to their wings as they raised their swords in the air and flew up to the roof of the cottage—and disappeared. *They won't help me*, he thought. They were testing his strength, his feelings for this human woman.

Sheba listened, growing less weak. Her strength was returning, yet she could not see the beings. She only heard them speaking in a strange, ancient-sounding language. She could not hear clearly the growling of wolves, though their smell was inching closer. The fight began anew in the cottage, the revenge twisted at every attack had more wolves coming in from the caves. They entered from their world into this world through the secret portals at many locations in the inner deep mountains that must be closed. Their earths, their world. Only the Prince of Jinns had the power to close the portals of the red wolves, hidden in the caves guarded by their clan.

Sheba got to her feet while her protector—the creature that looked almost like a man—was battling with the wolves, tearing their necks apart. She could not watch. It was too unreal. She felt she had been chosen to see what normal human eyes could not, but she did not want to return to her childhood of seeing ghosts and the invisible.

“No more,” Sheba said under her breath as she ran as fast her feet would carry her. Her ankle snapped as she fell. One of the wolves pounced, landing on her chest. As it was about to tear her limbs apart, the Prince of Jinns yanked it away and tore it to pieces. He flung the shredded corpse miles away in the mountains. This man had some sort of supernatural power. As she watched, she knew she was dealing with an old, advanced, invisible species that was here to protect her—at least, this one was. She could feel it in her beating heart. He was saving her at every step of her waking life. He would be there to protect her against any danger she faced.

She got up and looked him straight in the eye, her breath catching at the sight of the glowing, dancing blue fire. His eyes searched hers with deep concern. "I want you, to stay away from me and my home. The red wolves are your problem not mine," she said. "This cursed magic, whatever it is, does not belong here. I do not belong to you. Whatever you are. I want you to leave so that whatever followed you here will leave. I came here for peace, to be left alone from the rest of the world, and to work with very special, needy blind people. All I ask is to be left alone. Now, I am going back to my cottage, my home. Don't follow me or enter my home. I will know if you do, even though I can't see you, okay? Answer me. Promise me!" Sheba screamed. She slapped him, but he did not flinch.

He loved this woman's strong, warm body and soul, he knew, she belonged to no other than him and he would keep a watch on her as day turned to night; he would stay by her side; she was in danger.... Clouded by his admiration for her strength and his growing desire, he had invaded her privacy without giving her a say in the matter. As he turned to walk away, he paused to look at her with tears in his eyes. "I wish I could give you what you ask of me, but you are not the only one in danger. Many people are going to die in different places and times, and you will be the only one with the prince that will be able to save them."

"Lies! Please stop... I don't want to hear anymore. I know it's you on the typewriter, trying to make me think it's haunted or that I am losing my mind. No more games. I will not allow you anywhere close to me or my home. I don't need your protection," she snapped at him.

He knew she needed time to accept him as her protector, but when he opened his mouth to speak, Sheba shouted harshly, "Enough! No more. I can't listen to your lies."

She lowered her voice so it was filled with husky honey. "I don't even know the prince you speak of. I wish you would just return to where you came from. Just... don't follow me home. Stay away."

"Sheba, who's telling a lie now? Huh?" the Prince of Jinns said angrily. He shot her a glare, but his eyes were filled with hurt and lust for her. He could not hide from her scorned stares.

Disappointed, he retreated to lick his wounds and soothe his wounded feelings for her.

As he slowly vanished from her world into his, he said, “I will let you go for now. But I will return to you, Sheba.” He sent her a stern warning and a promise.

She could hear his hateful thoughts toward her. She wanted him to kill her or hate her. A creature not human was her protector? Either way. *From another world*, she scoffed. Surely, she must be losing her mind. What was crazy was that she actually was attracted to him... what if he was, too?

Too freaky. She smiled and then giggled at the thought. She conjured up an image of his strikingly sexy body, enjoying it even with the knowledge that he wasn’t human.

#

Sheba is a stubborn, cruel, and dangerous bitchy woman. His thoughts tormented him with lies. She was hiding her true beauty deep inside, caging it and punishing herself. She was a strange woman—one he did not want to get closer to. He had not chosen her; she had chosen him.

The lies continued as he returned to his cave. The storm gathered, the omen of his feelings for this woman weakened, his Jinn power losing its strength from being too long on this earth, visible in the human world. The gathering of his tribe awaited him, but even as he went to them, his beating human heart knew he would not give her up. Not now. He needed Sheba Blair, the woman who called him from his world to protect her. She would understand in time what she was and why she couldn’t fight what this creature wanted or needed from her. Sheba was a strong woman, a seer. Her sniper skills and training were a bit rusty, but her soul connected with Prince Suliman heart. What was he after? Whatever it was, she felt he wanted something from her that she could not give yet. The magnetic pull of his sensuality drew her body and mind closer to him.

I will know soon enough, she thought. *He will return soon.* In her bed, she whispered, “He wants something ... and I must know why he wants me.”

Chapter Four

At the rehab stables, the management crew was baffled by strange occurrences in the retired stallion's stable. There was a dead silence, and the smell of death permeated the air. They were all gone... spirited away or attacked by the Red Wolves. Ominous signs that the horse had bolted made it seem as though he had simply disappeared, worrying the stable groomers even more. They immediately sent out a search party made up of local jockeys in the area and even called in the Rockies troopers. Strangely, they were not found.

The Red Wolves had rounded them up and slashed their necks. The horses had been defenseless, unable to see their attackers from the Red Wolves' invisible world. The Indian tribes told legends of times gone by when spirited away animals had known Shadow People. They took the creatures to their portal vortex lair in the dark emerald cave from which the fire spirits were said to enter our dimension. They slipped in and out from their world into this world, hunting the local folks.

The darkness was closing in. Sheba felt weak with desire and was afraid to get over her fears and her mistrust. Her dear friend, and client, was at the golf course, having a great time and feeling sorry for himself, while strange wolf creatures were attacking her.

Sheba woke in her bed that morning, thinking it had all been a dream. She wondered why the world was eerily silent. She needed time to understand the reality of this portal: a doorway for human-like creatures with owl eyes, blue skin, and giant man-shaped bodies. Creatures who could also fly like birds yet shape-shift into wolves. Other alien beings, unknown to humans. The tribal legends were true. They had revealed themselves. It was clear that this creature was here to protect her. She could feel

his concern for her and knew that he intended only to help her—but why?

They would be here soon. They would return. Sheba knew she could see them. She was not going to let him near her cottage, too risky. She would call the trooper in the area for help. The typewriter was back in the living room on the coffee table next to the window.

“This is the way,” a voice said. She recognized it as the throaty, mysterious voice of the creature she’d met. The Jinn! He was in her bedroom, invading Sheba’s thoughts.

“In my world, I am called Prince Suliman.”

“Stop it! Okay, I’m freaking out here.” This was getting disturbingly scary. Suddenly the banging of the typewriter began again. “Stop it! I know you are doing it.”

Suliman glared at her panting like the beast he was. He could not bear to see her running away from him. Sheba went into the office study room where her old, dusty bookshelves stood with rare, valuable books given to her by her uncle Shem. His estate at Shim Lock Hills in Suffolk County, New York, was a scenic, mysterious place with an old lighthouse perched up high looking over the cliff. He’d left the estate to her in his will, though her memories of him were cloudy. Though the estate was hers, she had not yet gone there—and was not sure if she would move in any time soon. The management staff was looking after the horse farm and Ranch Hikers Inn, a haven for nature seekers and campers who flocked to the Inn twice a year during the summer and fall. She was not yet willing to move to the private estate property. She was just settling down in this small lakeside town in the mountains of Vancouver. As she enjoyed the pleasure and seductive calm beauty of the sloping valley hills, she could smell the fire of chaos closing in but it did not bother her at all, she was done running from her fears, and it was time to face the demons of her past that threatened her future.

Legend said that Shadow People lived in caves hidden behind the waterfalls along the nearby airy mystery of the Candlewood hiking trail. It was a place Sheba did not want to think about—not now—but it was an escape route from all this madness and creepiness as the darkness deepened, keeping its secrets among the red wolves, howling at the icy, swirling windy evening’s slowly darkening skies. The ominous warnings

permeated the air rushing through Sheba's lungs, her heartbeat drumming alarmingly, her eagerness to escape jumping at her thoughts to know why she must be the one. "Why me?" she muttered to herself. "I'm basically the most selfish person on the planet but I guess someone out there that watches over me does not agree with me. The blessings of the cursed gift, the irony is 'life' is not the struggle. It doesn't matter, it'll all be over soon. I hope."

Sheba sucked in the air and exhaled slowly, gazing sadly in the distance as her protector stood in the distance, hidden, needing her, wanting to comfort her troubled thoughts.

"I know I'm not losing my mind speaking to myself again." Suddenly, the typewriter stopped after it had spit out dates and omens. She read chilling events that predicted doom. "Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Tampa, Long Island, Manhattan, Auckland, Denmark, Norway wherever signs say 'no guns allowed,' bloody day, a group of professional ghost serial killers mass murderers, murdering sociopaths, stop them."

This was getting weirder. "I don't work undercover as a secret agent," she said as she flung the crumpled paper into the wastebasket next to the haunted red typewriter.

"You need to listen," he said in a protective tone.

Caught off guard, Sheba shouted, "Leave me alone! Please, I'm having a bad day and a hard time catching my breath. Give me a break! You are invading my privacy."

"I will not leave. You are angry with me... and you should be, but I'm here for you."

"Stop it! You are not even human!" Sheba screamed at him.

"I'm your protector," his voice thundered through her room. Sheba felt a sense of warmth and protection, like an invisible blanket to keep her body warm on this unusually chilly night. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, the sound of heavy boots climbing toward her room. Sheba bolted her door, but Prince Suliman appeared like a hologram. She gave a startled gasp and realized he was in his real form, solid, and close enough to hear her breathing. He gazed at her, her beauty softened, slowing down his blinks—fantastic, midnight blue, starry owl eyes that disarmed her. He lured her closer, using his magical magnetic power to draw her to his beating chest. She could feel the fire deep inside his chest, burning for her.

Sheba felt helpless, pressed there against his chest. He hungrily parted her lips with his throbbing tongue, taking her mouth and sucking the air from her lungs. She weakened, unable to think clearly. He drained her energy, and her body felt limp in his arms. She was under his spell. He tore through her soul and stole her icy heart. His slender, unbearably sexy, strange glowing body revealing his blue satin skin that shifted colors like plasma. He was made of hard planes and rigid muscle; a perfect specimen of a male in his thirties, not a man... more than a man... hybrid human alien... what was he?

He inched closer cautiously as she stumbled, backing away. She did not make it far before he was there, taking her in his arms once again. Only this time, he kissed her on her forehead gently and, in a haunting voice, said, "I listen to your thoughts. I am here now." His nose, perfectly straight like a bird's beak, was buried in her curly black, waist-length hair.

She realized with a start that he was slowly fading away as he withdrew and stood against the open window. The lacy white curtain caressed his body as a strong wind strangely picked up. His gaze scrolled along her body and lingered on her full, kissable lips. His glistening eyes filled with tears as he whispered, "There are things you don't accept about who you are. We will discuss more about who I am and why I must protect you. To feed your curiosity, I'll tell you just a bit more about me. I'm a plasma being from the race of Jinns. I am from another world, I can shape-shift... and, yes, we live in this world. I can only shape-shift with wings like an angel. Sometimes I'm mistaken for an angel or an owl man—sometimes even an alien. I can fly and become invisible even to humans who can see me. You will never choose to see us as you once did. We walk among humans. You are one of the gifted humans with powers like us. You can see other worlds. Your instincts and your senses work like ours. You are a hybrid human. Someone in your bloodline was from our race. That is all I can say."

He paused, though she did not know if he was trying to gauge her reaction. Finally, he said, "Evil is constant. Like darkness, it pulls us closer, devouring us like a black hole swallows light. The dark, unknown universe of time and invisible worlds. We are more than human—not angels, but they have the powers like angels, they even can appear like them. We have enemies among

our clans. Some are more powerful, like the Red Wolf clan. They are shape-shifters who come to feed on fear. They smell the fear in humans, and they are addicted to human blood. They crave it. They hunger for the high it gives them, just like human meth addicts. They are from my world but can enter this earth dimension. They can—and will—conquer; they are bloodthirsty beings who make a sport of killing humans. The red wolves of the earth are shape-shifters, and revenge is a game they play with humans lured into their trap.”

“Yeah,” Sheba interrupted, “well, keep the rest of your sob story to yourself because I think *you* are my demon, speaking to me, trying to lure me into your darkness—or maybe make me lose my mind. So, please, if you are what you say you are, leave me in peace. Leave my home, and don’t return!” Sheba screamed.

He fell silent and stared sadly as he sprouted wings, revealing yet more of his hidden mysterious supernatural powers, half-man and half-bird powers from the window. Sheba felt safer the moment he left. She ran toward the window and secured the latch, exhaling heavily. She jumped, her shoulders tensing when the typewriter began banging away again. This time, she simply locked the study’s oak door, and the typing halted.

In the silence that followed, she picked up her diary and wrote: *Haunted by Shadow People, what a weird day!* She recorded the details of the events, noting the true hauntings she experienced as a seer. Her pen stopped at the sound of the doorbell.

Finally! She thought. It was about time her client finally decided to come.

When she opened the door, a mountain trooper stood in the doorway. “Sorry to bother you,” he said with his hat in his hands. “Good evening, Miss Sheba. We got calls about some wolves sighting in the area close by the woods and the horse rehab stables. We are checking up on the resorts and the group hikers camping out in the mountain trails. The wolves can attack humans any time they invade their path in search of food. We have been getting numerous calls from the vacationers in the huts and resorts.”

When she didn't speak, he cleared his throat. "And the cottages in this area. Did you hear anything?" His eyes darted back and forth between her eyes.

"No, Officer, I didn't see or hear anything. But thanks for checking in. Okay, have a good evening."

The trooper clamped his hat back on his head and tipped it respectfully. "We are just a phone call away if you see any strange animals. You know wolves and panthers hunt in these woods, but don't worry. We haven't had an attack yet. If you don't mind me asking, how long have you been living here—or are you on vacation?"

"I moved here recently, about six months ago."

"We will check back in on you next week, you take care now."

"Ok, I will."

The trooper left heading towards the cemetery entrance. But there he was, the creature at the entrance to her walkway among the cedar trees. He looked like a tall shadow next to her cottage, but she knew it was the creature. The Jinn spoke telepathically, whispering, *Sheba, I'm here to protect you.*

Rather than calming her, the telepathic message chilled her blood and sent her heart racing. He'd said he was there to protect her, and she could clearly communicate with him telepathically, but this was scary.

You can fight me all you like, but I will not abandon my mission for you and with you. Your soul, your spirit calls me. Prince Suliman voice caressed her mind like a whisper in her ears.

Sheba freaked out; in her solitary peace taken from her so soon... She avoided the future of her destiny because her past haunted her. In these isolated mountains where bears and strange wolves were sighted all the time, she could use this sort of protection until she figured out who or what wanted to harm her—and why.

Maybe it was her past.

Chapter Five

Revenge in death. Supernatural beings, watchers of our world, have chosen to end the human race. Invisible doors opened for Sheba, who used to be a rat catcher of bloody corrupted humans, not unseen parallel inter-dimensional creatures. Though she couldn't see them, she could sense the Red Wolves. They were stalking the perimeter of her cottage, stinking of revenge. It was baffling. Why her? Did they know about her past as an undercover agent? God knows she'd killed the bad guys. Did they care?

Prince Suliman whispered in her ear, telepathically, "Destiny is like common faith. Blood ties can be as unyielding as loyalty against betrayal, love against hate. A person's true destiny can be revealed only by their faith in who they are—and who they need to be. You have a destiny with the prince, you've both got a past you may want to forget, but I know you want to forget the past of the prince which haunts you in this war. The royal family line was assassinated. He believes death is a second chance for reunion. He was given that chance when you saved his life when the plane crashed. You were both saved for a purpose together. He lost everything he knew, everyone he loved and cared for. His home, his people—dead. He vowed to never be anyone with an identity.

"When he came here, he took the name of his best friend, who had died in the plane crash. He was not royal blood anymore. He wanted to be a warrior who can save others. He works as the innkeeper for the hunting lodge and takes care of the sick, retired horses in the rehab stables. His skills are many, but his heart is frozen. Soon, he will come."

"Ok ok, I'm aware of his presence here at the stables; been keeping my distance. I know who he is, I'm not scared of him or what he can do to me," Sheba frowned.

“When he does, he will want answers about why you do not recognize him. It’s true that the deep, wedged scars on his face and nose make him look repulsive, but the true problem is that beauty is gone from his heart as well. He needs you for the task ahead. Your destiny is tied to his, and your past wove it this way. It is beyond our powers to stop what is coming. The war is happening; you will find a way to work together. This is why you live, Sheba. It’s why I am here to guide you and to protect you both.”

“Please no more, I don’t need to hear this.” Sheba’s trembling voice could not hide the guilt of her dark past as an undercover agent she could not go back to her work; it’s the reason why she left to live here, but her past seemed to have followed her. He materialized cautiously, hoping not to spook her in the darkness. His glowing body warmed hers as he inched closer. He held her in his arms tenderly, and she did not struggle. For once, she felt safe. She felt divinely safe as she rested her head on his strong, muscular human arms and closed her eyes.

She said softly, “I am glad you are my protector. I feel safe right now, right here in your arms.” As she closed her eyes, she felt his lips brush hers as sensuality awakened.

He whispered in her ear, “I’m your true soul protector if it’s what you need to know. That’s why I am here for you. Don’t doubt my loyalty, and I will be always with you. But, I must leave. I will be gone from your world—but call my name if you need me—for a month your time. In my world, there is no time. Time is an illusion that man created for himself to give him purpose.”

He let her go slowly and then disappeared. Tears sprang, unbidden, to her eyes, and an invisible finger wiped her tears away. “The prince is not the one that will save you,” he cautiously warned her, annoyingly, in a jealous tone.

She fell into a deep sleep. The soft stroking of her hair and the sound of the typewriter banging away disturbed her dreams. When she woke, she grabbed her black diary and scrambled, breathing hard with excitement, to record the dates and times of the tragic events. Sheba’s healing broken ankle slowed her down, limping, then... a sudden dizzy spell and she stumbled down the flight of stairs and fell unconscious. The typewriter stopped abruptly. Sheba’s body floated slowly in the air as Prince

Suliman materialized into his full human body. His strong arms held her like a ragdoll as he held her against his beating chest. He carried her back upstairs and lay her down on the bed in her bedroom. He touched her feet lightly, massaging gently as he healed her broken ankle before covering her body with her black shawl. There was no escaping her destiny. Her fate was his.

The war was heating up the Red Wolves; shape-shifters who knew she was the one chosen by Sheba's Protector, the others would be watching his next move with her. He had to be careful not to show weakness for her as a woman although he felt his heart was weakening as love claimed him. His heart was off limits, caged and dead. His beastly, secret sexual desire while awaiting her was overwhelmingly confusing. How could he ever explain it all to her?

His manhood stiff with lust desire, he fled... It was amazing, but an obsessive burden. Thinking about sex. Men were sexual in nature, as the Shadow People from his tribe. They knew that falling in love did not matter, the protectors who even thought about falling in love with a human woman kept it secret. If any of his brothers ever had, they had hidden it well. The worst part was that they always had to watch the humans die on earth. For men, he mused; sexual lust and desire combined with love must be the hardest thing to control. If they ever "aced" it in their short lifespan, they were stifled by the limits of their nature as humans in a dark, cruel world of pain, where everything was designed to kill or to be killed. The world was filled with wounds, betrayal, and guilt that haunted their wakefulness and their sleep. When their hearts were broken, they just destroyed everything—and everyone—in their path. The caged beast of man, indeed, was not seen in his looks, but he felt it hidden deep inside. It fed on the darkness of one's soul in an intimate way. If only they could see the enemy within as Sheba, the gifted seer, could.

#

Sheba was like a doll collector, listening to people's minds. Hearing their secret thoughts was a gift and a curse. Still, she could not penetrate the Jinnman's thoughts of her unless he allowed her. Not that she cared to know his thoughts, she mused. In her own little corner, she was on the run from the people that

had hurt her, yet the harm that was coming her way did not exist in Prince Suliman world through the strange time vortex portal.

In this world, only his presence at her side kept her safe. Here in her red cottage by the river mouth with the breathtaking, snow-capped mountains and the ancient cedar forest, the caves in the mountains hid the Red Wolves' den. They stalked the night in deadly, silent rage, looking for the right time to attack. Their leader was approaching. Soon, the night sky would show the bright-red dwarf star, pulsating and signaling the approach of the alien gods. Their return might never happen. The stories were just a scare tactic of the Red Wolf men. Liars who knew how to trick the humans into fake illusions. But, this time, the mysterious protector knew it could happen in the not-so-distant future.

Prince Suliman watched her sleep, knowing she might not remember the fall when she awakened. He did not regret healing her. She was worth it; her human kindness and the work she did touched his human heart with love. At once, she sat up with a chilling scream. She sprang from the bed and cringed at the pain that radiated from her recently healed ankle. She remembered the fall—but how had she gotten into bed? “Prince Suliman, did you do this?” she accused. “You could have killed me! Did that not occur to you? If you want my trust, answer me.”

He searched her eyes for a hint of feelings for him, but all he saw was disgust. It pained him to look at her. *Answer her*, he told himself.

She saw tears in his blue, glistening eyes. This creature actually was half-man, she realized with a start. At least, his feelings were—or was this a trick to get her to trust him to let him protect her? But from what? She had many enemies, dead ones mostly. Maybe a few unsettled ghosts lingering around in the study room where the typewriter sat quietly.

Without answering, he disappeared and left her to think about the way she had thanked him for saving her. She was alone again nursing a broken ankle, it must have been the Protector. He had been spying on her. Maybe he was a secret hitman. It certainly made more sense than his story of a mysterious, invisible race known as Jinns.

But then why am I still alive?

“Why?” Sheba said aloud, knowing he wouldn’t have gone far. “Are you here? Why me? I’m not scared of you. I see ghosts all the time!” When he appeared again, Sheba watched him with a steady gaze. Her harsh tone cracked as sudden deep feelings of attraction for him surged inexplicably. She didn’t understand it, but that was what he felt as well. Thoughts were flying between them as they communicated silently. What else could he be doing in her room? She felt overwhelmed and weakened by his nature, this creature knew how to make her feel good as a woman. His hands glided up through her cotton dress exposing her erect rosebud nipples. Intense heat was building. As she leaned against his broad, magnetic, sexy chest, Sheba was rendered limp by her desire. Her passion grew fiercer for his lovemaking. Whether it was wrong or right, her protector was melting her icy heart.

#

In the morning, the sunrise hit the window, blinding her view of the mountain’s jogging and bike trails. She had to visit her client on his last day at the golf course. She had to tell him the truth about his visions—if she could still walk without pain in her ankle. As she stood, her ankle felt strangely painless. It was bruised purple, yet she felt no pain. Sheba knew it was *him*—Prince Suliman, Sheba’s protector and her torment. Sheba was in tears; her gut was telling her she would be foolish to put her trust in him.

Chapter Six

At the Majestic Cedar Falls

Along the horse hiking trails behind Sheba's red stone cottage, lay a breathtakingly beautiful sloping valley with a view of the lake falls. There, an ominous old cemetery sprouted from the ground, shielded by old red oak and cypress near a rose garden Sheba loved. She was the caretaker of the budding roses gracing the memorial tombstone in memory of Prince Damien's wife, Mena Yasser, and their son Ali Yasser. She had been known by her maiden name as she descended from the line of the Yasser tribal clan family of Gaza, though she'd been born in England forty years ago. Her parents had fled their war-torn country, leaving family and friends behind to escape the land wars of the Jews and Arabs. Damien's wife and son were a disturbing reminder to Sheba of her past ghosts. She went to the cemetery to honor their memory but also to find answers to the mystery that surrounded Damien's wife's death.

#

While Sheba went about her day, another person visited the unmarked graves. She'd hardly gotten to know Damien while they were working on a secret, high profile case, investigating corruption and oil spills. They had been sworn to secrecy, vowing to keep the names in vaults where the information was now hidden from the public view. But one day soon, bullets would have their names on them—they would come from the governments they had once worked with. It was a reality Sheba lived with and had grown to accept. It was the fate of most special agents like her and Prince Damien.

He was her enemy now, though she was not sure why. The soldier of death had an axe to grind. He was a trained, cold-blooded killer, after all. Revenge was in his blood. His record led to a dark past and close links with high-profile militant leaders and financiers, supporters of terror cells. His relentless mind haunted her lone visits to the graves. Watching her, waiting for his turn for revenge. For the day she would beg him to free her from her tortured mind, her guilt will destroy her then. Even being this close to her—knowing she was so close yet so far—the prince spit in disgust on her black roses next to his family grave; it made his hateful, raging heart thirst for revenge.

And yet, she intrigued and amazed him. He would rather die than feel anything but hatred for Sheba Blair, his security agent. She had been responsible for the fire that had claimed his entire family; he had doubted she was capable. That doubt had grown from the feelings he had for her. She had a warm heart and an infectious, lovable personality. Nothing in her was cold except her job.

Despite his uncertainty, he believed his security. They were the ones who protected him with their lives. Why would they lie to him? All he knew was that he must search for the truth in the fortress of lies Sheba had built around her. His brother, Rashid, was alive to seal the deal and carry out the coup in his country. With his army of princes and loyal commandos, they would overthrow the old family rival in the Gulf State to usher in the new. The younger princes create the havoc, divide and rule, armed to spread their visions of the future.

His wife and his infant son were dead because of *her*. The only woman in this world he'd given his heart to, only to be taken from him, leaving him bitter, bruised, and broken. His icy heart had died with her, but he lived on in rage, driven by thoughts of that day when he would meet Sheba face-to-face once again. She would die by his hands slowly. He would betray her heart and gain her trust, Prince Damien swore under his breath. With loathing, he whispered, "I'll make that fucking bitch scream while begging me to spare her life." He sealed his promise to the tombstone in the cemetery with a smile, his pressed lips widening.

His patience was running dry as the memory of his beautiful wife and son haunted him day and night. His adrenaline rose as

he watched Sheba from his hilltop ranch windows with a bird's eye view of her small red cottage. Listening to his dark thoughts and plans widened his stiff smile into a grin. *I will enjoy gaining her trust while breaking her heart*, he thought as he watched her with a scornful look. His dead heart felt like it might betray his purpose as Sheba's exotic, sexy form lured his body and awakened his mind, stirring his emotions for a woman he should hate.

The cold, icy breath of winter whipped ominously and relentlessly. Damien, once a prince in a rich desert city, had become a fugitive and a widower. He lurked behind Sheba's cottage in a small, enclosed hanging garden memorial cemetery a stone's throw away from Sheba's rose garden. He stood at the grave and watched her for two months, every night at the same time, 10 p.m. Living this close to her he observed her every move, spying on her through his telescope from his study room. Her midnight-black silk lacy nightwear did not move him in any way, his passion was gone for a woman, any woman. He sat at midnight, pouring out his bleeding heart; he wrote his nightly romantic poetry to his dead wife.

#

Sheba's Glock 9mm—kept sandwiched between two of her well-loved detective authors books on the rosewood bookshelf in her bedroom—was visible through the window to anyone lurking outside the cottage. It was Sheba's preferred gun, an FBI secret agent's best friend.

"Woof, yeah, that's my pet, my dog," Sheba said to the invisible spirits that haunted her cottage. "You hear that, Prince of Jinns, I know you can hear me wherever you are." Sheba's tension rose in her honey voice. "I don't need your protection. I got my own." She was in a fighting mood. The Prince of Jinn unseen... His fire for her drifting in her erotic energy realm, disturbed his mind. This was a human woman who was chosen, and he was only on a mission here to help a dying race deceive itself into the pitiful abyss of their own doing. They were their own enemies. Sheba was going to change the mission, he could feel that her powerful heart could weaken him to do as she wished. She was stubborn and she loved her world; if only she

knew the earth was not for humans, that it was a mistake. Humans may have been a grave mistake, the clean-up was overdue, it was time. How could he ever show her the truth or even ask her to accept her fate without really giving her a chance to fight. He must help her and her kind to see their fate in fighting. It is a useless fight they must do soon if they are to survive the end when it comes; they will not know it was better, they did not know this war is their final battle.

As the lunar eclipse of the blood moon loomed in view, the diamond vortex of the cave tunnel in the Whistler Mountains was activated. The picturesque resort town had no clue of the war the Wolves were about to unleash. Their demented howling grew louder in confusion and bestial rage. In total despair, the red creatures awakened in the cave and tunnels of Silver Castle, the abandoned castle in the rocky Blue Mountains riddled with secret tunnels.

An ancient warrior and his family had once lived there, legend said. The old Indian leader told stories of the King of the Unseen Shadow People who had escaped his master. He had fled from the temple in the east, where a powerful king kept him as a slave to build his temple and fight his wars for him. He had come here to live, and only the Indian tribe leader was skilled in the art of entering the trance zone state that would open the portal and allow the shadow king to appear. The leader would ask him to stay away from the castle and its tunnels.

The White Wolves gathered in circles to stand guard against the roaming Red Wolves alongside the great White Owls that were the messengers of doom and protectors, the escorts for the souls of the dead. One White Owl was the king himself. He guided any he chose to enter his inter-dimensional world in the tunnel where the blue race of half-man, half-angels lived. The invisible shape-shifters were the race that came before man, hybrid warriors made of fire and hidden away.

The Red Wolves were about, chasing their prey and attacking the cottage. The great White Owl, Prince Suliman, spread his wings and soared low, circling over Sheba's house. Suddenly, the howling halted as the Wolves changed their path from her cottage to the forest that sheltered the horse farm. After the grooms had left for the night, they attacked the stables as the horses slept. They dragged the guards on duty away from their

night walk on the bike path. The revengeful Red Wolf warriors, the gathering has begun, unsuspecting humans on the night of the blood moon, the brutal, bloody scene unfolded on an icy winter night. Dead, mutilated horses were scattered everywhere on the rehab horse farm. Even the stable boys were killed on their way home. The Red Wolves wanted the entire farm to roam freely. It had been their home before the humans had invaded, building their horse farm and the new hunting lodge. Their kind had increased in numbers, and there was a new breed of wolves that could shape shift into men. The wolves relished this new ability that let them trap men and tear them to pieces. The hunters were being hunted.

The great White Owl swooped down on the rock overlooking the river stream. He stayed ever close to Sheba as he witnessed the killing. They were skilled ancient warriors who had lived on earth longer than man. They had evolved in their inter-dimensional world, but the earth was also their home. They mated with the humans, and their offspring were dying in the underground tunnel beneath the glaciers in the mountain. The ancient Syrian race with their tribal brown skin, black hair, and brown eyes stood nine feet tall. Some were even giants living underground. They were given a bitter choice: fight or die as cowards. The Red Wolves were master shape shifter creatures, a clan of skilled warriors with a thirst for human blood.

Their chilling howls made the White Owl restless as he perched on the edge of a stonewall. He smelled fear and death in the cold, damp air of the ancient forest. He knew they believed the humans deserved this fate. The Red Wolves were hunting the stables, they set fire to the stables with a ball of fiery wind transforming into monster werewolves, the fireballs in their claws flung into the stables. The mares and stallions were set ablaze in their hunting lodge Inn. The humans would fear to return with guns to hunt them in the caves, where they entered their world through the underground tunnels beneath the castle perched on the hilltop.

From the lofty heights, the castle looked down on the fishing village and market. It bore silent witness to the elites who flew in on helipad yachts. The black stealth yachts were in the bay of the Silver Mountain Falls which kept its secret in the distance. Couples and families were spending the winter in the cottages

and the Inn in the mountains overlooking the Red Wolf Lake, named for the wolves that restlessly roamed the area. It was a rare breed, so the locals thought, but the Indian tribes knew who they were. They believed the legend told by their grandfathers who saw and spoke to the races of the hidden shadow beings, half-man and half-angel.

Some of them were not mixed as the Prince of Jinns. He was the silent watcher, and a very skilled shape-shifter who had roamed the world for over five hundred years. He was tired of the wars between the Red Wolf shape-shifters and his kind. The elders of the Shadow People knew of the wars with men which had begun in the ancient forbidden city of the Persian desert known as the land of Glam. The Shadow People took the earth once again for its beauty. Their inter-dimensional world was just as beautiful, but the women here gave birth to some of their offspring. Their plans wanted the men all dead so they could claim the land and the women. They possessed the men by whispering in their ears and inhabiting their bodies to fight the wars against their enemies. They knew that the fate of men was to kill each other off.

It was a devious game—and deadly enough to work if the White Owl, the Jinnman, allowed it. He could not simply stop the killing. Only the chosen ones could stop the attacks. Sheba thought the typewriter was possessed by a ghostly being, but the hands were a mystery. He lived in the skin of a mortal man and animal, the wolf, in between this world and his unseen world.

The ghost will never leave now, thought Sheba. She could not see him, but she felt his strong, magnetic pull that turned her toward the two-hundred-year-old lighthouse on the hills at the rocky edge of the blue mountains. The howls of the Red Wolves sent chilling warnings that she was being watched as she closed her eyes slowly and felt the evil of the Red Wolves stalking her; danger was creeping closer and the Prince of the Jinns, Sheba's protector, was known to her as a Jinn.

#

Jacob Winkler was the manager for the Inn at the hunting lodge. When he arrived, the housekeeper Zany and Rita, the head of the caterers, were dead, torn to pieces by the Red Wolves. The

news travelled fast, splashing across the headlines: *Breaking News: Wolf Attack!* Red Wolves had rarely acted aggressively, but the humans felt threatened by the latest attack. The hunters began to hunt them.

At the cottage private resort at the foothills of Sliver Falls, a group of foreign hunters arrived from the royal families, made up of friends, bodyguards, and five princes from the desert cities of eastern Russia. They were Muslims. Their relatives took their bodies away to be buried immediately on the grounds of the newly opened Park Muslim Cemetery in the foothills of the castle. Arabs owned the land, and the families wanted a place for a quick burial for their fallen. They had bought the land a year earlier and made it into a Muslim cemetery, not expecting to use it anytime soon. It had been bought for the generations to come, descendants who might get tired of living in a dangerously hot desert where sand was sinking the cities.

To save their future, they were migrating to their estate summer homes in Whistler. The deaths of the farm horses were a big loss, but more horses would be brought to the rehab farm. The owners were scared of what the wolves had done, but the hunters assured them that the wolves would be taken care of. The men who had given the reassurances were killed in their sleep mysteriously, bearing no sign of a struggle.

The work of the Red Wolves of the Shadow People... somehow, they killed them, thought the Prince of Jinns. It was an ancient custom. He witnessed the attack but could not help them. They were the offspring of the Red Wolves, and he could not help them. Only one of the princes was saved—and he was saved by Sheba. He would be protected, but Prince Suliman could not save him if the Wolves attacked. They were aware he was alive but carried a different name. He had left his home and his family, leaving the royal life behind, as he became a fugitive. He burned with rage; she betrayed him and his family. Sheba was paid to take out him and his family, but he knew she failed the mission, it was why he was hiding out here in the remote, mountainous terrain postcard town in the Rockies, thirsting for revenge against Sheba.

Prince Damien waited patiently for his brother, who was not a human; he lived in caves like them who made him one of them. He was not part of the Red Wolves clan anymore. The rest of the

family at home had already been killed. Assassinated, his wife and his infant son had died on that fateful day. Now he was poised to write the last chapter with his family.

Prince Suliman followed him to Sheba's cottage. Prince Damien was a man blinded by his wounded heart. He was deliberately deceiving her, his game of revenge more sinister, yet he felt sadness for this agent, this woman he had once trusted with his heart and his family. He had survived the plane crash and kept the secret well— a terror plot planned by the FBI Special Unit team was part of a deal made by contract killers. They had taken the deal to end the bitter rivalry, to stop the war. Sheba and Damien were set up by the secret agents they worked for undercover; the puzzle deepens. Betrayed now, they were both in the same place.

He was here for the memory of his wife and son. He sought the right to lay by her side in death at her gravesite. Their deaths, however, may have been planned, their bones may not even be in this grave. The agents were plotters of fake deaths like the way they made Sheba and him ghosts to the world, dead to their roots and past dead to their world; his family must be given the same escape plan, he hoped. They were most likely on the run, flying under the radar, like him. The thought comforted his heart, easing his guilt. He felt eyes on him from the ancient woods nearby. He was sure his half-brother was among the Wolves, watching him from a distance; his brother was now a Red Wolf Shifter given the powers to betray the humans in battle. As it draws closer, his brother's strength grew stronger, he was a hybrid human and wolf by his own choice, and his fiery revengeful heart knew the ways of the humans. All hell would break loose soon. Prince Rashid held the keys to the gates of hell.

As an agent, he had seen the world of make-believe in the undercover protection agencies. He had to be sure she was still alive. In time, he would. But he would have his revenge for his family's crash. "Sheba will suffer," he whispered. "She is a damaged double agent who betrayed my family clan for a bribe. She will pay with her life."

#

Sheba glided through in her breathtakingly sexy silk, black low-cut flowing evening gown. She was dressed for the charity event. The Prince of Jinns gazed desirous, deeply blushing. His smile widened into a grin, tonight he wished he could take her to his massage table. He stood invisible at her side, ready to defend her. "You are my princess, and tonight you look the part."

He gently gathered her petite frame in his flaming, muscular, rippling rocky arms, daring her to let him in her heart. Kissing her passionately, he lifted her in his arms. Her daring, deep-sunset magnetic sad eyes were glowing lightly amidst her lovely face, and her black curly hair and her sexy off-the-shoulder black evening gown made her look like a dark Cinderella. He let loose his lusty thoughts of her on her knees, not begging or praying to some fantasy god but sealing her lustrous pink lips, slowly over his hard, drooling, huge, throbbing cock. Such thoughts only widened the smile of Prince Suliman.

"I'm not in the mood to attend the charity ball dinner. Can you take me home, Prince Suliman? No use if you stand there bored too."

"Of course, I can. Providing we are in the same mood," he said to her teasing her, his orbs glowing eyes captivating her heart in a surprise attack of falling in love; Sheba felt defeated in his arms. It felt safe to entrust her heart to the only one who would protect her even if she did not deserve it.

She leaned over, kissed his lips softly provokingly and whispered, "I just can't find the words to describe my mood tonight. I may just have to show it to you..." Her voice was silky honey as she licked his ear like a kitty licking his paws slowly and playfully.

He took her mouth hungrily. "Don't tempt me, human woman. You are my princess, you belong with me in my world, let me steal you, give me your permission ... if you can accept me as more than your protector. I love you, Sheba, and I need you. My heart beats for you even though I am no man. I could never be a man to you here in this world that is about to be sunk into a war that may never end. When your heart stops, it beats... You will be in my world; yours will not exist anymore. If only you accept me and my world together you don't have to ever look back; if and when you accept my world, there is nothing here anymore for you as a woman."

Sheba tilted her head against his broad chest. Her eyes gazed lovingly into his glowing eyes, tears were rolling down his face, tears of knowing how painful it was to be a human woman. “Why are you sad? You don’t need to be. I can take care of myself.”

Sheba looked into the distance, the starry night skies lit up like diamonds scattered among the universe, the tug of the full moon pulling at her heated mood. “Huh, I’m not going to your freaky world. I’m human, I enjoy being a woman—not a Jinn woman. Got it?” she joked, closing her eyes as tears ran down her face. She needed him so much, yet he was not human. He was not from her world. How could she ever be his lover? She could not be seen in public with him. He would be seen as a freak, he had so many secrets—ones she did not want to know.

“Tonight,” she said at last, “we ask nothing from each other beyond what we have right now, and that is a special bonding of love.”

His glowing, starry blue eyes were set on fire as tears ran down his face. “Whatever you say, my princess Sheba.” He kissed her forehead gently as he climbed the cottage stairs to her room. He laid her on the bed gently. “I will return. I have some things to take care of. Promise me you will not fall asleep.”

Sheba smiled wearily. “I promise I will not. Where are you going? Why do you have to leave?”

“I can’t stay any longer. If I do, they’ll come after me—and you. I have to go home, but before the night is over, I will return, Sheba, to you. Always. I’m your protector, but my clan needs me now.”

She gasped as he was pulled into his world by fiery hands.

Sheba screamed, “No! Please!” Sheba pleaded with fear in her voice, “don’t leave me, not now. I, I, I need you! I want you like a woman wants a man tonight, damn you for getting me all worked up about you.”

Sheba quickly rebuilt her defenses feeling weak as the feeling of betrayal swept over her. Guilt set in and ruined her night once more. “Letting down my guard to him was a mistake!” Her voice crackled as she sobbed uncontrollably. He vanished, though her cries echoed in the dead of the night.

Alone in the rose garden, Rashid stole a red rose off its thorny branch as he preyed, stalking his rival enemy to take the heart of the human woman he wanted in his bed. The presence

of his brother, Prince Damien, close by reminded him that his half-brother was in his way, too.

Chapter Seven

The alarm bells were ringing, and the typewriter was at it again. Sheba was jogging, hoping to have one last phone therapy session with her unwilling client, and dear friend, Al. All the strange, creepy things that were happening around her, his presence, his powerful hold, and protection he had over her was making her feel she was falling or already in love with the Prince of Jinns, Suliman, who was not to be ignored. Her FBI training kicked in. She had to be at the train station at a safe distance, to see if the omen prediction was true? Where will it happen? The mystery of it, will, and who could prevent fate? Who will stop it? The questions left a deafening silent echo. The slaying of the royals at the hunting lodge inn had awakened her inner instinct to just run away. Jogging was her escape from what was happening. Even writing it all in her diary of haunts was getting more and more difficult. She knew she could not live much longer in isolation in this cottage. Her hidden world was exposing her to very dangerous deaths and omens.

The bloody typewriter was haunted; it typed its predictions day and night, recording odd times. The time in question for today was 11:11 p.m. The typewriter kept spitting out almost two months steady flow of predictions of terror plots. Altogether, it was too much to just put off without following up on the warnings.

They were killed exactly at 11:11 p.m., the troopers in the area were patrolling, but they neither heard nor saw any wolves. The wolves—restless in their hunts—had done their work. Sheba saw the flames engulfing the café and gift shop blown up from inside. Sheba had just drove off from the gift shop less than a mile away when the bomb exploded. “Oh my God! It’s real, it’s happening, the predictions are happening,” Sheba said in a

trembling voice. "Where was the Prince of Jinns, he should have done something!"

The omens were real. They were happening, she realized with dread.

It made no sense, but the picture was getting clearer now. The invisible world of the Prince of Jinns' mad thoughts was bouncing off Sheba's confused mind. "Where the hell are you? This is insane! Someone, please wake me up soon!" Her screaming thoughts gave way to panic setting in. She had to call his name if she wanted to see him—or, she supposed, she could just think about it telepathically. She was ready. No matter what came next, nothing else would ever surprise her. She shook her head, chasing away her thoughts as she set her mind to what she needed to do.

"Prince Suliman! Show me where you are. Please?" Sheba's nerves were shattered. She was afraid of this beautiful and deadly creature of the unseen world. Yet it felt right, utterly insane but intensely desirable

"I am here on your porch, looking at you from a distance. When you get home, I will be waiting right here. Then we can chat about what troubles you. Maybe you can stop the bombs if you get to them in time. You are trained. I know all about your past, Sheba. That's why I chose you ... and you chose me to protect you telepathically."

"I must... wake up... it's a dream... I want you to stay with me... I need you... I don't know why you chose me, but it must be a hell of a choice you made. I only wished on a shooting star. I'm kind of crazy about shooting stars, but I never guessed it would summon a creature from the unseen world. I feel safer now, though. It's good to know I have a 'protector' from the unseen world. It makes me feel safe at night in these mountains.

"He's pretty unique and he's made of stardust, the power of the sun."

"You mean you were that star flying across, waiting for me to make that wish?" Sheba mocked him.

"I bet you never expected a protector made of the power of the stars. Yes, exactly. Sheba, you are doing well so far in opening your heart to understand my nature and me. It will only get better for you when you do this more often when we connect this way telepathically," Prince Suliman said.

The excitement in his voice excited Sheba, who demanded, “How can you shape shift into an owl from a man? Tell me!”

“Oh no, Sheba, you must not ask things I am forbidden to reveal to you.”

The silence stretched between them with Sheba refusing to give in. At last, Prince Suliman said, “But I can’t bear leaving you with puzzles to solve on your own. Soon humans will discover the nature of our triple helix DNA. Activating our DNA cures our cells, and we can alter our cells at will when we want to. We can heal any of our organs. Our brains are a flow of energy particles in tune with the greater universe, the source of all creation. We are intertwined, but we also have laws and rules we live by. We have to, to be given permission to live this way for hundreds of years—or to die in an instant if we stop believing in our creation’s awesome source and its power over us.”

“Okay, okay, I get it... Then you believe in a god of light like we do?” said Sheba suspiciously.

“Yes, Sheba, a god of nature and the power of its magnetic quantum realities that allow us to take any shape in nature, shedding any form of organic material. It created intelligent humans and Jinn-like creatures like the wolves, the owls, and the falcons—and all the humans on this planet that we have visited. Now you must hurry and meet your client. I miss you whenever you are gone from this beautiful place you call home,” he said as his gaze hypnotically captured her in his magnetic spell. Blue sparks of fire rippled across his skin. A forbidden love was growing in his heart, one that he couldn’t deny.

“I will be home soon,” Sheba said as she saw the red Ferrari pull up in the car park. The face was very familiar—one Sheba could not forget. Yet, it could not be.

She felt unseen, firm, strong protective hands tighten around her slim waist.

“Don’t think of him the way you think of me,” Prince Suliman voice warned as he let her go. His invisible presence tortured her mind, but she had to pretend Prince Suliman was not at her side.

Prince Damien was partially blind, his eyes sensitive to light. His dark shades kept him from prying eyes, and he bore a slight limp as he nursed a swollen, injured leg. A colt named Sky Dancer, in a race he lost, had kicked him. Reflecting on the

memory of that rainy day in France made him bitter. It had been a muddy day, and his horse had thrown him from the saddle. He'd lost his grip on his jockey whip and fallen face down in the mud. His twisted ankle and broken leg had never healed well.

She could feel his sadness; it was hard to accept a strangers' emotions invading her privacy. Her mind was a gift from God; to be born with the strange powers of a Seer of the human emotions. But he was drilling a hole in her frozen heart, it melted for him and bled for his love. She had never told him how she felt. She could've, but he was too curved by darkness of the sheer pleasure of the haunts. His life was to serve his people, his country, and his god. Now she was not sure he wanted any of it. He was here. She could sense his invisible protective presence nearby. The creatures from the emerald caves would not harm her—she could feel that much about his power. She sensed how limited his power was, to hold her against her will if she did not agree to follow his plan. It was a war she could not be part of, not now.

"Prince Damien, did you fall off the earth? I tried to call you, but it was like you vanished." She moved closer to him with a devious smile, yet sadness stalked her heart with guilt of the horrible death of his family. She could feel his intense pain of loneliness and revenge.

Prince Damien replied sarcastically, "Well, at least you tried to contact me." He hugged her and kissed her lips tenderly. "I am not Prince Damien anymore, Sheba. Just Damien, you must see me as I need you too."

"Yes, sure, whatever you say. I'm not Sheba Blair. Well, you already knew that, right?" He smiled with admiration. Sheba felt the rage he stored in his heart for her, which she found alarmed her, even broke her heart. He did not know the truth. She was not to blame for the deaths. She decided to let it go; they would have time to talk about it later.

"I live here in the blue rancher cabin next to the horse barn at Falls Lake, but you would not have seen me. I relocated here from Scotland, moved for the escape, the blissful serene silence, and I hope it stays this way." He walked away from her rudely.

Her jaw dropped in confusion, but her billionaire hedge fund consultant CEO grabbed her in his arms and kissed her as she struggled.

“Hey! What was that?”

“Well, I thought you could use some cheering up. I am taking you out for dinner...and don’t worry about Prince Damien. He is missing his former life. That’s why he is so bitter. He does not know you that well, I’m guessing. He told me he is in hiding and on the run. He does not think meeting his fate like his family is bad, but it just hasn’t happened yet. He made a revenge pact with the devil. He was hunting the men that he thinks planted the bomb on the jet and killed his family,” said Al Saks, puzzled by the faraway gaze in Sheba’s eyes. “My beautiful therapist, your mind seems a bit far away.”

He could see she was also on the run from her past. She was a rare breed of woman living alone here, sapping up all the inspiration she could get as a poet and biography writer for the elite. Damn, she was the rare deal, stepping on powerful toes to write their life stories. She was sworn to secrecy on publishing; only when they gave her permission could she talk about what she’d learned.

“So, tell me, Sheba, did you get enough dirt on me to want to ask me—because I know you do—to write about my prom night dance with the devil, or are you waiting for me to ask you, too?” He smiled and held her hands as they strolled toward the open golf park and the bike trail path. Her trusting smile and laughter caught his attention as he looked at this lonely, beautiful woman.

She lived her life all alone, trapped in a prison of her own making. She’d crafted her walls carefully, and now the prince had returned to her life. It would seem he would stir things up, no doubt. Her feelings for Prince Damien were deep; Al Saks could see it in her gorgeous brown eyes. Those eyes could break a man’s heart when the sunset danced in them. Her loose, black hair flowed in the cold, gentle breeze as she tightened her scarf around her neck. Her erect nipples tantalized Al Saks through her white lace camisole top that ruffled in the wind above her black leggings and boots. The fabric hugged her fit, trim body, revealing her long, shapely legs and athletic calves. He lusted for her all the more, as her sweet, alluring lips made him weak in the knees. The throbbing pain of his hardness showed in the tight blue jeans he wore beneath his navy t-shirt.

“Damn, babe, you are so divinely beautiful,” he said as he looked at her. He could see the curiosity and deep sadness in her distant eyes, and he knew she was waiting for Damien to return and apologize for his rudeness. “Don’t worry about him. He will come around.”

As they drove around the curbed paved road, the tree limb Rails Bridge grew closer. Entering the porch, Al felt someone looking down at him. He gazed at the barn owl sitting on the rails in the corner of the porch. The creature stared at him in a very curious manner. “Your pet owl doesn’t seem to want me here,” he muttered defensively as he felt a sudden chill.

“Oh, the White Owl,” Sheba said dismissively. “My friend is harmless. He keeps the rats away—and, yes, he is my pet. You can call him ‘Prince Suliman.’ That’s my nickname for him. Those starry blue eyes remind me of a spooky owl man in the forest. These woods have plenty of strange birdlike creatures.” She shooed the owl away as his deep gaze lingered on Sheba’s lovely face.

Al said, “That owl has a name? Wow, he looks creepy. You know, my mom was superstitious. She used to chase the barn owls out of the horse stable. She said owls were ‘bringers of death.’ You know, a creepy messenger of death,” Al finished as he followed her inside her cottage.

The interior was cozy, with a bookcase towering above the living room and an antique red typewriter with pages scattered on the floor next to it.

Prince Damien quickly gathered all the papers on the floor and shoved them into the desk drawer. Then he hid in the closet with the door slightly ajar. He had slipped into Sheba’s cottage with the stolen extra keys she kept in her periwinkle flowerpot.

“Oh, so you are working on a story, investigative research agent Sheba,” Al teased her. “A therapist with empathy for the blind. I wonder what stories you’re writing...” Al challenged her as he followed her into the kitchen, where she filled the kettle for tea.

“Oh, please, I am just killing time here with poetry and my very few and reluctant clients in Vancouver. So, where are you going for dinner?”

“Well, I was invited to dine with Damien on business matters. I will let him know you’ll be joining us. He’ll be

pleased. You like lobster soup and garlic buttered bread?" Al said playfully as he dialed Damien's number. "Hmm...that's funny. His phone is off. Well, I guess we will just have to go together anyway. I need to use your bathroom and nap. My eyes are getting blurry, and since this is my last session with you, my darling, I want to tell you it's all right. I am coping and accepting my fate as a future blind person. It won't affect my work. I have an assistant who handles most of my deals and documents, so I am coping, Sheba."

"Yes, I can feel you are, it's great you can accept your eyes' vision conditions," Sheba said, gazing into his mind, not wanting to tell him about the darker days ahead.

"And I'm all yours tonight," he quipped as he winked teasingly at Sheba.

"Dear God, please, hitting on your therapist you are, Al." Her wide smile lit up her sunset eyes. "You can use my guest bedroom. Open the wooden oval cottage door and be welcomed by the Rockies' breathtaking view. The blue forest mountains."

"Thanks, my dearest," he said as he gently leaned over Sheba's shoulders and kissed her lovely warm cheeks.

As he turned to go, she said, "Al, I am not worried about you anymore. I think you will be fine after tonight's last session."

Sheba's teary brown eyes were haunting and sexy. She endured his stifling gaze, and he knew she would embrace love if she found it here. He could feel it was here, and he knew: *She will die in its arms*. He felt instantly sad that her trust in him was so strong.

"Yes, Sheba, I am fine now." He walked toward the cedar staircase, noting how lovely Sheba smelled—the scent of cinnamon and lavender. Her fragrance filled the cottage. She lived a simple life here. If only he didn't have to choose between his ambitious life as a Manhattan investors' consultant and a family. As he'd built his empire, he'd lost sight of what really mattered, like a real family. He was twice divorced but didn't really regret it. He could not reveal his threesome nights with two model guys he'd hooked on the threesome experience.

Chapter Eight

Prince Damien's well-guarded real name remained a secret. He was the prince indeed. He slept with his .40 caliber gun in his waistband, never letting down his guard. He was paranoid as hell; he was about to lose his mind. If he did not find answers, he would not go far. He was not going to let his enemies ambush him without a fight, but he knew now he had no enemies because he did not exist. They'd held his fake funeral. Now he was free to roam anywhere he wanted to be, but he was here to find his family's killers.

He thought they were here at the lake house his family had once owned, but he could not be sure it was them. He had to do some digging into their past, but his sources were positive that this elite gang of militants planted the bombs and executed the plans. He would know them when he saw their faces. He had seen them every summer at the ranch in Scotland. They were hired take-outs. Spirit Men, they called themselves, because they flew under the radar—and above it, the feds and banks were their friends. The Spirit Men did personal discreet jobs for the ruling elite, and they protected the assassins in turn.

Prince Damien hated anything that reminded him of the past. Sheba was a sweet torture, though. He'd found her, but she would never know why until the time was right. She was alive; he was dead to the world. The uprising had begun in Dearborn, Michigan. The protests were just the beginning of a religious war between the two most powerful faiths. Trouble was brewing in the city of Detroit.

The doorbell rang and pulled him away from the diary he kept with all the contact and location information for his enemies. He could hear the loud giggles of the girls at the pool deck bar here in Whistler, the place where the Red Wolves roam,

where he will live out his days of sweet revenge, longing for the day to see her face once again.

Prince Damien opened the doors, and there she stood with Al, looking like she'd seen a ghost. She was hauntingly beautiful in her sadness, an ageless beauty that softened his stone-cold heart as he kissed her hands gently. He took her into his arms as she struggled to let go of his uncanny loathsome stare that raced her heart; he was here to seduce and haunt her, she could tell this by his intense, steady, deeply chilling, and uncanny gaze. Her chest felt as if it were beating for him. It bled for him. She could not contend with what was in her heart for him, and he would never know how much she admired his courage.

She pulled free of his grip and waited for Al as he walked through the living room and onto the back porch where Prince Damien had a party going on. Young college girls in bikinis crowded into the billionaire's lair, but they did not know who he was. She was sure of that. This was as she'd expected—the room and entertainment area at the pool.

"Yes, this is exactly what the eye doctor recommended," Al said, winking with a naughty smile as he nudged Sheba.

"Ha ha, right, Al. That doc must be psychic," Sheba teased.

Al laughed. "Oh, yeah, that's a very good one, Sheba. I didn't know therapists had a funny bone, too. I'm not used to this lighter side of you. Who knows, I must have found it interesting enough to have followed you here to this hideaway from the rest of the world."

Prince Damien smiled wickedly, and with arched brows he continued his taunting. "The local Indian tribes say this forest is haunted, and the seventy-seven acres where the blue castle is perched on the emerald mountains is filled with shadow giants—shape-shifters. The Red Wolves are rare, but they are sighted there. They usually travel in packs in the highlands of the acres surrounding the castle. They are the hidden ones, watchers of man. Some are mixed with the human species, and some are not. The stronger ones can fly and shape shift into a man when they need to, but the blood moon nights protects them from changing.... That's why they live among this ancient forest. In the emerald mountain caves, they can enter a strange inter-dimensional world and portals in hidden locations on earth. Time is an illusion here on earth, the human brain is like a broken

watch, time, faster than light, is beyond the human senses of time. The shadowy forest and mountains hold secrets about unknown species that were here before us. They await our destruction, so the legend goes, but who can say what the Indian tribes know and see? They are spirits guides.

“Anyway, what I was trying to say is maybe the prince—and I know he’s a shape-shifter, but he’s a damn good-looking one. He looks good enough... It’s no secret, Sheba. I will not hide any secret from you. I’m attracted to women and sometimes to men. After all, I’m a sexual creature by nature.” He swallowed hard, the knot tightened, choked by his own guilt, his lies almost brought tears to his glued gaze on Sheba’s magnetic eyes as he held her glassy, curious gaze interestingly. “It takes away the boredom of just being me. Besides, time is running out until I can only feel and not see. I don’t know if I want to live in that dark world. Oh, I think he may be a creature from another world, too, totally.” He laughed teasingly. Her eyes lit up like the night skies. “Don’t think I will let my fading sight spoil my time here... at least not tonight.”

He strolled over to a pack of wolfish-looking Japanese and Korean women. They were skinny and tall, wearing bikinis and Gothic makeup. Dragon tattoos crawled up their backs and legs. In the hot tub was a group of blonde chicks hanging out with the stable groomers. They were the jockeys, and the girls were their friends from Vancouver.

The prince was standing at a distance, just observing, and listening to their conversation. They had not known he was standing behind them. As Sheba looked around, she felt his warm breath on her neck. Al was already encircled by the pack of tattooed Asian beauties, leaving her alone with him.

“Do you creep up on all your guests, Prince Damien?” Sheba cringed as she was forced to utter his name. He pretended not to be moved by her mocking tone or her disgust for him, though he felt a tingle of curious fascination if his memory served him well, he was guessing. She felt the sparks of passion, the sensation of their closeness. Little did she know how close she was to dying. The silenced gun was almost ready to pierce her heart and rip it away from her. He hated everything about her. She thought he could not, or rather, just choose to forget their darkest moments in the belly of the beast, on the doomed plane fighting for their

lives to escape their inescapable fate, together. Saving him may have been a mistake—but it was him she could feel, his bruised mind refusing to heal, searing with the racing thoughts of bitter revenge. Revenge, a war he will regret if his hate for her doesn't make him a clumsy loser in the war that's coming.

As far as his sources told him, she was very good at what she did—a skilled assassin, special agent, working in secret for the world governments. She was replaced, but she sure was exact. Seven of them existed around the world to do the job for elite government corps. They were the enforcers when shareholders protested deals they didn't like or when they spoke out about the atrocities of the silent genocide of their generations. His blood was all dead; only he remained.

He ached to kill her but deeper inside of him was a place she belonged and it made him feel safe, yet it was not the right place to attack her. A slower death would take away any soft feelings he had for her, he wanted to convince his heart but it wasn't listening to him. Its beats echoed her name passionately, confusing his plans and his focus. She was a powerful seer, he was sure now she was cursing him with a spell to fall for her; luckily, he did not hold such superstitious beliefs so close to his heart to give it any power over him. As his needs and wants as a man grew stronger for her, he would deny her any humane feelings. Until he couldn't hold it in any longer. But for now, it was all that mattered. He had to observe her in the act. She would slip, and he would be lurking in the shadows to witness her coming unhinged. He was about to make her little piece of paradise a place she would never escape. He would watch her suffer first for the deaths of her father and his brothers. He would make her fall in love with him, slowly and painfully.

Then he would strike like a falcon. He admired and loved the falcon most of all birds. He hid a smile as he thought of how his pet falcon would devour her eyes while she breathed, if he planned it well enough. His caged rage puffed in his chest, but he kept it carefully contained. He took her in his arms, and Prince Suliman's presence was always near to her, lurking, shadowing her every move. She endured his presence, it made her feel safer strangely, his powers overwhelm her and she lets it. His arms were the only place she wanted to be; she needed a man in her life—and now he was here, the man she wanted. By some

miracle, they'd both survived a burning plane crash, but they both carried the scars of the accident. She had a deep cut on her left cheek, while he was left with a deep scar on his forehead and a permanent limp.

Prince Suliman sensed an unearthly cold in his distant stare. As Damien stared into Sheba's eyes, his gaze turned into a steady glare. His eyes bore holes into her heart, and she could feel his hostility for her. It puzzled her, wounded her trust. He was someone else—a murderous, vengeful prince was standing in front of her. She pulled away from the tight grip and ran out of the prince's house as fast as her feet could carry her. She did not want to feel what she was feeling.

A powerful, invisible hand lifted her into his arms and carried her along the dark bike path where the Red Wolves were waiting for her. They growled at Prince Suliman. His chilling, deep voice grunted in an unknown tongue as they slowly backed away and faded into the thin air. They retreated, and Prince Suliman felt her breath and her warm body against his chest.

She heard his heart beating as his body materialized for only her to see. "Why are you helping me? Let them do with me what they want. It's me they want."

The Jinnman's voice crackled, "No. No. I will never let them have you. It's the prince that is commanding them to do this to you. He is out to get you. He will not let you leave this place," he finished sadly in a low, growling tone.

"Stop it, okay? Just stop it. You are making this all up. He is my friend. I am the one who runs away. Racing away from revengeful ghosts, from my ghostly past. He's been through a lot. He lost his whole damn family, all his relatives. Everyone he knew is dead, killed by his enemies, and he is never going to give me his trust anymore. He probably thinks I am after him, too. He's damaged inside. His scars are much deeper inside."

And so, by fate or destiny, or both, Sheba's part in this war will determine its fate and man's future unwillingly. He must join his people in the fight against the human race that must end, clearing the path for the hybrid race. As before, they return to claim to destroy those in their way; they were bonded, obsessed by the humans' hate for them, the unseen shadow race. Patience had thinned, it was drawing closer to the end for the men that walked the earth, that pitiful two-legged beast with a brain that

consumes and decays, their obsession over sex, their primitive ways of survival instincts taught to destroy their own. He alone could not save them unless she wanted him to, and he would do anything to protect her from her own kind. If she needed him to, if she gave up her earth, her people, after it's all done, but fate does not allow him to see that far.

The Jinnman remained silent. When he reached her porch, he let her down. As she pulled away from him, he looked at her with tears in his eyes. He felt like he was losing her. She had bonded with him, but he felt she needed to digest everything that had happened. "I can't leave you tonight. I must stand guard here. I promise I will not disturb you, but you must stay inside tonight, okay? Promise me you will, Sheba," said the Jinnman, with deep concern in his voice.

"I will try," she said at last, "but my friend is still at the party. I don't know if he saw me leave, but I am hoping he answers his phone. I need him close even closer now more than before, it's scary to grow to need someone so close. I will get the troopers to escort him back here."

"No, Sheba, I will escort him back safely. I will be his guide tonight when he does leave Prince Damien to his pain. He indulges himself in his daily grief at night. His restless, devious haunts are an art he has perfected to break as many hearts as he can at his ranch. Trust me... because you have to," he whispered softly to her as he stood in the cold before he shifted onto his plane.

As he faded, she could hear the howling of the wolves. She noticed the blood moon high in the sky, glaring down at her angrily. *The fourth blood moon in two months—it must be a sign of what is coming*, she thought as she quickly bolted the wooden cottage door. She checked all the windows, ensuring they were shut tight.

The howling of the Red Wolves suddenly went silent as her cell phone rang. Sheba's hands trembled as she held the cell to her ear. Her terrified tone echoed, "Hello?"

"Hey, are you all right? Did you run away from the prince or me? I guess you weren't having fun with so many companions, right?" Al said impatiently.

"Yeah, I didn't feel well. A dizzy spell spoiled my night with the prince. I will apologize in the morning. Hey," she paused

before plunging forward, “there are wolves on the prowl. The troopers are on patrol. Would you like them to come and escort you, Al? Just let me know so I can call them.”

“No, don’t bother. The prince offered to let me sleep over. Don’t think I’ll be doing much sleeping, though,” said Al.

“Okay, sounds like I am missing out on the fun. See you in the morning. Enjoy.”

“Yes, my dear, I will see you in the morning. We will have breakfast together at least and have that last session that I have managed to dodge so far,” Al retorted teasingly.

“Thanks for reminding me—and please go easy on the vodka. Those girls aren’t exactly Russian girls.”

“Oh, but you are wrong. They are Russian girls. They flew in for the party with their friends. Of course, it’s funny... I thought they disappeared from sight when I missed you and was looking for you. They were eyeing me in a weird way. Their eyes were... creepy. Piercing and black, but they sort of glowed. I thought it was the light from the vaulted ceiling that was playing tricks with my eyes.”

“Al, listen to me. I need you to return to the cottage right away quickly. I will explain when you get here, hurry please, just trust me. Something happened on the bike and horse path on my way to the cottage. Hurry and come, please. You may be in danger.”

“Now you are creeping me out. Okay, I will, but my girl here wants to take my shirt off. A gentleman always gives a beautiful girl what she wants...” His voice trailed off as he hung up the phone.

“No, no, no! Al, don’t hang up!” She frantically dialed his number on her cell, but the line just rang. *He must be away from his phone*, she thought, unwilling to think of why he might not answer.

Sheba had a worried look on her face now. She knew the Jinnman was invading her privacy; he’d undoubtedly heard her conversation. She wanted to trust him with her life so damn much that it hurt to know he weakened her senses, sensually as a woman, but she had no choice. He was powerful, and she needed his protection until she could figure out why she had been chosen to know when the next bomb attack would happen. He *must* be

the typewriter ghost. She was not sure of anything now. If it was a dream, she was praying it would end soon.

The banging began suddenly. It was relentless, but this time she was ready to take on the task of preventing the tragic events in the omen—if she could alone. The prince would assist her, he would not refuse her, he was circling his prey while she was lapping up his disgust for her until she could give him the one thing he should have done: find the truth of who his real enemies were, maybe it would bring an end to his senseless pursuit and obsession of rage and his thirsty desire to spill her blood. She awaited his Alpha male passion attack instinct, he could only pretend that long, and in the meantime, real danger was lurking, and being a seer, she was ever mindful. How many times it kept her alive, long enough to escape then back on track racing towards even darker danger and darker enemies. But for now, the present danger kept her alert. Her foe, her enemy, her friend...she was forced to let him in, just enough where she may as well use his skillful art as a shooter. He was a skilled sniper, a hunter highly trained in missiles and bomb detection. His file was the only thing she'd kept of the assignments they had given her.

Saving him was the only thing she had been able to do. His family had already been marked for death by the elite government agency. The reason was unknown to her. She had never taken the time to dig deeper. She had been warned not to, or she would have been killed, so even she will carry the secret to her grave. Her lover got the letter from his dead wife or vanished wife? Whichever, did not matter to her. Certainly the prince had more issues to deal with like the damn truth about his precious wife princess. His marriage was the deal she had accepted, to be free to travel to her lover's home where she could never be his unless her prince husband was dead, a wish she hoped to see soon. She loathed everything about him and pretending was getting harder for her, and with his family gone her ties with the marriage could be no more; if he agrees he thinks she loves him, that thought made her feel disgustingly sick.

Prince Damien. He'd made the choice to earn a university degree in corporate law; he was trained to be an agent like her. He had the special gift of instinct, but it was his choice and his life. He would have a lot of time to think about it. Yet she could

not protect him much longer from his destiny or from the truth about her work, and she refused to work again with the global government agencies. He would soon know that she was one of the seven invisible agents that were tasked with taking out certain masses or persons who were considered to be a threat to their investors' assets and financial interests. The world was clearly a darker place to live in.

All of this was an illusion; Prince Suliman was sending Sheba a mental message.

Chapter Nine

Red Wolves of Russia

Prince Damien's gaze lingered as it slid down to Sheba's sexual regions. He felt like raping her in his most favorite position. He wanted to hurt her in every imaginable way he could possibly hurt a woman. "Doggy style or spooning—which do you prefer, my queen Sheba?" he mockingly whispered in her ear.

If only he could cuddle with her. Her lavender scent enticed him, yet she was a deadly temptation. She slept in short pajama shorts and a white t-shirt. Her hard nipples teased his senses as he fought the desire angrily. He did not know if he had ever had these feelings for any woman except his dead wife, the Palestinian beauty. He wanted to feel only hatred and disgust as he looked at her body, yet he felt a growing passion for her as a woman.

He had come in through the back door and hacked the code for the alarm. He needed to see her sleep. He wanted her to know the truth, that he knew she and her agents had planted the bomb. She could not run from him now. He stalked her like a shadowy figure everywhere she went and would kill her—if the Red Wolves didn't shred her to pieces first. That would have been a delight for his eyes, but the troopers in the area had probably scared off the Wolves.

Suddenly he felt a hand around his neck and heard a low growl. He was thrown against the wall as a faceless, invisible beast attacked him. It was the protector! He ran out of the room and darted through the back door into the woods, where the Wolves were lurking obediently. They left him unharmed; he was their ally in the war with the humans. They were uninterested in his stupid, personal pity war with this woman who was a seer. They did care that she could see them in their

original forms—though Prince Damien also possessed the power like his brother. His mind was clouded with revenge, so he could see nothing more than the darkness they showed him.

He walked quickly to his lodge. He had to figure out a way to discover who her invisible protector was. It must be his brother. He'd felt him so close. He was not going to harm her... yet. But he wanted to make her suffer like he had been suffering ever since the loss of his new bride, the only woman he could ever love. Her beauty was like no other. The two moles under her eyes were like stars in the heavens. Her face was lovelier than any other woman could possess.

The agency would turn on Sheba like they'd turned on his family. All she had ever loved would be taken from her. The hedge fund consultant, Al, was dead; the Wolves had shred him after the party guests had lured him outside by pretending to be Sheba. Al's body parts were scattered along the bike path where he'd been ripped apart. The Wolves had relished their kill that night, even if it was not Sheba. Prince Damien had been the mastermind behind it all. He smiled at the sweet revenge of killing her friend and client. He could just picture her face and longed to watch her heart break into pieces with guilt when she got the news in the morning.

The Prince's Wolves were now Prince Suliman's enemies, but Prince Suliman did not believe the prince knew that what he was doing was wrong. He had been fooled by his sources. They'd lied to him.

#

The banging of the typewriter finally halted, but the long list of dates and locations for bomb attacks was, chillingly, happening. As the first bomb exploded at the train station, two hundred people were killed at the exact date and time the typewriter had predicted. The 7:11 train was a fiery inferno filled with the dead and the dying. The news was now coming in, though the number of passengers injured was uncertain. Prince Suliman watched the unfolding of the first doom message from the haunted typewriter.

#

Sheba's favorite gun lay beside her bed. "A shining Glock with a silencer... lightweight... twenty rounds... now that's a damn good choice of protection. I didn't think you had it in you," Prince Damien sneered mockingly at her.

"Don't you come any closer!" She glared at him as she pointed the gun in his face. Sheba locked eyes with him. "Get the hell out of my house, you freaky sick bastard! I don't know who you are, but you are not the prince that I once saved from death," Sheba spat.

He gazed at her and said, "Sheba, listen to me. I'm not stalking you. I'm concerned about you. I think we need to work together. We both have guilt hanging over our heads for the FBI and Interpol, but you are a unique Seer Investigator. All the agencies work with you on special classified cases. You saved my life once, only to have my family killed. You betrayed me. We worked on a case together, Sheba, but now it is all clear to me.

"You were working closely with the assassin. My family chauffeur, and bodyguard, was a Green Beret. He was trained as a sniper and specialized in personal take-outs of high-profile elite families. When he hanged himself in my father's penthouse at the resort, you were the first to be there. He left you some classified secret files. What was it he left you on the USB drive? I know it had something to do with my dad and his entourage and their deals. I need to know what's on it." Prince Damien's nerves showed as he sneered at her.

Sheba's hands were shaking with the gun trained on him. Her feet were planted in an unmoving stance as she chose her words carefully. With a smirk, she said, "Now it's your turn to figure out the rest of the puzzle. Your family was already doomed before I got the job. I was only supposed to save you after the plane went down. I told them how it would happen because I saw the accident in a dream. I accepted the job."

She shifted her feet and swallowed. "This is how I help them. This is how I do my job. They work with me on cases that I see in my visions. They made me disappear as a parting gift. My services were no longer needed. I was a threat to them, a sword hanging over their heads if I didn't keep their secrets. I was always being watched from a distance..."

“But I don’t work for them anymore. I am dead to them now. At least, that’s what they believe. I staged my death. My tombstone is lying next to the other plane crash victims in the Manhattan cemetery. The day I saved you, I could not let them know you lived. They think you are dead. I know you also staged your death, so whoever is after us... it’s not the FBI. I think you and I know the creatures that are following us are not from this world. The Red Wolves, Prince, the ones you sent after me ... well, they are dead. Thought you should know.”

“You lie,” Prince Damien snarled, unmoved by her words. “As long as you are here, I will shadow you and watch your house of cards fall. Just know that I will be waiting for the day you let down your guard. I will be right there to make you suffer the way I do. If I wanted you dead, I could do it myself. I am a spirit in this world. I don’t exist.

“I know you have Prince Suliman as your protector. Legend says they protect seers like you because you can communicate with them and see their invisible world. You are witness to their real appearance—the half-man, half-angel creatures who are descendants of the Shadow People of the emerald mountains and caves. They can be anywhere, anytime. These shape-shifters are more than man, but less than angel. Still, they have their powers. Oh, yes, I know about their wings and smooth skin like blue velvet. I know about the blue fire of their eyes and their long, flowing black hair. Strength of a lion, the eyes and nose of a falcon—or maybe an eagle. The blue Jinn are the strongest of their kind. I know he is here with you.

“I will go now,” he said in his native Arabic tongue. “I’ll leave you alone, but I will be watching your every move, Sheba.”

“Good to know I still remember my Arabic. I was about to blow your brains out for entering my house like a thief in the night. Yes, leave before I change my mind, Prince. Slink out through the back door.”

As he backed away, she added, “And I don’t have Prince Suliman’s protection. Yes, I can see visions in dreams, but I never said I could see Prince Suliman. I am told he comes only for revenge, so I am sure it’s not me he will appear to, my dear Prince Damien. Maybe you should think about that before you stalk me again. And believe what you want about me—even if I tell you the truth, you will not accept it. Some truths should be

left as lies to rest in peace.” Sheba’s angry hurt showed in her eyes. His mistrust for her stung. For all those years, he had thought she’d betrayed him.

Prince Damien felt she was being honest. How wrong he had been all along about her. He started to walk off but then turned to face her. The gun was still trained on him. “I’m so sorry, Sheba. Forgive me. I will make it up to you, I promise. Help me find my family’s killers. Help me hunt them down.”

Chapter Ten

“I can’t, Damien. Just leave now.”

“I’m going, Sheba. I will walk out of your life.” Damien lowered the gun and took in a deep breath, rubbing his sweaty forehead.

He was agitated by his brother’s presence. “What the fuck? Who cares, Prince? Brother! It’s time to go home.”

“Not yet. I die here for the truth or I die fighting to find the truth.”

#

“Sheba, you are quite a brave woman, but I urge you to understand. I am here to make sure no harm comes to you. I would have killed him for you if you had not defended yourself.” Prince Suliman voice deepened into a growl. He was panting in a jealous rage as he grabbed Sheba, shaking her roughly like a ragdoll. “I want all of you, but your cursed destiny and fondness for the prince keeps getting in my way! Give me the word, and I will take care of him for you. He could never hurt you again. He is in love with you, Sheba.”

Prince Suliman eyes glistened with tears. He hurt for her. He would bleed for her. He felt such a strange tenderness for this human woman. He couldn’t explain how it felt to hold her in his arms. He was very attracted to her sexiness, to her alluring eyes. Her beauty haunted his world. This feeling was not possible—or was it, this mysterious love obsession for a human woman?

“Come to me willingly,” he said. “That’s all I ask. It may be too much to ask, but I want you. I am asking you from my knees, weeping in my weakness. Hidden in the shadows lurks the only secret you will never be able to keep, Sheba.” He spoke to her telepathically as he faded away in the thin, cold air by the open

window. The full moon glowed, bonding them in this love between a human and a creature that was more than a man.

Sheba was sobbing as she flung herself on the bed. She just wanted to live here in peace, away from the past that had been creeping up on her since she came to the Whistler Mountains. *Life must just be an illusion of our dreams*, she thought. *Our peace is taken from us, and a dream world of illusion cruelly devours our minds.*

His thoughts pushed their way into her mind, he was angry, raging jealously as possessively he taunted her.

“When you want to get in bed with the devil Damien,” Prince Suliman voice came to her, “you will have to get closer to him and let him in on your secret. He doesn’t know about the visions you have when you touch others or when others touch you. Tonight, I see, you kept your distance from him.”

“Please stop it and leave now,” Sheba commanded as exhaustion took her. She fell into a deep sleep as Prince Suliman stroked her hair tenderly. He wanted to make love to her, but he would not dare do it against her will or when she was asleep. She would remember it only as a dream. He did not want to be a creature from another dimension, yet that was their reality. In her human reality, she would not accept him.

As he watched her sleep, he realized he had to visit the prince. Sheba and Damien would have to work together to stop the bombing. It was their destiny, and it was his duty to bring them close enough to work together. Their mission had begun; they had been chosen. His heart was filled with regret and raging jealousy. He was her protector, and he knew how the prince truly felt about her. He was fighting the feelings he felt for her. The desire to find her was more than revenge for his family; his heart’s desire was simply to find her again, alive.

Prince Suliman followed his every move. After his crazy jealous rage with Sheba, Prince Damien had been chosen to live and to find her, to work alongside her to stop the deadly attacks. It halted the omen messages from the haunted typewriter—typed by the ghost of the owner she found out lately—yet Sheba was unsure of the powers that worked through it. They must be from the unseen shadow people or maybe the ghost she saw staring at the notes of the typewriter a while ago, a crime investigator and a close friend of the elite royal families. He had committed

suicide over a young princess of the royal family of Saudi Arabia.

Returning from her home, Prince Damien's diary was missing, the one he thought Sheba had hidden. He knew about the typewriter. He knew everything that was happening in her life. A powerful eclipse of the moon would darken the sticky summer night of the typewriter's first ominous prediction. Sheba had to stop the bombing, but could she? Too late to wait for an answer, throwing in the silent airy emptiness. The prince's commando training kicked in as he shifted into his hybrid race's true appearance, a winged glowing blue angelic creature of the night with the face of a falcon, eyes, torso, nose, lips, and feet of man yet he could change into a bird or any human race; he preferred the biracial looks of certain humans. His polished, shiny skin of midnight blue made him look like a hybrid werewolf, but this beast was intelligent and did not thirst after blood like his clan's brothers, the Red Wolves. They could take the forms of winged werewolves. Shifter Prince Suliman lived on the blood of humans—and their fears.

Prince Suliman's heart told him he should not leave Sheba alone. The Red Wolves were watching her every move from their caves in the mountains. Sheba's red cottage was in plain view along the river streams and lake near where the train went by. He must get the prince to take her away from the mountains to safety before it was too late. He feared that her stubborn independence would make it hard to convince her.

The train tunnel, the horse trail, and the bike trail all led to the valley, a five-minute walk to the town resort where Prince Damien lived. Prince Suliman could see the lights on in his bedroom. He was with his girls on one of his many nights of group sex. The party was going strong. Invisible, Prince Suliman entered the home and found Prince Damien lying in bed, enjoying a blowjob—but not for long.

Prince Suliman lurched forward, strangling him. The prince grabbed at his throat, fighting off the invisible strong hands around his neck that were squeezing his breath away. The women saw a tall, giant shadow before the creature, Prince Suliman, appeared. His sexy, hard body was masculine and unbearably sensual, but the women screamed with fright when they stared into his blue eyes. They glowed as his body shone

like fire that covered his blue velvet skin. He shimmered in the moonlight as he grabbed them both and flung them on the bed. His strange magical beastly nature took control slowly, tenderly, they were his to play with. He was on fire for them as they fell under his spell. He devoured their bodies, having sex with them erotically as they moaned. They drifted in and out of their trance-like state while he pleased them. His cock was huge and wet, and he let out an animalistic howl as he finally came.

Prince Damien was in utter shock as he let his guard down and was knocked out. Rudely, he had been slapped awake as Prince Suliman grabbed him by his arms. "They are gorgeous, lovely women. Next time, you send them to me in the caves, okay?" Prince Suliman said in contempt, though his gaze was steady.

"Sure, I will," said Prince Damien, not knowing why. He felt powerless suddenly, rendered impotent by Prince Suliman's powers.

"Now get dressed and come with me. We have work to do, and time is running out." Prince Suliman sniffed the air, noting scents of human blood. The Red Wolves were getting closer.

Prince Damien did as he was told. He was a trained commando; he knew this had something to do with Sheba. He had felt this coming—the day when he would have to help her to find his peace. His revenge.

"You don't get to protest," said Prince Suliman, glaring at him. His voice was hoarse and deep, chilling the prince to the core. He knew it meant certain death for him if he did not give in to this creature of the night.

Chapter Eleven

Sheba was gone when they reached her cottage. She had awakened dizzy, but she knew the drained sensation was from Prince Suliman. She had seen him in her dream... only it was not a dream. He had put her to sleep, drugging her with his spells, and she had been weakened by his closeness and shamelessly allowed it without a fight.

She was already at the train tunnel, waiting in the shadows for the two young men on the railway. She'd followed them here. She sprang up from behind one of the young men as he was busy planting a bomb on the rails, having seen these two young men at the cafe earlier and knowing the hour they would strike.

One of the young men spotted her. He fired at Sheba but the bullet missed its intended target, hitting Prince Suliman, missing his rapidly beating powerful heart. Sheba could not let her emotions for him slow her down. "He will be fine for God's sake, he's not even human," she said murmuring between her heavy breathing and annoyed at his ever presence; her fate awaited her, she'd been waiting to embrace it for a long time and she was tired of waiting any longer. She hurtled towards her fate. The bullets penetrated his thick, transparent blue skin as the wounds instantly healed themselves. Sheba fired at the bombers who were now on the run. After seeing what they had done, she could not let them live. The bomb was set with a timer, but Prince Suliman acted fast. He grabbed the bomb and disappeared into his inter-dimensional vortex world of the Shadow People.

Sheba found the bodies of the two bombers on the train tracks. Sniper bullets to the head had killed them. The mountain train was approaching, and Sheba saw the sniper on top, his face masked. She could tell he was a skilled sniper.

As he grew closer, Sheba glared at him and in a trembling tone she shouted, "I should have known it was you!"

“Hmm, but you didn’t know that the thing about women is they always play the guessing game even if it was their life at stake. Interestingly though, women like that turn me on in bed, their shrilling screams are louder, I can hear the strength in their terrified screams as I seduce them.” His cruel, demented laughter tore the space between them, as menacingly his dark powers grew stronger.

“You disgust me, you mean as you rape them,” Sheba said, disgusted by his murderous adventurous spree on women. She could feel his icy heart had given up on love a long time ago, his tragic past haunted him, his bloody path was a choice. Prince Rashid shook with delight as he ranted and roamed for his next victim.

Prince Rashid spat rudely in Sheba’s face as he jumped from the train. “I’m goanna bang you hard, just like you want it, my lovely wild mare, I will make you beg me for more. Soon I will teach you to climb and ride my mountain.” He snarled at her.

“I’m not scared of you, Prince.” Sheba smiled wickedly and wiped off the spittle. She walked up to him in a rage and slapped him. When another man emerged from the forest, Prince Rashid darted down the track. Sheba watched as a tall, Arab-looking guy approached wearing dark shades. His curved, thick lips stiffened as he climbed onto the moving train. Sheba recognized him as Prince Damien’s brother, the black sheep of the family. He had been ousted from his father’s kingdom but his identity was probably unknown to the rest of the world. Like his brother, he was a just a shadow living in this world. Their pasts haunted them and quench their thirst for revenge. *Prince Damien’s brother may be the leader of the terror cell network?* she wondered, startled. He was a towering figure with hard, menacing brown eyes that held unspeakable evil. *An evil that was not created has no power over anyone, but it doesn’t just go away. It remains undead and invisible to the rest of the world until it creeps up on you.* Her disturbing thoughts shattered her trained focus for accuracy.

Sheba knew she had to go after him—alone. She couldn’t let him get away. She climbed up after him, slipping but catching herself on the edge. As her hands slipped, the strong hands of the dark prince grabbed her and lifted her up like a ragdoll. Sheba felt the powerful hands of a once-great leader who had turned to

the dark side in his lust for bloody revenge. He would not rest until they were all dead—his own blood.

Sheba saw his plans though her mind. The touch of his hands revealed his murderous plans as the train wound over the hills into the mountains. The winter tourists onboard were mostly from the senior homes. They were here on a retreat at the Whistler Mountain Resort. The bomb was in the train, she realized in a panic.

The dark prince vanished from the top of the train. He was inside, already planting the bomb. Sheba could see him in her visions now as he jumped off the train. He was in the ditch along the pathway that led into the forest.

Sheba climbed down the ladder of the train and was lifted by Prince Suliman, who whispered, “Don’t be afraid. It’s only me, your protector. Yes, I can also fly with you in my arms, away from here, into my dimension.”

On the forest horse trail where Prince Damien’s brother was fleeing into the mountain caves, night was covering the forest. The Red Wolves were standing guard at the caves, protecting their dark prince. When he’d entered, he’d left a trail of blood from the bullet wound in his leg. But, who could have shot him?

Sheba had been far away by then, hidden in Prince Suliman cave in the Whistler Mountains. At one time in history, it had been known as the London Mountain. No matter its name, it kept its secret well.

Sheba was inside a cave with an emerald pool. The walls of the cave were emerald stone that glittered in Sheba’s eyes. She caught the sad look on Prince Suliman’s face. “Prince Damien shot him, didn’t he? I sure as hell did not, so who did?”

Sheba was out of breath and dazed. Prince Suliman held her in his arms and looked deep into her soul with his loving blue eyes that glittered like stars. They held her under his magic spell, and his gruff, husky voice hypnotized her as he took her mouth in a deep, wild, passionate kiss. Tasting her was all he could hope for until she was his.

Sheba was hungry for his ravaging, wild loving. He was not human, but she wanted him even more, knowing he could never hurt her as a man could. He was her protector in his world. She wanted him. Creature or angel, it didn’t matter. She kissed his wet cheeks. “Why the tears, my protector? I need you, too.” She

wrapped her arms and legs around his sexy, body while his rock hard, huge. drooling joystick sensually pierced her. He was raging with heat for her, and his heart opened its doors for her as he lifted her up into the night.

He flew them up to the top of the cave where he made his lair. He lay her down on a bed of black rose petals atop red silk sheets that appeared from thin air as he undressed her. Then he slowly undressed himself, using his powers to strip the human clothing from his body. He peeled off her panties, finding her wet and wanting. The heat made him mad; he longed to be a man for her. Yet he could not stop himself as he kissed her face and her erect nipples. He wanted to take her but was not sure she was ready for his kind of power. In truth, he could kill her tonight if he went too far in making love to her. If he did, she might live here in his world. There was too much for her to do before she made that choice.

She wrapped her feet around his ass, and he groaned. "Lord, woman, don't you ever stop teasing me? Sheba, I can't make love with you tonight. You could die... my power would drain your life energy. You might not recover to live in this world. I'm so sorry, but we can't. I can't do this to you, not now, not in this dimension." As he held her, she pulled him closer and kissed his moist, hungry mouth passionately teasing him with her butterfly kisses, trailing his sexy torso with her tongue, a sassy kind of creature. She wanted to be part of his world. One day, he would be hers.

She climbed on him, pawing her way up slowly like a mountain lion sitting on his love seat. "Sheba, I burn for you, only for you," he whispered passionate desire and heat, his deep hoarse voice deepened as her legs parted slowly and she felt his throbbing, hard cock against her. It matched his huge ego as she tightened her grip with her legs around his waist.

She begged him, "Oh, babe... I'm yours forever, however long that is tonight," she said as she smiled lovingly in her husky, honeyed voice. She was dripping for him.

"Oh, Sheba, I will hurt you! I am a rough creature. Are you sure you want it this way? I will not hurt you if it is what you want to make me do to you," he said sternly.

"Oh, shut up! You worry too much. Take me now... it's how I need you."

“Ahh...hmm...oh, babe.” Sheba was weakening him to the point of no return. He would do anything for this woman. He steeled himself as he entered her tight, dripping honeypot. His throbbing veins out along his drooling steel cock as he rode her, slowly at first and then growing rougher. His huge, wet cock trembled inside her. To think this woman was all that love should be.

He could stop now. He was changing into his plasma form, his body dissolving into smokeless, blue swirling energy. Sheba opened her eyes as he breathed heavily and whispered, “Don’t look at me now. I couldn’t come like a man in your world, only in mine. This is me you hold in your arms.”

She felt his warm, invisible arms flip her over on her belly as he ravaged her wet, heavenly honey pot with his tongue. He circled his slippery cock into her like a bolt of lightning. He rode her hard and deep, his thrusts growing rougher as she screamed in wrenching, sweet pain. He could not stop, though he was hurting her in his powerful thrusting, forgetting she was human. He turned her around and lifted her with him in the air. His roams were deeper in her, becoming one with her in body and soul, in midair, his wings appearing and disappearing as he gave her all of himself.

He forgot that Sheba was falling asleep until she went silent. Her breathing and heart rate slowed down, and she plunged into unconsciousness. She would not remember when she woke. He fanatically shook her, but she was already in a deep sleep. He lay her down and covered her naked body with the satin sheets. Then he howled, loudly and mournfully.

He knew he was forbidden to weaken her body this way, but he had broken rules before for her. He disappeared into the emerald walls and retreated to his world, where he came as he jerked off hard. The pain of coming without her was more than he could withstand. He loved her and wanted her. He could not give her over to Prince Damien, but the dark prince would find her here. Reluctantly, he knew he would let Prince Damien have her. She was the only one who could stop the dark prince. Prince Damien wanted to get rid of the typewriter omens. The Red Wolf Jinns were sending the predictions to the typewriter, the cruel game of war their way.

“Why do you want to get rid of it, Damien?”

“It’s because it’s your protector Prince Suliman, he’s with them, he will betray you, he’s using you to win the war against us humans. Sheba, he’s...”

“No, no, stop your lies, he will not.” Sheba screamed at Damien as she broke down in tears, she was stunned and could not believe she had allowed him to use her this way. Putting her life in danger was always the way with her work. That was why he had been called to protect her on this mission. He looked at her face and knew he had her under his spell. “He’s got the power over humans, he can make you think he’s true to your feelings or on your side, but the truth is he’s not from this world, he wants you in his, he wants to make you his, but in his world, Sheba, you’ve got to get away from him,” pleaded Damien.

Her sister, Mira the doll maker, owned a doll shop and cabin at the lake in Whistler.

In the typewriter study room, the typewriter was banging away with new data of terror plots: “Yale University, Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania, red October, 31st night of the third eclipse of moon.” The curse had returned to the Whistler Mountains as legend had foretold it would. The Indian tribe leader was a shaman who could see behind the invisible veils that separated the worlds. The Red Wolves had blinded him, and he could no longer see them before he died. He told the legend of the Shadow People of the Emerald Mountains.

A deafening roar could be heard from the mountains as the train exploded on the mountain tracks. Prince Damien was getting closer to his home. He had to find his brother first and stop him. The Red Wolves would tear his heart out if they knew his plans for his black sheep brother, Prince Rashid, the heir to the kingdom of his father that had been destroyed by a typhoon. He had watched the pearling coastal town sink, before his father passed away with his entire family on board their private jet. It was a message sent by their enemies from within.

Prince Rashid never did figure out how his deranged, mentally ill brother, Prince Damien, knew he had planted the bomb on board and then told them at the last minute that he was not feeling well. He had walked away from the wife who had betrayed him. She was six months’ pregnant with his brother’s son. Betrayal by blood was not something he was prepared to

carry for the rest of his life. Now he would have to finish the job. His brother had left him no choice. He waited for him to take the bait and come after him. The Red Wolves were lurking in the dark, growling and howling hungrily and restlessly at the full moon.

Chapter Twelve

Prince Rashid was the eldest of his clan of seven brothers. He had been the wolf of his clan and his desert city before it sank below the riverbeds that claimed it. He killed the heads of rival families and his limo driver, and then covered it up when the family came looking for him. Sheba had followed him ever since she'd been given his case as an undercover agent.

Prince Rashid was breathing heavy now as he raced to the caves of the Jinns' hybrid creatures. As he passed through the entrance, he paused. The air smelled of musk and the scent of lavender—a woman's perfume. He climbed a wooden ladder set against the emerald cave walls and saw the woman he had saved from falling off the train. He could kill her now, but she was naked under the satin sheet—asleep, he thought. He felt her pulse and found it was beating slowly. Yes, she was asleep.

He wanted to make love to her. The urge was strong as he stripped off his pants and shirt. He put his gun down and pulled away the silk sheet from her body. He caressed her lovely, plump buttocks before kissing her round ass. His tongue danced slowly, intently, and artfully, her honey pot on fire. She was dripping wet when he touched her pussy. He turned her over slowly and licked her nipples. He wanted her more than he had ever wanted those group sex orgies with call girls. She was special; he could feel it. He would protect her from the Red Wolves.

He circled his wet cock with his hands as he parted her legs. He sucked on her soft flesh, leaving red marks on her thighs as he spread them wide. Entering her roughly, he rode her in a slow rhythm. Each stroke weakened his heart with desire for Sheba, this woman who hated him. He ravaged her in her sleep, but he needed her to wake up and feel him. He waited as she awoke slowly.

When she saw him, Sheba kicked and screamed, but she was weakened here. When she settled down, he deepened his thrusts in her. She felt too good as she held on to him and grabbed his butt. “Oh, you are Prince Rashid, I know you. Don’t stop hating me... or loving me. Either way, I am yours.”

He gave her a passionate, breathtaking kiss that weakened her senses. Sheba struggled to free herself. In the distance, she could hear the explosion of the train. Her heart stopped beating for a moment as Prince Rashid held on to her.

He whispered in her ear, “You don’t have to be scared of me. I’m freeing us all. We are the four horsemen, known as the protectors. We are the legend of the Shadow People. Their stories are real.” He held her in her arms and moaned as he spilled his seed into her. She would be his soulmate, his night wolf howling for him. He would fight to keep her at his side. She was in danger from the Red Wolves. He left her a note.

His brother, Prince Damien, felt he was free to love. Calmness, like a gentle wind after a stormy night, took hold of his heart—his love, his hate, his spirit was trapped between this world and the next. His obsession was so intense that he had crossed over from the grave to find her. He did not exist in this world. His powers were strongest where he’d died. His soul had returned to take her to his world, and it was uncertain of the day they would be together. He could not tell her the real reason she was in danger—how he bled for her internally yet kept his distance. If ever he had known it was time, it was when the wind tugged at her curly hair and the strands blew back at him tauntingly. This woman was going to make him change into his true self. He could not allow the wolves to win. He had to let her go. She was meant to be in her world, not in his. How could he tell her he had deceived her to be a man for her? It was what she wished him to be, but this was a dangerous game. She could not know he was the Prince of Jinns and it did not matter why.

The bombing of the mountain train station was the beginning. The next bombing on the haunted typewriter’s list was a university close to the Pacific Rim Hotel. The bomber was there. Prince Suliman was not always allowed to interfere in the wars of men, and it frustrated him even more than ever. Sheba was all he cared to be with or to save, his selfishness could make her leave this earth, by force if he had to. He was up on the towers

of the 13th floor of the penthouse. He held his bomb timer iPhone, looking down at the bay. He was the son of a gun-maker, but his terror days were about to end in that penthouse.

Prince Suliman turned into an invisible flying wolf as he reached for the young man's arms, yanking the iPhone from his hands. He could not stop the one-second on the timer. The bomb went off, and the hotel's windows and glass doors were shattered by the impact as the left wing of Harvard University's science lab exploded. The bomb had been placed by a student who was no longer interested in getting a degree, but in dying. His girlfriend had broken up with him for his best friend.

Prince Suliman broke his neck and ripped him apart before flinging him off the penthouse balcony. His body parts landed on a delivery van shielding a bomb where it was parked outside the Pacific Rim Hotel entrance. Carrying the second bomb, the winged wolf Prince Suliman flew into a diamond vortex time tunnel turning anticlockwise with the second bomb to save his home on earth.

He returned to the Shadow People of the mountains and the woman who knew him now as her protector. He was raging inside like a jealous lover at the thought of her going to his brother, Prince Damien, or his half-brother, Prince Rashid. He was half-human, the son of the king, though his mother was from the Shadow People. His dark secret was kept from the country, but he had been told to leave and never return. For this, he killed them all. Sheba must never know about his double. Prince Rashid hid his true nature. He was Sheba's protector and Prince Damien's half-brother.

Prince Rashid and Prince Suliman came from the same clan, the blue-winged Jinn of the Red Wolves. Prince Suliman was a bitter enemy of the prince. They were both in love with the same woman. His kind, the Red Wolves clan, had power over the weather. They were nature beings; their world was anywhere they wanted to be.

Prince Suliman was speaking to Sheba telepathically, when, suddenly, her gut jolted. The third bomb had just gone off in an art gallery in Vancouver—and another at the gay bar and resort in Vancouver. The explosions marked the beginning of the War of the Black Roses. The bomber left a black rose at every

bombing alongside a black flag. The Black Roses Terrorist Brotherhood had lifted the gates, and hell was unleashed.

Sheba was not giving up. She knew there was a way out of this. She returned to her cottage home and hurriedly unbolted the door of her basement. From her secret vault, she got her 007 Glock M7 gun, her favorite. She also grabbed her stress detector, an infrared camera that read the human danger zone stress levels and worked as an alert system for the perimeter of high-risk brain activity, to show dangerous attack modes in adults.

Most adult stress detectors were in the malls and government buildings, but the bomb went off at the Gold Club Café at Blackcomb, where a group of hedge fund and media shareholder investors and federal tax officers had gathered. The bomb arrived by drone delivery from an unknown source. It landed in the middle of the game where the golfers were having lunch at a cafe near the golf course. The bomb blew up at around the same time as the drone touched down on the lawn next to table seven. In the open garden London Mountain café, the bomb blew body parts on the golf course as far as the car park.

Sheba pulled on her black suede-riding boots. Her house trembled, but that was not going to stop her from completing her final mission who lived in the emerald caves that hold the secret tunnel that was the portal to many earths. She could hear Prince Suliman's thoughts, again the city was eerily silent. The alarm bells were going off in Sheba's head. She could feel the strong presence of her protector, Prince Suliman. He was flying above her, visible only to her eyes. She could see him leading the way to the city park where Sheba's GPS identified a backpacker. Sheba aimed her laser silencer from a distance. It locked onto the content of his backpack and paralyzed him. He stood silent, unable to move his body as he went into statue mode. His jaw remained open, and his eyes took on that dazed, distanced look of a statue. He could not move a muscle in his eyes as Prince Suliman scooped him up and disappeared. He flew away with him and the contents of his backpack—a bomb that was meant for the gay beach and bar in Vancouver.

In the distance, where the mall stood, was another bomb. The haunted typewriter had predicted them all for the same time today, 11:11 a.m. Sheba had memorized the dates and times after she recorded them in her black-covered diary. In the distance, a

mosque was bombed. Two predicted bombs of three went off; one saved by Sheba and her protector, the Prince of Jinns, Suliman.

His bitter, half-human brother Prince Rashid was also the rebel killer prince of the desert who had made a pact with the Red Wolves. His real father was from the Shadow People. Rashid was only now just discovering his powers as a shape-shifter. How could he betray her trust? His lovely Sonia. He could not. He would disappear from her life and let her forget him. She did not need him. She was safe to live until her death. He would return for her when she departed from this world, she was his lost soulmate, the only woman he could have given his heart to and now she was gone, vanished, how could he return to her? The war was right to rid this earth of humans.

Sheba returned home breathless. She hurried to get to the typewriter in her study. There, she halted abruptly. The typewriter looked as though it was about to burst into flame. It was hot and glowing like embers. She knew the ghost of the owner—the gifted seer and medium poet who had once owned it.

Prince Damien rushed in, pointing a gun at her. Yet his eyes told her he was a wounded man in love with the woman he now pointed his gun at. “You will die, bitch, tell me about it, the prince’s love can turn in mere seconds to hate, ain’t love the real bitch,” he said as she slowly backed away from the typewriter. “Sheba, the typewriter belongs with me. I will take it, I will keep it safe in my bank vault. Bring it to me. Do as I say.” He shoved her with the back of his silenced gun.

Sheba coolly picked it up, noticing that the heat was gone. The spirit of the seer was gone—at least for now. She would return to claim it on the anniversary of her death, which was in two days. “Prince Damien, you don’t know what hell you are letting loose. The typewriter must stay here, or more will die. More bombs will go off!”

“You are a liar. This is your trick, how you hunt down the attackers of the revolution. I am their leader.” His trembling, sweating hand whipped out his hunter’s knife like lightning. He moved across the room and plunged his knife into the heart of Rashid, his eldest brother. “You, brother... you betrayer. You swore to my father you would protect the dark nights of the pride,

the clans. Instead, you planned his assassination and kept the enemies of the Jinn clans at bay. You let them steal your human soul and replace it with their own powers of the shifter. You were born half-human, but I kept this secret close to my heart. I would have taken it to my grave,” he snarled, sneering all the while. His raging voice held a hint of fear.

Rashid’s deep-set glowing blue eyes raged as he thundered, “You are not the brother I once saved...but you were never good at chess anyway.”

Damien watched his half-brother’s eyes widen in shock before he stumbled and fell to his knees. His glowing blue blood formed a puddle, as he looked deep into Sheba’s soul. “You belong to me. I will return for you,” he whispered softly before he disappeared, leaving Sheba sobbing on her knees.

Prince Damien ran out into the cold night and fell on his knees a short distance away. He wept uncontrollably for the woman he’d once loved. She was not his wife; she was a fake, someone who looked like her. He would not accept the lies anymore. This was Sheba’s twisted work. She would live in regrets and guilt. That would be her death—he would be right there to watch her suffer for it. “Sheba, when death becomes your wish with each waking moment, I will be here. I know you agree to have the possessed typewriter in the vault. Now say it,” he ordered as he pointed the gun to her head. He could not pull the trigger. He fell to his knees and wept.

Rashid appeared to her in a plasma blue body, alive. “This was one of my powers given to me when I chose their world, their nature. The Red Wolf clan doesn’t trust Prince Suliman, your Jinnman. He is a warrior, and he feeds on your life force, your ‘hug.’ There is so much to tell you, but now is not the time. A greater war is coming. Jinnman and I are sworn enemies.”

Sheba fainted. As she fell, Prince Suliman’s invisible arms pulled her into his unseen world. “Now you are where we can be together to fight this war.”

“No. No! You let me go. I’m not going. I’m not leaving him! I will not leave him again.” Sheba grabbed the arms of Prince Damien as she materialized back in her study. “Let’s get out of here now.”

“No, I will never trust you!” Prince Damien pulled her arms away as he ran off in the distance.

She fell unconscious. Prince Suliman smiled sadly. She was dead to the illusory world of pain and heartaches, but really her body was restored.

As she slept, Prince Suliman and Rashid roared at each other. They grabbed each other's necks, and Jinnman pitched Rashid into the air like a ragdoll. Rashid landed on all fours as he shape-shifted into an enormous red werewolf, panting with raging love. His roars and howls were filled with hostility. He would not have her in his world. He would return with her to face her last mission. The earth may have lost a tragic race of humans, but they had gained the super thick skin of the half-human, half-fire races of the Jinnman clans.

Chapter Thirteen

The sleek, silver Learjet landed with a squeal of rubber, a thump, and a roar of reverse thrusting jet engines at Athens airport. The brilliant Greek sun shined into the window ports. Squinting, Sheba looked out at an airport in chaos because of a terrorist caused shutdown with only private aircraft authorized to land. The huge jumbo jets and cargo planes of various international airlines were all bunched at the side of the runways.

They taxied up to their unloading spot.

Was that Prince Ahmedi on the tarmac?

Sheba was on a two-fold mission. One was personal. It was a mission to save a blood relative, her cousin actually, the child of her dead aunt from Syria. Her aunt had been a victim in a previous Red Wolves massacre. Just before she died from her grievous wounds, she managed to get off a cell phone message to Sheba. The cousin, Layla, was traveling with her toddler, and of course both their lives were at risk. Ateela was gasping on the phone. "What happened?" Sheba asked.

"We were attacked. It was horrible. The Wolves were eating people alive. The people were screaming as they were being devoured. But my little Layla and her daughter managed to escape."

Sheba had many more questions, but the dying lady on the other end was now gasping and coughing, and Sheba was only getting every other word. "Where did this happen?"

Ateela choked and coughed and managed to sputter something, but all that Sheba got was the word *Europe*. Sheba shouted into the phone. "Where in Europe? Where do you think she might have gone? Where were you when you were attacked? Where were you going? I need this information if I am to help."

Her only answer was a loud sigh. Actually, it was the last hiss of life being exhaled from her tortured body. Sheba called

out, "Hello? Hello? Is anybody there? Auntie? Auntie? Are you still there?"

In a moment, another voice came on the line. It was a man, and his voice was as low as the Grim Reaper. "I'm afraid she is dead. It is God's will. She suffered so much, and she was so worried about her daughter and granddaughter. Better this way."

Sheba murmured a thank you and hung up. Sheba was determined to fulfill her last wish although she had no idea where to start looking.

The other part of her mission was to capture the famous Iranian commando, Umar. She was tasked to capture him and bring him back to Prince Suliman in London and then to Whitemoor Prison's special Block A, which contained some of the most dangerous criminals and terrorists in the world. These people were uniquely evil. Because of their malevolent killer genes. They had been born as perfect killing machines, too perfect to be human, but perfect enough to become hybrid humans.

This would be no easy task. Umar was incredibly muscular and fit. A towering figure, he would intimidate anyone. His left bicep bore the tattoo "Do it with Passion." It was known that the words inspired him to do his missions in the Mercenary Special Agents unit of the Iranian military.

Far to the south, from the Greek islands of Mykonos and Rhodes, bedraggled, exhausted refugees from the constant genocidal warfare of the Middle East clambered ashore looking dazed and exhausted. Many were still wet from their ordeal at sea and stood shivering, others just stared blankly and followed the person ahead of them. A herd of zombies, they started their march inland to the Promised Land at the height of the day's heat, under the noontime sun, the younger and the stronger up front, and the elderly and sick straggling far to the rear.

Soon they found themselves walking along train tracks, some collapsing from their exhaustion and sitting on the high side of the adjoining culvert, waiting to regain their strength. Others plodded on.

Unbeknownst to the pathetic column of refugees, the ones leading them were part of the evil which had brought them here. They were the blood thirsty Red Wolves.

They eagerly gathered up the stragglers and led them to the trail where the main body was trudging wearily ahead. Nearly comatose, they would follow anybody with energy who seemed like a leader. This all played into the hands of the evil ones. The Red Wolves were licking their chops in anticipation of the bloody feast ahead.

Someone in the column asked, "Are we being taken to transportation? Or are we to walk all the way?"

Umar was an expert at interrogating. True, it was usually prisoners, but now he was mingling with the refugees, trying to get a lead on Sheba's cousin. He kept his ears open trying to find out what the plan was.

All he got from most was a weary shrug. When he came upon a campsite of refugees, who had built a fire and were evidently eating and sleeping, he thought he would have better luck with this group who appeared at least to be somewhat rested. The people walking were too weary to answer questions.

He found an old man with a foot-long gray beard, wearing a caftan. He knew that in Syria, these types were usually village Elders. He tried. "Pardon me, sir. I am looking for my daughter. Could you help me?"

The old man looked at him through his wizened eyes, his wrinkled face wrinkling even more. "What can I do for you, my son. I am an old man, I know little."

"I am on a difficult mission. I am looking for my daughter."

"What could I know about your daughter, unless she was in my village or I otherwise knew her."

A silence followed that was disheartening. The old man was looking down at his tea. When he looked up he said, "Where are my manners? Would you like some tea?"

Umar accepted, knowing that joining a person in the ritual of drinking tea can bring some kind of bond that might be helpful.

Umar accepted the tea and offered the Arabic "Salam."

The old man sipped tea and then said, "What is her name and how old is she?"

"Her name is Layla and she is twenty-three. She is traveling with a four-year-old girl."

The old man thought a while then said, "What village is she from?"

He said, "Ar-Raqqah, in the north."

The old man thought again and said, "See? That's why I don't know her, we in this group are from Hamah."

Umar sighed and prepared to move on. Then the old man touched his sleeve and motioned to another group sitting before a fire at the edge of the clearing. He said, "Those people are from Halab, which is close to Hama. Maybe they know her."

Umar thanked him and went over to the other group. There he had a little luck. He found a young woman who knew Layla. The woman was pretty, but the trauma and weariness of recent days had cast her face in a dark pall. She seemed too tired to talk, but Umar coaxed her.

Finally, she seemed to take the usual female attitude when dealing with the handsome and dashing commando. She looked into his eyes and gave him a hint of a smile. She tucked a loose strand of her long black hair behind her ear. "She and I used to work together, if she is the girl I am thinking of. This Layla lived in Hamah and she had a little girl."

"I believe that's her."

"Yes, she moved away to Halab with her husband and little girl. We met on the trail here a while ago, and I heard that while we are heading for the train station up ahead on these tracks, she told me that her group from her village was going to board a bus and take the road that would take them through Thessalonica in northern Greece."

Umar thanked her profusely and returned to Sheba. He told her what he had learned and described where the road was located. Sheba said, "I am going after her. I think it would be better if we planned to meet up later, the two of us together in this mob of refugees might appear strange to the Wolves and their agents."

The pair knew now that the plan was to load them on anything with wheels and ship them north.

And so, Layla was somewhere up ahead and heading north through Thessalonica. Sheba and Umar arranged for a rendezvous and Sheba set off north.

What they had no way of knowing, was that the Red Wolves agents' plan was to blow up the various conveyances of the refugees and then swoop in and feast on the bloody remains.

Sheba, using the woods as cover, easily kept up with the refugees until she passed the last group. She knew the others

were far ahead. Moving easily until dusk, she was now traveling in foothills, long high slopes, and rocky ridges. In the distance, she heard the rumble of thunder and off over the ridges, pitchforks of lightning slashed across the darkening skies. She knew if she got caught out in a storm, the cold and the hyperthermia would slow her down if not kill her, so she had to find shelter and fast.

Not having have time to build a shelter of leaves and evergreen boughs, she searched for something else. The first spatter of rain hit her just as she came upon a cave. She threw some rocks into the cave and yelled to clear out any animals that might be in there.

She scurried about fetching firewood and piled it inside the cave. It started to rain, so more searching for wood would be futile. Luckily there were leaves and dead wood that had had been blown into the mouth of the cave. She gathered this too.

Soon she had a good fire going. As she sat before it, she chewed on a candy bar she always carried in her pack. It wasn't much but it would have to do. With what she had seen so far, she had little hope of finding Ateela in good shape, but she would not give up. Now exhausted, she curled up in front of the fire and went to sleep.

In the morning, the sun was out and she knew this was a blessing, as traveling in the rain would have been near impossible if she were to remain healthy and effective.

She found the direction of north from the moss on an evergreen tree and set out again.

After hiking all day, she came upon a group of refugees. They were herding a tired looking donkey that was obviously overloaded and moving very slowly. In fact, the beleaguered animal was near collapse.

They were a small family, two parents and four children ranging from toddler to teenager. Sheba's first cheerful remark was, "You'd better rest that animal or he's going to give out on you."

They all looked at her rather blankly, like she was an alien and they were surprised to see her. She didn't appear to be just another refugee.

The father said, "We were trying to get to the next bus stop so as not to be left behind, but now we are lost and have no idea where we are. Do you know?"

"As far as I know, we are heading north and the town of Thessalonica is up there about fifty miles more."

The father looked relieved. "Oh, thank you, Miss, we had no idea where to go. Is there anything we can do for you and your kindness?"

"I could use some food if you can spare it."

"We have some dried figs and some flat bread if that would help."

"It would be very much appreciated."

With the food in her pocket she set out again, waving to the little family as she left them in her tracks.

As she was skirting a hill along the trail, she heard a tremendous blast. She couldn't tell how far away it was until a plume of smoke rose up about a mile or two ahead. Since she had not encountered her cousin so far, she set out to see what the explosion was.

While it was only a mile or two, she was still in hilly, rocky terrain, and it was slow going, especially with the footing still wet from the recent rain. In about a half hour following a line of travel directly toward the smoke, she found it. It was a bus and it obviously had been blown up. The entire side was sheared open and parts like the tires and the cloth fabric seats were still burning. Smoke still spiraled up in black greasy plumes.

Sheba waited under cover in the woods until she determined that there was no one else nearby. She approached the bus cautiously. When she entered the charred wreck, she had to step gingerly as there was jagged wreckage and hot parts. As for the passengers, it was a nightmarish scene, so bloody, the carnage so vicious that she had to momentarily close her eyes. It looked like a slaughterhouse whose workers had only partially finished their work. The Red Wolves had already been here, and all that remained of the bus passengers were piles of bloody half-skeletons that no longer resembled human beings.

It was eerily quiet. Not even the forest creatures or birds stirred. Only a faint whispering of the wind in the trees. Sheba was about to leave when she heard a low moaning. At first, she didn't even think it was human but her imagination. It was

coming from the back of the bus. She stepped gingerly over the bloody human body parts till she came to the source. It was a man who had the rear wall of the bus, including the lavatory, collapsed on him. So there was not only the odor of burned flesh, but the overwhelming smell of human excrement.

Only the stubs of his legs were exposed and this was the part the Wolves ate as he was still alive. Actually, he only seemed to have another breath or two of life left in him. Sheba pulled some of the metal from his body, almost slipping on the pool of blood. His eyes were dark pools of pain in hollow eye cavities. She held his hand. It was whole, calloused, and warm. She squeezed it, and the suffering eyes seemed to thank her as they closed forever.

The scene and the experience had drained her of her energy, her appetite, and her will to go on. But after she was a couple of miles away from the carnage and in the clean woods with the clear mountain air, she recovered. She sat by a swift running creek and munched on the flat bread and figs, and after a quick nap, she felt much better.

Later and far off to the north along the border, and near the train tracks, Umar, in full camouflage, crouched in the shrubs. He had heard something. He kept still. Suddenly he spotted a group of Red Wolf agents who had fallen upon a group of refugees. But refugees from what? He did not see any cops or border patrol with canine units. What were these people running from? Wasn't their travel north all arranged? Why should they be running?

As the cowering, horrified refugees were slowly surrounded into a tight knot of frightened humanity, the agents morphed into werewolves—this was a much larger gray animal with blood red eyes, high haunches, and long sharp fangs—and then mutated back into wolves. As they circled, the circle got smaller and smaller as they got nearer their ultimate prey. The prey were huddled into a tighter mass, making it easier for the attacking werewolves. Now they lunged toward the grouped, horrified people, their sharp fangs snapping at whatever flesh they saw. And now they were biting off hands, arms, legs, heads and the screaming and wailing sounded like something out of Hades. And like those souls in Hades, they didn't die fast, but in increments. A person can live a long time with limbs missing.

And as they began to tear into torsos and heads, the death rate rose more quickly.

Even Umar with his superior courage began to quiver with fear. He would rather fight than simply sit there and be eaten alive.

What followed was a display of carnage that turned even Umar's stomach as the bile rose in his throat. The people were torn apart and had been consumed on the spot, with groups of wolves hovering around a carcass and snarling and snapping at each other for choice parts. The coppery smell of blood reached him.

Umar cringed, a rare thing for him, but the wolves were now circling him, snarling, and emitting low throaty growls. They skulked by as in a parade. Each passing beast would take a long hard gaze at him. They narrowed the circle with each step until they were close enough for him to make out individual scars, and other facial features. He could make out individuals, and individual red eyes. He prepared for the worst, but they just kept circling him, their blood red eyes glowering at him.

Yet some strange invisible wall surrounded and protected him. It was like an electric fence that the wolves could not penetrate although it didn't dampen any of their aggression. This went on long enough to puzzle Umar as well as scare him, until the pack stopped, sniffed the air, and took off loping into the dark woods.

But there was no wall. Why they had spared Umar's life was the presence nearby of none other than Sheba Blair. They had spotted her and they knew who she was and why she was there.

The Red Wolves had received a telepathic signal from Prince Suliman, her protector. The order was to protect her and the commando on their way out. It will not be an easy exit as they themselves will soon be hunted.

Chapter Fourteen

Sheba and Umar had rendezvoused in the woods near Thessalonica. He seemed happy to see her, and in some odd way, she liked that he seemed worried about her. They hitchhiked into the city, a center of Greek culture on the Thermaic Gulf of the Aegean Sea and found themselves a hotel and two rooms on the ocean.

That night, they indulged themselves with a Greek dinner of calamari and salad, and a Greek wine followed by ouzo. As they dined, they were able to gaze out at the sparkling blue waters of the Aegean that glittered like a million diamonds in the setting sun. As the sun sat like a giant orange orb on the horizon, they watched it plunge into the sea as they sipped wine.

Both would have loved to stop here and rest, but they knew they had to push on. It was the first time they had been alone together in such a setting. They were getting a little tipsy from the ouzo and the romantic dancing light of the candles flickered on the white stucco walls. Nearby, a mandolin strummed a Greek folksong smothered in romantic fable. A high pitched male Greek voice accompanied it, adding to the idyllic aura. The time, the place, the mandolin, and the voice transported them back in time and they were in the Thessalonica of antiquity.

He reached across the table to take her hand. Umar gazed across the table at her and she, being human, appreciated the handsome male's attention, reading nothing into the spontaneous hand holding.

Umar said, "We're done eating and we still have half of this second bottle of ouzo left. Why don't we have it on my balcony. There's a sea breeze up there."

Sheba was tired and the dinner and alcohol had mellowed her out. She didn't agree, but she didn't disagree, so he took her by the hand and led her upstairs.

On the balcony, he poured each a glass of ouzo. As promised, there was a sea breeze and the harbor lights twinkled in the dark night. Incoming boats' lights added to the pleasant scene.

Before she had taken two sips of the ouzo, he was behind her caressing her neck and shoulders, and it felt wonderful. She moaned, "Ah, that feels so good. I've been so on edge."

"Relax," he said, "don't think about anything but my hands."

She did, but it wasn't her hands that were receiving the vibes from his wonderful ministrations. She purred with delight and her hands unconsciously roamed over her own body, lingering on her breasts. He leaned down and kissed her, his soft lips, almost like a woman's, velvety soft and enticing. She moaned and kissed him back. The soft pressure of his tongue on hers was electrifying. The soft tropical breeze caressed the palm fronds on the balcony and whispered exotic ideas to her. She reached for him and pulled him to her, moaning in passion. He unzipped the back of her mini dress and quickly undid her bra. She gasped as the night air touched her now bare skin. Her nipples perked up in the coolness of the night air. He leaned into them.

As quickly as it came on her, it left. She saw Suliman's face in her mind's eye and she stopped cold. She murmured, "Umar, I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have done that in the first place. I know it seems like I was leading you on, but I wasn't. I was carried away, but that is gone and I am back to reality, and that reality is Suliman is between us. And he will always be. Not only you, anybody. Suliman and I are of one spirit."

He didn't get mad but smiled sadly. "A man is a man, and I hope you don't think badly of me."

She was sincere. "I would never think badly of you. You have a powerful allure and it really wasn't entirely your fault. I just hope you understand."

His sad smile turned into a tight lipped sad grin.

The next morning, they inquired at the bus station about the refugee buses. Getting through to the Greek passenger agent was tough, but Sheba knew a few words and managed to learn the route of the refugee bus. Eventually, she learned the road the buses took to southern Germany and the refugee camp. They immediately bought tickets and headed north.

On any other day and any other mission, the bus ride through Central Europe would have been very pleasant. The countryside was spectacular and they got to eat several different cuisines as they passed through each country.

At the final bus stop, they needed to take the train.

It was dark, and the train wound its way through the dark forests and little towns, its horn tooting a lonely refrain in the night.

The trip ended at a little German town, Kitzbuhel, about ten miles from the refugee camp. Only four-wheel-drive vehicles could negotiate the trail to the camp, so they had to walk. After a four-hour trek, they arrived at their destination.

The place was a sea of canvas and the crush of humanity dehumanized it. There were no cots for them at the refugee camp, so they sat out for a little while in the adjoining forest.

After resting, they went back into the camp and began to walk the wooden boardwalks along the endless lines of tents, peeking in each one and asking for Layla. But at each, they got odd stares and a sudden silence. Ordinarily, the place was a buzzing, throbbing section of humanity, with all the noises, odors and confusion of people milling about in small spaces trying to live. There was even loud music, as some of the young people had brought along their radios and other digital devices. But each tent they entered, they were met with hostile stares, and they could sense the paranoia of the refugees wondering who they were and what they wanted. These people were almost always in a state of fear, so any stranger asking questions presented a reason to be wary.

Eventually, Sheba and Umar looked up at the sea of canvas tents and she said, "No way could we search or look through all these tents, especially when people are suspicious and are not cooperative. We come to her tent and they'll tell us she's not there. There are thousands of people here and more arriving every hour. This is an impossible task."

They didn't speak the language well enough, since there were several dialects to choose from and they just were not fluent enough in them all to make themselves understood, and that made it even more difficult. Sheba then had an idea. Her eyes lit

up as she said, "Let's go to the camp administration and see if they could help."

At the office, after showing some credentials and talking to the administrators, they decided and agreed to make an announcement over the camp's loudspeaker and ask if Layla would report to the office.

Eventually, two Laylas appeared, but neither was the right one. Sheba's head dropped to her chest in disappointment. They had come a long way, only to find this. What could the next step possibly be?

They were thinking about that when her cousin Layla appeared.

Sheba stared at her. She was a pretty girl and Sheba recognized her resemblance to her aunt, but she was not looking her best today, obviously. "You are Layla, Aunt Ateela's daughter?"

"Yes, yes I am."

"Where's your little girl?"

The woman threw herself into Sheba's arms beseeching her, "My child, my little girl. You have to help me find her! Please! She's lost. I lost her."

"Where did you lose her? Think, calm down."

She had to regain control and stop sobbing. Still sniffing she said, "We were changing trains and I lost her in the crowd of pushing, yelling people. They told me here at the camp that there are lots of stragglers and that they will let me know if she shows up."

With nothing decided but the fact that they would discuss some plan to get the child back, they decided to get some rest. They were all tired and worn out.

There wasn't room in Layla's tent so they decided to hike to a nearby inn.

The chalet type inn was on the edge of the Black Forest. As Sheba, Umar and Layla hiked to it, Layla said, "Back in antiquity, this forest was called *Abnoba mons* by the ancient Celts and was considered magical."

Nobody knew how she knew this, and they had no interest. Maybe the camp people told them that to scare people from wandering off into the forest.

The inn was small, and luckily, they had three rooms for them. But unluckily, there were no phones.

They gathered in Sheba's room to decide on a plan. She said, "There must be a telephone somewhere near here. We have to find out." Umar nodded in agreement but kept his solemn expression to himself.

Sheba's intention was to try to get through to Prince Suliman. Her hope was that if he was too far away to open the portal, maybe he could instruct her how to do it if that was possible. It might not be, since Suliman had special powers that only he had.

They learned that the nearest phone was miles away.

Sheba, taking Umar aside so as not to scare Layla, said, "We will never be able to hike there in time. The only solution would be a vehicle."

Umar's handsome features turned grim. "Yes, the attack of the Red Wolves is less than thirty hours away. What actually is at stake?" he questioned.

Sheba, looking worried, told him, "To protect the camp from an attack, it is necessary to send the camp into a parallel earth where it will be protected from the war that is coming. It may or may not work."

The inn served dinner, so they went downstairs to a meal of steak and vegetables which bucked them all up and gave them much needed strength.

Back in her room, they gathered, and Sheba was thinking hard. She looked out the window. "I see a Land Rover down in the parking area. It probably belongs to the owner. We need it. It's the only vehicle out there, seems the inn's customers are mostly hikers."

Umar's brows raised. "What do you mean? Steal it?"

Sheba grimaced. "Yes. Much is at stake. But we still have to wait for daylight. We'd never be able to find our way in the dark of this forest."

He agreed and they all went to their rooms. Sheba was exhausted but could not sleep. She fought with her pillow and the night wouldn't let her go. She was right. So much was at stake.

As she was getting sleepy, she heard a soft footfall in the hallway. She cracked her door an inch and saw Umar creeping

down the hallway toward Layla's door. He rapped softly, and in a few moments, he was admitted.

Sheba thought, *so that's how it is. The hard man softens for love. He sure didn't soften for me, I'd say just the opposite.*

Umar's heart had already melted for Layla. He sincerely felt for her. In Layla's room, Umar swept her up in his arms. She didn't resist but she clung there for a while, reveling in the sheer comfort of his powerful arms. It made her feel safe in a scary, hard world.

And for a brief time, Umar's overwhelming passion made her forget her lost child.

He undressed her slowly and she clung to the earthy male aroma of his body. His kisses were fiery and soon they were kissing madly, their tongues swimming wetly back and forth.

He kissed his way down the length of her body, lingering over her lush breasts, and after devouring them, continued on down to her womanhood. He buried his face into her and her knees raised in response. Her hands grasped the back of his head, urging him to continue. He left her whimpering with desire. Then he rose up and plunged into her, leaving her gasping for breath. Their pace of lovemaking never seemed steady, it just kept rising in heat and passion until they both exploded in a shattering climax that left them breathless.

Later as she lay in his arms, she remembered her daughter and started whimpering. He calmed her down and promised her he would do everything in his power to find the child.

They made love well into the night.

In the morning Sheba made no mention of what she had seen. The lovers revealed nothing either. So, before the Innkeeper and his staff awoke, they were outside in the pre-dawn chill, hotwiring the Land Rover. When the engine roared to life, they hopped in and set off for the telephone.

During a rest break when Sheba found herself alone with Layla, the young woman advised her about her tryst with Umar but also that it had saved her life. Sheba was completely understanding, even if she was one to make a moral judgement.

It was midmorning before they found a phone, and with only hours to go, they contacted the Prince. But he was not hopeful that they would be able to prevail. There was a portal in the Black Forest but the Prince was not able to open it, so after being

instructed, Sheba tried. At first, she had no success either, but eventually it worked and the portal opened. The happiness on their faces quickly faded as they saw that the Red Wolves and agents were already lurking in the forest, and other creatures came through the portal too.

“The Marid Jinn clan of priests,” she said.

Umar asked Sheba about them.

Sheba said, “The Marid Jinn are considered the most powerful tribe of Jinn. They are the classic genies of folklore, often portrayed as barrel chested men with booming voices. They were originally sea spirits, they are often associated with water, and thought to take sanctuary in the open ocean. While Marid are very powerful, they are not technical minded and therefore unlikely to do anything of that nature.”

“Marids (giants) are considered to be the most powerful type of Jinn, especially with their water-based powers. Like all Jinns, they have free will, yet can be compelled to perform chores. They also have the ability to grant wishes to mortals, but then, usually require battle, imprisonment, rituals or just a great deal of flattery.”

“As powerful supernatural beings, they often have a retinue of followers and their domains. As with the Jinn, Marid may be either a believer or unbeliever, good or evil, but they are most often depicted as indifferent and aloof about mortals, which can be more terrifying than outright hostility.”

“Jinns are spiritual creatures in Islam and Arabic folklore. They are mentioned in the Quran and other Islamic texts.”

“They are here for the young women, to breed with them and take them to their parallel world where they will enslave them.”

Layla asked, in all innocence, “What is a parallel world?”

Sheba said, “It’s a hypothetical, self-contained reality, co-existing with one’s own. A universe where the very laws of nature are different.”

Layla was only half listening. She could not stop worrying about her daughter and begged Sheba to return to the camp to see if she had showed up.

They took the liberty of again using the Land Rover.

As they approached the refugee camp, an eerie and pervasive silence startled them. Usually it was a very noisy place, abuzz

with the chattering of hundreds of women and children and the daily business of living life.

It was very suspicious, so Umar insisted that he go ahead alone and recon the area. He crept up on the camp slowly. The first thing he noticed was that there were no guards, either on the fence line or in the tower, so he boldly walked through the gate.

The first tents he peeked into were empty. So were the next four or five. A search of the entire camp revealed that it was deserted. Everyone, every woman and child, guard, and administrator was gone. But where? Why?

He returned to the Land Rover with many more questions than when he had left.

Chapter Fifteen

Layla fell into deep despair. The whole camp was gone. How could she find her child now! She fell into Umar's arms. "Where is she? What can I do? I can't leave here without finding her."

Sheba tried her best to comfort the girl but there was nothing she could do. They went into the nearest tent to rest. Sheba said, "Let's rest up here for a while and then we will figure out what to do." Her intention was to ease Layla's angst but the reality of it was she had no idea what to do next.

They were exhausted and all slept for more than six hours. Sheba was the first to awaken and she was hungry. As she was scrounging around the tent for something to eat, the other two awoke.

Sheba found a box of pasta and some butter and olive oil that were still good. She and Layla boiled up a pot of water on the little wood stove and fixed them a simple but hearty meal of spaghetti, flavored with olive oil and butter. There was plenty and Umar and Sheba ate a full meal, but Layla was only able to get some of it down. Sheba warned, "Layla, whatever we are going to do to try to find your little girl is going to take energy. Whether you feel hungry or not, we have no idea when we are going to be able to eat next. so try to get some more down."

The girl dutifully ate some more. It was now time to make some plans.

Umar said, "I don't think we should continue to use the Land Rover. It will, no doubt, be reported stolen by now and we don't want to be associated with it. I know it's a long hike back to the town, but as I see it, we don't have much choice. We need to find out where they moved the camp."

Sheba said, "I agree. We should fill up our canteens and scrounge a little more for some provisions and then start hiking to town."

Umar said, "Good, let us get started."

They set out for the closest town. On the road Umar studied the ground. "Many tire tracks of vehicles. Looks like Army trucks and buses."

Sheba said, "Seems like they're in a hurry. Otherwise they'd march them."

"I agree."

Later, when they were on a rest stop and Layla was dozing, Sheba sidled up to Umar and said, "We have no idea if the girl came in during the two days we were gone."

"That's true." He was whispering now. "I don't want Layla to hear, but I heard that the sex slave trade in children has picked up since this genocide. I'm fearing that someone snatched the child for just that purpose."

Sheba lapsed solemn. "That same thought had been occurring to me."

They reached the town in late afternoon. It had been over a thirty-mile hike and they were very tired. They found the nearest small hotel and got rooms. Sheba suggested, "Later tonight, when we get some dinner, we can put our heads together."

All agreed.

That night at dinner, Sheba dreaded bringing up the subject because she had no ideas at all. She had been thinking about it all during their long hike, but so far, she had nothing. When she checked with Umar, he had nothing either.

At dinner Sheba finally brought up the subject. Umar had some information. He said, "Earlier, I went to the local pub. I've always found that that's the best place to get information. Over a German beer, I found that the refugee camp pulled out in a hurry and was heading north. Possibly to Berlin."

Sheba said, "But even if that's true, what's the point of following if we're not even sure that we will find her there. I'm not at all sure that our best bet is following the refugees."

Layla bit her lower lip. "You mean we are going to do nothing?"

Sheba hugged her. "No, I don't mean that at all. I just think we can't afford to waste time following the refugees. The odds aren't on our side."

Umar said, "Layla, do you have a picture of the child?"

Layla quickly fished out a photo of an adorable four-year old; dark hair, huge eyes, and dimples. She wept as she handed it over. Sheba and Umar studied it. Umar said, "I think we should get copies of this picture and the three of us canvass this town to see if anyone has seen her."

Since solid plans were lacking, they all agreed. Umar took one side of town and Sheba and Layla took another. Layla was fearful of being alone, as she just didn't have the confidence or independence to do things on her own, having been brought up in a very traditional Muslim society.

They agreed to meet in the town square at the town square pub when they were done.

Sheba and Layla started walking the streets. Whenever they came to a pedestrian, they stopped them, showed them the picture, and asked if they had seen the child. So far all they got were some sad, and some compassionate replies.

When they spotted Umar at the appointed place, they studied his features as they approached, but there was no sign of success. He looked as crestfallen as the women.

They went to bed exhausted after the hike from the camp and the canvass of the town.

In the morning, Umar found that Sheba wasn't in her room. He found her in the dining room nursing a cup of coffee. She motioned to him and he joined her. "It is difficult to talk about this with Layla around."

"I know. She is too close to it. Especially that we are thinking the child might already be in the hands of the sex slavers."

Umar took a sip of coffee and said, "I did find out one thing. This is a pretty conservative town. The next town up the road to the north is more rundown and corrupt. I was told that there was a better chance of getting information there."

There was little enthusiasm for this suggestion, but since they had no other ideas, they set out north with the energy born of desperation and with action of some kind being better than no action at all.

They reached the town around noon, and they sat in the town square and drank cool water from the fountain there. Only Umar was hungry, so he told them to stay where they were and he'd go into the pub for a sandwich and to try to get some information.

Layla was listless by now, not from the physical exertions but by the weight of despair. She feared that she would never see her child again.

The women were dozing in the sun. It was early afternoon when Umar emerged. He was a little tipsy, but he explained that he got into a conversation with some local thugs and he kept feeding them drinks to keep their tongues loose.

There was a glimmer of hope in his eyes when he said, "I found a couple of people who told me that if what we were thinking was true, then the place for that would be the town of Karlsruhe, about a hundred miles north."

Sheba said, "We'll need a car."

Umar said, "The next biggest town where we could get a car would be about ten miles from here."

Sheba and Layla exchanged glances and then looked back to Umar. Sheba said, "Then let's get going."

The sun was setting when they got to the car rental agency and rented a car. They agreed that it would be better to start out in the morning, rather than risk the unfamiliar mountain roads in the dark.

They went to bed, with at least a little hope in their hearts.

In the morning they had a quick breakfast of German pastry and hot coffee and then they set out. It was about a three-hour drive and for the first time in a while, they saw a town of substantial size with a fairly brisk pedestrian and motor traffic. The place didn't look prosperous and there were a lot riff raff type hanging around the bars and street corners. Layla gave a little involuntary shiver at the sight of them.

Now, while they waited in the car, Umar went into a very seedy looking bar. It was in a particularly rundown area.

Again, Umar took quite some time. When he came out he was grinning. "We might be having a little bit of luck. I reversed the process and told them that I had a child to sell rather than the truth. It didn't take long for me to get a contact. He said that he wanted to get a look at the child. No photos would do because what mattered was the slave's condition and beauty. I made an appointment to meet someone here before closing time, about one in the morning."

Sheba said, "So you feel this is a solid lead?"

He locked eyes with her and then Layla, and said, "He told me that he picked up a little beauty the other day, and when he described her, I kept my photo in my pocket."

Sheba said, "You mean?"

Layla just gawked at them. "Do you think...?"

Layla clenched her fists with emotion. Could this be a worthwhile lead? Was there any chance? So far it had all seemed so hopeless. Sheba squeezed her hand.

They found a nearby hotel and went to Sheba's room to make plans. Umar said, "This is going to be quite dangerous so, of course, I will be going alone."

Sheba said, "No way."

"It has to be that way."

Sheba said, "You're forgetting who you're dealing with. I'm no housewife." She glanced at Layla. "No offense, Layla." Returning her eyes to Umar she said, "I am a trained soldier. I can handle myself and my appearance gives me an advantage."

Umar raised his brows. "And how is that?"

"Nobody expects it of a woman. I can kill a man with my bare hands."

Layla said, "And I am expected to wait here. Alone?"

Sheba looked at her. "Yes. It is much too dangerous."

While nothing more was said, both wondered what Layla might do or what she was capable of doing. Neither felt confident she would just sit at the hotel and wait patiently.

At about a quarter to one, Umar went into the pub. Sheba sat in the car parked across the street, her eyes locked on the front entrance. After Umar had gone in, she made a quick reconnaissance to find where the back door was located and what alley it led to.

Inside the pub, Umar was having a drink with a tall skinny guy with a long scar that ran from his left eye to his jaw. He had shifty eyes and kept looking toward the door. Umar noticed that he took a chair so that he could face the door.

The man was already drinking so Umar ordered a drink. When it came he said, "I can show you the girl tonight if you wish."

The tall man said, "Where is she?"

"Well, I'll take you to her once I am sure you are interested and that you are alone."

The man squinted. When he did, his scar seemed to contract in the most evil way. It was a cross between a leer and a smirk.

"That's not how it's done, friend. I call the shots. I pick the spot and you go with me there. I have no plan to be ambushed either." Then he asked, "Do you have the money on you?"

Umar locked eyes with him. "Why?"

"Because if you don't there's no deal."

Reluctantly, Umar reached into his pocket and pulled out a fat stack of bills with high denominations on top.

"That doesn't prove anything. Where I come from, that's the oldest trick in the book. Under that big, fat hundred-dollar note, are all singles."

With a sigh Umar brought the roll out again and peeled back several notes. They were all high.

Skinny man said, "Okay. Then if you would come with me. Maybe we have a deal."

The man added, "We have to use my car."

"Why?"

"I don't walk the streets with little girls. Besides, I have something in my pocket that with one whiff, they are asleep. I find that works best. Some of them are squealers."

Umar said, "Ok. Let's go. Where's your car?"

"Out back."

In a few minutes, Umar was sitting in the passenger seat of a tiny German Volkswagen. They scooted to the far end of town. Umar thought he saw Sheba in the side mirror, but there was still some traffic as the pubs emptied. He wasn't sure.

When they came to a boarding house in a bad section of town, they got out and went up to the second floor. The skinny guy rapped twice and a young woman came to the door. The apartment was dimly lit and he could barely make her out. Once inside, he motioned to Umar and said, "Customer. Bring her out."

The woman gave him a quick appraisal and went into the next room. She emerged with a sleepy four-year-old who stumbled half asleep. Umar's heart skipped a beat. He had studied the photograph enough to know this was the right little girl. This was...

Umar said, "Okay, let's go. You have to drive me to my hotel on the South Side."

Umar turned to open the door and someone hit him hard on the head. He went down, quickly sinking into the deep dark abyss.

Skinny man was going through his pockets when the door flew open. It was Sheba and she had blood in her eyes. Skinny man quickly leveled a gun at her. With a turnaround spin, she dropkicked him in the face and he quickly went to his knees. Then she leaned down and karate chopped him on the back of the neck, putting him out. The woman grabbed a gun and caught Sheba off balance. When Sheba hesitated, the woman leveled the gun at the little girl who was standing bewildered and scared. The woman seemed to not know what to do, now that she had the drop on Sheba. Sheba figured she was the type who never took charge but just did whatever the man ordered her to do.

Sheba took advantage of this hesitation and with a lightning strike, shot her fist out and connected squarely with her jaw, putting her out of action too.

Sheba had to act fast. She had to carry Umar, who outweighed her by at least a hundred pounds, and, at the same time, take the child by the hand. She tried several times but it wasn't looking good. Until Layla popped in. She saw her child and screamed, scooping her up.

Sheba looked at her bewildered. "How...?"

Layla said, "Later. How can I help?"

"Take your daughter. I'll manage Umar. I couldn't do both."

She slung him over her shoulder and struggled down the stairs. At the car, she managed to get him into the back seat. He never made a sound and she was worried what condition he was in.

They were struggling when they saw some figures emerge from the shadow of the boarding house.

Sheba didn't have time to start the car before one of them was on her. She elbowed him in the throat, dropping him like a sack of potatoes. The next one was just in the right range for a drop kick and he wound up writhing on the cobblestone street.

Sheba hopped into the car and sped off. The only sounds in the car were of the women panting for breath. Layla kept looking at her child, assuring herself it was real.

Chapter Sixteen

The portal had opened up and the spacecraft was now hovering over the city. A low hum emitted from its power source and a dim blue light glowed from its port windows. It was so large that it created a mammoth shadow covering several city blocks as it loomed over the skyscrapers and bridges of the Big Apple. People on the street were craning their necks and looking at it with horror, fascinated, and some too mesmerized to run for safety. They simply kept pointing and talking to one another in animated gestures. Others were running for their lives.

As many people headed for their churches, they would arrive only to learn that their churches and other places of worship had been obliterated. Their last refuge, the places that had always in human history offered sanctuary, were gone. This left people feeling incredibly lost and out of touch with their Maker. This is exactly one of the effects the destruction was intended to induce, for an enslaved race should have no religion, no hope for salvation. Their only purpose in life, and on Earth, is to serve their masters, which was the goal.

The craft was now hovering over two cemeteries in New York's Central Park, Bayside and Acacia, *and at the same time*. Was there a reason for this? Was it trying to summon the dead to join it in its conquest of the living human race?

In a quantum leap, it appeared over a large New York prison, the infamous Sing Sing, upriver on the Hudson.

A guard on the north tower, upon first glimpsing it, grabbed his binoculars and was peering at it, muttering, "My God!" He called on his hand-held radio. "There's a damn monster aircraft of some kind out here, bigger than a football field."

"Callahan, you're nuts! It's the spacecraft we were told about. We just heard on the radio that it's over Manhattan. How

could you be seeing it? Have you been hitting the bottle on duty?"

A pall of heavy, black smoke hung over Manhattan. In uptown, the New York Library and Natural Museum were burning. Why these structures and not others? What was the reason for this? Were they trying to destroy all vestiges of Earth culture? When a culture's books and artifacts are gone, there is nothing to describe what the culture and what the society was all about. Was that the reason?

As religious warfare and chaos erupted between the Jews and Muslims, mosques and synagogues were burning all over the city and its boroughs, set by the 701 species. Would this also help destroy the icons and centers of religion of the culture? It seems that the spaceship's first targets were doing just that.

A brisk wind blew down from the Hudson River, up the canyons of the financial district, fanning the fires and helping spread the flames faster than the Fire Department could handle them. Two square blocks of the theatre district were now enveloped in flames.

The last time New York suffered such ravage by fire, was the Draft Riots of 1862.

Now within range were the people of the city. The goals of the parallel universe's 701 light species, robots seeking the blood of humans, was to create a trans-human species to enslave them and use them as hunters.

The giant spacecraft proceeded slowly up Broadway, its shadow preceding it and covering whole sections of the city. It was focusing a blazing white laser on every place deemed cultural, from churches to museums to theaters. All humans caught in the beam were immediately incinerated and vaporized.

The destruction of the society was going along smoothly when a squadron of F-15s from the US Air Force zoomed in and circled. The flight leader said, "Jumping Jesus. *What the hell* is that thing?"

A pilot radioed back, "Man, it's War of the Worlds for real."

"Okay guys, let's take him on in squadron formation." The jets peeled off and began a run at the huge target. At a range of ten thousand yards, they began launching air to air missiles. Some aircraft climbed above the spacecraft and bombed it as if it were a stationary target. There was much flame and smoke,

and the pilots reported back to base that they thought they were hitting the target and with no opposition.

The flight leader circled what he thought was the destruction and reported, "We creamed it good. Can't be anything left alive."

Just then, out of the thick black smoke came beams of lasers, hitting the jets one by one, and one by one they disintegrated in the sky.

Back at base, the staff was studying the photo recon that had been taken during the attack. When the technology finally was able to look through the smoke, they were astonished to see that of the hundred missiles that hit the spacecraft, none had done any damage, absolutely none. Not a scratch.

Meanwhile, the huge ship continued up Broadway, focusing its beams wherever it wanted, and the destruction continued unabated.

In the White House ready room, a meeting of the Joint Chiefs was just getting going. When the Chief of Staff heard that conventional weapons did no damage to the spacecraft, he said, "Well, gentlemen, it seems to me we have to go nuclear."

An Admiral at the table said, "But, sir, that will wipe out New York City."

"I'm not talking the big boys, Admiral. I'm talking the small stuff. The tactical nuclear weapons. I know it will still wipe out a lot of the city, but the way it's going, the whole city will be destroyed soon anyway."

A general spoke up. "I don't think that's their plan, sir. If they wanted, New York would already be in ashes. They seem to be very carefully selecting their targets."

"What do you mean, General?"

"Well sir, our recon photos show sporadic damage." He pointed to the photos on the display screen. "Here and here," he said pointing.

Another general officer said, "It looks like they are only hitting..." he looked again and lingered for a moment. "It looks like they are only hitting cultural things. Churches, museums."

The Chief lowered his head and thought for a long moment and then murmured, "*They are trying to wipe out our culture.*"

Someone else said, "By God, that's right. That's what they are doing."

The Chief said, "And they are sparing the population for the most part. That can only mean one thing."

"What's that, sir?"

"They mean to enslave the population." The Chief, deep in thought, said, "That doesn't change anything. Whatever its present intentions are or future intention, we still have only one response to stop it."

Someone muttered, "Hopefully."

"Well, in any case, we need the President's approval, so let's get him up here."

With the President's approval, a lone bomber streaked in to the target. It was now on upper Broadway doing its work. The bomber released the weapon and darted off to avoid the huge mushroom cloud of the explosion.

Back in the ready room, the Joint Chiefs eagerly awaited the strike recon photos.

When they were finally available, it took another twenty minutes of tense waiting for the smoke to clear. The results were astonishing. The spaceship had survived a nuclear strike! It was still flying. No evident damage.

A room full of middle aged men's faces went white.

On his end, Suliman was still wrestling with the problem. Unless the portal was sealed, other parallel earths with the same past will see its humans replaying history over and over again, never having learned anything from experience.

Prince Suliman knew this day was coming. He had had many clues: the omen of the typewriter and the human woman he loved. He had hidden it from the rest of the team so as not to panic them.

Tonight, September 11, would mark the last blood moon for New York, which would soon be relegated to the ash heap of history.

Suliman knew all this and struggled long and hard to find a solution. He knew the portal must be sealed or the parallel universe's species would return, time and time again, patiently crafting and nurturing human pity wars, in order to create the chaos to bring about their end and to create the ultimate slave race.

The humans may have enough nuclear power to stop the spaceships, but that wouldn't be the end of it.

And slavery must be conquered and avoided at all costs. No human sacrifice was too small to achieve this goal. Slavery is something that has marred and dishonored the human race for centuries, starting from ancient times. The rule of war was that part of the glory of victory was the enslavement of the defeated peoples. It had persisted until late in the nineteenth century, and its remnants still plagued America.

The whole concept of a slave race was that the race that enslaved another race was superior and thus able to do it. Since the enslaved race was considered inferior, it was altogether proper they should be enslaved.

There was no alternative for Suliman. He must find a way to seal the portal! The consequences of not doing it were too awful to contemplate. But making things more difficult was the giant spacecraft, slipping in and out of the earth space, weakening its power to feed off the wars. It seems that it was the ultimate price the humans and the Red Wolves would have to pay to survive.

If the parallel portal universe of 701 remained open, chaos and waves of energy would blow the winds of war all over the planet.

Suliman suddenly focused on an idea that had been percolating in the back of his mind for a long time. He called a meeting of his scientists.

When everyone was seated around a long conference table, Suliman had the war on Earth transmitted to the large screen before them. Suliman's voice was grave. He said, "Gentlemen, we have to seal the portals, and to date, we have not come up with a way. Now, I am not a scientist, but I know something about physics. And I was thinking if we could slow down, or speed up for that matter, the rotation of the earth, wouldn't the portals then be out of line and unable to function?"

The Chief Scientists said, "Yes, Lord Suliman. Of course, we don't know if they could re-align. Maybe they could or maybe they couldn't. But if it could be done, then indeed the portals would be sealed."

"What is involved in changing the speed of the earth's rotation?"

Another scientist offered, "Whatever it is, it would have to be very powerful."

Suliman said, "Couldn't the Moon's gravity, if redirected, be able to change the speed of the rotation?"

The scientists at the table exchanged looks. All kinds of looks. Knowing looks. Puzzled looks. Worried looks.

The Chief Scientist said, "My Lord, that may be possible, but it also might do just what we are trying to prevent. It will destroy Earth."

Suliman said, "I believe it is worth a try, so I am ordering all of you to go on full alert and work round the clock to figure out how to change the Earth's rotation. That's all. And gentlemen. I won't and I can't accept failure. You either produce or die trying."

The scientists got up from the table muttering to each other. Everyone wondered if they were going to be able to comply with Suliman orders. They believed him. They knew if they didn't, they would all die trying.

Meanwhile, the holocaust had spread to other cities on the East Coast. And they were all suffering the same fate as New York City. So far, the Smithsonian, all the museums of science, and all the art galleries, as well as theatres in the capital had been incinerated.

Suliman knew that what he had ordered of his scientists was a long shot. He had a backup plan to fight to the death. It would be the battle of all battles and would make the heavens tremble with its ferocity.

In the ready room at the White House bunker, the Joint Chiefs were again wrestling with the problem. An aide said to the Chief, "Do you think the President would authorize the use of the new laser technology?"

The Chief, still thinking, didn't answer right away. Eventually, he said, "You know, that might be our last resort." The Chief, his jaw firm, muttered, "I'm going to seek permission from the President." He got up from his place at the head of the table and rushed out the door.

The rest of the general officers around the table looked stunned and sat quietly.

By the time the laser was brought up from its secret hiding place in Colorado, the spaceship had decimated most of the cultural icons of New York and Washington. Then on the horizon, a single aircraft approached.

Later, back in the ready room, the recon photos from the laser strike had arrived. The Chief led the astonishment when the photos revealed... no damage!

The entanglement and the chaos would only end when the war ends and the portal gateway is sealed. There would be a battle that would prevent Prince Suliman from entering this Earth. This is a choice he made when he fell in love and lost his heart to the human, Sheba Blair.

He knew instinctively that these feelings would lead to no good for him. Love was a trap and most women knew how to use that trap to control a man. Sheba was no different although he wanted to believe that she was.

Her beauty was what entrapped him in the first place, but after that, the stirrings of love in his soul had gained complete control of him and by then it was too late.

Chapter Seventeen

The typewriter clattered for a long while. It was the final message. The sealed portal of the parallel universe, the war against the humans will end on the night of the blood moon. The battle will conclude in Central Park, one of the places in New York not damaged.

At present Sheba, Umar, Layla, and her little girl were aboard a British Airway 737 approaching Heathrow. They looked out the window, but as usual, London was socked in by fog.

Somehow, gazing out into the whiteness of the swirling fog gave them all a sense of foreboding. Their predicament would have been the same if the sun was shining, but somehow, the opaque cotton candy fog made the world and their prospects seem impossible.

Once they landed at Heathrow, they hurried to Suliman. They found that he was in training mode with the prisoners at the prison. They had gathered prisoners from all over and were now using British Army training facilities all over the UK.

But, of course, he was glad to see Sheba.

He had his trainees going through all kinds of commando drills and weapons training. Suliman actually intensified the already world notoriously arduous British Commando training regimen. When the trainees crossed streams on ropes, he implemented changes by making the course longer and beyond what is considered within human endurance. On the firing ranges, no man was allowed to quit for the day unless he had demonstrated expert level shooting skills. Trainees were actually killed completing the training, it was so difficult. He smiled with pride as he watched them go through the rigorous training. He knew it was incredibly tough and still they were doing it quite efficiently. It was the only way he could win the coming war.

It was pure luck when Suliman got a call at the prison. One of his people was at the subway station at the British Museum when he noticed a couple of suspicious people enter with a knapsack. He followed them, and when they got to the darkest part of the station, they dropped the knapsacks onto the tracks and hurried off. Not only was that a dead giveaway, but the fact that they were rushing away from the scene confirmed it.

He thought, *nobody leaves belongings in the subway. Too many thieves. Hmmm.*

He contacted Suliman and reported it. "It's probably a good idea to cancel the subway trip. I'm almost sure they have planted explosives and we have no idea how and when they will activate the mechanism to set them off."

Suliman was upset. "We're outside and ready to go. This delay could be..."

"Well, I'm at the Read Street Station and I'm running as fast as my legs will carry me to get away from here myself."

Just then, a terrific explosion tore apart the subway. Thick black smoke rolled down the tube-like tunnel like an avalanche. And it rolled backwards too, up the subway's stairways and billowed out into the street. People scattered from the subway entrance like roaches caught in the light. The smell of cordite was strong.

It had begun.

The Red Wolves were out under the super blood moon. The earth was merging with the dangerous parallel universe and was slipping in and out of the magnetic energy of the super bloody moon, about to go into lunar eclipse during the last hour of the battle. This was indeed unfortunate since Prince Suliman powers would be approaching their strongest and he would be at his most effective. He needed these advantages in order to seal the portal.

Further down the subway line that was undamaged, Sheba and Umar and Layla got into a fight with the Red Wolves. It was a Herculean struggle for the outnumbered trio. When it was over, only two were still standing, bloody and torn but on their feet. Layla, however, was dead. Umar grieved for her intensely. He vowed to avenger her death, as she had become the love of his life.

Back at Whitemoor prison, the entire facility was surrounded by the parallel universe spacecraft, awaiting the total chaos to

begin in London. The ships hovered ominously above the city, slipping in and out of the clouds and the ever-present fog banks. They looked like vultures, waiting for the picking at the corpses to begin. The bombs would be going off two days in advance of the night of the blood moon.

In Damascus, Syria, it was late in the day, but the last call to prayer from the mosque had not sounded. Nor would it ever again. In the old Christian quarter of Damascus, the city's thirteen-million-person populace was beginning a hurried and panicked exodus out of the city. They were carrying suitcases, pushing carts, and leading reluctant donkeys loaded high. Even on the paved roads, the overflow of people onto the desert sands was raising a gigantic cloud. They weren't refugees in the usual sense because they were being chased out of their own country, only to vanish when they were marched into the invader's portals of the ancient ruined cities of antiquity.

When the blood moon appeared in the night sky, they would silently disappear on the war-torn desert roads between the border and the portal of the parallel universe. To be enslaved. The human species was to be a slave race, created to save a hybrid species.

At dusk on the day of the super blood moon, one million Syrian refugees suddenly vanished from the pastoral rural villages of the German Alps. The tourist and ski town of Garmisch was nearly deserted as the portals lured them with an insidious pull. It drew them into the river falls a mile from an old abandoned US airbase where the transport for the invaders' species plan activated the portal to lead them to an invader slave camp.

Meanwhile, Sheba and Umar boarded the ghost train in London. There was nobody on the station platform nor any train crew aboard that they could see. For all they knew, there was no engineer to drive the train either. Nevertheless, at the proper hour, the locomotive hissed steam and the train moved slowly out of London's main train station. They traveled into the late hours. During the long monotonous trip, they planned the final battle and how they will fight it. They discussed some of the people back at the prison and how they will use their special, albeit evil, talents to help them defeat the enemy.

They also talked about who would be included in their plans. People like Cain Stone. Cain was essentially a bank robber, but he was also a serial killer with a special kind of victim. He was kind of a Jack the Ripper because his victims were prostitutes.

Then there was Jake Powers, a notorious gang leader and skilled sniper hitman. He may or may not be the leader of his convict gang of newly hybrid human friends in the war against the invaders.

Unbeknownst to them, however, two bombs had already been planted and Sheba and Umar's destiny was hanging in the balance and at the mercy of the powers that be.

Back at the prison, Sheba and Umar watched the ongoing training of the prisoners. A pensive Sheba said, "It's the ultimate irony that the salvation of the world is in the hands of some of the world's most infamous and degenerate killers."

Umar said, "Which only means there is always an ultimate even more evil lurking out there."

Sheba said, "Have you given any thought to how we will wage the battle in Central Park?"

He said, "No not really. I thought I would be able to size up the forces against us once I saw them."

Sheba was quiet for a while. "I'm thinking that they will use the Red Wolves to their utmost advantage."

He thought a moment and said, "You're probably right. We should figure on defeating the Red Wolves first as you are probably right, they will spearhead the attack."

"Well, first of all, change the firing training. Train the men to fire low at running, leaping objects which is no doubt what we will be facing. That's a bit different from firing at a man-size target running upright."

Umar said, "You're right. Of course. I'll arrange with the training staff to use holograms of running wolves, so the men can learn how to adjust from what they are used to."

He hurried away to see to the new form of training, glad that Sheba had thought of it and concerned that he had not. He had been so consumed with grief over Layla that he hadn't been thinking straight.

Later, Sheba was watching the training. It was really necessary because targeting the leaping, running wolves much closer to the ground was quite different than shooting at running

men. She wondered how much training could be absorbed in such a short time.

Sheba had not given him this advice because he was now thinking more clearly on his own. The hand to hand fighting would be much different. It's one thing to engage another man in hand to hand combat and quite another to deal with a leaping, snarling and huge Red Wolf.

Again, he used the holograms and gave the men training in close combat with animals. He equipped everybody with short double-edge swords which would be more useful than most other weapons. Especially since firearms could run out of ammo and, in this case, there would be no time to reload. They needed another weapon that didn't use ammo. Thus, the broadsword.

Also, in a brain storming session with Sheba, he came up with some other rather medieval methods of defense. Fire pits. Dig huge pits around their defenses filled with flammable liquids. Wait until the Wolves got into it and then light it. That should dispose of a significant amount of the force against them before they even get within striking range.

That night in her chambers, Sheba felt the presence of Suliman. She was so glad to know he was there. She said, "It's about to begin soon, isn't it?"

"Yes, my love, it is."

"Do we have any chance?"

"There is always a chance."

She wanted to melt in his arms and forget the dilemma that faced them all. She said, "Let's face it, we don't have much chance, especially until the portals are dealt with."

Suliman comforted her and then said, "We are working on that. In the meantime, we must defeat them on the ground."

"Umar and I are working very hard on that. We're trying to out think them and figure out all the possibilities."

Suliman said, "At the moment, I am using everything at my disposal to find the bombs that are intended to assassinate you and Umar."

"Do we have any idea where they are?"

"Somewhere close by. I am trying to avoid all of the routine things we are doing around here so the plotters cannot figure out where you and Umar will be at any given time."

"You mean like the daily nine a.m. conferences in the Warden's office?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

"Then we should stay away from there."

"True, but we never know where it might be. We might think it's there and avoid it and they put it somewhere else."

"So, what to do?"

"We have to call their bluff. Assume it's in the Warden's office then trick them into thinking you are in there."

"How?"

"Trickery, my love. Trickery."

They knew that the bomb would, no doubt, be set off by remote when the operator thought they were in range. So Sheba and Umar let it be known that there was to be a meeting in the Warden's office promptly at nine. All of the spies knew there was a meeting every day at nine anyway and were just waiting for the right time to set off the bomb.

At nine, Sheba and Umar made a great show of heading to the Warden's office. Many eyes followed them. Once in the office, they closed the door and then dashed to the window and clambered out to an escape ladder that had been placed there for this purpose. They were no more than two feet down the escape ladder when a gigantic explosion rocked the building, and the window they had just come through, blew out with debris following. The plan was to make them think that Sheba and Umar had been killed.

Of course, this might hasten the attack since they thought that the leadership had been disposed of, but on the other hand, they still had the benefit of their leadership.

They took a little-known passage to Umar's room and used the tracking gear to find out who was transmitting out of the prison. It didn't take long for the message, "Assassination complete," to go out. Now, they could apprehend the culprits and the other side would believe that Sheba and Umar had been eliminated.

Then they would use all of their electronic tracking gear to find out who was reporting the successful assassination and grab them. It didn't take long. It was two of the Whitemoor Prison gangs who had decided they were better off with the opposition than with Suliman and company.

Although the odds were still against them, this shortened them somewhat.

Suliman advised them it was time for the battle in Central Park in New York. It was there they would await the onslaught. So after loading several transports that were waiting in Portsmouth Harbor, they set out for New York; several shiploads of criminals to face the ultimate irony—the apocalypse that awaited them.

In her cabin in the lead ship that night, Umar joined Sheba. He sat down on one of the bunks. Sheba offered him coffee and he accepted. After the first sip, he said, “Do you think we are prepared for the Red Wolves?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think anybody can say. We’ve certainly trained hard enough. I don’t see what else we can do. We’ve pre-guessed what they are going to use and we’ve prepared for it. There’s not much more we can do as I see it.”

“I suppose you’re right. But you realize, there is no way we can ultimately prevail without dealing with the portals.”

Sheba sipped on her own coffee before saying, “Prince Suliman is working on that. We can only hope that each of us is successful.”

The die was cast and both of them knew it.

After landing in New York, they went directly to Central Park. They were astonished at the destruction the spaceship had caused. There were mountains of rubble everywhere. Few people were to be seen. The reports said that many millions of refugees were streaming west and away from New York.

Sheba and Umar immediately set up headquarters in the Park. They entered at Central Park South and headed for the reservoir. Umar thought it would be a good idea for a body of water to be between them and the enemy. Then Sheba set the men to work in building fire pit traps all around them and the Jackie Kennedy Reservoir.

All of the trails leading to the reservoir were being booby trapped with anti-personnel mines. Umar was worried that the Red Wolves weren’t heavy enough to set off the mines, and he conducted various tests until he was sure that they were, especially as they were, no doubt, coming at them in packs which would put a lot of weight on the mines.

Sheba had set up a command tent on the north end of the reservoir. And as of right now, guards were posted at all entrances to the Park. Not that the Red Wolves would necessarily be sticking to the trails. After all, they were canines and could travel over any kind of country although, of course, it would be easier to travel on the trails.

The defenders had no heavy equipment so the fire pit was being dug by hand, and that was a time sensitive project since the enemy was expected at any moment.

They also had no heavy weaponry. The men, for the most part, were equipped with M16 rifles and the broadswords that were issued just before they left England.

Sheba had a hard time coming up with the broadswords because it was basically an ancient item, and once they had one, they set a dozen blacksmiths to work creating more of them. Of course, there was no time to recreate the aesthetics of the sword, only the practical with the two edges and serration on one edge. Sheba felt this would be most effective against the wolves.

So they were essentially a unit of light infantry populated by criminals, and they were expected to save humanity. Sheba sighed at the thought of the odds against them.

As she watched the men go about the work of preparing Central Park for an apocalyptic and final battle, she wondered about Prince Suliman. Would he be able to take care of the portals? He had not seemed too hopeful. She wondered about her own future and if there was going to be one.

Since they were basically shorthanded to cover an area as large as Central Park, Umar had electronic surveillance set up all around the perimeters. All open areas like the baseball field, the basketball courts, the amphitheater, the swimming pool, the kids' splash pool and the parking lots were double mined and defensive positions set up all around. There was little point in defending the wooded areas which made up seventy percent of the park because there was no way to defend them. All they could do was cover the Park with what little resources they had. Umar told Sheba and she agreed that their best chance was to kill as many Red Wolves as possible before they were amongst them and on them. The idea of a gigantic wolf onslaught was rather terrifying and she knew that the men, as rugged and ruthless as they were, felt a lot of anxiety and fear. Especially during this

waiting period. That's why she tried to keep them as busy as possible.

That night, there was a report from the north side of the park of activity. Umar went out to investigate. It was only stray dogs. The abandoned city was full of stray dogs. Soon, however, their real and quite ferocious foe would strike with a vengeance.

Chapter Eighteen

Sheba and Umar had planned the defense of Central Park very carefully. Except that they made one mistake. They forgot the exceptional night vision of canines. And they had no night vision equipment.

The Red Wolves attacked in the dark, just before midnight. One of the forward guards thought he heard something. "What is it?" his companion asked.

"I don't know. Sounds like the wind or something."

They listened more closely and the sound grew louder.

One said, "I'm going to report in on it. Let them figure it out."

As he reached for the headset, three Red Wolves lunged on the pair and tore their throats out before they could utter a sound.

What they didn't know was that it was hordes of Red Wolves merging on their position and grumbling low. The defenders on the outer perimeters were killed immediately as the crimson wave of undulating fur moved as one, packed tightly together. It looked like a red wave descending on Central Park.

Umar learned of it when he called for a time check on one of the positions and nobody answered. He immediately went to check and saw with his own eyes, the red wave rolling toward them.

He called Sheba. His voice was still calm. "They are here. They've broken through the outer perimeter and they are approaching the fire pit. I'm going to try to light it."

Sheba said, "Right, no sense in keeping the outer perimeters now. I'm going to call everybody in to this position."

"Right."

"Good luck."

Umar took off at a fast run. When he got to the fire pit, he dropped to the ground. He didn't need good night vision to see

them now. They were leaping and bounding forward and growling and gnashing their teeth as they approached. The first of the wave was now into the fire pit and coming forward. The rest of the horde poured in after him. Umar found the firing device with a little trouble as they never planned on a night attack. He pushed in the plunger. But nothing happened. He quickly guessed what had happened. The forward elements had run over the wires and many sharp claws must have cut it. He'd have to do something else. But time was running out.

He ran down to the fire pit and pulled out his lighter. Just as he was going to light it, a Red Wolf leaped at him. He barely had time to snap off a shot which caught it in the chest. The beast dropped. Umar flicked the lighter, pressed the switch to keep it going, and threw it into the pit. There was nothing for a couple of seconds, and then, with a great whoosh, the pit lit up. He could see countless Red Wolves writhing in the roaring flames. He double timed it back to Sheba at the main position.

Together they watched the flames leap into the sky, which they could see beyond the tree line. The smell of burning canine flesh drifted their way. Umar said, "That'll only slow them down for a bit."

Sheba said, "How many? Any idea?"

Umar shook his head. "More than you could count."

They kept their eyes on the tree line. Sheba had some spotlights brought up and trained on the tree line. The Red Wolves then burst from the trees like a raging flood. Sheba called, "Get ready, everybody! Remember, shoot low and fast. Everybody, put your weapons on automatic."

Under his breath Umar said, "Right. There'll be no need for individual shooting this night."

As they all watched mesmerized, the red horde surged forward and the noise of their growling became clear. Fingers tightened on triggers. Teeth clenched. Sweat poured.

At fifty yards, Sheba screamed, "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Sheets of flame erupted from the defenders and the surge wavered and almost stopped. Umar called, "Keep firing, men, pour it into them!"

Hearts lifted. They seemed to have stopped them, but that didn't last but a few moments. The red surge kept coming.

The men were firing so fast they quickly were emptying their ammunition clips. There was a lull while they reloaded. It wasn't long, but that was all the Wolves needed to regroup, get their wind, and keep coming.

The men were ready. But Sheba knew she needed some arrangement to keep a steady fire on them. She walked up and down the line yelling, "Every other man! Wait ten seconds before you begin firing and do that steady."

She knew that in the heat of the battle, the order was not likely to be carried out, but she had to try. At least the first time it worked.

As the clips were emptied, the alternate defenders were able to keep firing, so for a while, there was a constant sheet of flame coming from the defender's position.

But as expected, eventually that broke down and the firing, though steady, became sporadic.

This allowed the Wolves to advance. Soon, Sheba and her defenders could see the red eyes. They were almost upon them. There were just too many to kill before they closed with them.

Umar walked up and down the lines. "Steady, men. You're not going to have time to reload once they are amongst us. So just empty your clips and then we'll go to the broadsword. Remember your training."

There was a short silence. Then Umar roared, "Right!"

The men bucked up, regained their courage, and yelled back, "Right!"

Umar's voice was thunderous. "We aren't going to let a lot of dogs beat us. Are we?"

The men roared back, "No way!"

The Wolf line hit them like a tsunami. The defenders at first buckled. Then they began to use the broadswords. They were swinging in huge arcs, not bothering to take aim at a particular target but getting hits with every swing. But soon, their ranks were being decimated, and their arms were getting weary and the whimpering of wounded Wolves was diminishing.

Sheba could see the problem coming, so she brought her flying force into action. She had organized a flying platoon of shooters who were kept out of the original attack. While she regretted finally having to unleash the reserve extra firepower,

she thought that this tactic might save them. Or at least, give them some more time, a breathing space.

She ordered everybody back to a prepared tree line, and the swordsmen dropped to the ground while the shooters took position. They didn't have much time as the red horde was already almost upon them. Sheba waited another couple of moments, then screamed, "Fire!"

The mass fire did the trick. It cut down and decimated the attacking force so that it had lost momentum and withdrew back into the distant trees.

Umar, gasping for breath, approached Sheba. "That was good thinking, Sheba. I think we bought ourselves some time."

She too was panting. "We're gonna need it. They hurt us bad with that first mass attack."

Sheba walked the line. Her presence had some calming effect on the men. She said, "Get some water into you while we have the chance. I've had boxes of grenades brought up. We're not going to be able to stop them with the rifles alone."

She didn't have to tell them to catch their breath and relax as much as possible. Sheba and Umar kept an eye on the trees.

Sheba said, "Considering our casualties, what do you think?"

Umar, always optimistic, said, "I think the grenades will have an effect. Not only for the casualties they will cause, but they tend to be a shock effect."

Their bodies involuntarily relaxed in upon themselves. Somebody handed Sheba a canteen of coffee and she took some and passed it to Umar. They waited. Everyone was breathing normally again and almost wishing they would come and get it over with, one way or the other.

The grenades arrived and Sheba called to the men, "Lay out four or five at a time. On the first wave, don't throw until you get the signal. The initial shock of all the grenades hitting at once should do us some good. After that, you're on your own."

Still they waited. The woods remained calm. In the distance the fire at the fire pit was just beginning to burn down and the flames diminishing.

Then, in the dwindling light, they saw the silhouettes of the Red Wolves as they advanced. Again came the roar of their growling. This time it was a matter of nerve to wait until they were in grenade throwing range. That was about fifteen yards.

And Sheba waited until they were even beyond that, and she gave the order which was repeated up and down their line. "Throw! Throw! Throw!"

The explosions merged into one with only a few separate blasts. The combined detonations stopped them cold. Only a large cloud of smoke remained. Umar yelled, "Now rifle fire! Pour it into the smoke! Don't look for targets! Everybody, just pour it in! Automatic fire!"

Within the cloud of smoke, Red Wolves that were flailing around wounded, were hit by the rifle fire, others were retreating to the rear.

On the defense line, everyone peered into the smoke, eyes squinting and burning. But they did not emerge. Sheba said, "We might be having another reprieve. But stay alert."

Again, they waited. Sheba was exploiting their advantage of being able to hit them when they were at arm's length, because the Wolves' strength was in getting at their victims to kill.

The decimated defenders were exhausted but at the same time, exultant in their success in holding the enemy off thus far.

One of the saddest parts of this battle, was that they were not able to care for the wounded. There was no time and the Wolves finished them off immediately, tearing them to shreds.

The grenade defense worked for the next two rushes, then they were out of grenades. Umar yelled out, "It's going to be back to the swords when you are unable to reload fast enough. Be ready."

Sheba noticed that each subsequent attack held fewer and fewer Red Wolves. *They were making a dent in their ranks.*

But Sheba worried. *Was it enough. Would they be able to hold out? There was no relief force coming. It was all on them. Unless Suliman was able to shut the portals.*

There was a smaller group of defenders awaiting the next onslaught. Umar had an idea. He said to Sheba, "They must be thirsty. I have an idea. There's a small pond behind us. Let's retreat behind it."

"What good will that do?"

"I've got some chemicals that are used to clean weapons that, if consumed, will kill a man. These Wolves have slightly less weight than a man. I'll poison the pond."

Sheba grinned. "We've got this far on our wits. Let's try."

Sheba ordered an immediate withdrawal behind the tiny pond while Umar and a squad of men busied themselves in poisoning the small body of water.

Now they waited. Again, the red blur in the distance approached, getting clearer. Sheba murmured, under her breath, "I hope they stop for a drink."

Umar said, "They're canines. It's their natural instinct to drink if they are thirsty, and they must be thirsty by now."

He was right. When the Wolves got to the pond they stopped, almost *en masse*, and began to thirstily gulp the water. The defenders watched. Nothing seemed to be affecting them. Then, they braced themselves for the next tidal wave of death.

As the Red Wolves raced forward they started to drop. Umar exclaimed, "The extra effort of the heartbeat in the running is pumping the poison to them faster." They started to drop. By the time they got upon them, they were so few that the rifles easily eliminated them.

Again, they found themselves at a stalemate and a lull. The men unwound a bit and were drinking coffee, some whisky. Sheba checked the lines, and the ammunition. Umar sent a squad to reconnoiter the Red Wolves.

The report back was that there was still a considerable number of them. Sheba and Umar knew that a concentrated attack on them now, in their weakened and decimated condition, could be the end for them. They began to think about a strategic retreat. When they had a couple of the Park exits checked, they found restless, enraged Red Wolves everywhere outside the Park, on the streets. With a weary sigh, Umar said, "Unless we could get motor transport, we could never escape on foot. With their sense of smell, they would track us down immediately, and since they move about five times faster than us, we would be overrun quickly. No, we stay and fight. It's our only choice."

An eerie stillness came over the battlefield. Smoke drifted everywhere. The smell of death hung in the air. In the distance they could see occasional movement as the Wolves moved about. Maybe massing for a final attack.

Umar approached Sheba. He said, "Got any ideas?"

"I wish I did."

They both lowered their heads. All was quiet. Suddenly, Sheba snapped alert. "Wait a minute here. We're acting like

we're already dead. We haven't outsmarted them this far without having something going for us."

Umar could not share her spirit. He remained quiet. Sheba touched his shoulder. "I know you are still mourning Layla, but you have a responsibility to these men. Snap out of it."

Umar slowly raised his head and gazed at her. "I'm sorry." He got to his feet and said, "I'm going to go out and check the lines."

Sheba half-jokingly said, "You better come back. If you leave me to these Wolves, I'll come back and haunt you."

He grinned and set off.

Sheba was alone and pensive when one of her lieutenants approached. He said, "Sorry to bother you, but some of the men were thinking..."

Sheba joked, "That's dangerous."

The man looked puzzled. "What's that?"

"The men thinking."

He grinned. "Well, what they are thinking is this." He paused. "And I can't blame them. Rather than us waiting for these Wolf bastards to finish us off, we were wondering if a last charge might be a better way."

Sheba said, "Yes, we could do that." She hesitated. "But you know what that would mean."

"Yeah, we know. That's just the point. Since we aren't going to get out of it anyway, let's go our own way instead of waiting for the bastards to come and eat us alive. Some of the boys are wounded and that's going to be their fate. They are brave boys. I can't see them going that way."

Sheba gave it some thought. She said, "You're right. They are brave men and they don't deserve to go that way."

For a while both were quiet. Then Sheba said, "You can go back and tell them I will consider it, but before you give them this message, tell them that my first and utmost duty is to defeat the Red Wolves. That's what I'm trying to do. So, while I understand, and I will consider it, I have to weigh the best way to accomplish our mission."

The lieutenant didn't answer, simply nodded, and moved off into the night.

Sheba was glad to see Umar return. The darkness, the hopelessness, and the fatigue were getting to her. He plopped

down beside her. "There are places on the streets where there are few Wolves. There are lots of abandoned cars, trucks, and busses all over."

She looked at him. "And?"

"I was just thinking. Some of us...."

"I know. Some could escape."

"That's right."

"But that's not our mission. We're here to defeat them."

Umar ran a weary hand through his hair. "What chance does that have?"

"I know. I know." She dropped her head into her hands. When she again looked up, she said, "One of the lieutenants came to me with the men's wishes."

Umar looked blank. "And?"

"And they would make one last suicidal charge rather than sit here and see their wounded comrades eaten alive."

Umar thought a moment. "I can see that."

"I can too. What do you think?" Sheba asked.

"Well I have to agree things don't look good for us, yet we've put a big dent in them. We don't know if they have reserves. We don't know if they have any fight left in them. We don't know enough to make a strategic decision. A good strategic decision anyway. What if it is possible that we can defeat them?"

Now it was Sheba's turn to think. "You are right. Yet you can't deny that their request has some merit."

"I agree. But we are their commanders. We make the decision. And that includes how they live or die."

Just then they saw movement in the trees. Umar said, "I think we should get ready."

Sheba said, "I've prepared the men to repel with grenades again. Would you see to it?"

Without a word Umar was off. He roused the men all along the line. Some were sleeping.

They waited and they waited, but the Wolves didn't mass in front of them as they had been doing. Sheba was scanning everywhere, when she shouted, "They're going to flank us. Both sides."

Umar got on his radio and warned everyone within shouting distance. "Flank attack! Get ready. Look to your flanks."

The Wolves came in from both flanks. The men weren't really positioned for it since their lines faced front. Sheba and Umar did their best to reposition them, but it was pretty much too late. The attackers came from both sides like a pincer. The men faced the attack and the grenades were not as effective being used individually.

Soon Sheba and Umar found themselves in a pocket with the survivors. There was a considerable number of defenders left and they could still defend themselves as long as the ammo lasted, because they were, now, no longer in a position to get to their supplies.

Umar crawled up to Sheba. "No way to get ammo now. So all the fight we have left, is what we have on us and the swords."

"Looks like it."

"Any ideas?"

"I was thinking. We are going to have to send people back to bring up supplies."

"Risky."

"I know, but it's a matter of no matter the risk. Without it we die quicker."

Umar called for volunteers. He got enough and they set out for the supply trucks.

About an hour later Umar said to Sheba, "They should have been back by now."

"Should we send another party?"

"I hate to waste good men on hopeless missions."

"I know, Umar. But our situation in general is pretty much hopeless as is."

"This is fate... hope to live... to die is fate... of men."

Umar was shifting and his body was fading; weak with love and hope for her to stay beside him in her world of wars. Sheba did not notice his pains, his internal conflict; he was losing her if he disappears and abandons her in her darkest hours..."

"When, or if, all of us die, it's not for nothing." She had yet hope in man... outcome...

Everybody heard the growling and the movement at their peripherals. Everybody began shifting positions, looking for targets. Sheba and Umar were together. Probably instinctive. The men seemed to cluster together closer too. It was coming. Some

of the men gave the wounded morphine shots so they would sleep through their own deaths.

As the Wolves moved in, there was no firing. Everyone was determined to make every shot, every burst count. Not a single round would miss canine flesh. The Wolves moved in. Some murmured prayers were heard.

It was Sheba who felt it first. She looked at Umar who had been squinting off to his left. She said, "Did you feel that?"

He said, "Yes."

Several other men looked about startled and puzzled.

One said, "Are we getting an earthquake to give us a great send-off?"

Sheba said, "I don't think it's an earthquake, the earth isn't shaking."

"No," said Umar. "It's sort of turning."

In another minute everyone was clinging to the earth as it seemed to move quickly. It was like they were riding a carousel.

The Wolves who were close enough to see their reaction, were milling about, looking confused. Some clung to the ground.

The ground started moving swifter and swifter until they were all unconscious.

There was a long quiet lull on earth. The birds and animals were quiet. No humans moved.

Sheba was first to awaken. She shook Umar who awoke too. He said, "What... what happened?"

"I don't know but everything is quiet."

"The men..."

"Slowly they rise...from their...deep dark dreams...of blood and war..."

Sheba felt Suliman's presence. He said, "We've done it. We've closed the portals."

Sheba looked at Umar and fell into his arms. Both sighed, and when they looked up, they were looking at a new world.

Chapter Nineteen

Commando Umar fell asleep on the plane as he dreamt of his past and the visions already seen and written in the Journals of Princess Delilah; recently discovered and opened by Sheba Blair. To keep the Journal, she must evade fate and her destiny. The hunters were hybrid agents, after the ancestors' Journal of Visions, the visions Sheba saw of the commando's dreams as he dreamt. He felt it was the work of Prince Suliman playing tricks with his mind. His reputation for toying with his deepest, darkest pleasure was known to be very effective. That steamy, dreadful night, he lost hope in his people and in the human race. What was real was not reality, but rather a lie, and he was, tragically, the living proof of it.

He fell into the tidal wave and into a cave. Commando Umar was sound asleep as he dreamed on uninterrupted. He was on the plane next to Sheba Blair, on his way to his last battle with this strange woman of sight, a seer, born with the activated code of seeing the invisible worlds and species from the portals. He was pretty sure Prince Suliman already activated her hybrid DNA switch, her powers unlimited, her emotions controlled by him. Yet something in his gut told him she was more than "just" an agent fighting at his side to win the war for her world. Hidden behind her steady, uncanny gaze, was a sensual woman of deep passion. The man she loved was no more than a creature of the night. She was cursed with the fact that her love had no reality in her world.

Commando Umar tossed restlessly as he fought to wake up, but it was no use, the sweetness of sleep had cloaked him. As he slept, he dreamt of his past, reliving it over and over, each night a curse that gripped him as he struggled from its jaws. Once again, he was affected.

Two years ago, Commando Umar walked past the same gravesite each year. The gates of hell, the portal in the caves of Jinns in the desert, came closer, moving humans deeper into the cavity of the cave. The creatures were restless. Prince Suliman lured the wounded young Special Agent Umar to his cave—a cave of the King Jinns and Solomon, his lair at a choke point off the coast in the Straits in the Gulf of Oman. The island inhabitants were the family of the Iranian commando's tribe. Prince Suliman spoke in his tongue, universal language. His calm gaze was steady as he looked at the wounded young soldier. Umar opened his wrist with a razor. Glowing and midnight warm blood flowed. Prince Suliman tilted his head as he stooped and took Umar's bleeding wrist. A laser soft blue pale light sealed the wounds as it healed it painlessly. "Who are you? You are the creature of the watchers. The legends are true," Umar said wearily as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Suliman whispered in his ear, "Yes, I am the King of the Jinns." His lips brushed Umar's earlobe tenderly. Umar moaned softly as he slipped in and out of consciousness.

Floating Refuge Cities lit up the night skies. In Umar's out of body experience, he could see his body in glowing light, a human body, but he was looking ahead of the shimmering light in the distance. Suliman was gliding in the form of a giant falcon with glowing blue eyes. As he shifted into the human body form, he loomed closer and drew in a long breath. Prince Suliman spoke slowly in Arabic, Umar's native tongue. "Your home, the future if the wars end, if not, look closer at the end of your race, a slave race created by Kings of Jinns mixed with their DNA, half Jinn, half-human. We are here, always, in the shadows of the bowels of the earth, we are in the air, but you are special to me, so I'm here to protect you. I need your help to save your future."

Prince Suliman eyes lit up as tears rolled down from Umar's eyes as he spoke in an angry, brave voice. "Creature, why do you tell me this? What use is it now that I'm dying or already dead?"

"This is my faith, it's Allah's will that I die this way, as a man. Why should I want more than to be a man? I release the burden of guilt. Leave me alone," he said, sneering at Suliman.

"Oh, but you will want this gift and to see the future of the peace you could help create. You and I will have much to

discuss, our journey is long. Follow me, don't be afraid. If you choose to let me give you the gift of the secrets of my race, become one of us, and you enter the portals of the Seal of Solomon."

"I'm not interested in your offer. You are a Jinn and I'm a man. It will take much more to convince me I'm special or chosen to save the human race. Hell, all I know is I may be speaking to the Prince of Darkness. Prince of Jinns, maybe it's you that wants me to work for you as your human slave," Umar challenged, even though he felt he was floating, gliding unwillingly by the magnetic force of Prince Suliman.

"You are powerful, Umar, you just don't know it yet. I urge you to give me your trust, let go of your distrust as a human."

Prince Suliman knew that feeling, he recognized it too well, the tugging raw desire for this human, this beautiful, broken, dark, uncut, rough rogue diamond, a gem that he could not let out of his sight even if he wanted to. They had a destiny to fulfill for their race. How could he find a way out? He could not abandon him, he will not be saving Umar's life. It was the beginning of the journey of their fate together, until they part and meet again in the future for the final battle. Suliman had a month of convincing him to accept, willingly, his fate and his gift. He dared not to, then he would have no choice but to find another way to convince him why he must.

Bending glass walls of apartments that change shapes and color line the tree-lined cities.

Cities float and levitate above lakes, while migrants work in fields. The earth transformed by the end of human wars; the secret of the portals revealed to the hybrid humans. The prisoners and their families fought in battles and were survivors. This could not be true. The humans of the slums survived the wars and the minefields of Europe. How did this happen?

"Umar, you ask too many questions," Prince Suliman said in a casual comforting tone. "You are here only to observe the future of your twin earth. You live on an earth that collides with others. Things happen differently in one, the others, a deadly outcome of wars. Humans will have to choose which one they want to exist in. Of course, that will be you."

"Me? What can I do alone and wounded?"

Suliman was amused by Umar's tone. He teased him further. "Well, you can start by giving me a little of your trust as a man, then I may be able to convince my species in my world that you can lead your people to victory. I'm sure in the minefield of your bruised heart, you can at least give me this that I ask of you."

"And if I do then you will destroy humans. I can't see the future that clear like you. How will I know you are not a backstabber of my race so you can replace us with your kind?"

"It depends on whose side you choose to go into battle against. I warn you. You'll be defeated with your people if you choose before you learn to trust me. I may look like the creature out of your nightmares, but I promise you, I'm a gentle creature and you are special to me. My desire is to protect you and to be your companion, to help you survive this horrifying trip into the abyss of a steady war. We are going into the race to save your kind. The deadline is fixed at midnight on the last super blood moon humans will ever witness before the portals of their enemies return."

"If you meet a woman with wavy black, hair, a pretty physique, olive skin, large hazel eyes; I could have the wrong vision of her human appearance but not her heart. She is chosen and she does not know it yet. She will save the earth from entering into the portal of the universe of slave race where their masters control their brains to serve them. They will be at their mercy, at the will of super light beings; the outcome, we are never sure, as fate is as twisted as the nature of species."

"Binding and trapping them forever in the dance of organic earths that fade in and out of parallel universes. I can only do so much for the human race, the rest will be up to you and Sheba. Her name quivers on my lips with a tangle of human emotions. I'd rather not disclose that much to you now," Prince Suliman said softly in the ears of Umar as his lips nibbled on his left bloody injured ear, healing it with his breath of life energy.

Umar struggled to stay awake as he crawled his way out quietly while the creature Jinn slept at the mouth of the cave, weakened by the blood loss of his roadside bomb wounds that were healed by the powers of this strange breed of hybrid shape-shifter. The stories were true of the biblical King Solomon. He was a descendant of the commandos of the special guards of the legendary King Solomon's Temple. He was the last of his kind,

the others fled in unknown directions; the prophecies told of their final destination when they will meet again on the battlefield, as enemies or friends. He heard rumors that they were agents working for a secret agency code-named Red Wolf, a shadow agency that does not exist, shrouded in secrecy, identity unknown.

Umar felt huge, warm hands grip his shoulders as he struggled against the strength of the bird man creature. Suliman flapped his wings as they disappeared. He stood in full view of Umar as a man without his wings. "I guess your human form is just a show to get me to reason with your outrageous, insane demands, creature." Umar glared at him suspiciously. "Hell, I don't even care if I die today, right here, right now."

"Oh, but you do care, and I will tell you why you do. You are a warrior of ancient commandos. It's in your blood to fight the enemy, it's your destiny to die for the human race at least in this world. I will give you the gift by force it is time."

Prince Suliman inched dangerously closer to Umar as he pushed Umar against the stone wall, slamming his body against his, taking his mouth hungrily, forcefully, yet with such fire that left Umar numb and dumbstruck at the tensions in his loins.

Umar ultimately fought and punched Suliman in his face, only to see his transparent body. Umar felt powerless, his anger gave in to Suliman's sexual demands. After all, it was not like he felt disgust, his sexual desire, his hunger for him, this creature awakened his icy heart and it was beating like a racing horse, a stallion on fire. Mounting his mare impatiently, he slid slowly down in a stooped position. Hands covered his face as he drained away his torturous internal wounds. The release of hot flowing tears set him on fire even more, for this strange creature so close to him. He felt like Job in the Bible, wrestling with an angel to free his soul from the burden of his needful, painful erection.

Prince Suliman held him against his chest, within it, there was no heart. But he felt the desire to embrace the human man in ways he knew that could comfort his heart and his body.

"Come with me, Umar and let me show you the truth of your reality, and all that you believe is death, is not really death, but a jump into another earth that exists within your earth. It's where our race lives on, an intimate existence with your inbreeding hybrids."

The visions, like a hologram, appeared in the cave of the accidental death of Prince Rashid and his jump. With the help of Prince Suliman, he accepted the gift of the Prince of Jinns. In the mosque of Unman lay the body of Prince Rashid, tightly embalmed in white, with his native flag of green trees by the creek. The cold wind whipped the dusty, sunken, gaping holes of Prince Rashid's grave. His brothers mourned his death at his gravesite after he was buried at 7 p.m. He died at 7 a.m. on Saturday morning, on the eleventh day of September. A year ago, he was a soldier of courage for his country in the desert city of Unman, a modern city of glassy tall empty buildings. The ruler was dead, his elder son Rashid was chosen by our race to save humans. He was in love with a princess who refused him, and it was easy for him to take revenge. Anyone who crossed his path, even his step brother Prince Damien. Umar looked closer at the scene unfolding before his eyes.

Dawn was slowly breaking on the horizon, the wolves were panting in the distance. In the bane woodland back country at the Creek Park cemetery, Prince Rashid walked at the stroke of midnight as his life force returned to him. His life force ripped apart the white tight shroud as the grave opened. The sand that buried him parted as he rose from his grave he walked towards the park, naked and cold, his mind on his brother Prince Damien. He was flying like a falcon over his horse stables. His favorite white horse recognized him even in his nakedness. His body felt light and strangely warm and powerful. He felt no hunger or cold, only loneliness and love for his brother. Then Prince Suliman appeared to him. He was startled at the beginning, but he wanted to meet his angel with courage. He was sure he was dead, but it felt like he was still on earth.

His thoughts of his brother distracted him. He saw his brother at the palace of his father, in mourning. It was the third day of his death.

He was alive yet they could not see. "They cannot see you yet, unless you accept my offer, my gift to you to return as a hybrid human with powers of the Jinn race. Do you accept? Your answer must be now or I will not be able to let you live as a human. Your brother is sensing you close and is aware that you are dead, but you are seen by him as we speak."

Prince Damien looked at the same brother he buried an hour ago. "Brother, is it you?" he asked fearlessly, yet in shock.

"Yes, it's me, beloved brother. I'm here and I am real, because death is not real in the world. I am part of the Jinn race. The reason, I can't explain, all I know is I must be there in their world. I am a Jinn race, part human, part shifter. I can change into a wolf and my body can't be destroyed by mere weapons of men or nature. I am the ultimate perfect soldier of the future, your future. Don't be afraid. I'm still your brother."

Prince Suliman appeared and Prince Damien fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he was convinced his brother visited him in his dream. But then, he saw the orange striped blanket he was buried in, laying at his bedside, covered in the desert dirt of the cemetery. He bolted out of the palace, across the park to the cemetery burial site at the edge of the Creek Park and laid on his brother's grave. He opened the white shroud he was buried in and ripped apart his grave, empty of the body of his childhood companion, his brother Prince Rashid.

Prince Damien knew, somehow his brother was alive, raised like Jesus the supernatural healer of the Christians. He never saw the face of his brother when they took him away, when he was told he died of bullet wounds at the border while he was protecting their homeland at the time, from the enemy invasion. He died from his battle wounds in the fight with the enemies at the borders at the red mountains' peak of Unman.

"Why are you showing me this now, Suliman? You are a Jinn that tricks humans," Rashid screamed at Prince Suliman.

"Settle down now. You are dead to the human world, you need me a lot more than I do you. Calm down. My prince, your beauty saves you from much of the ugly reality that plagues your earth. And your race. You need to see with your human eyes, to be able to see with your soul's eyes. Our world can be yours and you can live in yours as well, as long as the secret to our world is kept until the day of the last blood moon.

"Use your hands like a sword on fire."

Prince Rashid did it, and from his hand, a blue flame came out in the shape of a sword. The flame did not harm him, his feet lifted off the ground and he was flying in any direction he chose, like a falcon with wings. He could see his body in a looking glass of water, in the shape of a falcon. But when he looked at his body,

it was his, not a bird. The illusion was real to his enemies and to other humans. He accepted his hybrid gift from the Prince of Jinns and hated humans and the earth. He searched the earth for his lost love and found her in the arms of her future husband.

In a rage, he set fire to the house and killed her future husband and left her to grieve for him. As she saw him, her gift of a seer like Sheba Blair; only a chosen few humans had the gift and could see the Jinn race and their world, a secret they kept from their human family.

Prince Rashid visited his brother often in dreams, but never showed himself as a living breathing human. He did not exist on the human earth, but on the parallel world of earths, where he could exist in all the earths at different times. But the most lifetime he missed, was the time on his human earth. His family was dead, revenge was a sweet thing but a lonely world to exist in. All he wanted was to fight the battle of oppressive regimes on any earth. He was a trained mercenary and a commando. The Jinn that chose him was very powerful. He had to obey him to live like a man and a shifter. His journey took him to battles he would rather not have fought, but he did. A grim group of be-headers, violent cult leaders were on a killing spree. He joined them for the women in the refugee camps in the desert. He lived among them as a human for a couple of months until his shifter secret was found out by one of his many lovers—young woman, who fell asleep one night in his tent—when she suddenly awoke by his shape-shifting into a wolf with falcon wings and feet. He transformed before her eyes since he could not control the nature of the beast and its urges to change on full blood moon nights.

Prince Rashid's Sword of Time relic was given to him by Prince Suliman, to use on the night of the last blood moon battle. It had the power to close the portals in the Temple of Solomon. "But it is you, Umar, from the line of King Solomon's special commando guards, the portal of destiny in the temple, the seal is under the tunnel of the temple, deep in the heart of an underground well."

The water has an eternal light within it that leads into another world. The legend of the local Jewish tribe that lives in the caves near the temple is where the invaders from the parallel universe sit. Within the foundation of the temple beneath, lies the active portal doomsday. On the last super blood moon eclipse, the aging

population will be wiped out from the human race. If the portal remains open, their plan is to drain the blood of the humans. Young men will die in the shadow of their greatest enemy ever in the history of the human race.

“It must be sealed by you, Umar. You and Prince Rashid will be heroes and hybrid humans. You both will make your own destiny, for the human race in your world, and I am the one who can take you there. But first, you will need to shape-shift invisible. It’s part of your nature to be invisible, but you must let me activate your Human DNA and you must willingly accept my gift.”

The live vision continued. Prince Suliman kept the time tunnel of human events portal open. Prince Rashid woke up from a premonition of dreaming. He was part of a battle that felt so real his body ached in tremendous violent pain. Rampant current raced through his body, to his pumping heart which went silent, a fatal heart attack for his body by a creature that was half-bird, half-man. Prince Suliman touched his forehead and his eyes with his hands, activating his hybrid powers, transforming his light body into an invisible plasma human body with the powers to shape-shift if he could control his highly charged emotions. Prince Suliman showed him the door. The prince died from a broken heart; an outcast, the black sheep of the family, his father’s eldest son disinherited from his wealth. He killed his father’s favorite guard for exposing his secret love affair with the wife and princess of a king from Gulf Creek palace. Prince Rashid did not love the wife of this king. It was a revenge act. His princess was hopelessly in love with him, and that was all the revenge he needed and the scandal that went with it. The king was notoriously involved with the sex slave trade of young European and Arab girls and boys. He was exposed for the smuggling operation in the basement of his vaulted underground prison and sex resort brothels.

The King committed suicide after he slit the throat of his wife. Prince Rashid’s plans went well, the beheading of his gay citizens for their rights to be free to fall in love, ended his kingdom. It ended and his inheritors left the country of their birth and migrated to Europe as commoners, their royalty stripped from history. They were free to marry their gay partners.

Rashid was a supporter of the secret underground gay community. His love was for one woman so it did not matter what sexual gender he supported. All he knew was that it was unfair to reject human sexual appetite. In his midst, he saw that their suffering and their deaths infuriated and fanned the flame to create a riot. This resulted in the accidental death of his father's guard, whose death was his way of asking for forgiveness from his dad.

He was conscious of walking away a short distance from his still body. Screams were heard around him as he watched his beloved family. His mother found him; as she cradled him in her arms, tears flowed. His brothers came rushing to his favorite brother whom he loved. The hardest grief overwhelmed him; his eyes, wet, with hot, long tears falling on his brother's body. His spirit moved him to want to join him in death and among the angels in heaven. His knees gave way as he fell over his big brother's body, his massive broad shoulders, developed by his personal trainer and buddy.

Childhood companions left him in a hurry and unexpectedly. His broken heart surged a tidal wave of emotional sadness, a grief with anger that triggered the reaction of holding and hugging his brother for over an hour. Prince Rashid looked on and moved closer to his brother, weakened by grief, to try to touch him, but his invisible quantum cloak did not allow it.

His body could not be seen or felt by his brother, at least not until his body was in the grave where it would disappear. The great prince's body had gone missing, vanished from the earth. They will think it was stolen for magical powers by spirit snatchers of the dead, a group of spirit worshippers of the grave that steal bodies to summon the spirit to visit and attack their enemies in their sleep. Prince Surinam knew the legend well. It was true, his race worked with the humans to bring revenge upon their enemies.

But he was not interested in working with humans in this way. The spirit of man was too attached to their bodies and their human life. The activation was a gift, and a choice for great men that will lead the human race if it survives the mother of all battles.

Prince Rashid's younger brother, Prince Malik, was in deep grief. He could not accept his brother's death. Prince Suliman

pushed him away from his brother's body. Prince Malik knew it was a Jinn spirit after his brother's body. He held on to his brother's funeral-home body bathers who came into the room and prepared his body for burial. What they saw made them run from the room while they witnessed the death of the prince. They were looking at the open blinking eyes of Prince Rashid. Prince Suliman was not very patient in the vision. He was pacing the room, waiting for the body to be taken to the grave site at the mosque.

It was a windy dark night. The moon caused the mutations gene activation in Prince Rashid who rose from the grave and walked out into the road that led to the mosque. It was different though; the desert was fertile with a lake and woodland. Dubai was a greenery of rolling hills. This was the twin earth where there was no Middle East, no desert. This was not his home but he was real, and the creature who showed him all of it, stood beside him guiding him on. They were at the cave once more as the vision ended.

Prince Rashid was alive once again and wanted to visit his brother, the poet and song writer. He knew he could not show himself as human walking among them. It would freak out his beloved family and they would think his ghost, his spirit was restless. It would grieve their hearts even more then it was doing now. So he devised a plan to speak to his brother by dreams, as his brother was a sleep walker.

On the night of a rare super moon, his brother visited him. While he stood over his brother's grave, he was sure he was awake, he could feel the winter desert winds wailing as it blew against his face. His brother's presence was close, he felt his breathing and hugging him tightly; his arms warm, his voice gentle.

Prince Rashid whispered, "I am always with you here. Visit me here on every full moon on this night of my death, and you will see me as many have seen Jesus in flesh and blood. I exist. I am a hybrid; the Jinn race has given me this gift of shape-shifter as well. I can change into my favorite animal any time I want to visit you in daylight, but you must leave this desert home and come away with me to fight a battle that will free the human race, our race, from a cycle of enslavement by an invasion not from

the Jinn race, but from a race that lurks in the darkest parts of our world in tunnels and caves.”

They prepared their own armies and recruited humans with festering wounds of revenge for their own brothers and sisters of their own race. “I can’t stay here any longer. The sun will rise soon and I will have to shape-shift into the bird of prey, the falcon. I wish you could taste this freedom of true reality of worlds with me. Maybe soon you will, as your sadness for me will not get better. Soon, you will be with me. I’m sure one day you will look back on this night and not want to remember me as your brother.

“Such will be the works of our enemies. The agents of the elite who will keep you in their shadows of their powers. Our father will send you away to train as an agent. The agent woman you will meet will one day, will be your rival or your friend, you alone can choose. What choice you make as a human, as a hybrid, well you will just have to wait and see,” Rashid said, as a grin of amusement and pleasurable thoughts washed over his face. He had memories of his childhood companion brother. “Go now, brother, return to your room.”

Prince Malik returned to his room and woke up with the smell of the musk oil scent of his brother that they used on his body when he was washed and perfumed. “My brother, you came to me, yet my feet are muddy with cemetery dust. You live, I can feel your presence, you are alive on this earth and many worlds. I will join you soon after my task is finished with this woman. I must protect the family, they are all I have. I will do as I can do for them, the burden is not yours anymore to carry but mine.”

Prince Rashid saw his brother appear to him in a flash, and then a falcon set on his open window, gazing deeply into his eyes. As it flew away, the sun descended slowly over the horizon. On his lips, he gave his poem to his prince big brother:

*A part of me is dead and this ground is killing me to follow
you if I may die.*

My pen would be unable to describe such feelings.

You just know what’s in this heart.

*It’s full of sorrow, that even if I wanted to hide, how can I
hide it?*

My sorrow of losing Rashid, is the biggest sorrow.

And I ordered my eyes to honor the noble people by crying over them.

I swear, if my tears would bring him back, I would let all my tears out.

I cried until this sun, became darkness to my eyes.

If I would request anything from this mortal world,

I would request to divide my lifetime to two.

I would give Rashid half of my lifetime; I would see him alive again.

And tell him how precious he is to me, and what is his rank in my heart.

I would tell him that he lives here till my last breath.

I would fight my sadness, by recalling his memories, his goodness, and defeat it.

I defeat my sorrow in front of people, assuming my heart is a rock.

And whenever I'm all-alone, it burns me so bad.

I feel the burn, in every side of my heart.

I try to act with pride, but my soul surrendered to this pain.

I have no memories, I want none tonight, I create my own real memories. I'm convinced he's alive and with me, the gift of prince of Jinns to walk with me as my brother once more.

Chapter Twenty

Sheba could feel his presence around her, listening to her every thought. She often engaged him in heated arguments, all alone though, in her private thoughts, certainly never in public. Then the guys in white, in a white van, will most likely drag her by force into the looney bin where all the other crazies go on their path to crazy paradise.

Prince Suliman returned to the seal of Solomon's temple to close it, but it was too late; the portal was open, and the seal could only be closed through force and the help of Commando Umar. The words of Prince Malik's poem were on his lips. Softly he spoke it, passion cracking his trembling voice.

"He would get mad at you, but when you call out 'o brother,' he would forget about anything else and take you in his arms. Brotherhood relations would always fill him with love towards you.

"The word 'brother' coming out from my brother's mouth, is the best word that can ever come out of a mouth.

"Because it comes from his heart before it comes out of his mouth.

"I wish this grave knows how great is the man we just buried. How great was he when he was alive, and how great is he when he is dead?

"There is nothing else to do but to accept the powers and mystery of death.

"Just before he died, our soldiers sacrificed their lives, and for what?" he asked, with long tears streaming down his face. Umar reached out to the Prince of Jinns and touched his quivering lips, sealing it with a hot long kiss. He hungers for more of Suliman taste of cinnamon and honey tea, Prince Suliman's favorite tea was hot on Prince Suliman mouth.

"I'm on fire for you too, Umar. But I like a man who begs for more, or in this crouching position, crawls over to me and warms part of me that no human woman could. Not until I meet her who will melt my icy heart, I'm afraid I will not surrender to her.

"When I do find her, I will lose her to keep my strength, to fight another century for her offspring. But tonight, we forget all this, just let go, and get caught up in the rapture of our desires that ties our soul and bodies. When we leave here tomorrow, our passion tonight dies and remains buried here. I promise,"

Umar uttered provokingly, "But you never know if we meet in the future, what stored heat and passion erupts when our paths cross once again. Our path will cross again."

"Under different tragic circumstances, but our passion for each other will die here tonight. I can promise you that when I'm done making love to every inch of your beautiful, mannequin-sculptured rugged body. Come to me, lay beside me.

"The striped orange silk blanket, lying on the smooth clay floors of the cave, lit by the sunset columns pouring through the gaping hole in the ten-story high, natural crystal roofs; a paradise of mounting heat awaits us, Umar."

Prince Suliman moved his hands slowly over his chest; feathered kisses invoked low moans from Umar. "Relax and enjoy me, my great solider friend, you will become a legend for your people. Umar you are huge; does it hurt when it gets this hard?" he asked, stroking his drooling hot cock. "Ohm, boy, I think I'm on fire in my loins for you." Umar smiled, his gaze trailed Suliman's blue velvet skin and biceps, down his brutal sexy torso.

Tilted head, he collapsed in his arms and pressed his muscular body against his cock while his grew rock hard against his hip.

His mouth was around the head the next moment. The pleasure was immediate, the warmth, the wetness, the friction of his tongue was tantalizing. "Oh, God," Suliman groaned, low and deep as Umar continued on, sucking, licking playfully with the tip of his drooling steel cock.

Suliman fingers ran through the light sprinkling of hair on his chest, over the round muscles, and then up to his curved shoulders.

Then he turned around, his rampant hip grinding mercilessly against Umar's hot honey pot. "Quite the provocateur, you're a damn fine solidier in naked combat." His laughter echoed in the cave as he howled like a wolf to a full moon. Suliman whispered in his ears, flicking and dancing his tongue in his ear, sending wild sensations down Umar's spine, his mind on fire and impatient for Suliman.

"Ohm yeah, Umar you are so hot. We got a couple hours before dawn, I want to take my time with you. Don't you?"

"Are you reading my thoughts? I hope you can too, when the time comes for me to use this gift that I've been offered by a strange creature of the night and another..."

"Dimension? Oh yeah, you will have the gift of reading thoughts, to change thought patterns; it's the way the DNA is activated, thoughts are the result of your reality. Whatever you need to see happen will be reality, just, it may not be on this twin earth but on the other earths. If you can find this earth in other dimensions, you will also see Prince Malik's brother. There, he exists, in another earth he created the way he wants. But he will return for revenge, and if I can convince him enough to fight to save this earth and his people, especially his brother, he just might or might not. I will not have control over what he does. I'm sorry, I don't want to speak anymore," he moaned as he slowly closed his eyes and mounted his stallion, a wounded, special tribal Arab solidier. Umar nodded, speechless; the night ended in liquid hot fireworks as they collapsed on the blanket and fell asleep. Prince Rashid smiled as he gazed at Prince Suliman. Umar's naked sexy body raised a strange sensation in Prince Rashid's loins. His instant erection at the sight of their naked bodies and their lovemaking, troubled his thoughts. Why did he feel the magnetic attraction? He could not wait any more to find out. His purpose was different his destiny was clear to him, he had made his choice. Maybe in the future, with such gift and shapeshifter powers of his thoughts, he could do and be anyone.

"Prince Suliman, you got balls to do what you did here tonight, I give you that much," he teased. He whispered in his ears while he slept and returned to his revenge mission, roaming the earths to his father's palace.

Prince Rashid's visions came night after night to Sheba's perceptive mind. Helplessly, she woke up and wrote them down as they continued even in her wakeful hours and she saw the omen of doomsday. The struggle of the princes of the desert oasis remained a tragic event that unfolded in her present world, her lifetime. "If I had a wish, it would be not to be alive to witness the secrets of the seal," she murmured helplessly.

On a Marwari silky white horse—its unique curved ears adorned with pearls in his playground, the stables of his beloved horse among the gardens of Zam Creek Park—he crossed the divide of the dead and undead. Given the powers of resurrection, the curse of resurrection followed him like a rage, a burden he rode into the heart of a couple thousand marching pilgrims, into Mecca. He rode into the valley of the pillars of the devil and waved his hands in the open crisp air. He held and pushed the wind into the tunnel. The crowd burst out in a stampede and pushed into a circle of incoming crowd of pilgrims. His supernatural beauty glided, surfing on the energy of his seductive aura. His body matched a warrior prince in battle from ancient days in the Valley of the Kings. Prince Rashid, the black sheep in his family, kept his secret well, his crown taken from him, his murderous seething hostility stemmed from the taste for the blood of his father. He loved the orphan more than himself, his sensitive heart saw the greed in people.

Prince Rashid was drawn into tugging at the rope that held his life-time passion at Silver Falls Stables at the Creek of Golan Park woodland. His favorite horse recognized him instantly as his luminescent energy moved across the stables, next to his princess, in waves. He took the form of a strange black falcon, with chestnut-brown, deep soulful eyes. His steady gaze mesmerized by his sudden death, his roaming at his grave site, a red and black rose laid that morning on his cold, dusty dew-drop grave. His footprints in the dusty gravesite, the towers apartment was his first mission of mayhem. The women in the wraparound porch on the seventh floor were watching a looming powerful figure. The prince smiled and looked up at her. She was a woman; he wanted to feel the warmth, once again, of such a beautiful woman. He could not visit her in life, this way he could be anywhere. He had the power over matter visibility, gravity and power to calm the weather because it obeyed his thoughts.

“I’m yours, my desert princess, in your tower.” He laughed mockingly. “I’m all yours tonight.”

“You will not know who I am, I promise, my princess. My coward brothers have abandoned me in death, they grieve for my body not for me to return. If I did, they would not have accepted me. My empty grave will make it easy for them to see the truth of the fake world. In it, I never did belong, nor wanted to be part of one where my father and my brother stole my inheritance. I will die like other men. I will make sure they do not follow me or ever enter the portal of the seal of Solomon. The Prince of Jinn has given me a boon, a gift I could not refuse. I have risen like Jesus. I feel I can fulfill the mission of hurdling the end of days, but I know I must first find the woman that sees with her mind my every move. Maybe she’ll live if she lets me make her my sex slave, or if not, then she dies.”

Prince Rashid father’s personal bodyguard was on duty in his father’s library office at the creek palace where he grew up. It seemed like so long ago, time was not real, nothing on earth was real, but invisible and gliding. In the office, his dad sat reading his twitter messages. The sadness of losing his son never showed, only the mourning of his mother in the distance, that he could hear in her lonely tower apartment. She will never see his face again alive. When he appeared to her she ran from him into her bathroom.

“Mother, open the door, it’s me your son. I return to you; don’t you know that wishes come true?”

“No, you are not my son, you are a Jinn spirit, out to deceive my mind. You trick me.”

“Don’t, Mother, please come out and feel my body. It’s as solid as yours. I have returned from the grave. I was given a chance to live, to fulfill my mission, to complete my task of getting rid of your king, my father. You must know my voice is not fake or a dream.”

“Go away and do not return, my son, Rashid. If you do, they will find you and kill you. I can’t face you, I can’t lose you again. I will not look into your eyes ever again, until I see you among the angels beside me where you belong with me. There now, go and do what you must for your world. Don’t destroy what you did not create, don’t leave enemies on your way out, or chaos, if you found peace on your way in.”

His mother's words fell on deaf ears as his rage grew stronger, his seething hostility directing him in a racing heartbeat to his father's library den, knocking over his dad's favorite wooden horse statue. It startled his dad. "Come quickly, son, do what you came here to do and leave us and our home forever. You don't belong anymore among humans, I can smell death."

"I may not be able to see you, but I could always feel your raging heart against mine. Even in my sleep, my nightmare was you; my cursed son, my firstborn. Like all the rest of my generation, the firstborn son was taken by the Jinn race to be warriors."

"Father, I will not be the one to kill you now, I know you are already dead inside. I'll leave you now."

The black sheep of the family vanished from his father's private library study room.

"I know you will be back. I may not be able to see you but I know your ears will always hear a father's curse. 'Go give me hell; spread your virus of seething hostility to your race, your people, your blood generation.' Hell awaits your patience."

"You have brought this curse upon yourself, you, the son of a demon, now they give you a gift in return for what? Yet you blindly and willingly accept. You are vile and vain; your soul is no longer a human soul."

"Yeah, you ought to know all about vain and vile, Father." Rashid's rage penetrated his thundering voice. The tremor of his powers tumbled his father's library room into a crumbling mass of marble stone. His father escaped from the room by an invisible hand of Rashid. He flung his hateful, unforgiveable father from harm's way. Inches away from death. Into his hallway of the palace where he survived with cuts and bruises.

Rashid's father's voice broke. Tears flowed as he knew his fate was sealed as was written in the Book of Solomon. The Jinns are powerful creatures, they once lived on earth. It was their inheritance until men took over the earth, stole it for themselves; selfish creatures and a slave race was all men were, as told in the last seven lines in the passage of the Book of Solomon and the Jinn race.

His voice softened as he spoke with regret and a burning rage of hate for his son. "Rashid, you are my cursed son, whatever you will become, I'm certain you are yet to control any of the

powers of this demon you speak of. It is most certain to be a creature from hell. Man can't serve two masters, my son. I know my fate. I have accepted defeat from my enemies. They are too many and too powerful. They surround me even in the air; they will win after my fleeing my country with my family. We will be trapped in their jaws of death."

"Father, you can't know all this. Maybe you will live to speak of it one day if you survive the Red wolves Jinns, but I doubt it very much. They are mighty and powerful, more than the Prince of Jinns that gave me true life. The energy of his life flows through mine," he said as his mocking laughter echoed in the crisp chilly windy night of his burial.

"Yet you are my father. Maybe it was best I was not born in your world. I was never really a human. My blood was mixed for a very long time, why did you not tell me your father, my grandfather, was from the Jinn race. How could I forget, you never could tell the truth even if you wanted to, not even to your blood sister who you married. Did you think we would not know who our mother was and why you took her as your wife at the tender age of fifteen? She was all you ever wanted, her love you never did get.

"You stole her from your best friend because you were chosen to be the next in line of kings. She was a princess and you could not let go of your lust for her body. I see your past as if it was yesterday. Time shows me everyone's childhood and their past. I did not ask for this gift. The Prince of Jinns, Suliman, chose me because I was a warrior that could somehow, he believed, save the scum of humans left on this earth. I pretty much thought that I could do it. Even if I could, humans are not worthy of being given any more time to live. Chaos and death was always human destiny. I could not love this race. My mother is all I could ever love. A human woman I love will never live long enough to be, even if she accepted me this way. I will find a way to use all you taught me as your son, to fight in defense of protecting the earth. I must leave you, but the next time we meet, it will be at your grave. I promise I will visit you. Only then, your agent son will survive the war, but his loss will be greater than mine. I know he is also your favorite son, he will spend his life wishing death will take him, and I will secretly follow his every move.

“I may not be the son you ever did need, but I saved your life tonight, because I saw how you will die and where you will die, and it was not here in your palace. Even your home does not want your roaming ghost to dwell in it. Maybe my hell is much more pleasant than yours will ever be. At least I’m given life on any earths or universe I wish to exist. I am part of the creator that made me; Nature. And it’s as intelligent as hell to keep me here on earth, where I can watch the family that hated my status as prince and leader of this desert oasis, die in a strange land which they claim belongs to their god. I am nothing as a human. I’m more as a hybrid, a better warrior of the elements that fights my body and my mind. I am yet to control it. Good-bye, Father,” he said as he watched his father fade away. He then left the city of his birth and his grave.

“For tonight, the second son that claims his seat as ruler will die of grief that will eat away at his mind then his heart. It will be a joyless existence. He will give up the ghost on his next birthday a month from now. On the eleventh day, my perfect prince brother, who wanted to die as well when I did, will cease to exist in this world.”

“Prince Rashid’s visions turned my nights into nightmares which all the secrets of the universe could not undo. I wanted nothing to do with this vision,” Princess Delilah wrote in her secret Journal. My name doesn’t matter anymore than it did back then; working at the UN as a translator for English to a number of Middle East countries. An agent will always be a spy for her country of origin. Secret agent, son, Prince Damien, left the taste and smell of blood behind in his world. His dead brother was a scum of the earth. He did not deserve life. Somehow, Rashid, I know you will return; not even the grave has the power to keep you silent. Your passion for life will return you to us, and when that happens, I await you in battle. The rumblings went on and on in his dream, over and over each night. Prince Damien dreamt of speaking to his dead brother at his grave site, looking in an empty grave, horrified by the reality of his body missing mere hours after his death and burial.

Prince Rashid’s grave was at the famous Um Cemetery in the desert oasis in the Gulf. His second brother was closest to him and the grief and loneliness will probably kill him, as he spent his waking hours chasing the ghost of his brother Rashid,

claiming to have seen him on the night of his death. He told everyone his body had risen like Jesus, and he walked among the living as a super human; he was given the powers of the Jinns to shape-shift. How his brother knew this was anyone's guess. He was smitten by his grief and created the perfect way to survive through his family and friends, but his brother, Prince Damien, knew there was some truth in what his brother was trying to tell everyone. How else can someone steal a body while it was guarded all night. No sound, nor had anyone gone by the grave, but the only thing they saw was strong winds of sands in a whirlwind over the grave; they thought the body had sunk in when they saw the gaping hole. Until they saw the white shredded shroud cloth lying in the hole where Prince Damien and his brother wrapped his body. It was torn to pieces, as though an animal ripped it apart. Prince Rashid was having a horrible time trying to remember who he was. His mission was clear. He was not a prince of a human father anymore but of the Jinn race. He felt less human as the days passed. It was nine days since his death.

Prince Rashid's death followed his destruction of his father's home. The palace was on fire by the rage of Rashid, fueling rapidly growing hostility for the human race. His death was due to a broken heart. He could not marry the woman who he had fallen in love with, the princess. Dad had other plans for her, giving her to his best friend, a business transaction.

To save his dwindling steel empire, was the new-found material that looks and feel like plastic. "Nano" could withstand the heat and weather of the desert. The greed was too much for Rashid. His father's slaves, young girls, infuriated him even more. Doors of the jail cells flung open by an unseen force. All the cells were opened and the guards were asleep, the sleep of death induced by the undead Prince Rashid. The prisoners were afraid to escape. The young teen girls huddled in a corner, their wide, staring eyes made Prince Rashid mad as he spoke to them. "Your freedom, I give you. Take it and run and don't look back. You all are free to leave this place; your fate is not to be his sex slaves living here in his cave. Go quickly now, as the king may survive his injuries of the weight of his guilt burdening his wounded heart."

He wanted to find his princess soon, to take the groom and rip him to pieces. Death was a game he would enjoy inflicting slowly on his enemies. The girls ran out of the cells. When the lights went out, they were left in total darkness, their chilling screams could be heard from the city street.

Prince Rashid knew it was time to end the game and switch on the lights. As he did, they saw him in the middle of the jail entrance, floating above them with black, silky shining wings of a gigantic falcon, with the face and body of a man, glowing in a smokeless fire as his eyes were glowing blue. His transformation even surprised him. He was evolving into a fully hybrid Jinnman. As he pointed the way to the door, his smile said it was okay to follow him. They did so silently as they were trembling with fear. The frail, blond girl spoke in whispered tones. "He's an angel. We are all dead. His eyes are on fire like the angel that leads the souls to heaven."

"Shhh, he's not an angel, he's a prince that returned from the grave the other side to help us escape the end of the world prophecy."

The girl who spoke was bleeding from bruised and battered lips, inflicted by her kidnappers from the City of Unman.

Sheba Blair could not shake off the visions even if she wanted to right about now. Desperately, she tried to release the stranglehold of Prince Rashid's messed up life and an encounter with Prince Suliman. He'd engaged in sexual orgies with his two ex-lovers who were suddenly in his life again as his team. He must have set a plan in motion long before he met her. She was just part of the plan that was necessary and relevant for it to work. She felt used by him. How could she not know he was faking it all along? The love, the attraction for her, it was all for one reason, and that was for the trio to meet again on the battlefield, to feed their egos and their hybrid dicks on fire. And she was the reason for it. Rage of jealous thoughts roamed her mind, stroking her with sparks of the green monster of jealousy, and it taunted her hurt feelings. Salted wounds mend slowly. That she was not part of his heart or plans as a lover.

She felt cheated and lied to by her protector who surrounded her with his creation of hybrid men. Prince Rashid's and Umar's lies about Prince Suliman were unforgiveable Hurt and anger set in Sheba's stolen heart. She would find a way to make him regret

the lies that he fed her in thoughts and telepathy. Prince Rashid will laugh in her face, as he owed no one the truth, not even her. His whole life was a big lie. Anyway, Sheba threw Prince Rashid a strong spear. He felt it and a broad smile was pasted on his face. "So, you do have a weakness like all women."

"Ha ha ha," he mocked her telepathically from his preparation station with Prince Suliman. No, he wouldn't dare tell Prince Suliman his woman was weak with jealous thoughts of him in bed with him.

But mostly, she knew she was going to stick around. It was time to vanish. It did not matter where she will do it. Commando Umar will help her, he had the look of a prince who lived for almost a century like her. She noticed he did not show any sign of aging of a man past his prime as she did. She will always have to accept her fate as a woman from an ancient seed of King Solomon's generations, a direct link of women who carried the secret of immortality for a century. She would have aged if not for Prince Suliman making her hybrid. He knew her ancient link and he knew why she gave herself the name "Sheba." The elite agents and red wolves could not kill her because they knew who she was. They erased her past memory. Most of it came only as visions, like a puzzle she put together in her secret journal.

Princess Mena, the daughter of an ancient king, had disappeared into a portal in caves under the temple of Jerusalem. She only had dreams of his hands and the ring of the gateway that she still wears today. It was the black stone in the middle of the ring that kept her alive this long from the great divide. Her body aged only after a century. Prince Suliman knew her secret past. He hunted her down. All this time he was not protecting her but using her to fuel his bloodthirsty wars with the human world.

Sheba felt a dizzy spell upon her. She was wide awake but unable to move a muscle. Tears rolled down her face as the visions' floodgates were opened and she wrote it down. Reading it now, she knew she had to bury it in her rose and lavender garden, where it could be hidden until her unborn child finds it. Maybe then, this nightmare will all be over.

Creatures that enter the human portal world will end. Maybe Prince Suliman will open it again for selfish reasons, if only to experience love and sex from humans. His lustful nature from

his race was well known. She was a means to an end; she was on his playing field.

And she was never a woman who he desired or fell in love with. He was a creature incapable of falling in love with her. She was human and he was not. They were not supposed to be connected or fall in love yet. She knew he was wrestling with his feelings for being her protector this long. His guilt, she felt, was tremendous. He left to give her the gift of heartbroken memories that he ever existed. "Damn you, Suliman, for running in and ruining my world."

"And my life on this earth then vanishes after all. You are a creature from a hell that I want no part of. You hear me?" Sheba screamed with rage, hot tears flowing fast as she felt his warmth embrace her. The soft blue wave tightened its hold and she felt a calmness overwhelm her heart as he spoke in her ears.

"I will never leave you."

"Despite your thoughts of my past, it will always be you that I must protect, take me as I am or leave me. Either way, I'll be your protector, a curious of all creatures of my world, to experience love and sex with both male and female lovers. But you can take it or leave it. It doesn't matter to me."

Prince Suliman left Sheba sobbing uncontrollably. She's convinced he was a true cold-blooded creature. He left her to doubt her thoughts if anything they told her was now true. They both obviously had an intense intimate past. Not that she was surprised either. Someone she trusted was feeding her lies to cover their darkest past with his lover from the Arab State of Um, or they both had a lapse of memory.

"Damn you, Suliman, you would've made a great actor for a Superhero movie if only you were just a damn human. But you had to be a creature from a parallel twin earth that also found a way to my heart. And it turns out, you make a better liar than a human man. Even Prince Rashid would not have faked the pretense of loving me. He could not do it as well as you did." Sheba voiced her thoughts out loud now that she was pregnant with his child. She would never forgive him, forever letting him know, this secret she would swear to keep to her heart. It was too much to know, to see, to endure to the end of which time. How long will she live as a hybrid human?

She wondered if he heard her perceptive thoughts as she penetrated his world, his mind. She could feel it when he heard her telepathic mind. He was silent and distant. He faded away. She knew he was doing this to heal her heart, to give her time to find a way to forgive him. "Not this time, Prince Suliman. You are not welcome in my life anymore. Don't even try to make up for this lie. You knew Prince Rashid and Commando Umar, your ex-lovers."

Prince Suliman snuffled, a broken smile painted on her memory. Finally, defenseless and truly in love with him; it was the ultimate of tests. He blocked the truth and fed her a vision of illusion of his love making with Prince Rashid and Commando Umar. He had to be certain she loved him and not either of them. Or ever to fall for them in the future; she was his universal soulmate. The visions in the caves he gave her were false. The rest was all true; he had to injure her heart with the vision. She was a headstrong, stubborn, magnetic, attractive human hybrid. She had to find out her past somehow, and he was desperate to keep her heart for his own. Even though they could not meet, but soon, he would find a way to return to her earth.

Chapter Twenty-One

My name is as ancient as the waters of parallel earths. I'm an inheritor of a powerful gift. It is the curse and gift of a seer, a woman who can peer into the past and the future. The power of their eyes can pierce the portals and the tunnels of human history, even species of other universes. The keepers, the watchers of humans were our curse.

Princess Delilah, the seventh daughter of the seventh special commandoes of King Solomon. My daughter, and her daughters after me, through time will carry my name. Which one I am I can't reveal, not now when I'm struck here as a hybrid shape-shifter. I am yet to know my destiny. I am yet to find my place among humans on earth.

I chose for my offspring, however, that they be accepted as the mixed species of the human and Jinn race. It is a fate we could not escape. Jesus was a time traveler to the humans in the parallel world. The human earth has shifted to the twin earth, where history is no longer accurate, but the opposite of the past of the earth that the few humans knew.

Some of them are aware of the shift of earths and history, but they will soon forget their past earth history, as Jesus has returned to reveal his true identity. The few humans will accept the transformation into hybrid humans.

My real mother is a hybrid and an ancient princess. This is the journal she gave to her daughters, then to each daughter she wrote: The visions kept flowing like a live movie screen, the sounds, the voice of Sheba and Jinn Prince and his hybrid humans. She must keep the name a secret from the rest of the humans, including her true identity, bloodline, and her commando blood ties. They were a burden for her heart. After each death, we were sworn to secrecy, to keep the promise of the seer series journal of visions open until the time of the shift and

the last lunar-blood super moon, only if the diamond portals my ancient mother, princess Delilah, saw in her vision opened.

Twelve minutes before 12 o' clock, the Russian military contaminated the lakes of Syria. The ancient city of the Nan Province was bombed and a chemical gas pumped into the water system. The city, the terrifying, rugged terrain, the waves of young men and women fleeing, their generation vanished in twelve minutes. All that was left was a ghost town, dead bodies, dead animals, dead birds, all done in by the rampant and constant battle to the death.

"Sheba Blair, you have to choose if you stay or go hunting for Prince Suliman for the sake of my unborn child. The Protector will be a father to a human hybrid son or daughter."

"Oh, how I miss you. Fate once again stands in our way, Prince Suliman, it's crazy to think you would stick around long enough to care. You hear me, my vocal chords were swollen, stretched to the limits of my outbursts. My anger was heightened by his dark secrets, he cared not to share with me.

"I should stop feeling sorry for my sorry ass. Isn't life grand? I speak to myself and it echoes in the emptiness of my heart. Love mocks my existence, keeping my promise. I must continue to write. I'm also Princess Delilah, her ghosts, her spirit, her gifted soul of a powerful seer guide. Her sisters' and daughters' blood runs through my veins." This twin earth with the opposite history of humans' past troubles, her thoughts of the lies of their human ancestors' slave race. Afraid to reveal the truth, they create constant flow of wars, disturbing the weather patterns of time and destroying their earth by the wrath of the weather and their weapons of mass destruction. They are utterly cruel to their own kind. Their brains were controlled by the invading species. There is nothing they could have done; they were after all, helpless humans. Now they were hybrid humans to a twin earth with a different history, one that wants to hunt them as human hybrid. That is, unless the Protector finds a way to close the Diamond Portals of the Universe of twin earths, that can't hold her. It was her plan to escape.

Princess Delilah's visions of the past and present meet the future. Sheba pored over the visions written in the Seer's Journal but it was time for her to record her's too.

Sheba Blair read the future of past visions of the princess and her bloodline visions that she dutifully wrote everything she saw in visions. Every so often, she read from the ancient princess' visions. Future and past was protected by a magnetic field of blue waves, like a strong wind that circles the entire dark room and cottage of a home. She could not leave or let anyone in. This was a journey only meant for her eyes, her soul to pass down to her offspring.

Her journal, her visions of the future, her ancient journal opens up on its own bound black leather. Carved in the middle of its covers is a black rose. It came in broken pieces of different time locations, but it must be written, even if I must risk it all for the human race. This is in order to find a way to defend their earth, to guard the diamond portals in the ancient journal of Human History. She is a most powerful Seer, Princess Delilah, my mother.

Until she figured out where she belonged in the hybrid human race, the day she walked into the world of the special agent, she knew her life would be one of being on the run. The presence of the protective shadow that followed the dark was a constant light, only entered by the chosen few agents of the parallel universe. Who can penetrate its veil? The deeper the hybrid humans fall into it, the easier it gets to accept its power, the dusty two journals.

She wiped the dust aside and saw the name, Princess Delilah, seventh daughter of Commandos of King Solomon. How could she pretend anymore to have ever made up a name, or ever believe living as Sheba Blair could conceal or somehow change her past or her destiny at the orphanage? She trained two dozen girls, all twelve-year-old and fifteen-year-old boys, all homeless, their parents dead from drug overdoses and gang related violence. She taught them the art of true survival. How to master the earth elements to survive as a hybrid. They were not hybrids, but they did have the same genes she possessed from the line of her blood. They were tracked down by their blood type and survival skills on the streets, among those taken from the street and haunted by their pimp.

Boyfriend super gangs were sex slaves for a highly profitable human trafficking empire on 13th Street.

“I’m Princess Delilah. Take my hand, have fear for what you can’t see behind your back, not what is in your face like I am. The eyes are blind, the heart, the gut, your instinct sees for you. Trust it to keep you alive and safe. Use it to escape any situation. Learn to fake your death when you have to. Learn to escape fear, your true prison. Come with me to a place that will make you stronger for the streets, a home that is free of slavery.” The 12 girls and boys went with her, drawn by her hypnotic powers. They followed her into a thrift shop that sold old typewriters with life-size vintage Victorian European and German dolls sitting with their hands on the keys. Clay piano and violin teapots cluttered the antique coffee tables in the back of the shop. In the basement, they entered a vaulted black door of steel. As they went in fearlessly, it was a garden with rows of budding black roses, and rows of silver huge vats of clear tasteless brewed poison. In here is where you will live and learn to be a silent killer. Agents go by the name of Poisoners. History will never know your true identity or know your good deeds. You are children of the ‘Angel of Death’.”

“Those that see your face will surely die by the gift of the black roses of death.”

“Lady, are you asking us to poison our pimps? What about the gangs that will find us and murder our entire families?” said the wild-eyed young man with a wild stare of wonder. His large light-brown eyes, his falcon nose sniffed the cold air of a dark winter evening. His thin frame showed his pangs of hunger were no joke. His sunken belly groaned with hunger pains. “Lady, all we need is food and shelter, we don’t want to die because of what we need.”

“I will not accept your offer.”

“Oh, but you will. After you see your own powers against the constant darkness that follows your existence on these streets.” The young Asian boy backed away. Fear was no use, his eyes glared with a fire for whatever comes next in his dark world.

As the doors of the vaults suddenly opened widely for him, she said, “Go, you are free. You opened the doors on your own.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“But you did, your fleeting thoughts open all doors. This is your gift. I am here to show you how to put it to use against the

constant dark souls that want your body for service and those that force you to give your body. Only you can bring them in. You can do it. You are hunted for sex slavery and your generation will be too if you don't stop the curse."

"Capture them as they do you. Luring them into his lair ..." he said, as he banged shut the doors, alarming the girls. As they backed away slowly, fear buckled their knees as they fell to their knees, screaming. Hopelessness set in. Escape was not a plan or wish any more.

"That's all you have to do and I will take them to where they must go. In the black rose garden, there is a portal to a place we send pimps. The dark portal is hell where the only thing they hear is their screams as their soul is torn apart by darkness. Their atoms feed the dark flow of constant and rampant darkness in a portal only I and my blood can open and close.

"Think about what I have said and I will return for an answer. The room is provided with all that you need and want. Don't try to escape. When you walk out of here, you will be stronger and fitter in your mind, heart, and body, to face your mortal enemies in ways they will least expect you to.

The girls began crying and huddling against each other in fear, reacting to their victim-state of existence. And yet they were in a safe place. Only until they can realize they have not been deceived can they begin their training.

"Princess Delilah is my name. I am one of those you call watchers of the human race. Your species are dying, evolving as hybrids for the Jinn race, and are telepathically gifted. Your powers will grow as the blood moon appears in two days. By then, I promise you true freedom will be yours to taste."

Fear overtook their broken, bruised hearts and minds. Silent they remained. Food was served to them by a group of stern, fit women clad in black jumpsuits. Their eyes never looked directly at them, as though they were robots.

Princess Delilah envisioned Sheba Blair's future.

The children gathered together and began to explore the black rose gardens. In the distance was an old, abandoned doll house. Doll body parts were seen lying around puddles of muddy ponds on the property; ponds that were once the home of pet gold fish. It was a place where they suddenly felt calm. All their fear suddenly melted away. The girls were unsure of their next move

but they knew to escape was not an option anymore. They were done running. Death was something they accepted. Protecting their families was a sure sign of weakness for their pimps. Their captivity will become a pattern of success for the super gangs that shadow them. This time they will enjoy such shadows. They suddenly felt nothing inside except the need to survive for revenge missions. "We can trust her to teach us," said the Latin migrants.

"They are the new silent agents that rid the streets of pimps. They are known as thirteen street agents where they were found by me. They visit me every blood moon lunar eclipse. They walk the street as invisible shadows, twelve young gifted girls and boys, protectors of victims of sex slaves, skilled hitmen, silent agents that leave a black rose at each orphanage on Halloween night and on blood moon nights.

The pimps hunt down the racing girls into their death traps by the young girls trained to show fear on blood moon nights, allowing them to follow them into their veiled garden of black roses, a place where they enter and disappear forever. The operation has taken the silent agents of the black rose portals on many global operations as distance was just a thought away. Trained by Princess Delilah herself to master their skills, as she was by Prince Suliman before the war parted them.

"Prince Suliman will one day return in my life; he knew all along my true origin." The visions of the Seal of Solomon will be the death of many. After the war, the human memory of religion, the secret it holds of the blue smokeless liquid fire-shifters can't be told, not until the blood moon returns to the earth. Humans will be no more; the twin earth will be their new home with a history of a preacher of a moon-god-shifter who saved many humans from a darker force than him, the Protector."

The time was near for the eclipse of the end of the year lunar blood moon. The protector of Sheba knew the fate of the humans, destruction was ultimately sealed by their own weak and dark deeds.

Horrific ending to an old ancient civilization was Syria; seven million humans with the genes of a hybrid race, wiped out by contaminated water, poisoned by chemical attacks. The vision of the purple skies, the smell of blood and dead rotted farm

animals and human flesh, the cities of death. Ammon was gone, the people were gone on an overpopulation project.

The mission to wipe out poverty was in full gear. The United Cities of the Parallel Universe was the sign that his death was near. He was galloping on his favorite white mare at Creek Falls Stables. The shadow, Prince Rashid, roamed the grounds in search of victims. The night fell among the Creek Lovers Lane. He waited to catch a glimpse of the Princess. He heard her loud weeping for him at the creek, saw her trembling hands. A black rose mysteriously appears on his gravesite. The night was cold. As winter entered the heart of the temple mount, he saw her with the man he could never be again and rode off on his mission. The next time he saw her would be on the battlefield, when he would meet Prince Suliman once again to keep his promise to fight for the stronger humans, the hybrids. Her cries echoed and haunted his every wakeful eternal day. His rampant killing took him into the future of the last battle. His past, quickly forgotten time, was playing tricks with his thoughts. His mind tunneled through a mind portal, hurtling him helplessly. He felt like his death happened only nine days ago, yet he felt much had changed as he traveled across the borderless train tracks of Europe to meet her. He could only watch her from a distance. He was a creature to her now, invisible, and elusive to her as man. The Columbus Mountains, the Rockies of North America, was a place he loved to visit when he was human. He still had his lodge in the mountain caves, a secret escape where he took his women and men for weekends of group sex. A place he could not give up now that his brother and the special agent, who lured his loins more than his heart, was a hot catch. He would have her. She was a dish he would be served. Prince Rashid's mind strayed when he thought of Sheba, the strange seer agent whose life he would not wish on his enemies. Then again, he may. She deserved every bit of the adventure, after all, she chose to flee her eastern home for one of the coldest places on earth, the Canadian Rockies. Yet her war will take her into the darkness of a ruined worn out city of creatures that could end the human race in Central Park, New York.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Prince Rashid rode into the night with the pack of red wolves in the twin earth. The Jesus freaks were stoning to death the new hybrid Jesus. He drained the blood of the Jewish young men and Palestinian group of friends that were hybrids. He was an agent for the invading army of a giant race that wanted to return to earth.

Prince Rashid was the Protector of the twin earths. But his army could not close the portal, someone more powerful was keeping it open and she had the scent of a wild orchard in spring. Her name was as ancient as she was. Her tall frame, model's body, golden tan, her glowing silk skin, and eyes of golden sparks scared the woodland forest small creatures. She was, after all, a giant trampling on the Blackball forest and the sleepy German town. Thick morning fog covered her giant presence.

Prince Rashid approached her fearlessly. He bowed to her. "I have been waiting for your return. Your prince, the protector, Prince Suliman, has destroyed all the portals except the diamond portals which I have kept guard over."

Princess Delilah's face lit up. Her words were silent telepathic pleasure waves that she sent to Prince Rashid. It gave him the power to control the weather as he liked, for the humans that remained hidden in caves on the hills of the Golan.

"I have returned for her. She will come with me, find my blood. Her name is Sheba Blair and she knows I am here. She has opened the Book of Seers, the book of protectors, the book of the watchers of the diamond portals. She dreamed of it and I must know what she wrote down about her vision on the end of the bloody wars. The white hair watchers of the galaxies had chosen her from our bloodline. Sheba has been visited and taken to the portals and shown when it ends, how it ends. Only she can tell me if she wishes. She has guarded her thoughts and her

secrets will not be revealed. Her powers have grown stronger than mine. She fears I will deceive her for the race of giants. The earth is the home of giants and once again you must exterminate all humans from its face.”

Prince Rashid could not let go of the nagging feeling of why he wanted to send this giant woman back into her dark abyss of hellish wars in her own portal. *Nay, don't think, just do it to protect Sheba Blair and her unborn child. She awaits you.* He thought to himself and decided to lure Princess Delilah into a trap. “I have something to show you, but you must shift and transform into the size and appearance of humans so that I can do it.”

“Prince, I may if you tell me why I must.”

“Well, humans are playful creatures. Why not enjoy them for a while in their skin, their person, their cages. I will be taking you to a party where you will meet her.”

“Ok, prince. But war is no party.” “I will do this for you while your army protects me all the way.”

“We will do so, my princess, we are ever at your side.”

The transformation was done in an instant. She took the look of a supermodel with auburn wavy hair and gorgeous, green eyes. Her black, classy fitted jumper hugged her slim, shapely body and long legs.

“Wow, my princess, we will have a ball of a time after the party,” Prince Rashid said as he took her arms and led her to a trap that would save the earth from the coming of the giants. They were men with falcon heads and giant human bodies, not made of skin or flesh, but magnetic liquid, the energy of the soul and the brains of living, conscious, pure intelligent energy; the nature of god in the most powerful species.

Princess Delilah turned heads upon her entrance at the ball. Sheba Blair could not leave her home, trapped by the visions she was witnessing in a trance-like state. She could not move a muscle. Prince Suliman did not want her to ever leave the place. His power was near enough to protect his child. She was a fool to think he did not know she was a selfish woman. He could not let her out of his sight or mind as he may lose her forever when the next war begins. He will not be able to protect her and his child, but at least he would take the memory of his past with him; at the prison portal that his kind enters where their last sunset

was the one they saw on their earths. In their existence, only their power source, their energy, supports life in the universe in order to create life on planets. His kind had moved on to other universes that were not hostile.

He will have to make a decision to return as a human hybrid and lose his powers as a powerful Prince of Jinns, to live with the woman he loved and his unborn child who he may never meet. This was not the fate that he alone could choose. Sheba Blair would have to wish it and accept him in her life on earth, or he will die a death in a portal that exists for hearts that have given up on humans and love of his soulmate. He will face death if she wished it. If she let him die by letting go of her love for him, he will cease to exist. Her fire of soulful love for him can only survive this way.

Prince Rashid danced the night away with Princess Delilah. She was a deception he could get used to in bed, if only for one night. He will ravage her womanly body with his all might until he gets the signal to take her to the portal where Prince Suliman awaits him. "Come with me to my lodge in the mountain, we can fly together as falcons. Don't you just love the way the earth looks from above on a full moon night, my princess?"

Prince Rashid charmed his way into her heart but guarded his thoughts from revealing the truth. She would find out soon, but if he died at her hands, then at least at last he will know what it is to die as a human and a creature with shifting powers to heal fatal wounds.

Or he may just join in eternal bliss of his prison of portals that give life to the human species once again. It's the least he could do for the woman he once thought loved him, or maybe he will just wake up from this dream of portals, where it was all a bad dream, where he is still a prince living in his palace and taking care of his horse hospital stables.

If only he had the power to change events in time, he would go back to his stable where he first met his Princess and had a secret romance with her until she was taken from him to become another man's wife. As he spoke, he fell to the ground with a sharp pain in his chest. Prince Suliman then used his powers to send him back into another earth that did have a place for him and his princess. The twin earth can make wishes come true in opposite of the history of the old human earth.

Prince Rashid forgot he was in the twin earth. He got his wish, he was back in his stables at his palace with the gravesite and the cemetery in the distance. Overlooking his palace was a rose garden, a black rose garden. Running towards him was a girl in a white flowing dress, her wild black hair swaying against her small hips, her rose-bud face widened with a smile of pure pleasure. "Rashid, I am waiting, my dad is here, he's excited they are already planning our big day."

Here was his wish that came true. He looked around him and above, shocked. He mumbled, Prince Suliman's name under his breath.

He closed his eyes slowly, but in the distance, among the black rose thorns was a hooded dark figure cloaked in shadow. When he raised his head, he saw it was Prince Suliman. He spoke through his thoughts. "Wishes comes true for a heart that is lit forever with the fire of love and life of a human soul. You are Prince Rashid, the protector of this world, still."

"Thank you, my friend. Go to her, Prince Suliman even the fire that lit your heart a time ago can take you there for the last time. Don't let her die in your heart. Keep her alive, maybe this is the answer to man's existence, their fight for what they love, the fire that keeps them alive."

Princess Delilah followed Prince Rashid. She appeared among them in the rose garden, the glow of the golden light shell-shocked the princess. She cautioned him frantically, "Rashid. Rashid it's a Jinn woman, we must leave this graveyard. Why do you keep staring at the rose garden? What is wrong?"

"I am so sorry, my love, but I have some unfinished business with this woman. You must go and wait for me at the palace. Go quickly."

The princess was almost at the palace when a gigantic explosion blew up the entire palace. The princess fell down from the impact. "Mia no... no... no. I can't lose you again," he pleaded on his knees. Suddenly, he moved. He rushed to pick her up. He had lost his powers of a shifter.

"Rashid, they are gone. I saw them die like this in my dream last night and I saw you here and that was all I remember. Why? Who would I do this? My entire family and yours were there all together, Rashid. We have lost them all."

The fire was growing. The black, thick smoke was engulfing the entire sky. Then all of a sudden, the sky changed to day and there was no fire. Princess Delilah smiled with a sadness. She did not want to try to explain, but she had to tell the truth if there was such a thing.

Prince Suliman anger and his love for Sheba stirred his fire of anger and frustration. His voice rose to a booming deafening level. Princess Delilah disliked his boldness and his distrust. “Don’t you walk away from me. I demand you leave her alone. Why are you hunting the human woman I love? I demand you return to your portal. Leave her alone. Your kind, your race can’t return here. This earth had a past of your kind until they moved on. Why have you returned?

“You are a selfish creature that cared for the Jinn Elites. Your feelings for my daughter lack the trust she deserves. I need to say more, Prince Suliman. You know nothing about the universe’s powers of deception as I do, but I see I will be hurting someone I love too if I don’t reveal to you what you demand of me!

“If you must insist, I tell you I fear you and I have much mending to do. Your mistrust of my kind cuts like the sword you have wedged between her and my kind. Keeping her or protecting her from us will tear you both apart. Not something you would want. It’s foretold in my visions; she will be told. Sheba Blair sees visions that deceive her mind, a deliberate game of deception they play on her mind. The visions may be from the Guardians, a powerful elemental race; formless, unless they are observed for a purpose by the humans and other beings that are given life with a body from nature, skin, and flesh. Yet they remain, for thousands of years. As white energy beings, their telepathic gifts can deceive the minds of humans. Visions of destruction is their way of connecting with the subject. In this case, it’s your beloved Sheba. She is the seed to the plant that grows, and like a forest of trees, it becomes a reality with enough sunlight and water. It’s the same with wars. The fire of the heart of men keeps it alive, the fire of unforgivable hatred for their own kind, their wars draw in the storm floods and every destructive elements and species of the universe.

“I am here to warn her that the giants will return only to protect this planet they consider their own home. A great number of the desert human’s offspring was their own blood. The visions

are given by the white haired super race that appears to humans and gives them visions. They are a species without a soul or shape. They are formless and can't live on earth like other species. They pretend to be the god of humans.

"Sheba Blair's visions of the diamond portals. I must know what she saw in the visions. Only she can stop the end of war by closing the portal forever. She must have spoken of the visions to you, Prince Suliman. Your race can use your ability to see her visions. All I can see is what she shows me and I am seeing where she is showing two earths.

"One is covered in blood and destroyed, and the next, hit by a dwarf red planet and destroyed. The man with glowing white eyes and white hair told her the earth will be safe if she accepts the first earth. Her answer was 'Why can't you protect the second earth for humans, for us?' And the being, she told me, was in tears and felt loved by her kindness. The species was protecting the humans on this earth. For how long, no one will know for sure. They will become the guardians of the twin earth, they must protect it from any form of destruction. It's why your palace on fire was an illusion of my powers," said Princess Delilah. "To get your attention, Prince Suliman. You were from the chosen group of humans we had evolved from as hybrid leaders."

"Prince Suliman, now is your turn to choose. If the humans you trained and the woman you fell in love with was for nothing, then you will have brought about the own extinction of your race. The fire your kind live by is the love you have found with the human heart. Their warmth draws you and keeps you lit forever with their love. All species need the Twin Earths to learn about the warmth of love, and we, in return, give them our gifts. We share our worlds with them, we have offspring with them.

"Because their love keeps our hearts on fire and our minds away from visions of doom. When we do not see wars, it means the diamond portals are open but guarded by the woman whose heart was warm enough to melt an ancient species' heart. For her home, her twin earth, the past happened because it had to. The future foretold in visions from the book of the black roses that belongs to me, you must return to me. Leave it at the gates of the diamond portals. If you tell me where my princess is, I will do anything to keep Sheba's world safe forever for her. Then you will have to risk losing her for a while and wait till midnight at

the super moon at the Golan Heights. There the portal will open. You will leave the book on the highest rock face of the Golan Heights, and it will be in the hands of the guardians of the twin earths.”

“I will do as you say, Princess.”

“If you don’t reach there on time, Sheba Blair will not exist in this world. She will be taken to the universe of the species where she is loved by the guardian that watches over her and learns from her the many ways love can charm a heart of a species of such power. Let’s just say you’ve got stiffer competition out there, way beyond your kind and your world. You can’t, and will not, be victorious in a fight with this guardian of white energy.

“They are here to stay. The doors, the gates will bring more. They are in the power of mega planets and Earth’s storms. They can change the planet and rid it of any form of life. They attack their enemies if they have any. We may never have time to find out. My dear prince, now that you know that they are also evolving into the shape of a species we have no clue what that may look like. But if it’s Sheba’s heart, you can bet it will take the form of a male species of like your Jinn Race. But I doubt you would care if you do leave Sheba alone in this world.”

Princess Delilah smiled and said, “There will be a time when we will all meet once again to protect the earth from the offspring of the humans.”

Princess Delilah vanished in a glow of golden light.

The red, antique, haunted typewriter stands as proof against all odds and bombings. It appeared in a bombed bank vault in the Vancouver home of its owner. The newspaper boy, on his bicycle, saw the bomb squad had left a red antique with a sheet of paper in it with words in fine black print.

The young paperboy saw a steal of a deal. He was, after all, a skilled antique dealer’s son who had an eye for goldmine junk. But he knew someone who would buy it from him, and his dad would not know if he sold it and kept the cash.

The unit dumped the typewriter in a box by the roadside. He carefully, and quietly, picked up the red antique typewriter. All that was on his mind was the lovely kind lady who gives extra pocket-money cash for the newspaper he delivers to her and Sheba Blair—the poet and therapist, at the cottage with the blind

owl on her picket fence and rose garden. The note on the typewriter read:

At 7:07 a.m. this morning, seven young single mothers weep for their kids stolen from them by a group of powerful wealthy husbands of international, popular lawyers. Owners of Bayside Law and Insurance find the women beaten, left to die trapped in room # 11, a studio penthouse overlooking the bay.

The young paperboy, Mark, left the antique red typewriter on the wet birchwood porch. He was excited to show her his find. He ran out on the porch to make his final paper rounds at the stable, and then he would return to Sheba's cottage.

Sheba Blair was nursing her newborn baby girl, Princess Hannah, when she felt the presence of her Protector next to her. But it was impossible. He will never return. She had not wished him to, or did she? As she looked into the eyes of her newborn girl, his eyes were hers. Two incredible, beautiful, starry, strong, deep-blue glowing eyes like her father's. Her doorbell rang.