"WHO SAID LOVE ISN'T THICKER THAN BLOOD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NURSES OF MONROE HOSPITAL
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THE PRINCESS BITE

A VAMPIRE LOVE STORY

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FICTION
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Aisha is the daughter of Hamza, a Khalefa. A ruling vampire. Living for over three hundred years, Aisha blood runs boiling hot to have sex. But according to the Khalefas laws, the daughter of a Khalefa must remain chaste for eternity. Or Face Death. The Jinns whom were the servants to the Khalefas, revolted for being oppressed.

Before Aisha father Hamza begins his two hundred years dormancy, he travels the world in search of the best fighters to protect his family, after running into the Jinns, and the creation they created to hunt and kill them.

When Sampson, Aisha guardian gets killed in a ambush by the Jinns, a new protector is assigned to Aisha. Hearing that her new harasa named Mykaya is the best fighter the Shams has ever seen, Aisha disapproves of him from the start. She does everything to challenge his skills, his patience, and his heart.

"Though her name has been changed, this book is dedicated to her. You know who you are. You are always in my heart, for ETERNITY.."
In the beginning, the Bible tells that God created the Heavens and Earth, and the earth was without form and void. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water.

"Let's make man in our image." and on the sixth day, God created Adam. Man. And made everythinghe created before subservient to his use. But everything isn't told in the book that most of mankind believes to be the only and true book from God.

Long before Adam, God place a freewill vicegerent on the earth to maintain his creation. But because of their disobedience, and bloodshed, God stripped them from their custodian duties, and destroyed every single breathing creature, except the first. Lucifer.

Calling all creation to come witness his new agent, who will be the new keeper of the earth. God made all the angels and the rest of creation bow down to Adam. All bowed, excepted for Lucifer, who refused.

"Oh Lucifer! What is your reason for not being among those who prostrate themselves?"

"I am not to prostrate myself to him, Adam." Lucifer nodded towards. "Whom you call man, that you created from dirt and mud. I'm made of fire. I am more superior than him."

"Oh Lucifer, how dare you boast who is superior before me. When I created you! Maybe should join your generation in the Pit of Punishment. Surely your not thankful for sparing you, and to dwell among the angels in Paradise."

Quickly Lucifer bowed his head before his Lord, pleading for forgiveness. "My Lord, my anger is truely not towards you. But Him!" Lucifer pointed at Adam. Slowly rising to his feet, he continued.

"Surely this Adam and his descendents, will fail in their duties in obeying your commands and maintaining your creation."

"And how do you know?"

"He has freewill."

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God shifted in his Throne, remaining silent for a moment, examining his creation. "So what do you ask for Lucifer?"

"Respite My Lord. Until the Last Days. To prove Adam and his descendants disloyalties to you."

God fell silent again, pondering over Lucifer request. Pulling on the hair of his chin, he studied Adam, who nodded to him, in that he accepted Lucifer challenge. Standing up from his Throne, the angels, Adam, Lucifer and the rest of creation prostrated immediately.

"Respite is granted to you Lucifer. But every now and then I will send to mankind guidance from Me. Whomever every follows My guidance, on them shall be no fear, nor shall they grieve."

"Oh My Lord, because thou has put me in the wrong, I will make wrong fairseeming to them on earth. And I will put them ALL in the wrong. Except thy servants among them, sincere and purified."

"Get thee down, all from here. And let the war between Good and Evil begin."

From the Holy texts, mankind learns how its father Adam had been stripped from his raiment, through Lucifer whispers and deception. Lucifer continued his assault on Adam first born Cain, sowing jealousy in his heart against his brother Abel. Expelled from the Garden, Cain traveled the land in search of a new dwelling. He stumbled upon a small campfire, where he been welcomed by a man in a black robe and hood.

"Welcome Cain, my friend. I been expecting you." he gestured to a log for Cain to sit. Cain jolted, hesitant, wondering how the man knew his name.

"How do you know my name?"

The strange man chuckled at Cain question, and gestured again for him to have a seat. "Fear not. I know that you beem traveling for days. And that you are exhausted and hungry. Fear not again, the first born of Adam." he smiled, taking a seat on the otherside of the fire.

Cain watched as the man in the black robe made another gestured to
sit. Slowly Cain sat across the strange gentleman. Clapping his hand twice, emerging from the tent, a woman with long black and gray hair. Her skin pale, and eyes as dark as a deep hole. A mole displayed on the left side of her pointed nose. Wearing the same kind of black robe, Cain observed the old woman, while she prepare his bowl of soup, and sliced a piece off a roasted calf. Cain face grimance, when he noticed the many broken and missing teeth, when she spoke.

"Anything else you require sir?"
"No, that will be all for now." he answered. The man smiled, eyeing Cain devouring his food like it would run away. "Slow down Cain, there's plenty to eat."
Hearing his name again, Cain immediately stop, wiping his mouth. Placing the roasted calf back on the tray, he stood, asking again how did he know his name. Standing to his feet, he gave Cain a wicked grin. "I am also who knows everything."
Cain face expressed a feature of confusion, wondering who could this person be in the black robe. "I am sure that your father told you about me." he chuckled.
Cain expression changed from confusion to fear, as his eyes widen to their maxs, taking a step back. "Lucifer." Cain said his name. Lucifer removed his hood, revealing himself. He tilted his head, exhibiting a deceitful smile.

"Call me Luther. I hate that name Lucifer. Sounds evil." he chuckled. "Walking over to Cain. "Fear not Cain, I am here to help you."

"And how can you help me?" he paused, before turning to run
"I know you been expelled from the Garden of Eden, for the death of your brother Abel. And by your act of wrong doing, you will be written out the history of mankind. But I can persevere your history. Your bloodline."

"And how are you able to do this?" Cain voice stuttered.

"Lie down and plant your seed with Anna."

The old woman emerged again from the tent to add lentils and spices to the soup, then removed the roasted calf. Goosebumps covered Cain body, as he pointed to the old woman, and asked. "Her?"
Lucifer laughed at Cain displeasurement. "No, that is Beth." Lucifer turned to face the tent, and clapped twice. Appeared from the tent, a woman in a white robe, with her head down under a hood.

"This is Anna." lifting her head up, simultaneously removing her hood, displaying her feature, that been more lovely than his mother, Eve. Her black shiny hair flowed to the middle of her back. Her lips full, and nose perfect. Not to long or narrow. Anna crystal light green eyes were hypotizing. Her walk graceful, as she made her way over to Lucifer. Cain walked over to the otherside of the campfire, and stood a few steps away from the two. "Anna meet your husband and the father of your children. Cain."

Anna creeped closer, standing before him. "Cain." she whispered his name. Cain smiled and nodded his head, so as to assure her that she had pronounce his name correctly. Anna smiled, exposing her priceless pearls. Slowly Anna removed her robe, manifesting her nakeness. Cain studied her nudeness. Anna olive skin flawless, as both of his hands explore her body. Starting from the shoulders, and making their way down to her ample breasts.

Cain leaned and took one in his mouth. Anna begun to breath heavily, never moving. Cain took a free hand, sliding across her flat stomach., then down to her pubic hairs. The hairs there were just as soft and silky, as the hairs on her head. Anna breathing began to flutter, when Cain inserted his finger inside her.

"I guess you accept my help." Lucifer smiled.

Nine months later, Cain held Anna hand, as she screamed from the pain of giving birth. Beth waited between her legs, ordering for her to push. Anna yelled that the pains were unbearable. Cain wiped away the pouring sweat from her from forehead. Cain remember this all so well, watching his mother labor with Abel. "Come on Anna, almost there." he repeated, what he heard his father said.

"PUSH ANNA, I see the skull." Beth barked.

Delivering the baby. "It is a boy." Beth informed Cain. But again Anna cried out in pain, before Cain could view his son. "She is having another child." Beth said
Delivering the second child, Beth discovered another head at the entrance of Anna cave, and commanded for her to continue to push. Beth took the triplets to the corner of the tent, while Cain cool down his wife. Her body covered with sweat, from the labor. "You did well my wife." Cain kissed and smiled down at her.

"Have you seen our sons?"

"No, not yet."

"GO, GO, SEE." Anna urged.

Beth had her back to Cain, nursing the triplets in a pen. All were silent, when he made his way over to them. Cain couldn't see their faces, as Beth had them covered in a blanket. "How are they?" he asked.

Beautiful." Beth answered, removing the blankets.

Cain breath escaped him. His eyes widen, horrified by the sight of his seeds. Six red pupils, surrounded in yellow, stared at him. In no way he thought he could create such beastly looking creatures. Their skin grey and wrinkled. Huge hands, and feet, long and disportionated. Both exposing razor sharp nails. No other teeth shown, but their canines. Cain covered his ears, when they begin to screech, from their wings ripping out their back. Slowly backing away, Cain watched his seeds stand to their feet, flapping their wings. Continuing their unbearable screeching, the triplets observe their surrounding. Cain felled back terrified, when they took flight.

The new born beasts flew over to their mother, and sunked their small fangs in her neck. Trying to get to his feet, Cain kept losing his footing, never gaining his coorination, while he witness the life and beauty of his wife Anna, being drawn out of her. The laughter of the old servant Beth echo in his ears, as shouted for the flying creature to, "FEED MY BABIES! FEED!"

Cain tried to fathom what he gotten himself into. Dealing with the Devil. Bringing the tent almost down, escaping. Lucifer face exhibit his signature expression, as he watched Cain run away, from a hill in the distant.
Lucifer new creation he called Khalefas (vicegerent over mankind) traveled east, dwelling in the land Canaan. The land promise to Abraham, by God. Controlling the flow of their bite, the Khalefas were able to create another sect of vampires, that thirst for animal blood, called Jinns.

The Jinns were their slaves, and the Khalefas separated the Jinns into two classes. The Scants were the low class, who worked from the first sight of the light, until the orange sky shown. They farmed the land, cared for the livestocks, and erect the Khalefas castle on the east side of Mount Bethel. The Khalefas had the Scants mine deep into the earth, for gold and diamonds, that the land possess.

The Monarchs were the overseer, and guardians of the castle. They handled the Khalefas affairs in the daylight hours. The Monarchs coered the Scants to hard labor all day. For their obedience, the Monarchs were able to live the highlife like their masters.

High ranking Monarchs would send officers into Scants homes, searching for young beautiful virgins to housed. Twice a month, the Scants were forced to come out at night, to gather around a twenty feet platform. And would watched the Khalefas fly to it, witnessing them draw the life out of the three virgins, who been tied to the poles.

The Monarchs had a mole everywhere to crush any uprising by the Scants. Centuries of slavery, finally emerged a Scants named Micheal. Who lead a revolt against the Monarchs, and their officers, annihilating those whom didn't surrender. Still hours of daylight left, the Scants made their way to the Khalefas castle. Knocking down the solid double wooden doors, Micheal and the others searched for the Khalefas sleeping chambers, finding it. Pry opening up their caskets, they discovered them empty. The Khalefas had made their escape through a secret tunnel. Weak in the daylight hours, they had no chose but to run. At night fall, the three seperated, promising to reunite again and destroy the Scants. Joshua flew to Europe. Yusef to Asia, and Saleeh to Africa.
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Saleeh made his dwelling in a cave in Central Africa. At night he would ravaged the surrounding villages for blood. Snatching his prey, and taking them back to his layer. Leaders from different tribes came together, trying to find a way to kill the flying monster. Seeking advise from witch doctors, and medicine men, the tribes formed an alliance and set out to hunt and kill the grey wing beast. After a two journey, the men found Saleeh cave in the mountain of Suran. Three hours before night fall, Saleeh tomb was found, hidden in the walls of his layer. Quickly tying a rope and pulling him out, the men pried open his coffin. Saleeh screams shook the cave, when the wooden stake was placed in his heart.

Over five hundred years since Saleeh repose, Joshua and Yusef search the globe for their brother. Both could feel: the gasp of their brother taking his last breath.

Tribe King Azziz watched his young son Ramsey battled with some sticks with his servant, and best friend Hamza. Azziz, King of the Wikki tribe, joined alliance with the Rikki tribe, and together conquered many tribes in distant land, the size of Ethiopia. Every muscle exhibited on Azziz tall and slim frame. Two scars were on his right cheek from battles. He was known to his tribe, as the most feared fighter, and righteous king. Wearing the skin of a lion, its head was mounted on the top of his head. He sat on a throne, decorated with giraffe skin.

Ramsey grew frustrated as Hamza knocked his weapon out of his hand several times. Embarrassing him in front of his father. Again Hamza knock his weapon from his grasp, and swept Ramsey off his feet with his. Rising to his feet, Ramsey glanced over to his father, who didn't display any sort of expression. Nodding his head, he commanded his son to fight again.

Flooded with anger, Ramsey yelled, charging at Hamza, swinging wildly. Hamza begin to retreat backwards, struggling to block Ramsey vicious strikes. In a blind fury, Ramsey knock Hamza weapon out of his hand, and striking him across the face, gashing him. Falling to the ground, Ramsey raised his weapon to strike again, until his
father commanded him to cease. Ramsey looked down at his friend, who stared at him with wide eyes, and his hand over his wound. Looking over at his father, now standing with a huge smile.

"That will be enough for today. I am happy to see your fear turn into rage. When one enemy see fear in a man eyes, it is in his heart. And he is defeated before the battle begun." Azziz glanced over at Hamza, who studied his hand full of blood. "You and your servant get clean up, it will be time to eat soon."

"Yes father." Ramsey replied, watching his father leave along with other ranking tribal leaders. Ramsey turned to hamza whom been staring at him. He extended his hand to help his friend to his feet. "Forgive me my friend, for my madness. My eyes became cloudy."

Ramsey removed Hamza hand to examine the damage he done. Ramsey cringed at the cut. "We need to go visit the medicine man to fix you."

Ramsey was a splitting image of his father. Tall, dark and well define. His eyes and teeth shine like the stars. Hamza dark also, carried more weight then his friend Ramsey. His features been a little rougher than Ramsey, with a wide nose and thick lips.

The boys sat in front of Ramsey hut eating sheep meat, and bread. They washed it down with goat milk. Hamza reached to touch his jaw, after fighting to bite off the tough sheep meat. Massaging over the four stitches, the medicine man sewed, Hamza decided to fill his stomach with only bread.

"Hamza you know it is my birthday in two days."

"How I can forget. You remind me everyday for a week." he chuckled. "You finally decide what you want to do?"

"Travel."

"Where? Your father has conquered days of travel."

"Yes, but it is some place I like to go." snapping of a piece of sheep meat, with his teeth, and chewing hard. "This sheep must be old." Ramsey remarked, stilling chewing.

"You haven't said where."

"To the land of Suran."
"Why? I hear the place is the land of death. Deadly bugs that can fly. Sandtraps, and lots of mountains."

"To see if the tales are true."
"What tales?" Hamza confused.
"Tales of the grey beast that could fly, that came many moons ago. Snatching people for food."
"Some say it is true. Others say it is just a tale." Hamza responded.

"Well I have permission to travel. But I lied to my parents where. I told them I wanted to see my uncle in Dundee. My father said I could use this journey as my rite to passage."
"Who are you taking?"
"You Fool!" Ramsey smiled. Hamza almost choke on his bread.
"Huunh! Me!" pointing to himself, sounding frighten
"What, you scare?" Ramsey chuckled lightly.
"No." not sounding convincing.

"Good. I hear the journey is two days. So go home, and kiss your mother, and sleep well. We leave at light, to find the grey wing beast."

Putting on their backpack of tools and weapon, Ramsey and Hamza kissed their mothers and set out in the opposite direction of the rising of the sun. The first day of their travel been open plains. Scaring off a few lions and hyenas, the boys were fascinated by the hunt of the cheatas, and female lions.

At night Ramsey and Hamza roasted a jackrabbit, they caught earlier in the day. Sitting by the fire, Ramsey told tales, and battled stories of his father had been inn. An hour before first light, the boys ate goat meat and bread, they brought along with them, and waited for the thread of light to continue their journey.

The Suran valley travel now wasn't to far away. The obstacles that lies ahead, what made the second day excursion difficult. Ramsey and Hamza rubbed monkey urline all over themselves to protect them from the poison flying insects. Their eyes remained alert for the poisonous sandbugs, and snakes.
Evidence of human and animal bones told them that they had reached the valley of the Earth Pit. Ramsey and Hamza tried to be careful with every step. While leading the way, Ramsey felled into some quicksand. With fright, Ramsey cried and struggled to climb out.

"Ramsey stay still. The more you fight, the faster you sink." Hamza informed.

Taking off his backpack, Hamza pulled out some rope, tossing it to him. Hamza sat on the ground, digging his heels into the earth. With all his strength, he slowly pulled Ramsey out the quicksand. Ramsey thanked his friend for saving his life. "I didn't think I will see my eighteen birthday."

"Still might not, if we never make it back."

"Well it too late to turn back now. My friend. The Suran mountains is in eye distant now." he pointed. "We have a half of day of light. We should make it there in half that time, and have time to search some caves."

Arriving into the Suran Mountains, Ramsey and Hamza were able to explore two caves, with no luck of finding the grey flying beast inhabitant. Before the night emerge into the day, Ramsey and Hamza mad a high climb to a cave, that Hamza had spotten coming out of another. Exhausted from climbing, Hamza suggested that they wait till the morning to search the cave.

"Why?"
"I am tired and hungry."
"So am I. But search cave first. Not lucky to find what we came looking for, we camp up here and eat. We be safe above ground to rest."

Hamza didn't like it, but lit the torch, and followed Ramsey inside the dark cave. They noticed how deep the cave have been, compared to the other two. Hamza cringed knocking down spider webs. "I hate spiders."

"Well you want have to worry about it any longer if you let the big black one bite you. Without proper medicine, you be dead in a day. And we don't have any, So Don't Get Bit!"
Stumbling upon a large opening in the cave, a fifteen inch size hole, that lead to the mountain top, exposed the moonlight, was in the middle.

Ramsey and Hamza pointed their torch along the walls, and found them covered in wrinting, in which they couldn't interpret. Searching another wall, Ramsey found hieroglyphic pictures of three men with. Each picture transforming them to flying creatures, with fangs, and claws. Ramsey called Hamza over to show. Hamza been flabberghasted at what he saw. "Oh God Ra."

"The grey beast tales is true Hamza."
"Where is the body?"
"Don't know. But it has to be here."

Abruptly Ramsey and Hamza attention been disstracted by a loud screeching sound. "What was that!" Hamza frighten.

"I don't know." Ramsey answered, both waving their torches around to investigate. Hearing the noise again, both followed the irritating sound upwards. Ramsey and Hamza jolted in fright, finding hundreds of bats eyes, starring at them.

"Where did they come from?" Hamza asked.
"They were already here, quietly watching us. Don't be frighten. As long as we have fire, they will leave us alone." Ramsey grabbed Hamza arm. Come on, let's find the coffin."

They ran their hands along the walls of the layer, until Hamza found a soft spot. Taking out his small knife, he begin digging into the wall. Noticing how the wall fell like sand, he yelled for Ramsey to help investigate.

"I think I found something."

Hamza took his knife and showed Ramsey how the wall fell like sand.
"This has to be it." Ramsey excited, grabbing a spear, and digging into the wall. "Well don't just stand there Hamza watching me, DIG!"

Digging about two feet into the wall. Ramsey felt his spear hit something solid. Both stared at each other wide eyes. "We found it."
Filled with adrenaline, Ramsey and Hamza forgotten about their hunger, and begin digging faster. The wall had opened over seven feet in length, and twenty inches in width. They tied a rope to the coffin, and wiggled it to the end of the wall. They grabbed one end of the coffin, sitting it on the ground. Then did the same with the other side. Falling to their knees, Ramsey been anxious to open the coffin. The screeching sounds of the bats halted him momentarily. Ramsey and Hamza watched the bats as they begin to stir. Hamza place his hand on Ramsey shoulder. "Do you think we should open it? The bats are beginning to act strange."

"Hamza it would be foolish not too. After an hour of digging, Forget about the bats, there harmless, while the torches are lit."

Taking a deep breath, Ramsey slowly open up the coffin. Their eyes amazed at what they were viewing. One of the largest man they ever seen, coverd in a silk white robe. His dreadlocks flowed passed his shoulders. His features hamdsome in structure. Black smooth skin, lips full. Muscles bulging from every inch of his body. Ramsey and Hamza glanced at each other recognizing the size of his manhood. Their attention been drawn back to the wooden stake enlarge in the center of his chest. Ramsey reach for it, in which Hamza grabbed his arm. "No Ramsey! The tale say if you remove it, he would come back from the dead."

Ramsey said nothing, and went on observing the body. "I wonder if this is the grey beast. I see no feature of the tale. No wings. Sharp hands. Grey in color. They say his big eyes were red and yellow." Ramsey opened his eyes. "Dark brown." he discovered. Ramsey stuck his finger in his mouth.

"What are you doing now?"
"The tales said he had long sharp teeth to chew with. I don't feel, OUCH!" Ramsey yelled, pulling out his finger, bleeding heavily.

"Did he bite you?" born examining his finger.

"No, I think I found the sharp teeth."
Searching in the bag to find something to stop the bleeding, Ramsey and Hmaza stared up at the ceiling when the bats started to flutter. Their screeching cries begin to grow louder, where it became unbearable, and irritated to their ears. Covering their ears, Hamza turned to look at the body in the coffin for any movement, but saw none. Unexpectedly the bats took flight, causing Ramsey and Hamza to fall back on their rear, as the bats flew over to the coffin, and commence to biting on the body. For the first time, Ramsey became frighten, advising it was time to leave.

"Finally you thinking." Hamza responded.

Discombobulated by the horrific noise, while trying to gather their tools, making their way out the layer, Ramsey and Hamza screamed from terror, when the bats clouded them in black, biting them all over.

Five years later Hamza opened his eyes. It took a moment for him to gather his senses, that he was still laying in the grey beast cave. Remembering what had happen, he panic, and begin examining himself. Hamza became dumbfounded recognizing how his body had bulk up. His vision now sharp, even in the pitch black cave. No scars were visible from the attack. A screeching sound drew his attention to the ceiling. Confused now then ever before, he understood them. "My Lord." as he could feel them worshipping him.

Looking over to the right, Hamza saw Ramsey still sleep. Crawling over to him, Hamza shooked him hard. "Ramsey wake up. Ramsey wake up!"

His eyes busting open, Ramsey screamed, jumping to his feet, swinging wildly. "Get Off! Get Off!"

Hamza called Ramsey name trying to get him to calm down. "We alive Ramsey. Look at yourself. We alive." he informed, standing to his feet.

Ramsey breath heavily, trying to catch his breath. Walking to Ramsey, Hamza place his hand on his friend shoulder. "How long we been sleep?"

"I don't know." Hamza couldn't answer. He began to observe Ram-
sey, recognizing that he didn't have any wounds, and also grew in size. "Look at yourself." he indicated, squeezing his shoulders. Astonished, how muscular he gotten, Ramsey attention been drawn to the screeching sounds of the bats. Looking up, he became mystified like Hamza. "Why do I feel like the bats are worshipping us?"

Hamza kept silent and turned his focus to the open coffin. Slowly Hamza walked over to it, with Ramsey in tow. The huge handsome man that laid in the coffin, was now skin and bones. The wooden stake still enlarge in his heart. Both look at his phallus, then at their. A smile appeared on their faces. Turning to the writting on the walls, Ramsey and Hamza could now read them. The Commandment and Laws of the Khalefas.

"It can't be true." Ramsey query. He stared over at Hamza. Hamza understood and wondered the same. Sunlight beamed through the center hole of the layer. Ramsey walked over to it, and creped his hand into the light. Second later smoke begin to rise from his hand. He yelped in pain, drawing back his hand. Ramsey gaped at Hamza in bewildment. "We Vampires."

Ramsey and Hamza learned from the writting on the walls the history of the Khalefas. That they were the sons of Cain, The son of Adam. Here to live for eternity, and be rulers over Adam descendents.

Holy water, garlic, and the sight of the cross were myths. Only sunlight, beheading, or the wooden stake in the heart could cause their death. Hamza alerted Ramsey to law number three. "There can only be three Khalefas exisitng. Saleeh here is dead. I wonder if Joshua and Yusef are alive."

"I can sense they are."

"One must eliminated, if we four ever cross paths. What will we do?" Hamza questioned.

"I think we should stay together, and be ready to kill Joshua or Yusef. Maybe both, if the time ever come."

Hamaza didn't speak, but nodded his head in agreement.
Remembering law number one, that Lucifer was their Lord. They memorized their awakening prayer.

In the name of Lucifer the Curse
And our father Cain the Displease
We will not fail in our duty to rule over mankind,
Adam descendants
Master before Adam, and Prince of the Hidden Ways
All praises are do to you, raising us above mankind
We will restore your descendants to their rightful place, in the Garden.

Ramsey and Hamza closed the coffin on Saleeh, and place him back in his small hovel, covering it back with dirt. The two stared at the aperture in the cave, waiting for nightfall. When the time approach, Ramsey and Hamza frightfully walked into the full moon light. They stared at each other confused, expecting something to happen.

"Maybe we are not Khalefas, but Jinns." Hamza spoke.
"Do not make sense. Jinns can walk free among the light."
"Maybe we are another breed of vampires."
"Maybe. But what kind?"
"Don't know." Hamza shrugged his shoulders.

Both stared into the darkness, contemplating what had happened to them, in which they knew something did. They were taller, muscular, felt stronger, and their vision were sharper, then ever before.
Ramsey and Hamza could read the writing on the walls, and feel the bats worshipping them. Restricted from daylight, just like the Khalfas.
Both turned their attention to the light screeching noise, and to a single bat that sat above the entrance of the cave. Looking intensely at the bat, it suddenly cried loudly, and moments later Ramsey and Hamza begin to scream themselves in agony.
Falling on their knees, they both begin to gasp for air, calling one another names for help. The cracking of their spinal cords, and bones were echoing in the silence of the night. saliva ran from their mouths like water. Their screams become louder like a lion roar, as their skin commence to change colors.
Six foot wings ripped out their backs. Ramsey stared at his hands and feet, as three inch razor claws tore through them. The changes
in their facial features muzzled out their cries, with the small expansion of the mouth, and canine teeth turning into two inch fangs.

Their nose widen, and vision even more sharper, with red and yellow eyes. Standing to their feet, saliva still running from their mouth, Ramsy and Hamza seem to suck in all the air from the Suran valley, before they hissed. Looking up into the moonlight, both howled loudly, simultaneously, bringing all creatures to a stand still, within miles. Alerting that two new rulers have been born.

Now the sounds of hundreds of bats flying out the cave, were music to their ears. The sands blew from under them, as they commence to flapping their wings. Taking flight, Ramsey and Hamza traveled to northern Africa, in finding a new dwelling.
Ramsey and Hamza made their inhabitant east of Egypt in a pyramid. They wrote on the walls in hieroglyphic the Commandments and Laws of the Khalefas and their history. For servants, Ramsey and Hamza made their way into the chamber of Pharoah first dynasty. Masters of witchcraft, Ramsey and Hamza enter the dreams of Pharoah, and made a pact with him. Promising that his lineage will remain in power in Egypt, until the end of time. Exchange for security of the Great Pyramids to the east. Also to have twice a month, Egypt's most beautiful virgins to feast.

Awaking from his illusion, Pharoah sent for his chiefs, and convey the dream he had. Interpreting the dream, Pharoah chiefs advise him to follow what have been requested of him. Quickly Pharoah sent a hundred men to guard the pyramid day and night. Twice a month, the town would hear the screams of young women, strapped to the roof top of his resident.

Ramsey and Hamza also had residency in the city of Egypt. Where they would have sex with many women, until the hour before the sunrise. The keeper of the habitation would search for beautiful women all across northern Africa. Women would be driven into madness, with their dark smooth skin, and their stamina and size.

Often time Hamza would walk the roads of Egypt alone thinking about his family. It's been a decade since he seen them. He knew he could not return home. This to him been the only thing he hated about the so called curse. He missed his father MUM, who was the wisest man on earth to him. He loved to hear over and over again how he killed the big amour beast, with the horn. Telling the story different each time. His mother Zuma cooking. Hamza remember how he would come home hungry, running around with Ramsey and the hut would be filled with the aroma of her zebra stew. Sticking his hand in the pot, his mother would slap him on top of his head, with the cooking spoon. His little brother KUM, and sister Thumb, whom always tries to keep pace with him, when he runs off to do tennage things with Ramsey. Now with unlimited richest, Hamza hoped that his family is do-
ing well, with the wealth he sent to escape oppression.

One full moon night Ramsey flew alone up stream of the Nile river, out on the hunt for blood. From the air he spotted a young Nubian woman, drawing water from the river. Ramsey landed a short distant from her, and transformed back into human form. He observed her for a moment. She been the most beautiful woman he ever seen. Her rich coffee color skin reflected off the moon like a night bug. Her long hair been braid in cornrows, down the middle of her back. Her brown eyes gave her a exotic look. From the light of the moon, Ramsey could see her ample breast, and perfect curves, through the thin material she wore. Ramsey nose twitched, smelling the beauty scent. A virgin, he smiled.

He watched as she begin to fill the second bucket with water. Suddenly, Ramsey sense danger close by. The young female screamed, falling on her rear. Trying to find her footing, to move away, she was almost eaten by a large alligator. In time, Ramsey been able to tackle the beast. The Nubain beauty stared wide eyes, mouth ajarred, wathing Ramsey wrestle with the alligator. Flipping over numerous times, with the fifteen foot beast, Ramsey finally been able to get on the back of the gator, pulling out his huge dagger and stabbing it in its long snout. Planting the dagger in the earth.

Standing to his feet, Ramsey watched the gator struggle, trying to break itself free. Ramsey placed his foot on top of the dagger and applied more pressure, causing the gator to stop moving. After, Ramsey turned his focus on the woman he just saved. He watched her eyes shift back and forth to him and the alligator. Ramsey walked over to her, and extended his hand, assisting her to her feet. She stared at Ramsey who had a slight smile. Still confuse and frighten by what just happen, she been hesitant in taking his hand. Finally accepting his assistance, she dust off the dirt on her dress. Ramsey asked if she was okay.

"Yes, yes." she replied, trying to gather herself.
"You almost been a meal for the river beast."
"Yes. Thanks to you, I would have. Are you fine?" she examined his
body for any wounds.

"I am fine,' he smiled widely.
"Where did you come from? You seem to appear from nowhere. Like the river beast."
"Coming up to fish." he pointed down stream.

She searched for his fishing equipments. "Where is your ploe?"
"Up the river." he lied.

She look behind Ramsey at the river beast, who still laided still.
"Did you kill it?"
"No. it understand it can not get free. I will release it, after you fill your water pitchers."
"Oh yes, I forgot about them, after almost being eaten." she started towards the buckets.
"Please let me." Ramsey offered. Filling the water buckets, Ramsey spoke. "Is there not a male at your home who would do this for you?"
"Yes, my father. But he is very sick. The water is for him to boil. My brother is to young, only four."

Ramsey quickly filled the buckets, and placed the rod between both buckets handles. Lifting, he put it on his back. Walking over to her, he stop. "These buckets filled with water are pretty heavy. Your strenght must equal your beauty." he smiled down her.

She smiled up at Ramsey, exposing a perfect set of white teeth. She been caught off guard by his comment. Slowly studying Ramsey features, his dark skin evenly tone. Clear ebony eyes, and wide nose, that complimented his full lips. His smiled been contagious. The Nubian beauty like the way his muscular physique matched his height.

"I guess I get my strenght helping my father at his shop. He use to be the village blacksmith, until he became stiff on one side of his body.
"I see." Ramsey nodded. Silent fell between them for awkward moment. Neither knew what to say, until Ramsey ask where is her home.

"Two lots, beyond the trees." she pointed.

"Well we need to get these buckets of water to your father."
"Yes. Come." she turned.

Ramsey lied, telling her that he lived in a village a good distant up the Nile. "Reason I come the river to fish, rumors that it is some still pockets in the river, where big fish swim in circle."

"Why at night?"
"To catch them sleep." he smiled.
"That is strange." she frowned. "I didn't know that fish sleep."
"Sure, Everything living must sleep at sometime."

Ramsey had learned that her mother had died in the village plague two years ago. Her father never remarry, being still deeply in love with her mother. "The necklace I am wearing is the only thing I have left of my mother. It is made of ivory and jade, she carved herself." Ramsey nodded in approval at the diamond cut necklace.

"What about you?" Ramsey asked.

She stop in her tracks, confused at Ramsey question. "What about me?"
"Is there a male in your heart?" He gazed down at her.
"OH NO!" shaking her head. "Never have time to engage with males, taking care of my little brother, and our small lot of animals."

Moments after mention it, Ramsey stood before her small rundown farm. He inspected every detail. The small open room hut, he knew leak badly, when it rain. Two sheeps, three cows and a calf. Maybe five chickens he heard in the pen. The fence, roof, and among other things could use some repairs. Ramsey made a mental note to himself to have it all fixes. Stopping at the entrance of the door, Ramsey placed the buckets of water down.

"Do you help bringing them inside?"
"No thank you. I can do it from here. You have done much for me already. Keeping me from being eaten by the river beast." Pausing for a second, and putting her head down. "Plus I do not think my father would approve of me bringing a strange male I just met inside."

"I understand." he smiled, picking up the buckets. Ramsey ask if he could see her tomarorrow, before handing them to her.
She smiled widely. "Yes. I would like that." taking the buckets.
"Tomorrow it is."
Ramsey watched her about enter inside, and shouted for her halt. Stopping, she turned to him. "Yes."

"I don't know your name."
She displayed a heartfilled smile. "Maryan." she told him, before going inside.

CHAPTER 4

After the Scants revolted against the Khalefas, and Monarchs, they remained in the land of Canaan. The Jinns choose Micheal as their new leader, dropping their oppressed name Scants, and keep the name Jinn. Which mean a secret species.

The Jinns prosper in the land, in trades, and goods with the human, along Jordan river, and northern Africa. With the life span of five hundred years, after the death of Micheal, his first son Isaiah took reign over the Jinns, and govern with justices, like his father.

Soon the birth of God's friend was approaching, and the land the Jinns inhabit, had been promise to Abraham. So the Almighty God set a famine in the land, withholding rain from the sky. In a years time, the lakes and well started to dry up, making the land dry, hard and uncultivated. Their enormous livestocks, that provided them food and blood for their existance, quickly begin to die off. When Isaiah along with his wife died, his son Benjamin took reign, and exodus the land. Leading his race to new territory, the Jinns arrived in Europe with only twenty four families, that survived the journey. Benjamin and the other families found work, working for wealthy properties owners. Working hard, Benjamin encourage the surviving families to pull together the income to purchase their own piece of land. Within the next century, the Jinns species flourish in Europe. Again in trades, owning markets, and livestocks.

The Jinn made enormous advancement in discovering a black bean that produce a boosting liquid. Also in medicine, finding plants, herbs to cure headaches, and break fevers.
Inventors of glass, the Jinns were also big on astrology and cosmology. They were the first to discover another planted. And that the moon wasn't a light, but a reflection off the sun.

Only producing three offspring per family, in three centuries, the Jinns species been back to a hundred thousand. Living longer than the human race, to not become under suspicion, the new ruler Seth, Benjamin first born, rearranged the families on their properties, and compounds across Europe.

Later Seth divided the species in classes, in which the twenty four families that survived the grueling journey to the new land, were considered Royals. Counsel and Officers were called Imperials. And the rest were known as Commons.

Laws were written for the species, in which that leadership can be only be giving to the surviving twenty four families, and only be change, if a first born son isn't created.

The Jinns left their marks across Europe, in architect, building most of Greece and Rome monuments. Great philosopers, in the which the world didn't know that Plato, and Aristole were Jinns. Seth grandson David,been instrumental in conforming the New Testament. Who headed the Constantine Council of Nicea. The Royals and the Imperials adopted the Catholic faith, as the Commons were freely to choose their own belief.

William their new leader, purchase a small island outside of Italy. Today known as Lampedusa. The Jinns built a castle for the Royals and the Imperials, and few Commons, to meet every two years to discuss thier census, properties, progress and whatever problems they might be facing.

William constructed the castle like Solomon in the bible, with a massive courtyard. Towers were built on all four corners, and the gate entrance. A huge J, was printed on the colossal wooden doors. After William death, his son took reign, and attention was brought to him from couter parts and council, that the population had exceeded over a million. And that every Jinns alive and born should be branded according to their class...
Agreeing, the Royoals were marked with an arrow, pointing to the north, east and west. on the back of their neck. Imperials placed their marking on the left side of their neck. Their arrow pointing to the east and west. The Commons were on the opposite, with the arrow pointed to the south.

Enjoying their annual two year festival, some of the Royals and Imperials men chatted among themselves in the large chamber, left of the dinning hall. Pleased on how their species had flourish along side mankind undetective. George wanted to send a few scientist to China and make advancement in the exploding black powder the Chinese use in their festival.

While other conversed in the castle library, the women and children mingle in the courtyard, on the east side of the castle. Suddenly the men heard screams coming from the courtyard, and rushed to see. George and his men eyes witness the impossible. After thousands of years, their past enemy had found them to seek revenge. Joshua and Yusef were slaughting their women and children. Joshua flew up to a castle wall, and appeared in his humanform. He stared down into the courtyard, watching his brother massacre more guards and Jinns. George locked eyes with him, whom Joshua had given him a sinister smile. "JOSHUA!" George yelled his name, knowing the Khalefas history.

Joshua spotted a beautiful female running across the courtyard, calling George name. Joshua transformed back into Khalefa mode, taking flight. Before the woman could make it across the courtyard to George, Joshua snatched her up, flying off.

George gave chase across the courtyard screaming her name. "Michelle!" Running into the thirty foot high walls, George lost all hope in rescuing the woman. He could do nothing but watch painfully as Joshua fly away into the darkness of the night, with his wife.

Now the their whereabout had been discovered by their former masters, George vowed he would spend all his days to get revenge for his wife. Ordering every scientist and bright mind to the island, none were allowed to leave the island until they created a creature who could fine and kill the Khalefas.
The moon shone with its full glow, and the temperature was still cool enough to keep the snow from melting. Geffrey brought the horses and carriage in front of the mansion. He straightened out his attire and waited by the carriage for his master. Moments later emerging from the huge double oak doors, wearing a dark brown suit, white shirt, and bow tie, that matched his trenchcoat. Geffrey watched his master descend the twelve stairs, with a stern look.

"Good evening Mr. Hamza." tilting his derby hat. "Beautiful night sir. Don't you think?"

Hamza didn't respond as he straightened out Geffrey bow tie, and brushed the lent off his black suit. "Better." he commented. He stared up into the moonlight, and inhaled, then exhibited a half smile. "Yes Geffrey. It is a wonderful evening to spend the night on the town with the wife." Hamza walked in front of the carriage, and rubbed his hand over the of the two Clydesdales.

"What is the agenda for you and the misses?"
"First dinner at the Benedict Plaza. After, see the new play by Shakespear, Othello."
"Ahh yes Othello. My wife mention that play and wants to see it. About a color man falling in love with a white woman."
"Yes. I will make arrangement for you and your wife to see."
"Thank you sir."
"Thank you for your loyalties."

"I am ready Hamza." A female voice spoke from the top of the stairs. Dressed in a lovely burgundy satin shoulders strapless gown. It fitted nicely around her waist, then flaired out in ruffles to her ankles. He half casmere coat drape over her shoulders. Her calve high black leather boots barely shown underneath. She tugged on her matching arm sleeves, before putting on her black hat, with a burgundy lace veil. Hamza thought she was just as beautiful as the first night he laid eyes on her. He waited for her at the bottom of the stairs, extending his hand to assist her with the last three steps. Hamza marveled at her amile, that been brighter than the
stars. She did a pirouette for Hamza to complete his inspection.

"There is no words to describe how you look tonight."

She been a bit baffled by Hamza statement, wondering if he approves her wardrobe. "Do I not look beautiful?"

"Oh yes. But beautiful is still a weak word to define you." Kissing her on the cheek.

"Well you look more than handsome, but exquisite." she smiled, straightening out his bow tie.

"Well I hope so, you pick it out for." they both laughed. "Shall we go my love." Hamza gestured to the carriage. Jeffrey open the coach doors.

"Good evening Mrs. Maryan. Wonderful night is it?"
"Good evening Jeffrey. And yes it is a wonderful night." she smiled. Hoping inn.

Arriving at the Benedict Plaza, Hamza and Maryan swore that every one in London of any importants were here tonight eating. Winston, a young black boy open their coach doors. Winston took Maryan hand to assist her out. "Hello Mrs. Maryan. You pretty tonight." he beamed up at her, with a missing front tooth.

"Thank you Winston." she returned her amile, then straighten out his bow tie. "There better." touching his chin. Hamza emerged out with his big frame. He stared down sternly at the young Winston, who had fear in his voice, when Hamza greeting him.

"Winston, you not trying to make a pass with my wife."
"NO SIR Mr. Hamza! NO SIR! I would never do such thing." waving his hands in defeat.

"Good." Hamza replied, putting on his derby hat. Reaching in his pocket, Hamza tossed him a gold nugget worth a dollar in pounds. Smiling ear to ear, Winston thank him repeatedly. Hamza gave the boy a half smile, and wink, before taking Maryan arm and heading inside.

The Benedict Plaza is known to be the finest establishment in London. White and red marble floors gossessed throughout the place.
M. RILEY

Each table was made of the finest mahogany wood. The table cloths had match the marble floors, and the high back chairs were cushion in black velvet. Three candles burned in sterling silver mantle, and a single rose in a glass vase. Up on the stage, a pianist played. Hamza and Maryan waited for a hostess to sit them. A roar of laughter attracted Hamza attention. He recognized the mayor and some of the towns elites, gathered at a huge table. Finally appearing before them, a pale woman, dressed in a black knee high skirt, and a white button down shirt, that struggled to withhold her large breasts. Her brunette hair was done in a bun. Her thin lips, heavily painted with red lipstick. Maryan thought she looked like a clown.

"Welcome to the Benedict Plaza. I am your hostess Mary. And your name sir?"

Hamza chuckled at her name. "Hamza." looking down at his wife who expressed a light frown. "And this is my wife Maryan."

"Where's Carla." Maryan questioned. 

"Not feeling well I am told. Please follow me, and I will seat you."

Showing them to their table, Hamza had to pass by the mayor, and his entourage table, that he dislike. Being six foot four, and one of the only man of color, made him hard to miss. Hamza muscles tighten, when he heard the mayor call his name. Taking his wife hand, he went over to say hello. The mayor stood to his feet to greet him, shaking his hand.

"Good evening Mayor Harrison."

Average height, bearded, and going bald at the top, he pushed his wire rim glasses up his narrow nose, and introduce everyone at the table. Hamza been alittle aquainted with almost everyone ,except a gentleman, who sat on the far end. His skin matched the firey red hair that he had greased to the back. Though he was sitting, Hamza could tell that the man stood over six foot. Hamza senses told him that he wasn't human. And his senses alerted him again, witnessing a tall white man, with long black
Hair in a ponytail and sideburns. Hamza watched him step forward and whisper something in the red hair man ear. He nodded, implementing that he understood what he just told him. Hamza kept his eyes on the gentleman dressed in all white, standing a few feet behind him.

"Sir Hamza, I would like to introduce to you an old business chap from Florence. Mr. Talut."

Talut slightly rose from his chair, with a stern expression on his face. Hamza saw his face and eyes darken from the adrenline of his blood. Talut acknowledge Hamza with the index finger, and a nod, never speaking. Hamza returned the same stare and gesture.

"Mrs' Maryan you look splendid like alway." Mayor Harrison taking her hand and kissing it.

"Thank you." she smiled. "How is Gloria?"

"At home enjoying the new grandchild."

"A new child addition does do that."

"Yes,Yes. Just the potty poot, I dislike." he laughed. "Sir Hamza what brings you out tonight?" The mayor turned his attention back

"To have a nice dinner with the misses, and see Shakespear new play, Othello."

"Ahh yes. My wife seen it two nights ago. She tells me it was magnificent. Gloria said that nigger who plays Othello can act. She wants to see it once more, and drag me along with her."

Hamza wanted to break the mayor's neck, but remained compose, exhibiting a fake smile.

"Plays bores me. I sleep through everyone my wife halls me too."

"Whatever the wife likes, I love." Hamza smiled down at Maryan.

"Splendid Sir Hamza, Splendid. Keeping the misses happy is a way to a long and prosper marriage."

"Long and prosper is right." Hamza repeated, reaching for her hand.

"Ahh Sir Hamza, you know the election are soon. I am sure I can expect you to contribute to me being reelected."

"Your check is in the mail."

"Excuse me." the mayor didn't comprehend.
"Nothing." Hamza grinned. "A figure of speech."
"Oh." Mayor Harrison still confused.
"My assistance will drop some pounds at your office tommorrow."

Bidding farewell Hamza and Maryan followed their hostess to their waiting table. Hamza glaced back at Talut, who still had the aus-
tere expression. Then his eyes went to the tall gentleman, that was still standing behind him, wearing the same look.
Hamza had been a gentleman, and pulled out his wife chair, making sure that she was comfortable. He took a seat on the other side of the table. Hamza ask Mary to bring them the finest wine.

"Are you ready to order sir?"
"We will, when you bring the wine." Maryan replied harshed.

Hamza attention been drawn back to the mayor's table, by the sounds of another burst of laughter. Maryan lifted the single rose from the vase, and inhaled its lovely scent. "I love the smell of red roses, and this establishment." she spoked.

"Me too sweetheart." Hamza responded, never taking his eyes off Talut.
"I see you can not take your eyes off the mayor and his company. I know you what to ripp the mayor's head off, when he made that nigger comment."
"Jealous white man who lack much, what we color men have. But I still might one day remove his head from his fat body." Hamza turned to smile at his wife.
Mary had returned and poured them both a glass of the reatuant finest red wine. "From the Nappa Valley of Italy." she informed. Giving the hostess their order, Hamza a beef steak, well cooked. Maryan, stuff flounder, and a freash salad.
Hamza gave a toast to their long union. "It is said that my life is cursed. Full of darknes. Everynight I awake, I see the light of your beauty. If love is a curse. So be it. Love and Enternity, my love."

"Love and Enternity." Maryan repeated.
Eating their meal, Maryan noticed that Hamza kept starring over at the mayor's table. She tried to bring back his attention to their suppose romantic evening, commenting about the food. "So how is your steak honey?"

"Great." he answered, never looking at her.
"You only taking a few bite."
"I will finish it sweetheart."
"The flounder is pretty good. But not as good as mother fish, she used to catch on the Nile. She would add all these spices she mixes, and smoke it in the ground."
"That sound good sweetheart." still unattended.
"Yes darling, I am glad you are enjoying your steak."
"HAMZA!" she yelled, causing him to finally turn her way. "I am not eating steak. YOU ARE! What is going on. What is over there at the mayor's table that has your attention?"
"The Talut fella, and the tall gentleman standing behind him."
"What about them?"
"My senses tells me they are not human."
"What are they?"
"Don't know. Maybe Talut is a Jinn. The other has a human animal like scent."
"Maybe it is the soap he is using."
"No. Their diffently not hundred percent human."
"Should we fear?" Maryan concerned.
"Never. As long as I am alive." taking her hand. And that is for Eternity." he smiled.

The snow fell lightly, while Hamza and Maryan stroll the walk beside the Thames river. Hamza held her hand gently, making her stomach ache, telling jokes. "Have I told you about the master and his servant?"

"No, I don't think so."
"Well there was a master and his servant coming back from a trade auction. While going over a bridge, the master told his servant to stop. That he needed to relieve himself. Both standing on the side of the bridge relieving themselves, the master told his servant that the water was cold. His servant look over to him and said, "it is deep too."

Maryan stared at Hamza puzzled, not comprehending the joke that Hamza told. "And it is deep too!" he repeated the end of it, smiling.

Finally comprehending the joke, she hit Hamza on the shoulder, and told him he was awful. Hamza told one more joke, while they continued their stroll down the riverwalk.

"Oh honey, I didn'yt know you could be so funny."
"It is something about you that brings out the fooliness in me."
"Maybe in another life, you meant to be a jester."
"Possible."

After a quick kiss, Maryan expressed how much she enjoyed the play. "Mayor Harrison been correct about the color man could act. He was very handsome also."

Hamza gazed down at Maryan with one eyebrow raised. "Do I have com petition?"
Maryan laughed, stopping. "Of course not darling." standing on her tippy toes, to peck him on the lips.

Asking his wife to stay put, Hamza walked over into the snow, and begin building with it. Stacking big balls of snow on top of one another in different sizes, he found two sticks and place them on the sides. Ripping five buttons from his trenchcoat, he stuck three in the center, and two for eyes. Hamza wrapped his scarf around its head, and place his derby on top. Standing back next to Maryan, he ask. "How do you like my snowman?"

"It is cute." she giggled.

Hamza studied his creation for a moment. Rubbing his chin, he want-
Zad to make a change. Gazing at Maryan, he smiled when the idea hit him.

"Sorry honey." he told her removing her hat.
"HAMZA!" she cried.

Removing his hat, and replacing it with hers. "The first ever snow woman." he grinned.

"Hamza that is a very expensive hat." she frowned.
"Sweetheart, when do we every worry about money. Out richest are endless. I will buy you a hundred more hats tomorow." Hamza placed his derby hat on her head. "My hat looks fine with your wardrobe." Maryan glower. "Funny Hamza. Your hat do not match my dress."
HAMza laughed. "I think you look beautiful." kissing her. He held her tight in his embrace, reminding, Maryan how much he love her.

Maryan reminding him how dreams do come true, Though the night was near freezing, their desire was burning inside, to make passionate love. Both quicken their pace to where Geoffrey was waiting for them at the end of the riverwalk.

Suddenly Hamza sense of smell alerted him. He ceased, searching his surrounding. He saw nothing in the open view, or anything beyond the thickness of the trees. His nose flared stiffig the air again. Hamza now recognize the unfamilair scent from earlier. He scanned the area once more, but still didn't see anything.

"I know someone is watching. Show yourself." he demanded.

The night still been silent as they waited for the culprit to emerge from the shadows. Hamza eyes turned to the crunching sounds of twigs under some feet. Appearing from beyond the tress, Mr Talut and the tall gentleman, that stood behind him at the resturant.

"Mr. Hamza. Sorry I frighten you and the misses." Talut spoke, tilting his hat at them.

"We were not frighten. But you can explain why you are following us."

"AHH yes, sure." Talut glanced back at his bodyguard. "When we were introduce back at the Plaza, I am sure you wondered why I had this curious display on my face. Like we met before."
Have you ever been to Florence?"

"Been to Itlay, but never Florence."
"You must visit it one day. Lovely town. The art is amazing."
"I must take my wife there. She loves collecting art." Hamza grasped her hand. "Anything else I might can assist you with Mr. Talut?"
Talut grinned and observed Hamza for a moment. "You don't have any descendents, a father or uncle by the name of Saleeh?"

With the mention of Saleeh name, Hamza no longer second guess that Talut was a Jinn. He wondered how Talut knew that he was a Khalefa vampire. Hamza first intention had been to slaughter him and the caucasian man that been with him. But he wanted to know Talut business with him. "No. I had no one in my family by that name."

"You said had." Talut looking for clarification.
"Yes had. I am the only living member of my family."
"I see." Talut grinned at his bodyguard. "Are you lying to me Mr. Hamza. That you are not Saleeh. You see my friend here Lot is created with a keen sense of smell."
"And what do you mean created?" Hamza curious.
"You see here, Lot is a Qamar. Half human. Half werewolf. He can detect vampires. Khalefas."
Hamza chuckled. "Vampires. Vampires are not real, but myths."
"Oh no Mr. Hamza, their real. Very real. I am a vampire. A Jinn. Created by a bite of a superior vampire. A Khalefa. Lot here senses tells him you are a vampire, but certainly not of the Jinn race. And I know of no other species of vampires but two. The Jinns and the Khalefas."

Hamza remained silent as Talut began to circle them. He felt Maryan hand tremble, and tighten his grasp, to ensure her that they would be fine.

"Centuries ago, my mother was snatched by a Khalefa, and killed."
"Sorry to hear about that. But I am not still understanding what it has to do with me. I was not even born." Hamza lied.
Talut laughed. "Ohh Mr. Hamza, I am surprised." pointing his finger
â€”him. "I know you do not have nothing to do with my mother death. But your brothers Joshua and Yusef did."

"Still not understanding Mr. Talut, why are you telling me?" "Revenge!" he scrowled. "Lot." Talut gestured back to him. "Is also created not only to stiff out Khalefas, but to kill them."

"And how many Khalefas have he put to death so far?" Hamza questioned.

"You will be first the first."

Hamza stared fearless at the tall man, who exhibited a devilish grin. "Have a nice night Mr. Hamza." Talut spoked, putting on his hat, then turning his attention to Lot. "Kill him."

Lot glared up at the full moon, and spreaded his arms wide, howling at the moon. Hamza and Maryan could hear the cracking of his bones, as his feet tore out of his shoes, displaying two inch claws. Long black scraggly hair covered his body. Lot mouth extended four inches. Saliva fell from his razor sharp teeth. His large black and white eyes stared at Hamza. Howling at the moon again, which seem to echo off the moon, making Maryan cover her ears. Hamza placed Maryan behind him. ""You want to fight. Then come on motherfucker!"

Instantly Hamza transformed in his Khalefa mode, and hissed, ready for battle. The Qamar charged tackling Hamza to the ground. Lot on top, commence to throwing vicious blows to Hamza, cutting him across the face and body. Hamza turned his head to see Talut dragging Maryan to his caoch and leave. The sight brought estreem anger to Hamza who focus back on the werewolf beast, in time to catch his snout, before it sunk its teeth into his neck. Lifting it head, Hamza struck the hairy creature in the throat. The Qamar reached for his throat with both hands, grasping for air. Quickly Hamza struck him with two more blows to the face, knocking him off. Hamza hurried to his feet, and watched the Qamar regain his breath. Rising to its feet, Lot growled at Hamza, before charging him again.

The two battled fiercely, exchanging blows, until Hamza landed a center punch to the Qamar snout, sending him to the ground. Ham jumped on top of him, before he could recover, striking the hairy
beast with flagrant punches. Hamza heard the beast yep, when he sliced him on the side of his neck with his claws.

The fear of death began to creep in the mind of the Qamar, as Hamza continued slicing away at him. Reaching up with its long neck, trying to bite, Hamza caught its open mouth, ripping it apart. The Qamar shrieked in pain, and defeat. Hamza silenced the beast, tearing out its throat, putting it out of its misery.

Hamza looked at the Qamar intensively lying still. He slapped it across its snout a few times, reassuring that it was dead. Gazing up at the night, Hamza howled in victory, claiming that he was still Lord of the Night.

Standing to his feet, Hamza closed his eyes, and strongly inhaled, to locate the scent of his wife. Opening up his red and yellow eyes, Hamza expanding his wings to their full length, and took flight west.

Shortly he found Talut coach traveling fast down a dark dirt path. Talut jolted, hearing the heavy thump on the roof. He sense something wasn't right, hearing the screams of his driver. Holding Maryan at knife point, Talut dropped the knife, as his hazel eyes widen, watching Hamza tear the roof off the coach. Hamza snatched Talut by the skull, tossing him twenty yards in the air. Just about every bone broken in his body from the fall. Talut barely alive, when Hamza flew over to him. He stared at Talut broken self for a moment, as he fought for every breath. Reaching down, Talut screamed when Hamza lifted him by the neck. Hamza shifted his head side to side looking intensively. The breeze from Hamza hiss, blew Talut greasy red hair.

"We Jinns not rest until all you Khalefas are dead."
"You will never witness it." Hamza replied, breaking his neck, and dropping his body. Hamza turned to Maryan. He examined her for any marks. She confirmed to him that she was unharmed.

"Your hurt." she reached up to touch his deep incision. Hamza didn't respond, knowing on time his wounds will heal. His eyes closed, Felicitous to her soft touch. Opening his eyes, Hamza lifted Maryan
in his arms, extending his wings, to take flight home.

CHAPTER 6

After the encounter with Talut and the beast that been created to try to eliminate him, Hamza moved to Australia, and dwelled among the Aboriginal people. There, Hamza created his own sect of vampires called Shams. Meaning Light. Just like the Jinns, the Shams lived off animal blood, and had life span of five hundred years. Hamza didn't divide the Shams into sects, and let them remain in their tribes ranking. The Shams like the Jinns before protected, and maintained Hamza daylight affairs.

While living in Australia, Maryan gave birth to their first born. A daughter named Aisha. Elated about his seed, Hamza gave her everything within his powers. As a small child, she would be by her father bedside before he waken, ready for her father to take her flying. Aisha loved to gazed down at the town, and the people whom seem so tiny, at their high attitude.

Aisha would sit quietly and listening to her father tales, of her mother and him, adventures through the centuries. She watched in amazement, her father wrestle alligators, and withstand the kicks of kangaroos.

For her fifth birthday, Hamza brought home a kowala bear for a present. Aisha loved the bear at first, until she realize that kowala bear slept for eighteen to twenty two hour a day. So she change his name from Pomppa, to Naum. Meaning sleep all day.

Hamza knew in the next sixty years, it would be time for his two hundred years dormancy. He knew he wasn't gonna rest easily, knowing that it's a hunter who's out there to harm him and his family. Hamza had to find away to protect his family, in his absent. Contemplating many nights, a solution came to mind, and packed his belonging and his family, along with a few servants, begun his quest around the world in search of the best fighters. Samurais, Ninjas, Shiolen monks, Kung fu masters, African warriors
and Arabs swordmen. Hamza challenged these fighters personally app-
proving of their skills, worthy and abling to protect his family.
Forming an Elite Eight, Hamza extended their life expectancy, and
their riches. They were in charge of creating a small military,
whose fighres would called Harasas. Meaning Guardians.
Hamza had left Geoffrey in charge of all his affairs and wealth, and
the decision making over his family, and the Shams.
While Hamza been hibernation, the word had spreaded around the
world about a new founded country, that everyone came to prosper.
Pitching his proposal to Maryan and the Elites, they all agreed
to pack and leave Australia for the new resident of America.
Geoffrey purchase a three thousands acres property in the south of
Texas, outside then, a small town called Houston. He named the com-
Geoffrey had a ten thousand square foot living quarter built for the
Queen, and the princess to stay. Along with a community inside the
compound for the Elite Eight, harasas, and the servants to reside.
Geoffrey and the Shams quickly prosper in land of the free. In live-
stocks, and weaponry, in which Gatlin purchase from the Shams, and
added his name.
After the Civil war, the Shams became a private institution in mak-
ing weapons, for the United States military. Along with automatic
weapons, installing canons, and explosives on warplanes, and tanks,
the Shams changed the course of war with the aircraft carrier.
Phillip Thompson, the son of Geoffrey gave his name to the secret
service men, to enter the White House, along with two of his four
harasas. President Franklin Rooselvet invited him to his fifty sev-
en birthday bash. President Rooselvet requested the men to wear
black suits and white tie. The women a formal white dress. Mr.
Thompson stroll in the party hail with his six three, two hundred
twenty five pound frame, looking debonair. He rubbed the waves in
his salt and pepper hair. Thompson pearly whites glowed off his
dark smooth skin. Many eyes were on him as one of the only few Ne-
gros that shooked the president hand.
While Mr. Thompson was being introduce to other members in congress, and the military leaders, from a distant, a blue eyes gentleman, with blonde hair comb to the back, watched him, nodding his head. While a man came up from behind him and whispered something in his ear, never taking his eyes off Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson and his harasas drove into the underground garage of their hotel. Before his harasas could open his door for him, a limousine stop behind them. Immediately the harasas reached for their weapons. Shabazz, Mr. Thompson best friend, and guardian advise him to stay in the car. Out jumped from the front seat, two tall men. One with a long red ponytail, and sideburns, the other the same, except black. The red ponytail that sat on the passengerside, opened the door for his boss.
Stepping out, the blue eyes man straighten out his suit and tie, that fitted his six foot frame. He comb his fingers through his blonde greases hair. He smiled at the men who displayed killer expression, hoping to ease the tension.

"Gentlemen, sorry for the unexpected intrusion. My name is Hud. Head of the Fifth Century corporation. I was at the president birthday dinner at the White House, and seen Mr. Thompson there. I wanted to have a word with him about some business. But he left before I could to speak with him."

"Sorry, Mr Thompson is exhausted right now, to discuss any business tonight. You my call the Washington office and set up an appointment." Shabazz informed.

"It's very important that I speak to Mr. Thompson now. it could be a matter of life and death." Hud smiled.
Shabazz brandished his automatic weapon, along with the rest of the harasas. He tilted his head trying to precieve Mr. Hud last statement. "Come again?"
Hud waved his hands in abdicated. "I didn't come here to cause problems. Just to discuss business. " Hud knew he and his bodyguards would be slaughter, without a full moon.
Heads turned hearing the back door open to Thompson limo. Stepping
out with his suit jacket off, and sleeves rolled, Thompson wasn't only the president of the Shams corporation, but also highly trained fighter. Standing beside Shabazz, he spoke. "How can I help you Mr."

"Hud. The son of Talut. Head president of Fifth Century corporation."

"Yes I heard of it. How can I help you?"

"Well Mr. Thompson, I was hoping that you could design a weapon for me, to eliminate an old century enemy of mines."

"Well Mr. Hud, my company is always working on new weapons to defeat the enemies. Any sort of specific weaponry you are looking for?"

"Yes." he paused for a second. "Something that can kill vampires."

Hud displayed a sinister grin. Thompson chuckled, glancing over at Shabazz, who laughed along with him. "Mr. Hud, I am a very busy man. Why are you wasting my time with foolish myths?"

"NO, NO Mr. Thompson, vampires are no myth. Their very real."

Thompson continued laughing, at the same time telling Mr. Hud goodnight and turning to leave. "Mr. Thompson wait!" Hud shouted, getting his attention. "My two bodyguards here." Hud gestured back to them. "Have a." Hud paused, trying not to give any specific. "Special ability to detect any thing unhuman."

"OHH." Thompson responded.

"Sebastian informed me there's a odor that seeps from you that tells him you neither human or a Khalefa vampire."

"Well Mr. Hud, I also run a fragrance company. Your guards might mistaken a new body scent I have own called Winter Breeze. If you and your budyguards like the scent, you can purchase a bottle at Woolworth, or a Sears and Roebucks."

"I think I will."

"If you have a girlfriend or wife, we have fragrance for her too. My time is money Mr. Hud, and money is time. Contact my secretary when you want to discuss some serious business."
Thompson turned to leave.

"I will Mr, Thompson, when the moon is full."

Thompson turned to smile at Hud, then made a howling sound.

Two nights later, Thompson waited in his private airplane hanger, upset that his plane wasn't ready for departure to fly back to Houston. Shabazz brought him a glass of whiskey, to settle him down, while the plane is being fuel. Shabazz did a background check on Hud, finding out that Hamza had killed his father Talut and a Qamar in the late sixteen hundred. A Royal and leader of the Jinns species.

"Hud has no offsprings. Just a brother name Seth, who has a wife, and sister name Stephanie."

"Both stay in New York?" Thompson asked.

"Yes."

"Good. If he ever tries some stupid shit, we know where to find him, and his family." Thompson replied, finishing his drink.

Thompson and Shabazz been alerted by one of their harasas, spotting a pair of headlights coming in their direction. The harasas took their postion holding their weapons. Thompson didn't want his harasa firing any weapons, with the hanger storing barrels of high flammable chemicals. "But if they fire, we fire."

Emerging from the black sedan, Sebastian and two more tall black hair gentlemen with ponytails. Thompson saw Hud didn't accompany them. "Can I help you gentlemen?" Thompson said sarcastic.

"Mr. Hud told you we will be back on a full moon for business."

Sebastian answered.

"Sorry, my business hours ended at seven pm. Like I told your boss before, he needs to make an appointment with my secretary. Right now I am flying back to Houston."

Sebastian smiled at Thompson. "Sorry Mr. Thompson you won't be able to make your flight."

"And why that?"

"Because THIS!" Sebastian and the others begin to transform into six ten werewolves. Shabazz ordered Thompson to lock himself inside

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THE PLANE, WHILE HE AND OTHER BATTLE WITH THE hairy beast.
With five harasas, four divided up to take on two Qamars. Shabazz
retrieved his favorite weapon, the sai, and prepare for war with
Sebastian alone. Sebastian watched Shabazz freestyle with his wea-
pon, as they circled one another. Sebastian howled, as Shabazz
yelled for him to bring his ugly ass on.
Sebastian charged swinging his long arms. Shabazz smoothly maneu-
er ved his aggression, slicing him across the thigh. Looking down
at his incision, Sebastian scowled at Shabazz, who displayed a
devilish smile. Charging once more, Shabazz cut Sebastian twice
more, on the right forearm, and left bicep. Closing in for the kill,
Sebastian struck Shabazz across his upper left arm, causing him to
drop one of his sai. Sebastian followed it up with a blow to the
abdomen, gashing him severly. Shabazz looked down at his wound, real-
izing it had been fatal. Starring up at the slobbering beast, who
observed him with red eyes, Shabazz gathered up the last of his
strength, and yelled, charging at the Qamar. Sebastian gave him a
back hand blow, lifting him off his feet.
Down on his back, Sebastian walked and stood over Shabazz, who was
still breathing heavily. He reached down and hoisted Shabazz by
the neck. Sebastian inclined his head to the left and the right,
studing him. Shabazz located his knife hidden behind his back.
Shabazz let Sebastian know that his breath smelled like dog shit,
after he had scowled at him. Sneaking, trying to plant the knife
in his chest, Sebastian shook his head no, stopping him inches,
with his free hand. He elevated Shabazz over his head, to break his
back. Sebastian yepped in pain from the arrow that pierced his left
eye.
Shabazz crashed to the ground, as Sebastian howled abstracting the
arrow from his eyes. He shriek echoed through out the hanger, when
a second arrow struck his shoulder. Searching the hanger to find
the culprit, Sebastian spotted Thompson in the doorway of the plane,
attempting to fire off a third arrow. Dodging the piercing weapon
aimed at his chest, Sebastian glanced over to witness the other two
Qamar dead.

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Turning his focus back to Thompson, he roared loudly at him before running away.

With two harasas lying dead, Thompson hurried to his friend Shabazz, who drawing his last breath. "Hold on my brother." Thompson cradled him in his arms. "I'm gonna get you to a hospital." Shabazz struggled to laugh. "What you gonna tell the doctors. I been attack by a werewolf. Because there's no fucking grizzly in D.C."

"I will think of something."
"Forget it Awk. It's too late." Shabazz touched his shredded stomach.
"That son of a bitch ripped me deep." he pulled up his shirt, exposing his wounds. Thompson didn't want to admit it, that his best friend was right. "Take care of my wife and boys." he requested.

"That's without saying Awk."
"May Allah have mercy on me and our race. We had no control of what we are."
"He will Awk. He will."

Shabazz grimance in pain shifting in Thompson arms. He exhaled deeply, then closed his eyes. He began reciting the Quran in Arabic. Thompson recited the verses along with him. Both in harmony, until Thompson only heard his voice.
Aisha had the music blasting on her hundred inch flat screen. She been playing one of her favorite song by Beyonce, Crazy in Love. Practicing int he mirror in how to shake her ass, like Queen B in her videos, hitting the club tonight, she needed to learn so she could have all the men eyes on her.

Being a full blood vampire, she couldn't see herself in the mirror, so the Shams corporation, develope a lighting system, that display ed an image of her shadown on a screen. Aisha smiled looking back as the shadow of her rear bounced up and down, like Beyonce.

Her eyes slipped to the portrait over the fireplace. Aisha glowered. A dagger that been given to her by her father, been driven in the chest of the man on it. Darren Foster, her ex-boyfriend. Darren played professional football for the Houston Havocs. A team in which Mr. Thompson owns. Aisha met Darren at a team fundraiser, supporting abused women, and the homeless shelters. She quickly fell for Darren. He was everything. Tall. Fine, and goodlooking. Darren been one of the best running back in the N.F.L. The leading rusher for the past three years.

Aisha wanted Darren to be her first, but wasn't ready to accept the repercussion, if she ever gets penetrated.

Her anger changed to a little of sorrow, remembering why the dagger been placed there in the beginning. Getting a call from her best friend Meke. "Princess, I wish you could get your ass down to Dave and Buster!"

"Why, What's going on up there?"

"That cheating man of yours!"

"Who, Darren?" sounding stunned.

"Hell Yeah! In here with some blonde white bitch."

"Who is she?" Aisha furious.

"I don't know. But he was kissing her. And right now, all hugged up with her in a booth."

Aisha stay silent for a moment, her emotion frantic. She felt like bursting into tears. Another side of her wanted to send some ha-
rasas to snatch him, so she could kill him personally. Meke brought Aisha back to the state of conscious, asking, "Do want me to go check that muthafucker!"

"Thinking for a second, Aisha answered no. "I will handle his ass myself."

"You sure princess. I feel like whooping a bitch ass today." Aisha giggled by Meke helpfulness. "Naw that's alright. Yout butt almost went to jail last week for jumping on your exs girlfriend. I can handle this."

Aisha hunged up the phone with Meke and called Darren. She had a plan to play it cool, and see if Darren would confess that he was out kissing another woman in a public place. When Darren answered the phone, on the third ring, Aisha coolness vanished after she heard the slickness of his voice. "Hey Baby!"

"DON'T FUCKING HEY BABY ME DARREN! WHO THE FUCK YOU WITH AT DAVE AND BUSTER?!

"What are you talking about Aisha." Darren glanced over to his date, holding up a finger, indicating he needed to take this call in private.

"Don't play games with me Darren. I know you with some blonde bitch. I got eyes everywhere."

Darren search the establishment, for one of Aisha friends, or bodyguards, that were alway accompanying her, dressed in black.

"Where are you?"

"Home."

"Well come and meet at Dave and Buster."

"You know I can't."

"Why?"

"The daylight is harmful to my eyes and skin."

"I don't understand the diease you have. Your not a albino, who are sometime sensitive to the sunlight. But you can't have any light. Like you are a vampire, or something."

Aisha exhaled deeply, rubbing her hand across her face. "Oh Darren. she cried.
"Let me come and see you?"
"It's not a good time right now." she sighed.
"Let me guess, come when the sun is down."
"Oh Darren." Aisha cried again. "Something I wish I could explain
to you, but you wouldn't believe me."
"Try me."
"I promise I will in time."
"I'm starting to get a little aggravated with our relationship Ai-
sha. We two can be having a beautiful time at my place. You get me
all roused up, thinking we gonna have sex, and suddenly you freak
out on me."
"Are you ready to die?" said responded, letting her comment slip
out her mouth.
"READY TO DIE!" Darren baffled. "What you have AIDS?"
"No! is that all want Darren, is some pussy?"
"Of course not Aisha. But goddam, we been dating for six months,
and a brother would have thought he would have hit by now."
"Darren." she said his name softly, holding in her tears. "It's so
much you don't know. And how badly I want to make love with you."
"Well dam baby, come by the house tonight, and let me show you how
much I love you. If you scared that I might have something, I can
pull out my clean bill of health."
"It's not about that. It's my father."
"What about your father. I can handle him."
"Oh Darren." Aisha closed her eyes. The only gift of being an off-
spring of a Khalefa, is external life.

A male offspring is similar to a lion den. When a male offspring
reach a certain age, it is force by the father to leave the den
before becoming strong enough to take his. A Kahlefa son, after a
thousand years, must fight his father until death for the blood-
line.
Aisha felt like the female had gotten the worst of the deal, when
the laws were written. At least a male had a fighting chance to
defend himself. A female must remain chaste her entire existence.
If she is penetrated by a male, he must fight the father for ruler-
ship. If possible that he defeat the Khalefa, the female draws the blood from her father and transfer to him. If he loses, death to him and her.

"My father is a big creature. Can you fight as well as you run the ball?"

Darren stared at his cell phone, trying to contemplate how tough do Aisha think her father skills are. "You act like your father has skills like Bruce Lee, and Muhammad Ali put together."

"Add Mike Tyson, Jet Li, and the whole Shiolen temple."

Darren tried to be passionate, and understanding with Aisha celibacy. Her unknown disease, relating with daylight, and the twenty four hour security team, that would come banging on his door before sunrise.

At the same time Aisha would put up with the rumors of Darren cheating. Friends would call her often, informing that they seen Darren with other women. Aisha would call him and ask if he been with another woman, in which he would deny. Until one day Aisha watched his game on tv, where Darren rushed for over two hundred yards, and four touchdown, setting a N.F.L record. Being interview after the game, Aisha became irate when a blonde woman ran up to him, and kissed him.

Aisha attention been drawn to a green light, blinking beside a steel double doors. She walked over to her queen size marble post canopy bed, and grabbed the large remote that control everything in her twelve hundred square foot bedroom. Turning off the tv, she pressed the number seven button, and watched the double steel doors fold backwards. Behind it were huge special glass doors, that restricted any daylight from entering. Aisha open the glass doors to step out onto the balcony. Into her domain. The Night.

She glanced up to the half moon and stars which seem to help bring light to the Genisis compound.

Mr. Thompson tore down the eight thousand square foot home his father had built, when they first arrived from Australia. Now the Queen and princess, resides in a twenty five thousand French Chateau
M. RILEY

à style mansion.

Aisha closed her dark green eyes, and inhaled the October breeze.

"Fuck Darren." she thought. She needed to get ready to meet her friends at the new hot club in town. Aisha knew with her style, class, and beauty, she could find a better man than Darren.

Aisha changed the melody of the music, and listen to the lastest Jill Scott CD. She remover her silk butterfly kimono robe, a gift Meke brought back from her trip to Japan. Stepping down into the jacuzzi tube, that seated five, Aisha hummed along with Jill, rubbing the soft spung over her flawless cinnamon skin.

Slipping back on her robe, she headed to her three hundred square foot closet. She sat down in her swivel rocker, spinning around, trying to find a outfit to wear. With enough clothes to open a de- partment store, Aisha knew that she could be there all night, trying find something to wear. Narrowing down, she knew that she needed to find something to wear that fitted the theme of the club.

Standing to her feet, she snatched a pair of PZI jeans shorts, and matching jacket, then turned to walk to the otherwise of her closet and retrieve a black satin seethrough ruffle blouse.

Deciding against knee high boots, Aisha choose a pair of Diane Von Furstenburg High strap Stilettoes.

Putting her silky wavey shoulder lenght hair in a ponytail, slipp- ing on her shoes, Aisha stood up, and grabbed her ass, adjusting it in her jeans short. She giggled at herself, shaking it once more, like Beyonce.

Taking the elevator, instead of the stairs, Aisha bumped into one of the servants, Mr. Stanley, and ask about the whereabout of her mother. "In the dinning room having dinner."

Maryan was dressed in a silver Marc Jacob gown, sitting at the hand carved mahogany table that sat twenty. Eating a well done angus steak, and caesar salad, she listen to some old school Anita Baker. Aisha snuck up behind her mother, and cover her eyes." Guess who?"

"Tyreese."

"Tyreese!" Aisha yelled, removing her hands.
Maryan turned to look up at her daughter. "Oh its you." and flashed a smiled. Living for thousands of years, Maryan beauty remained impeccable. Her coffee color skin glowed, and brown eyes sparkled like the stars on the Nile. Maryan thick black hair had just a touch of gray, which now extending to the middle of her back.

"Yeah its me." Aisha kissing her on the cheek. "Sorry I'm not Tyreese." taking a seat. "Isn't Tyreese alittle to young for you mother?"

"What man on earth that isn't to young for me." they both laughed. "Your right. How did I forget."

Maryan ate a piece of her steak, and washed it down with her Bloody Mary, that contain real blood. Aisha snatched a piece of lettuce off her mother plate and ate it. Maryan raised an eyebrow, then leaned over to inspect her attire. "I guess you going out tonight."

"Yes. I'm meeting Meke and Lita at a new club."
"I'm glad you at least put on a bra, under that seethrough blouse. Stand for me please?"
Aisha sighed heavily, but did what she been asked. Maryan shooked her head. "How long did it take you to get into those shorts?"
"Mother let's not argue."
"Aisha darling, I been gave up argueing about the things you wear. You girls in the twenty first century believe you have to have your rear end sticking out. Or their." Maryan paused trying to think of todays term. "Uumm camel toe, showing between their legs. Twerking their butts to try and catch a man."

Aisha laughed at her mother, using the lastest slang. "Where did you learn the slang camel toe, and twerking from?"
"Of course my girl Oprah. She had a show about these young black girls being exploited in these rap videos."
"Now in todays world, sex sales."
"And that's sad. Last night I saw a commercial with a half naked woman advertizing a hamburger."

"Yep, everyone is having sex, but me." Aisha frowned.
Maryan face showned an expression of sorrow. Aisha and her mother had this discussion many of times, about her desire to have sex, and the fatal consequences, if she broke the laws of the Khalefas. Maryan reached for he hand. "Be patience my darling."

"I been for almost four hundred years!"

"Trust me baby, in time you will have your own family."

"Mother haven't you forgotten, that you and father will for eternity."

Maryan smiled at her lovely daughter. "That's another problem with you twenty first young women." Maryan picking up her utensil and commence to cutting her steak. Jabbing it with her fork, she spoke before placing it in her mouth. "Yall lack patience." now reaching for her Bloody Mary. "Always remember this Aisha. Nothing last forever."
Aisha assigned harasas Sampson and Jacob were waiting outside beside the custom military bomb proof stretch Humvee. Standing at six four, and two hundred fifty pounds, Sampson was the identical twin of Shabazz. He shooked his head at Aisha outfit.

"What!" Aisha scrowled.
"Nothing." he replied, keeping his comment to himself. Protecting the princess was his job, not counseling. "Good evening Princess Aisha." he finally greeted her, then opened the back door for her to get inside. Jacob took the driving wheel, while Sampson rode in the back with Aisha. "Where are we taking you tonight?"

"Downtown, to this new club call ButtNaked."
"BUTTNAKED!" Sampson jounced. He examined Aisha attire again, but still held his tongue. "What kind of name is ButtNaked for a club, unless its a strip club."
"It's not a strip club. Just a catchy name to draw a crowd. Meke said its the hottest club in Houston."
"Meke!" Sampson frowned.
"Yeah Meke. What about her?" Aisha wondered.
"That club isn't the only hottest thing in town." Sampson stop, and waved it off. Discontinueing his comments about Meke. Aisha glower at Sampson, leaning forward. "Don't stop Sampson, what you got to say about my girl Meke?"
Sampson shot Aisha a chaft look. "She's promiscuous. Jackson told me last week, that she had sex with three different dudes she just met in the back of the limo. Putting one muthafucker out in the rain, because he lasted only two minutes."
"Noooo." Aisha laughed.
"Yeah. And the apple doesn't fall to far from the tree, as the old saying goes. Got a text from Bryan. He said Mr. Ichiro is at the strip club with five women in the V.I.P, making it rain. How quickly he gotten over the mourning of his wife."
"Life is to short to be crying over things we have no control of. Or can't get back."
"Yes its short for some of us." Sampson exhibited a witty grin.

The Humvee pulled in front of a warehouse looking establishment. A huge spotlight waved side to side in front. In big neon lights, the club name ButtNaked. A colossal poster hung on the wall of two women in bikinis, sticking their narrowed asses out. The line to get inside, extended almost a hundred yards. All eyes turned to the stretch machine that pulled up. Sampson hopped out to speak with the bouncers at the door. exchanging words, Sampson reached in his pocket, and handed the bouncers some large bills. Giving Jacob the all clear signal, he jumped out the driver seat, to open the back door for the princess.

Aisha stepped out, placing her big face Fendi shades on. She relished the envious stares, as Jacob escorted her pass everyone. Inside the DJ blasted Nikki Minaj new song, For Life. Aisha body automatic started moving to the beat. Visiting inside many of dance club, she could detect that the owner had spared no expense. A two stories establishment, Aisha love the numerous of color rotating and blinking lights, that seem to be ensync with the music. High in the corner of the club, four cages hung. Inside topless women dance in G-strings, and leather high heel boots. The large pack dance floor change colors under the feet, of the mixs race of people, who got their groove on.

Sampson tapped Aisha on the shoulder, then pointed up. She spotted Meke waving her arms for her to come up. Sampson placed his hand on Aisha shoulder again before she could make her way upstairs.

"Don't run your little ass off somewhere with some man. You remember what almost happen to you, if I didn't track you down."

Aisha thought back when she almost gotten rape, by a guy who invited her to a hotel party, not to far from the club they were at. Discovering it was a room that he had already rented, he somehow convince Aisha to stay for a minute. Moments later, Aisha found herself lying in the bed kissing passionately, when another man emerged from the closet, and they both
tried to rape her. Tracking her down, Sampson heard her screams and knock down the door, massacring both men with his bare hands. Aisha stared mystified, her mouth ajarred, at the slain men, then up at Sampson. Who face displayed no emotion. Aisha didn't know that the human body could bend in such awkward direction.

"Don't worry I want." she replied. Spotting the other harasas at the bar drinking. She assumed club soda. "Look, there goes Jackson and the other trained killers. Could you please go join them. I'm sure yous harasas can find something to talk about. Like new ways in breaking people legs. You cramping my space. You scarring all the men away, with your huge ass."

Sampson watched the princess lose herself in the crowd, then make her way upstairs, to meet her entourage. Reaching the top of the stairs where Meke waited for her, both screamed of excitement before embracing.

"I got your text saying that you arrived."
"The line to get in here is around the corner."
"Why you worrying about that, it isn't like you had to wait."
"True." Aisha giggled. She glanced around the second level of the club, which was more like a sitting area, with four V.I.P section. A few people dance on the small dance floor, that had the same changing color lights like downstairs. "I can see why this is the hottest club in H-town." Aisha spoke, watching a male waiter walking by with a bottle of champayne, wearing no shirt, exposing his riped abs.
"Yes, I told you."

Meke Ichiro is the daughter of second command of the Shams corporation. Her grey oblique eyes, and African American ass, made her irresistible to black men, in which she love them herself. Meke loved their gangster swag. Her thick dark brown hair flowed to the middle of her back. Tonight, she had it in a bun, holding it with japanese pins. The right side of her neck, had a tattoo that said, The Baddest Japanese Bitch,
in her native writting.

Aisha took a step back and inspect Meke apparel. Meke wore a white and gold Versace pullover shirt dress, that came down to the center of her thighs. Wearing no panty, Aisha complimented her on her knee high platform leather boots. Meke thank her, then fumbled with the ruffles on her blouse.

"I see you got this Prince theme going. I like the combination with the shoes."
"You know me, always trying to set a trend."

Meke grasped Aisha hand, leading her to their V.I.P section. Meke grabbed the waiter ass, who just delivered another bottle of Moet. Aisha warmly embraced the other two women at the table.
Lita Thompson, was the oldest daughter of Phillip Thompson. A light skinned beauty, with sparkling light brown eyes, the matched the freckles in her face. Lacking ass, her smoke gray D,K,N,Y suit molded well with her six foot frame. Graduating at the top of her class at Harvard, she was one of the leading lawyers at the corporation.

Sharon Black, ran the blood bank for the Shams. She was one of the few humans, that knew about the vampire underworld. Standing five five, Sharon pearly white smile made her chocolate skin look radiant. She twisted her course mane, that hung shoulders length. Making over two hundred thousand dollars a year, and driving a Range Rover, Sharon still struggled to hold on to a man, because the fluctuation with her weight.

"Hey princess. Where's that fine ass bodyguard of yous?" Sharon searched.

"Who Sampson?" Aisha surprised.
"Yeah girl. Stop acting shock. you know I been trying to hook up with him."
Aisha shooked her head in amazement, smiling. "He's downstairs with the rest of the killers."

"Well I'm gone have to go downstairs, and say hello later."

Aisha took a seat inside the booth. She observed all the varieties
of alcohol on the table. The unopen bottle of moet, that just been delivered. Grey Goose, Don Perrion, Remy Martin, and Absolute Vodka.

"Dam ladies, do you think you all have enough alcohol here?" Aisha commented.

"Princess we didn't order all this shit. them fine ass niggas in V.I.P three sent the Don, and the Goose." Meke told. Aisha gazed over to the men station in the V.I.P. A few women stood outside their velvet rope, hoping to join them. Aisha quickly came to the conclusion that they were drug dealers, by the hip hop gear they were wearing. They were Meke type of men, not hers. She giggled at Meke, who blew a kiss at the bald brown skinned male, with a neatly trimmed beard. He returned the same gesture, then toast her.

"Later." she whispered to him.

Aisha turned to Lita, who been sipping on her vodka, and orange juice.

"Where's Kevin?"

"I don't know. Probaly at home with his bitch eating chicken." she answered Aisha bittered, then finished her drink.

"What the hell you talking about chicken and bitches?"

"Kevin ass been cheating on Lita, with a bitch that works at a chicken shack." Meke explained. Aisha mouth ajared. "Are you serious?"

Lita reached for the vodka bottle, then arruptly changed her mind and grabbed the Remy Martin. She poured herself a shot, and gulped it. Lita face exhibited an expression like she eaten a jalopeno pepper. "OHH SHIT! Meke how do you drink this hard stuff?"

"I like the way it warms my chest and pussy."

"Meke you're a nasty bitch, but I like that." Sharon laughed.

Lisa leaned back in the booth, and continued. "I was going through his cell, and found some explicit texts messages, and naked pictures."

"Is she human?" Aisha asked.

"Yeah."

"So what did you do?"

"We confronted the bitch!" Meke responded. "Found out where that
work."
"Meke here, filled up a large cup of soda, and dashed it in her face."
"Unnh unh. What she do?"
"Not A Muthafuckering Thang! she wasn't stupid to come from behind that counter." Meke exclaimed.
"So what you db' about Kevin?"
"Tried to cut his dick off. But he locked himself in the bathroom. So I scarved cheater in his Benz."
"The Benz that you bought for his birthday?" Sharon questioned. Lita nodded her head. "That Crazy Bitch! Sharon remarked. "But I remember when I was seeing this young guy, who was giving it to me good, that I almost went and bought him a car. Not a Benz, but a used Toyota."
"Shut up Sharon." Aisha laughed, and reached for the Grey Goose.
"I love this drink." she said, after taking a swallow. "How long you and Kevin been seeing one another?"
"About ninety years."
"Fighting eighty nine years of it." Meke commented.

Lita frowned at Meke, then felt the vibration of her cell phone. Checking to see who's trying to contact her, all the ladies could tell by the reaction on Lita face that it was Kevin.
"Don't answer it girl, let that nigga suffer." Meke advised her. "Stay strong." Aisha encouraged.

Lita listen to her girls, and didn't answer Kevin call. She placed her cell on the table and poured herself another drink of Remy. She made another bitter expression from the burning sensation. The ladies discuss how fine LL Cool J looked on his new tv series, C.I.S Los Angeles. Meke believe he and Will Smith had the best fit body, to be in their fourties.
"That dam Terry Crews is super fine also." Sharon included.
"Yeah, he just reminds me of my father." Lita said.

Reaching for her drink, Lita cell lit up with a texts. It read, I miss you. Come over so we can play." Recieving another texts, a
picture.
The ladies watched a smile appear on Lita face. "Oh ooh, she's about to break." Meke noted.

"No I'm not." Lita retorted, placing her cell in her lap.
"Well he said something to make you smile." Aisha curious.
"Just a game he's playing."

Meke lifted her eyebrow, starring curious at her, then at Aisha and Sharon. Suddenly she snatched Lita cell from her lap, holding her back, while she investigate. Viewing the picture of Kevin, "Lita why the Hell Kevin dressed up like a cowboy, wearing a G-string? What the fuck yall got going on?"

Aisha snatched the cell from Meke to take a look. She burst into laughter, passing the phone to Sharon, who begin giggling.

"Dam Lita, you two on some freaky shit shit." Sharon taking a closer look to details. "Lita is that all Kevin or a sock?"

Lita wrestled her phone away from Sharon, feeling embarrassed.
"That's all Kevin." she answered proudly.
"I understand now why you bought him a Benz." Sharon comment, stir laughter.

"Kevin wants me to come and play cowboys and indian."
"I guess your the poor little indian girl?" Meke jested.
"I guess you have a indian outfit?" Aisha asked.
"Yes." Lita replied, tapping her manicure nails on her shot glass, shamed.
"That's what I'm talking about. Keep shit spicy in the bedroom. WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO!" Sharon animated a indian cry, causing more laughter.

Lita recieved another text from Kevin, pleading for her to call him. She excused herself, claiming she needed to go to the ladies room.

"You want me to go with you?" Meke inquired.
"No bitch, I'm potty trained."
The three watched Lita head to the ladies room, with her eyes glued to her cellphone.
"The heifer done cave inn." Meke spoked.
"You think she went to call Kevin?" Aisha inquired.
"Hell Yeah! I would too, with that big old dick." Sharon agreed.
"Look at her, her butt pad all crooked. How can she be black, and have no ass." Meke questioned.

It wasn't long before returned, telling the girls she had to leave.
"Why?" Meke retorted.
"My dad needs to see me now. Some important paperwork I need to look over. To make sure everything is correct, by morning."
"Paperwork My Ass!" Meke remarked.
"Girl go get your dick. I'm gonna find me some tonight." Sharon voiced.

When Lita departed, Meke excused herself, taking the bottle of un-open of Moet with her. "Where are you going?" Aisha wondered.

"To see what's up with the guy who sent the Moet."
"Why you taking the bottle?"
"Hoping I can get him to drink it from my fountain." Meke simpered.
Aisha shooked her head at her best friend in bewildment. "If we wasn't immuned to diease, and illness, Meke would have full blown AIDS by now."

"It would be a S.T.D named after Meke." Sharon giggled lightly.
Aisha reached for the Grey Goose, and poured herself another drink. She check the scene on the dance floor, while she sip. Aisha reject-ed two men who came over to the table, and ask her to dance. Ar-ruptly, Sharon stood to her feet, and clutch the Don Perrion.

"Now where you going?"
"I'm gonna catch up with later princess. I'm gonna see if I can do some role playing with Sampson. The Bodyguard. He's Kevin Costner, and I'm Whitney Houston." Sharon beamed at her, then turned to leave. Aisha wished her luck in trying to get Sampson in bed. In the hundred and fifty years she known him, Aisha never seen or heard him speak about a woman.
With two more glasses of Grey Goose in her system, Aisha spirits begin to relax. Her head automatic sway to the rythum of the club music. Another one of her favorite Beyonce song, blasted through the speakers. Aisha stood to her feet, and walked to the center of the dance floor.
The color spotlights beamed down on her, making her seem like she been the center of attraction. She closed her green eyes, while her body glided to the beat. By the second song, Aisha found herself rocking with two men. Keeping pace, she spotted a handsome gentleman, with a drink, standing alone eyeing her. Aisha waved him over, with a finger. Turning up a half smile, he sat down his beverage on the nearest table, and strolled over to her.
Aisha felt like every bit of the song that was playing, Prince, Ir-risistable Bitch. Her energy begin to fade now, trying to keep pace, dancing with three men. She wrapped her arms around the neck of the male she invited, indicating to the other two men, that she has choosen.
Aisha smiled up at the hazel eyes, dirty blonde, Chris Hemworth looking gentleman, whom held her tight around the waist. They sway-ed to the ballet Rihanna. Love on the Brain. They both made conversa-tion with their eyes, never speaking a word. Aisha could feel the muscles in his chest, when she placed her head against it. He mis-staken that as a sign, and placed his hands on her rear, then squeezing it like Sharman. Aisha paused, then pulled away, starring up in disappointment.

"Do you think you should at least first, ask what's my name?"
"I already know."
"And that is?"
"Cinderella." he answered, giving her a perfect smile.
Aisha giggled. "Wrong. But close. I don't have to be home by twelve, but before sunrise."
"Well uhh." he waited for her to reveal her name.
"Aisha."
"Aisha." he repeated sexually. Looking at his watch. "We have seven

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hours to do whatever we chose to do, until sunrise." he displayed a sinister grin.

"And what your name?"

"Austin."

"Nice name. It fits you."

"Thank," he said, pulling her closer. Dancing to the remainder of the song, Austin whispered, asking if she wanted to go somewhere private, and get to know one another, before the sun comes up. Aisha answered Austin with the nod of her head, and a smile. Austin gave her a loving kiss on the forehead, then took her hand. He lead Aisha up a short flight of stairs, and down a short hallway. Two doors were tagged on opposite side. The left read supplies, and the right, manager. Austin exhibited a set of keys, and opened the manager door.

"So you are the manager?"

"Austin gave her a surprise smile." And the owner," gesturing for Aisha to come inside. His office was small, but arranged and furnished nicely. On a glass desk, was a neat stack of papers, two photos, and a bobblehead of Houston Rockets point guard James Harden. Two burgundy velvet high back chairs were front of it. A matching color swivel leather desk chair sat behind the desk. A poster of Austin and Aisha guess, the four half naked girls, dancing in the cages in the club.

Aisha thumped the bobblehead, then picked up one of the photos, where Austin and his friends were partying on a yacht. The second picture, Austin and a gorgeous blonde hair, blue eyes woman, smiling by the fireplace.

"So who is she?" Aisha turned the picture towards him.

Austin never look at the picture, as he grabbed a small treasure box off the shelf, behind his desk. He walked over to the burgundy loveseat, that matched the rest of the office. "That's Linda, my ex-fiance." he answered before taking a seat.

"Your ex-fiance." Aisha wondered, placing the photo back on the desk.

Austin finally glanced up at Aisha, and could read the expression
on her face, that she wanted to know the whole story.

"Linda is dead. She was killed in a skiing accident. We took that picture the night before."

"Sorry." Aisha giving her condolence. She remained silent for a moment, before walking over to the sofa, where Austin sat. She watched him open the small box, and recognized the white powder inside. Aisha sat on the edge of the loveseat, and witnessed Austin react like a cold burst of air had enter the room. Wiping the residue from his nose, he ask if she wanted some coke.

"Only if its in a can." she replied.

Austin laid back on the loveseat, noticing Aisha nervousness, and observing her exotic beauty. He patted a spot next to him on the sofa, inviting her to come seat next to him. "I want bite." he chuckled.

Aisha sat her rear on the spot next to him. Austin smile been spell-binding, along with the combination of his cologne. His caucasian skin was tanned, without blemish. Austin moved closer, inhaling Aisha scent. He placed a finger under her chin, and spoke. "You the most beautiful black woman I ever seen."

Aisha didn't know how to accept the controversial compliment. She didn't know to say thank you, or percieved that Austin thought that white women were more gorgeous then blacks. Austin read her reaction, and explained himself. "I'm not bestowing any other race of female above one another. I believe all women of different ethnic are beautiful, in their own way."

"Oh." Aisha now understood. "Well, I can say the same for you. Wait! except Justin Timberland."

"Justin Timberland!" Austin jolted.

"There's not to many white men, that is fine, goodlooking, and can sing."

Austin hunched his shoulders, in sort of an agreement and defeat. "Well I can't sing, that's for sure. But justin would still be jealous of me."

"Why?" Aisha looking confused.

"Because I still got you." he replied, leaning in to kiss her.
Aisha didn’t attempt to pull away, but embraced his soft lips, and then his tongue. Unconsciously, Aisha found herself on the couch lying on her back, her jacket removed. Moment later, Austin had her blouse open, kissing her on the chest. The fire burn in Aisha soul, and hotter, between her legs, as Austin applied the right pressure to her breasts. The soft kisses on her neck, had her cursing the words of pleasure from her lips, as now Austin took a mouthful of breast. Aisha ranned her manicure nails across his back, taking off his Polo shirt. His six pack, and sculpture chest, added fuel to her desire. She wanted to say FUCK IT!, kissing his chest and abs. Aisha was tired of being the oldest virgin in the world. Tired of hearing her friends say how good sex feels. The hell with the Khalefas laws. She now rather face execution, then go another minute, not knowing how a dick feels inside her essence. While convincing herself to go all the way, Austin somehow smoothly unzipped her shorts. Aisha moaned as Austin pulled on the pubic hairs of her vagina. He slowly tried to approach her G-spot, and that’s when Aisha had a flashed back, as a little girl in Australia.

Outside one night playing, she and her aboriginal friends wandered off a good distant from their dwelling. Her father heard her screams, when some white men captured them, to be sold as slaves. When her father landed before the white men in full Khalefa mode, Aisha watched terrified, her father slaughtered the six men. Snapping back to the present, before Austin could digg his finger into her soul, she commanded him to stop. But Austin refused to hear her words. Aisha tried to remove his hand from inside her thong, but he met her with resistance. As they struggled, she continued ordering him to stop. Austin commenced to over power her. Angry, Aisha opened her mouth wide, exposing her fangs. She sunked them deep into Austin shoulder, causing him to jump high in the air.

"MOTHERFUCKER!! BITCH, WHY THE FUCK DID YOU BITE ME!" he screamed, while feeling the two penetrated holes in his backshoulder. Austin could feel the blood running down his back. When he examined his hand, Austin saw that it was covered with blood.
"GodDam bitch, what kind of teeth do you have? FANGS!" he asked with a grimace face.

Aisha spit out some of his blood on the neutral color carpet, and wiped her mouth. "I Told You To Stop!" she retorted angrily.

"I should press charges on you." Austin now, turning in circles, trying to get a view of his wounds. Aisha begin buttoning up her blouse, then pick up her jacket off the floor.

"Go ahead, and press charges. I'll tell them the reason why." she scowled.

Austin grabbed his Polo shirt and place it over his wounds. Removing it a second later, he saw that it was covered in blood.

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY OFFICE, AND OUT MY CLUB. AND DON'T EVER COME BACK BITCH!"

"FUCK YOU BITCH! You Don't Know Who You Fucking With. I'll have this raggly ass club shutdown by sunset tommorrow." she responded, stepping backwards to the door. Turning to open it, Aisha stared back at Austin, whom still been in agony. She left one last massage for him. "I wish my father was here. I would tell him to FUCK YOU UP!"

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The chauffeur quickly hopped out the chocolate gray Chrysler 300 limo to open the door for Mr. Thompson. Stepping out in a black pin-stripe suit, has goatee been freshly trimmed. His bald head shined just like the high windows that reflected off the sun of the seventy stories Shams Tower. The building sat in the middle of downtown Houston. A goldplated S.C (Shams Corporation) sat on top.

Thompson exhibited a commanding present, strolling the hallway of the empire, he and Mr. Ichiro built. The C.E.O's consisted of twelve members called the Twelve Tribes. The Shams corporation was one of largest conglomerates in the world.

Dealing in more just diamonds, gold and weapons, the Shams corporation were leaders in technology, and communication. Owner of Verizon, T-mobile, Sprint, Samsung, Sony, and Mitsubishi. They were also owners in the car industry. Dodge and Chrysler, Jeep, Lexus, Hyundai, and Toyota.

Everyone been conversating with one another, when Mr. Thompson enter the Lair. The nickname for the executive meeting room. Thompson took off his shoes, placing them in a small cubicle. All executives were advise too. Very expensive plush carpet was installed in the Lair, designed to sooth the feet. Thompson believe the more comfortable and relaxes the Tribes were, the better their production.

Thompson walked past the colossal gold letters the read The Shams Lair. The fourteen seated glass and marble base table, designed in to two wings. Greeting everyone Thompson hugged his trusted friend and partner, Mr. Ichiro, whom small body disappeared in his embrace. Taking his seat on the opposite end of Ichiro, they begun their agenda, in buying out Mercedes Benz, Security breaches, and struggling stores in Canada.

"Mr. Brooks, where do we stand in buying out Mercedes Benz?"

"Far away sir." Mr. Brooks pushed up his spectacles on the bridge of his nose. "It's like warring with Hitler. They said they would let Mercedes fold, before it is ever owned by a American company."

"The Shams corporation is not a American company. It's a commgla-
erate."
"I tried to elucidated to their board. Mercedes wants to offer us some stocks and shares in their company."
"How much?"
"Ten percent."
"TEN! ten percent percent isn't shit. We gonna have to do what we did to own Samsung. Buy more shares under different names. And buy off the other investors, to make the Shams corporation the majority owner."

"That will take a few years sir." Mr. Brooks informed. "Well you need to get on it now, Mr. Brooks. I only have two hundred and thirty years left." he smiled. "What's next?" checking his Carl Bucherer watch.

"It's concerning our Target stores. We sent a notice to every costumer who had their credit card breach, and informed them that everything is safe. And their card can not be use. We compensated their concerns, with a fifty dollar voucher, to maintain their business." Mr. Moss informed.
"How much that cost us?"
"Six point five million."

Thompson sat back and massaged his chin, under standing that sometime companies take losses. And six and a half, wasn't such a heavy lost. But their Target stores were still a distant second to Walmart.
"We need to come up with a new pitch, and maybe drop our prices five percent."
"I don't know about dropping our prices." Mr. Moss responded.
"Why?" Thompson leaned forward.
"Our seventeen stores in Canada aren't doing so well. After four years, profits are just about water."
"Are there any particular stores doing well in Canada?"
"Two. The Vancouver stores."
"Okay. Keep them open, and close the others down."
"Yes sir."
"Do we have any other matters we need to discuss?" Thompson glanced around the table.
"Oh yes my friend." Mr. Ichiro spoke. "An old colleague of minds named Tim Behrman that runs the Swedish car company Volvo, would like us to invest in his company."

"For what purpose?"

"To build the first factory in the United States. Their sales had plunged forty percent, and Volvo hopes in having a factory in the U.S would reverse their sales."

"How much Volvo asking to build their factory?"

"Five hundred million."

"That's quite a lot." Thompson leaned back and sighed. "History proves sales increase when foreign vehicles are produced on U.S soil."

"What's our return if they prosper?"

"Twenty five percent?"

"Make it happen, if you feel we can profit from it."

New York City, the headquarters of the Jinn's, and their corporation, Fifth Century. Along with the Shams corporation, Fifth Century battle for supremacy in the business world, with Warren Buffet, and the rest of the world businesses.

Controlling the medical equipments, and pharmaceuticals industries, the Jinn's also owned, Manza, Kia, Anheizer Bursh, General Electric, A.T and T, were all under their control. Hud had been a close friend of Bill Gates, and Steve Jobs, owning thirty percent in both companies, for loaning them the money for them to started.

Hus sat behind home plate in the warm weather in Citi bank stadium, with his runaway model girlfriend, Rose Decker, watching the Mets baseball game. Hud was the majority owner of the baseball team. He was abit disapointed that his team was down four runs in the six inning, to the Orioles. A man sat behind him with a ponytail, and a patch over his left eye. His nostrils flared, recognizing a familiar smell in the air. He turned tp spot two of his kind, and Mr. Kaplan, standing at the entrance tunnel above.

The one eye Qamar tapped Hud on the shoulder, then leaned in to whisper something in his ear. Hus looked back to see Mr. Kaplan acknowledge him with a nod.

Hud excused himself, leaving his girlfriend, as the Qamar with the
patch followed behind him.

Mr. Kaplan, a scrumy man, who dressed like he was still living in the eighteen hundreds, been head of special searches and discovery teams in finding anyone past, advancement, and for personal and business purposes. The reason for Mr. Kaplan visit was personal. The patch eye Qamar grettet his fellow beast with a nod, in which they returned the same. Mr. Kaplan removed his wire round frames, and placed them in his pocket. Greeting Hud with a handshake, Hud spoke.

"You must have some good news for me, to pull me away from the ballgame."

"I do sir."

"You find the Khalefas?"

"Well not physically yet sir."

"Then what have you found?"

"That two Khalefas lived outside of Egypt in a pyramid."

"Joshua and Yusef?"

"No sir. Ramsey and Hamza."

"Are you sure?" Hud baffled. "There can only live three Khalefas."

"Yes sir. I was able to interpreet their writting in the pyramid. They inherited the blood of Saleeh, who is dead in a cave in Africa."

"Where is exactly Saleeh tomb?"

"They didn't give a pinpoint location in Africa. He could be bury in any cave in Africa."

"Okay, where's Ramsey and Hamza?"

"Ramsey. I don't know yet sir. But the Shams are the servants of Hamza, whom we followed his trail back to Australia, living among the aboriginals. Before, around the sametime when your father and Lot was murdered."

Hud remained silent, pondering on all what Mr. Kaplan just reveal-ed to him. After four centuries, he had the surprising name of the KHalefa, who killed his father. He glanced at the two Qamars that stood behind Mr. Kaplan, then back at him, whom never blink, wait-ing for instruction.

"We should send our Qamars to their compound in Houston, to flush
out Hamza."

"I don't think it would be a wise strategy sir."

"Why's that, Mr. Kaplan?"

"The Shams are creators of all sort of military and special weapons. Surely they have defences that would alert them of any danger on the grounds, and air. And many numbers of harasses that we know for sure that could maybe battle with our twenty Qamars."

Hud gazed back at the one eye Qamar, who face showned no expression. He placed his hands behind his back, staring at the ground, hoping to find a solution, in what to do next. Smiling up at Mr. Kaplan, whom waited and ready to execute his next orders, reacted with a puzzled half grin.

"I think I will take a trip down to Houston, to pay Mr. Thompson a little visit."

Back in his owner seat, Hud found his team down two runs, in the bottom of the eight inning. His star player David Spite up to bat, with two men on third and first. Spite connected with a low and inside pitch, sending it over the left wall. Hud stood to his feet celebrating along with his entourage, and giving his long time girlfriend a passionate kiss.
CHAPTER 11

Mr. Thompson stood above the icerink, waving down at his twins daughters, Mesha nad Keysha, from his Moroccan wife. Jannah was the second wife of his four wives. Iceskating was one of the gifts the girls asked to do, for their birthday. Thompson walked back over to the eating area of the Galleria mall, where all of his four wives conversed.

His first wife, an Ethiopian, Najah, was the mother of Lita. His third wife, Sue Sing, a chinese, was a gift from a poor family, that Thompson help keep a generation rice farm,from being taking by the Chinese regime. She bored him a son named Jet, whom now manage the China division. Kenya, his fourth wife, and youngest, was the daughter of Shabazz.

Thompson shooked his head in unbelief, listening to his wives gossip about things they heard on television. He reached for his drink thinking about what Angela Joline had done. Cutting off her breasts to prevent her from having breast cancer. Thompson thought it was stupid.

"I can understand her concern of always wanting to be there for her children. But you can't delay your time when God calls you. Hell, she can go to the grocery store and get hit by a car, and be killed. Sometime mankind and species forget whose still in controll over life and death."

"We understand that as muslims." Najah spoked. "But the Jehovah Witness don't believe in blood transfusion, even if its life saving. The believe that God will intervene. So what do one say about that?"

Before he could answer, his wife Kenya interceded." Its like the story of the man waiting on the roof in the flood. A log passed by. And he didn't latch on. Then a man in a boat, and he declined his help. Not recognizing or understanding the signs sent to him by God. Waiting on the All Mighty personally to deliver him to safety."

"God created mankind with intelligent and reasoning. And if there is a possibility that one thinks if he or she could prolong life for a good sake, its not stupid." Sue Sing finished.

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Thompson chuckled, gazing at his beautiful wives. He understood their point of view, and reason. The biggest reasoning, the mother love for her children. "I run the largest fortune five hundred company on earth, and you, my wives are still wiser than I."

Laughing along with his wives, a harasa approached him from behind, whispering something in his ear. He glanced up to spot Hud, and three of his moon beast, coming his way. The harasas stop Hud and his guards, when they reached a certain distant of Thompson, and his wives. Being that it was the daylight hours, Thompson wasn't frightful of Hud and the three Qamar. He had no doubt that his men would have slaughtered them. But precaution should be taken at all time. Especially having his family with him.

Thompson signaled for Hud and his guards to be search. Thompson smiled at the Qamar with the patch. Thompson knew that he was the reason for him wearing it. Finding them unarmed, Thompson excused his wives, and waved for Hud to join him. Hus smiled, acknowledging Thompson wives, as they pressed by. Hud displayed a coerce smile.

"I see that you are a true ladies man."
"No. Those are my wives." Thompson replied with seriousness.

Exchanging no handshake, Thompson gestured for Hud to have a seat.
"That's right, a large portion of you Shams are muslims."
"True." Thompson nodded, reaching for his lemonade. "And you Jinns are Catholic."
"True. Me." Hud pointed to himself. "I don't believe in any of that god shit. We live and we die. Some just live longer than others."
"True." Thompson grinned. "So what business brings you from the Big Apple to Houston to visit me. Its been a long time since we first met."

"Over seventy five years." Hud counted. "Hamza." he finally answered.

"And what reason would like to meet with Hamza?" Thompson asked, knowing the answer.
"To kill him." Hud replied truthful. Thompson chuckled at Hud honesty. "We know you Shams are his protectors in the daylight hours.
And Mr. Thompson know, like we Jinns know, the Khalefas are harmful to our species of vampires and mankind."

"I understand Mr. Hud, the history of the Jinns, and the mistreatment of the Scants. My father Geoffrey was Hamza closes servants, and trusted him with the charge of his family, and wealth. Which is now my responsibility. Hamza has treated his servants with fairness and righteousness. I, and the Elite Eight, along with the harasas will give our lives to protect Hamza and his family."

Hud stared at Thompson with discontent. He been abit surprise how loyaled the Shams were to Hamza. Hud understood now that he had to annihilate the Shams, to get to Hamza. "Mr. Thompson I have no beef with you Shams. But I will do whatever to spill Hamza blood. I'm making myself clear?"

Leaning back in his chair, and crossing his legs, Thompson smiled at Hud harmless threat. "We Shams tried very hard to stay off the Jinns radar. But when you accidently discovered us, you sent your ugly beasts, that killed my best friend. But I guess you didn't comprehend, that I still seek peace, not war. When I didn't take revenge." Thompson leaned closer to Hud, for him to hear clearly his words. "Mr. Hud, enjoy your long and prosperous life we're granted. Because any harm comes to any Shams, I will eliminate you and your family seed."

Both men looked intently at one another, without blinking. Their eyes had declared war, has begun. A sinister smile appeared on Hus face. Thompson returned the same smirk, before ending their encounter. While Hud and his Qamars were leaving, Sebastian glanced over his shoulder, looking back at Thompson, with a glower expression. Thompson smiled at him, placing his hand over his left eye.
CHAPTER 12

Two more hours before nightfall, Aisha laid in her Roman style canopy bed, barely visible, between the many of stuff animal that surrounded her. She flipped through the channel on her flat screen by voice command, searching for something to watch. Aisha paused, watching a cheetah streak across the screen, chasing a baby gazelle. A smile appeared on her face, remembering the fond memories of her and her father in Africa.

Aisha observed Africa wilderness high on a hill, adoring the beauty of the gazelle, and the graceful way that they move. Having a personal zoo of her own. A kowala bear, panther bear, chimp, owl, and a kangaroo, Aisha wanted to add to her collection, asking her father for a gazelle.

She giggled watching a baby gazelle wiggle its bushy tail. Springing up and down. Hamza tapped her on the shoulder, pointing at the cheetah, that been sneaking in closer, to the flock of gazelles.

"What is it doing father?"
"Feeding." he answered excited.

Aisha looked intently at the cat like being, creeping low, and quietly on its belly. Suddenly bursting into high speeds, as though it was shot out of a cannon, the large flock of gazelles bellowed, scattering across the plain. Aisha watched wide eyes in terror, screaming for her father to recuce the baby gazelle being persued. Hating to hear the cries of his daughter, Hamza took flight saving the baby gazelle, from being a nightly meal. He brought the baby gazelle back to Aisha, in which she thank him, snatching it from his grasp, and holding it tight. Aisha named it, Wee. Meaning Baby.

After, Aisha remembered clearly her father explaining to her about nature, and how its not good for mankind, or even he, to disrupt its course.

Turning her attention back to the big screen, Aisha yep with joy, witnessing the baby gazelle escaped the clutches of the cheetah. Flipping through more stations, Aisha flipped her middle finger at the television, seeing her exboyfriend being interview on E.S.P.N. Darren Foster, just set another record N,F,L record, by rushing

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and recieveing over two hundred yards in a single game. Aisha had to admit to herself, that Darren was still goodlooking. Now wearing a mohawk haircut, and freshly trimmed beard. But his handsome face still couldn't overshadow her anger, when she saw him last, "kissing another woman.

Aisha looked at the portrait that still hung over the fireplace, and the ancient dagger, given to her by her father, enlarge in Darren chest. She got out of bed and jerked the picture off the wall, and tossed it in the burning fireplace, turning up the flames.

Aisha massaged the sharp blade, as she watched the portrait of Darren burn. She couldn't deny the heartache, she was feeling. She loved Darren, and was hurt that he had moved on. Now it was time for her to do the same.

Aisha grabbed her cellphone before burying herself back between her stuff animals. She called Meke, whom been excited to hear her voice.

"Hey princess. What the hell you doing up in the daylight hours?"
"To bored to sleep. Trying to find something to watch on tv. Then I saw Darren cheating ass. Broke some record again." she sounded gloomed.

"You okay princess?"
"Yeah, fuck Darren." Aisha trying to sound recovered from her heartbreak.

"You know if you want me too, I can find Darren blonde bitch, and whoop her ass."

Aisha giggled at her derrange friend. "Naw, that's okay. I moved on."

"Hey you want to go out tonight, and meet some new niggas?"
"No, maybe later on this week. I'm gonna stay home with my mother. She wants to make plans for her Thanksgiving dinner."

"That sounds exciting."
"You know my mother is a perfectionist, Wants to showoff to the Houston elites."

"Okay, later this week. Back at ButtNaked?"
"OHH NO, can't go back there."

"Princess, what the hell you talking about?" Meke puzzled. "Butt-
Naked is the hottest club in town, and have the finest niggas."

"Well, when you and Lita left me, Sharon left also, taking a bott-
le of champayne to go play the BodyGuard with Sampson. I down a
few more drinks, and took to the dance floor, feeling good. I end
up slow grinding with this goodlooking white guy, whom happen to
be the owner of the club. Went back to his office upstairs, to talk.
and started kissing on his couch. He begun to take things alittle bit to fast. Hell, he grabbed my ass, before finding out my
name. Anyway, he was unbuttoning my my shorts, and trying to stick
his finger in me."

"You didn't want to have sex with him?"

Aisha hesitated to answer. No Sham knew the commandments and Laws
of the Khalefas. Just their duties to their master. When the con-
versation arise about sex with her girlfriend, Aisha would lie to
them. Aisha have giving hand jobs to some of her flings, but never
been penetrated, with any thing real, than her her dildo.

"Yeah, but I didn't want to have rebound sex."

"SHIT! that's the best sex." Meke exclaimed.

"Yeah." Aisha faked a laughed.

"So what's the reason why you can't go back, because he's mad that
you you didn't want to have sex with him?"

"Half of it?"

"What's the other half?"

"When I asked him several times to stop, he wouldn't. So I bit him."

"Ouch!" Meke grimanced.

"Yeah ouch. That bastard head almost hit the ceiling, when I sunk
my fangs in his shoulder. He was turning in circles, trying to see
the wounds, like a dog chasing his tail."

Meke laughed. "I wish I could have seen that. Was he bleeding?"

"Like a hog,as they say."

"Fuck Buttnaked, we'll hit our old spot, The Castle. Hell whatever
we go, we make it jumping."

"Hell Yeah!" Aisha agreed. "So what's with you and that guy who
sent over the champanye?"
"Taz?"
"Is that his name?"
"Yep. A local rapper from St. Louis. And a super freak too."
"And what kind of freak you talking about?" Aisha wondered. Listening to Meke sex tales, after all this time, she figured it wasn't nothing to freaky for Meke.
"He like to blow, lick, kiss, and come inn through the backdoor."
Meke paused, for Aisha to sovle.
"I thought you love oral sex, and doggystyle position."
"I do, but the vagina isn't consider the backdoor."
"THE ASS!" Aisha yelled.
"Girl hell yeah. Taz was pumping me with his nice size thick dick. Then slipped a finger in my ass. It strange at first, but good. He slipped two, then three, and shit I lost it. Before I knew it, he had his dick in my ass."
"UUNNH UHH."
"Yeah." Meke still sounding surprised herself.
"Girl you done took you freakiness to another level."

Wearing her popcicles pajamas, Aisha made her way down stairs to find her mother, which wasn't hard to do. She heard the rich voice of Toni Braxton, I Love Me Some Him, blaring from the library. Her mother had been in one of her moods, missing her father. With the fireplace blazing, she found her mother sitting in a high back chair, with a Bloody Mary in her hand. Her eyes closed. Aisha took a seat next to her, and listen to her mother sing along beautifully with the artist. Glancing up at the family potrait, painted by the artist Battista G. Tiepolo, Aisha smiled. She remembered being seven years old at the time, and hated doing the portrait. Everynight for a week, the family posed motionless.
Maryan opened her eyes, when the song finished. She looked over at Aisha who been still reminiscning. Maryan ask how long she been sitting there, tasting her Bloody Mary.

"Not long. Just enough to hear you harmonize the chour of the song."
"Have you eating?"
"No, not yet"
"When was the last time you drink?" Maryan inquired.
"A week ago."
"It's time for you to replemish yourself." she reminded.
"I will."

While her mother took another swallow of her Bloody Mary, Aisha stared back up to the painting. "He'll be back in six years."

Maryan turned her brown eyes to the painting. She smiled at the face of the man she love for centuries. Maryan seated in her high back gold and red velvet throne. Hamza stood beside her, a hand placed on her shoulder. Dressed in English attire, Aisha seven sat in her mother lap, in a sky blue dress, with ruffles around her neck, forcing a smile.

"Is father the only man you ever loved in your life?"

Maryan stared curious at her daughter, wondering if there's a reason for the question. She turned her attention back to the painting, her face displayed an expression of deep thought. "I was only seventeen, when your father came into my life."

"She started, finishing her Bloody Mary. Maryan sat the glass on the wooden table between them. Turning to her daughter, she flashed a half smile. "Your father wasn't the only man. There was someone else before him."

"Who?" Aisha marveled, leaning forward.

Maryan silent for a moment, holding her eyes with Aisha. She sat forward, gazing down at the floor, and sigh lightly, before revealing his name. "His name was Ramsey."

"Ramsey." Aisha repeated his name. "What happen between you two? Yall broke up. Or did father do something to him?"

"No. Your father spared his life." Maryan replied, seeing the confusion in Aisha face.

"What? father threaten him, if he continued seeing you."

"No not exactly." she paused. "Ramsey was your father best friend. A Khalefa also. He saved me one night from being eaten by a river beast on the Nile river."

"A RIVER BEAST!" Aisha didn't comprehend.

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"A alligator."

Aisha nodded, now understanding. Maryan smiled thinking back before she continue. "The river beast been inches from grabbing me, until Ramsey appeared from nowhere, and wrestled with the beast. Sticking his dagger all the way through beast mouth, planting it to the ground. He flashed his moonlight smile, as he help me to my feet. He filled and carried my water buckets to my home, and would visit me everynight, to assist my father and I needs, and labor. Exspanding our wealth, sending gold, livestocks, by Eyptains soldiers. Ramsey never revealed who and what he was."

"Was he goodlooking?"
"Very handsome. Smooth black. Clear eyes, and what I describe earlier, a moonlight smile. Ramsey tone was chrrming and sedutive."
"Is Ramsey better looking than father?"
Maryan didn't answer the question verbally, but raised an eyebrow."
"So I don't understand. If Ramsey was goodlooking, charming, and sedutive. Then how was father able to steal you away?"
"I met your father a few years before Ramsey."
"What! How!" Aisha confused. "You speaking in circle again."
"Your father appeared to me in my dreams. When I was fourteen, I had a dream of a man extending his hand, to take me far away. So I told my mother about the dream. She asked did I take it. I answer yes. Did you feel safe? was the next question. Yes, I answered her again. Then that is your husband."
"How did you know that father was the man in your dream?"
"The man in my dream had a scar on his face." Maryan revealed, exhibiting a solemn look. Aisha mouth ajared, visualizing her father scar. "So what happen after?"
"Ramsey brought Hamza one night to meet me, and when I saw your father, I was at lost without words. Examining the scar. I told my vision to Ramsey, which upset him. He challenge your father to a sword fight, to the death. Ramsey believed if the prophecy was true, Hamza would win. If not. He would die. Your father didn't want to fight his best friend, but accepted the challenge, for my love."

Maryan stood to her feet, and walked over to the fireplace. She
gazed up at the potrait for a moment, then straighten an ornament, on the fireplace mantel. Aisha watched her exquisively, remaining silent. Waiting on her mother to finish her non fiction. Maryan squatted by the burning fire, and continued the story, starring into the fire.

"I watched them both frightenly, warring, cutting at one another. Until Hamza was able to knock Ramsey weapon out of his hand, and slicing him across the stomach, knocking Ramsey to the ground. Faster than a blink of an eye, your father was standing over Ramsey, sword raised high, ready to take his life:" Maryan stood upright, and faced Aisha. "Looking into his childhood friends eyes, your father couldn't. And lowered his weapon. No words exchange between them ever again, as Hamza reached for my hand, I grasped it. Ramsey watched in silence, walk away with your father."

"The moon been bright and the stars were shining, while we stood by the Nile river. That night your father explained to me what he was. A vampire. A Ruler. That could promise me eternal life, protection, wealth, and everlasting love. All I had to do is say yes." Maryan glanced back up at the painting. "And I don't have to tell you my answer."
The afternoon streets were crowded like usual in America largest city. Hud pulled back the curtain in the Maybach, glancing up at the gaint screen in Time Square. He waited for his brother Seth to finish his call with his wife. They were conversating about the Khalefas, that killed their parents. Hud grinned to himself, listening to his brother make compromises with his wife, about cutting down his long work hours, and making time to see their children sports and music events.

"I'm working hard Carla to make sure we have the things we need." he replied, looking at his ten thousand dollar Rolex, while she retorted. "Listen, we'll discuss this later when I get home. I need to go now, Hud is in the car with me. I'll pick up the kids from school, and we'll have a lovely family dinner."
Seth told his wife that he love her, and hung. Quickly after he received a text message. Seth requested for his brother to hold for one moment. Smiling, he answered the text.

"Who is that, that have you smiling? Surely not your wife."
"My mistress. Well one of them." Seth chuckled.
"That answer the question, of your suppose long work hours."
"Of course I love my wife and kids. But sometime the family thing can get."
"Boring." Hud interrupted.
"No." Seth pondered for another word. "Routine. It gets difficult after two hundred years, to find new ways to fuck the wife."
"Sound like borden to me."
"Not quite. Carla is still a good fuck. But I know you didn't want to talk to me about my family. And I'm sure your not gonna tell me that you propose to that fine ass runway model Rose. So what's up?" Seth giving his brother his full attention.

"I found the Khalefa that killed our father."
"Really." Seth not to enthuse.
"He is not any of the two Khalefa that attack the castle centuries ago. A Khalefa named Hamza. The Shams are protecting him on their compound.

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In Houston, while he rest."

"This Khalefa Hamza created the Shams." Seth wanted clarification.
"Yes. And they are very loyal to him. I went to Houston yesterday
to talk with Mr. Thompson, asking him to hand over Hamza."
"And you thought the Shams were just gonna hand you their master."
Seth chuckled at his brother.
"Hopefully yes. Telling them about the Khalefas, and how harmful
they were to our race. Thompson seem well informed about the history
of the Jinns. Back when we were called Scants."

Seth sighed heavily, studying his older brother. Hud lock eyes with
him, trying to read his expression, as Seth shooked his head.
"What?" Hud asked.
"Why are you obsess like grandfather, and our father in finding the
Khalefas. In which that got them both killed. We're in the twenty
first century now. Not the stagecoach era. We should be focusing
on running the world. Thirty percent of the world depends and moves
because of us. The Khalefas don't run shit anymore. Theses dead men
on these green promissary notes." Seth pulled out a handful of
bills." This is all that matter now."

Hud pondered on his brother advise. All his energy and thoughts
goes into finding and annihilating the Khalefas. A promise to his
grandfather, who was killed by Joshua in Germany. And their father
by Hamza. It been instill in him, that the Jinn race were always
in danger, as long as the Khalefas exist. He watched Seth stick the
wad of money back in his pocket. Recollecting his conversation with
Thompson, something he said had dawn on him.

"Thompson said something about protecting Hamza and his family."
"Okay. And?"
"If I kidnapp Hamza wife, or his seed, maybe the Shams will hand
over Hamza."
"HUD! have you heard a fucking word I said! If you attemp to try
and kidnap or bring any harm to Hamza family, it will bring war.
And warring with the Shams, is like Cuba attacking America."
"I don't fear the Shams or Hamza." Hud retorted.
"It's not about fearing Hamza or the Shams. Its about being smart,
and perserving the bloodline, and the species."
"That's what I'm trying to by eliminating the Khalefas."
"No my brother, what you need to do is go home, call that beautiful runaway model girlfriend of yours, and fuck her until she give you a seed. You are the first born. The leader of the Jinns, You have less than a hundred years of breath left. You leave no seed, then the Machacek dynasty will change for the first time. And what would you think our decendants will be more upset about? Not killing the Khalefas, or losing rulership."

Hud remained silent, looking at his brother intensely, contemplating on his advertment. Hud pulled back the curtain, sighing, watching the people move about on the crowded street of New York. Seth reminded his brother of his advise, before dropping him off in front of his penthouse. Hud watched his brother Maybach drive away, making a right at the next block. He reached for his cellphone in his pocket. Searching through cell memory, he found whom he wanted to call. and pressed dail.

"Yes Mr, Hud."
"Mr. Kaplan, I need you to come to my place ASAP. We need to find out who is Hamza wife and seed."

Thompson driver displayed his credentials to the two huge security guards. Even though the guards recognized his face, the stared back and forth from the I.D and the driver. Then asked for the verbal password. "New Mexico." he answered.
The guard exhibited a light grin, and signaled for the other guards to open the gated fence. Just behind the gates, sat two more guards, posted on a platform, with fifty caliber machine guns. As his driver drove through the gates, Thompson let down his tinted window to salute his small army.

Sitting on a two hundred acres property in Sugarland Texas, Thompson driver stop in front of the Shams two hundred fifty thousand square foot weaponry building. Mr. Thompson came to see if there been any progress in developing new artilleries to profit off the world militaries. One of the two guards, that posted outside the
huge glass doors, hurried to open Thompson door. Thompson lifted his big frame out the limo, and straightened the wrinkles from his Calvin Klein suit. He heard some dogs barking in the distance, and scanned the area, but saw nothing. He acknowledged the guard with a nod, and did the same with the second one, before swiping his ID card through the security pad. After, he heard the system ask for his pass code.

Thompson stop, smiling at the three beautiful women sitting behind the colossal mahogany and chrome desk. Thompson spoke to the security guard who sat behind the desk with them, watching several monitors. Familiar with two of the secretaries, he inquired about the new one, by asking a few questions. "I see we have a new face working here. And what is your name lovely?"

The chocolate ebony eyes beauty giggled at Thompson compliment, flourishing a perfect set of teeth. "Sandra Richards sir."

Thompson extended his hand for her to shake, in which she grasped.

"If you don't know, I'm Phillip Thompson. The president of the Sham corporation. How long have you been working with us, Mrs. Richards?"

"Ms." she corrected him. "Just two weeks sir." she answered afterward.

Thompson smiled, showing his expression of pleasure. "Ms." he repeated. "Well Ms. Richards" he emphasize. "If you work here at the Shams corporation, you can expect to climb to higher position in the future."

"I will give one hundred and ten percent sir."

"I expect nothing less." showing a half smile.

Thompson glanced at the twenty monitors, watching the activities moving about around the compound. He been satisfied, seeing his employees hard at work, building tanks, amour vehicles, and weapons. Thompson located on one of the monitors, whom he came to see.

He been a bit baffled, witnessing the man firing a hand gun at another man wearing a tuxedo. The monitor informed him of their location. Fire range four. Thompson told the ladies to have a good day, and excused himself to consult with whom he came to see.

When he enter the firing range, the gentleman was inspecting the tuxedo for damage. "Mr. McManus." Thompson called his name.
Doyle McManus is a slim tall tan man. Bald at the top, he grew the side and back long, putting it in a ponytail. McManus kept his thick greyish beard trimmed. Often times, women would tell him he resembled Sean Connery. Then he tries to make them laugh by sounding British.

McManus turned and smiled, surprised at his boss unexpected visit. "Mr. Thompson sir." pushing his cat frame glasses up the bridge of his nose, enhancing his grey eyes. "I didn't expect to see you today."

"I was in the area, and decided to drop in, and see if any progress is progressing on some new weapons, or inventions." Thompson spoke, glancing over at the man wearing the tux. "I saw on the monitor, you firing rounds at the gentleman in the tux."

"Yes. I created a bulletproof tuxedo. I was able to heat the kelvar material into threading. After going through a few other process, of cooling and steaming. It's ready to wear to any social event."

"And what size caliber bullet the suit is able to stop?"

"Anything smaller than a 38 sir. Nine millimeter, twenty five, or twenty two."

Thompson walked over to the man wearing the tux, to feel the material. He nodded his head, pleased. "Feels like a regular suit. Light to be bulletproof."

"One third of an once heavier, than the average tux."

"Incredible. Put me at the top of the waiting list."

"Will do sir."

"So have you created any other thing new, Mr. McManus?" Thompson swiveled back to him, with his hands behind his back.

McManus headed over to a table where a sawoff looking shotgun laid. McManus picked up the weapon and began giving details. "Well sir we added another devise to the SC2000, improve its power. The slugs are able to go right through any beast, and knock anything off its feet ten yards behind it. Added to it now is a net launcher. Designed to capture not just prey, but enemies. It can catch anything twenty five yards away. Made of the toughess teflon nylon material. The net just doesn't catches the adversary, but shrink, cutting in
to the flesh, making human cubes." McManus pointed to a sanddummy, layer in elephant skin, fifteen yards away. McManus pulled the trigger, and the weapon made a hissing sound, sending the net up to a hundred miles an hour, knocking down the dummy. Within second, Thompson witness the sand pouring through the net argyle shape.

"Nice. Anything else?"

"Well sir you know our survival depend on our livestocks, in which we own a great mass. We created this electric whip, which on impact, will send 35 volts, but if you wrapped it around your prey, and hit this buttom it will add another fifty more volts."

"This would be good against those hairy beast the Jinns created."

Thompson the whip, then snapped it. Rolling it back up, Thompson ask about the special drone for the U.S military.

"There ready sir."

Thompson followed McManus to another section of the compound. Passing a large hanger, Thompson stop in his tracks, curious about the strange shuttlecraft being built.

"What going on in there?"

"A project for NASA. Many scientist believe the earth was destroy before by a large asteroid, 65 millions years ago. They discovered evidence in Yucatan, finding a hundred and twenty mile wide crater in which they believe wreak havoc, that wiped out the dinosaurs. So preventing from happening again, NASA ask the Sham weaponry to build a unman spacecraft, that will be able to travel in space, landing on an asteroid, drilling itself into its core. Hoping to have enough thrust to change it trajectory, with the help of another rocket, with a nuclear blast of thirty Hiroshima size bombs."

Thompson chuckled observing the structure of the spacecraft. McManus looked strangely at his boss, baffled by the light laughter.

"Mankind somehow believe they can stop God's Judgement."

Thompson and McManus ducked as soon as they enter another lab, Their eyes followed the large bird that almost took their heads off. "Mr. McManus, I thought we were producing a drone for the
U.S military. Not training birds," he said sternly.

"We are sir." McManus walked over to the platform bar, where the large bird landed. The bird turned its focus on McManus, and squealed. "This is eagle eye one. A drone that looks like a real bald eagle."

Thompson walked over to examining the bird. "Darn, it look like a real bird." touching its feathers.

"With eagle eye one, not only the military get a bird eye view, it can get close enough to the enemies to pick up their conversation. And" McManus pointed. "Drop a powerful bomb to knock walls down of a twelve hundred square foot house, from its chest."

"This is the future of drone technology."

Thompson congradulated Mr. McManus. As he was shaking his hand, Thompson heard the sounds of a humming bird. Pivoting on heels, he saw the small bird come into view. "And this is?" Thompson inquired, listening to the humming sounds of its wings.

"Baby bird one. Also a drone. Created to get inside homes, buildings or wherever the adversary may be. Because of its size, itself destroy with the power of a hand grenade."

"Amazing work Mr. McManus. Once again you have change the course of war."

"Thank you sir. But I wish I could come up with an idea to prevent it."

"Mr. McManus the only way you can stop war, mankind has to stop his greed."
On the forty eight floor of the New World Trade Center, Hud gazed out the window at the city that never sleep. He took a sip of his Bourbon Street cognac, a beverage company that Fifth Century owns. Hud watched the sun rise on the eastside of the Statue of Liberty. He came in before sunrise to look over some paperwork, before the elites executives arrive and discuss business of the day.

In the process in trying to kill Hamza and the other Khalefas, Hud also wanted to come up with a way to bring down the Shams corporation. Neither of the task would be easy. Hamza was well hidden and protected. Thompson, and Ichiro and the Twelve tribes were clever and shrewed business being. He realize that he could never let the past go, and enjoy life, power, riches, and bitches. As long as the Khalefas were alive.

Hud glanced back at the photo on his desk of his girlfriend, Rose and him in France. He thought about what his brother had told him, of not having a heir, to continue the Machacek dynasty.

According to the laws of the Jinns, if Hud would die without a first born son, the reign wouldn't be pass on Seth, the second born. The next elective Royal, and his first born would succeed the Jinns throne. Making it the first time since migrating to Europe that the Machacek family hadn't ruled.

Hud retrieved his cellphone, off his desk, and decided to call Rose, and make plans to have dinner. And later maybe create a heir. Before could push send, the intercom buzz. Pressing the button, he spoke. "What is it Sally?"

"There's a Mr. Kaplan here to see you."
"Really." Hud surprised. "Send him in."

Dressed differently from his exploring attire, Mr. Kaplan had on black trouser, a white long sleeve shirt, and grey checker sleeveless pullover sweater. He had a vanilla envelope in his hand.

"Mr. Kaplan, I wasn't expecting a visit from you this morning. You must have something valueable for me?" Hud spoked, gesturing for him to have a seat. Offering Mr. Kaplan a taste of his cognac, he accepted. Kaplan made a grunting sound, from the burning sensation
"Good stuff." he smiled, placing the envelope on his desk.

Hud grabbed the envelope and open it, pulling out several photos. Unfamiliar with the people on them, he ask. "Who are they?"

"The assignment you told me to look into. Hamza wife Maryan, and his daughter Aisha."

Hud studied the pictures. Maryan was sitting at a table for a benefit for education, wearing a stunning Versace dress. She exhibited a bright smile, that lit the room the benefit provided. She was beautiful also. Hud recognize the little resemblance of the woman in the first photo. She was exiting from a stretched Humvee.

Maryan, Aisha, and the wives of Thompson were shopping in the Park Mall, in downtown Houston. It been one of the seven shopping mall, the Shams Corp, had owned, across the United States. Thompson security selected a few employees to stay late to assist the women. Aisha sat on the couch in the Neiman Marcus dressing room, her eyes wondering back and forth reading an Essence magazine, and her mother. Maryan stood on a dais, being fitted for a elaborate Marc Jacob eggshell rhinestone dress. "Are you picking out a dress for the Thanksgiving dinner?" Maryan asked.

"No, I have a couple of new dresses, that I still have tags on. Plus, I don't think my closet could hold another piece of clothing."

"Mine also. I think we should donate somethings out of our closet."

"Sounds great."

"We'll do that after the Thanksgiving dinner." Maryan smiled.

Aisha went back to reading her magazine. She commented to her mother about the couples who walked the red carpet at the N, A, A, C. P awards. "Phylisha Rahsad is back to her Cosby show looking days, since she lost that weight."

"She is such a beautiful woman. It broke my heart to see her and her husband part ways."

"Many men would part ways with their wives, if a bitch is worth a hundred million." Aisha remarked.

"AISHA!" Maryan raising an eyebrow, concerning her lanugage.
"Sorry mother, but its true."
"Maybe."

Aisha continued looking through the magazine, as her and her mother laughed, playing fashion police, giving their opinions on the outfits and dresses the women wore on the red carpet. After turning the pages, the magazine change the subject from the awards, to How To Satisfy Your Man. Aisha turned the page, to only be blindsided with the next article. Ten Ways To Stimulate Yourself.

Aisha placed the Essence magazine back on the table, and pick up a Vogue. Juliet Roberts was on the cover, in a beautiful Donna Karen winter attire. And of the left side of her, in big bold balck latters, which read, Toys To Spice Up Your Mate Sex Life.

Upset, she tossed the magazine on the table, and open a Ebony. Blind-sided again bout another sex topic, Does Penis Size Matter. Aisha tossed it, and cursed under her breath, folding her arms and legs on the couch. Maryan gazed at her daughter, wondering why the sound of frustration.

"What's bothering you sweetheart?"
"You can't read nothing witout sex in it. How to please yourself, and your man. Oral sex, and toys. The size, Big or small. Circum-size or uncircumsize. My soul is burning inside, wanting to have sex. Cold showers are starting not to work mother."

Maryan asked the seamstress to excuse them for a moment, so she could have a private talk with her daughter. Maryan stepped off the dais, and sat next to Aisha, taking her hand, patting it. "Be patience darling."

"PATIENCE! mother you keep saying that, like father is in the process in changing the Khalefas laws. A couple weeks ago, I almost violated the laws, until I had a flashback of father ripping apart those white men, that tried to kidnap me."

"Aisha." Maryan said her name, disappointed.

"Mother, my vagina feels like its on fire sometimes."
"Honey." Maryan tighten her grip, and sat closer. "Just control your desires a little while longer."

"ALITTLE WHILE LONGER! I been waiting for over three hundred years."
Aisha flurried. I think you forget sometimes, that you and father have eternal life."

Maryan gave Aisha a heartfelt smile."Like I told you before sweet-heart, nothing last forever."

"I don't understand." Aisha lost behind her mother words. "What you didn't know, your father and I had plan to live another hundred years, then parish watching the sunrise on the Nile river. So you can start your own family."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Your father and I talked about it before his dormancy. Your father and I been living for thousands of years, and the generation just recycles or repeats itself. Example, the afro and braids. We wore that back on the Nile, when I was a little girl. The ruffle shirt you wore to the club, Sported that in the fourteen hundred in France. Sure mankind has advanced in many things, but one thing that will never change."

"And that is?"

"War. Mankind is always trying to find ways to decieve, conquer, and destroy one another." Maryan paused for a moment enjoying the excitement in Aisha eyes, then the grieving in her heart. Maryan squeezed her hand. "So again be patience. Like the solar system that revolves around the sun, your father and I would like to end life and love where it begin. In Africa, on the Nile."

Aisha embraced her mother, thanking her for the ultimate sacrifice. LIFE. Of course she couldn't wait to have a man inside her soul. But what she truly wanted to experience, is that what her mother and father shared. Love.

Leaving the mall in the early hours of the morning, Thompson second wife, Jannah glanced up into the bright night, commenting on how close the full moon seem to sit behind the city skyscrapers. Sampson and Jacob waited for the ladies to gather inside the Humvee and head back to the Genisis compound. After the women were safely inside, he gave the signal to two vehicles. One in the back and front, to take route three back to the ranch. The city of Houston was in the bidding for the 2020 Olympics, and
construction have been going on all around the city. Especially
the downtown area. Three blocks into their assigned route, they ran
into a detour, changing their route, leading them to the back of
downtown. Sampson radio to the other harasses to stay alert, watch-
ing the few construction workers, pounding the concrete in their
bright orange vest and hard hats.

Stopping at a traffic light, Sampson became impatience as it seem-
ed the light took forever to change. Glancing quickly to the left,
then right, and seeing no cars insight, except the amour bank truck,
facing them in the opposite direction, he radio ahead to the lead
SUV to run the light. In doing what he been ordered, before he
could cross the intersection, the amour bank truck swerved in front
of the Queen convoy. Ten men swiftly jumped out the back of the
truck, firing large caliber machine guns. The bullets ricocheted
off the amour designed Suburbans.

The women begin to scream in fear, seeing and hearing the pounding
of the bullets, trying to penetrate the Humvee. Sampson ordered
to drive through the road block, but before the driver could touch
the gas pedal, a wrecking ball fell from above, crushing the SUV.
Sampson shouted into his radio for them to reverse. Quickly they
found themselves trapped in by a colossal dump truck.

Sampson cursed out loud, witnessing the second SUV explode, rising
five feet in the air. Sampson pushed a button by the AC control,
and the parklights flipped open, exposing machine guns. He fired a
few hundred rounds, killing half of the men, and making the others
scattered for cover. Sampson pressed another button, which open the
grill to exhibited a rocket launcher. He pressed the button to fire one. The direct hit lifted the amour truck high in the air,
making the wheels fall on impact.

Sampson shouted for Jacob to, "GO! GO! GO!" but their eyes bucked
open, seeing the wrecking ball swing towards the Humvee. Sampson
and Jacob reaction found themselves outside the Humvee. Missing a
direct hit on the hummer, the wrecking ball smashed the top of the
windshield, removing part of the front roof. The impact cause the
screaming women to crash against each other in the back of the Hum-
vee.
Scanning the area with their guns drawn, Sampson was abit puzzle, by the sudden cease of the gunfire. Checking the condition of the women, he ordered Jacob to call for back up. After, Sampson puzzlement been answered about the cease fire, when spotting three Qamars in the tinted glass of the Humvee.

Stopping a good distant, the beasts howled at Sampson and Jacob. Sampson ordered the women to stay inside and lock the doors. Both harasas aimed their side arms, and begin firing at the charging Qamars. Sampson and Jacob concentrated spending their rounds on one specific Qamar, killing it. Increasing their chances of defeating the two, one on one.

The other two were able dodged the rest of the harasas rounds. The two hairy beast rested a few yards away from them, roaring. Jacob brandished a fifteen inch baton. Pressing the button in the middle, it extended six feet, which on both end was a blade.

Sampson reached over his shoulders, and retrieved his Sai. The one eye werewolf, tilted his head left to right, bewilded. Watching his adversary display his skills. The one eye creature surely thought he had killed this Sham seventy five years ago. Sampson stop, flashing a sinister grin, at the drooling monster. "Remember Me MuthaFucker. I'm back from the dead." Sampson yelled.

The one eye werewolf roared at him once more, before accepting Sampson dare. Sampson sidestep the charging beast, slicing him across its thigh. The Qamar glanced down at the small wound, then at Sampson, who held an expression of death. Roaring agian, the Qamar charged. Both beast and species battled to take one another lives, while the women from inside in horror.

While the harasas and the Qamars fought, Aisha made her way to the front of the Humvee. She begann kicking out the windsheild, so she could see. Finally, knocking it out, she felt the thump against the Hummer, and the women screams grew louder. Aisha could see from the dangling sideview mirror, Jacob lying dead next to the vehicle. The Humvee begin to rock back and forth, by the effort of the Qamar, trying to get inside. Aisha turned the key to the ignition, trying to get the Hummer to start. Cursing and pumping the gas, fortunate,
the roaring, the pounding and the terrifying screams of the women, drowned out the engine, as Aisha continued turning the ignition.

Sampson been warring with the right eye beast, with his last breath. The Qamar had wounded Sampson with a severe gash to the stomach, just like his brother Shabazz. Losing a large amount of blood, Sampson felled to his knees, fighting to stay conscious. He glanced over to see his long life friend Jacob lying dead. Then at the Qamar trying to make his way inside to the women. Sampson started to lose hope, that he wasn't gonna be able to save the Queen and princess, until he heard the sound of the Humvee horn. Sampson swiveled, locking eyes with Aisha, sitting in the driver seat. He saw the tears fall from Aisha eyes, as she visualize her long time guardian near death. Sampson mustered a light smile, and wink, knowing inside he was gonna miss the mischievous princess. The roaring of the Qamar, drew back his attention. His face instantaneously change to rage, as he turned back to Aisha, and told her to. "GO!"

Slowly rising to his feet, Sampson retrieved his weapon. Aisha watched, paralyzed, Sampson fiercely battled both Qamars. The second Qamar yep echo off the downtown building, when Sampson penetrated one sai into it shoulder. Killing a Qamar one one one one had already been a difficult task, but two is almost impossible.

Aisha covered her screams with her hand, when Sampson was struck by the patch eye werewolf, lifting him off his feet, and five yards away. The Qamar stood over Sampson shredded body to ensure that he was dead, for the second time. Sampson didn't react, when the Qamar knudged his body with it feet. Howling at the moon in victory, the Qamars, swiveled hearing the squealing tires of the Humvee. The patch eye Qamar and his partner gave chase. Aisha smashed through the amour truck, sending it to the city sidewalk. Glancing into her sideview mirror, Aisha been astounded how fast the werewolves were, as they quickly gain ground on the Hummer.

A few yards on the rear bumper, Aisha thought quickly, warning the women to hold on. Aisha smashed on the brakes, causing second Qamar to run full speed into the back of the tank, breaking its neck.
The one eye beast leaped over the Humvee, landing a good distant in front of Aisha. Saliva ran from its mouth, as it snarled, watching Aisha panic, trying to restart the Humvee, that stalled. The Qamar commence to creep its way closer, until he heard the thundering roar of the sixteen cylinders engine. Aisha slammed the tank into drive, smoking the tires. The Qamar and Aisha charged one another like a game of joist.
The hairy beast leaped in the air, landing on the roof of the battered tank. Aisha yelled, feeling the claws of the werewolf on her shoulder. She swerved the steering wheel, left and right, trying to throw the Qamar off. Holding on, the beast made every effort, swiping at Aisha. Ducking its razor claws, Aisha looked down at the floor, of the Hummer, when she felt something hit her feet. Blessed, Aisha reach for the stainless steel fourty four. Firing a shot through the roof, she heard the the Qamar yep, striking it in the forearm. Aisha fired several more shots, grazing him once in the neck.

Coming up on a intersection, Aisha made a hard left turn, tilting the Humvee on two wheels, throwing the beast off into a flower shop window. Aisha never took her foot off the gas peddle, until she reach the Genisis compound.
The one eye Qamar climbed out through the broken window, furious that he had fail again, holding his neck, staring at the rear lights of the Humvee fade away.
CHAPTER 15

Hud sat near the fireplace in his penthouse bedroom. His face cringed from the large gulp of his owned manufacture cognac. Hud been vehement by Sebastain and his Qamars failed attempt to capture Hamza wife and daughter. He knew now war had begun between the Shams and Jinns. He beefed up security around himself, and his brother and sister Stephanie. Tommorrow he would have to call a meeting with the Royals, and Imperials, and explain the cause for heavy security.

Finishing his drink, Hud walked over to the bar to pour himself another shot. Along with a case of worries, he was hoping the alcohol would give him some ideas, how to defeat Thompson and his harassas. Reaching for the bottle, Hud by passed pouring himself a drink, and turned up the whole bottle. Hud face cringed again from the burning sensation. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Hud thought about stepping out on the patio for some fresh air, but had second thoughts. Thompson could have snipers anywhere.

Making his way back to the lounge chair in front of the fireplace, his cellphone rung. Checking the caller ID, it read anonymous. Hud wasn't a fool, he knew who was calling him. Sighing heavily, he allowed his cell to ring a few more times before answering it.

"Hud speaking."

"Mr. Hud, I'm sure you know why I'm calling. so you prefer war instead of peace. When we talk last, I guess I didn't make myself clear, what will happen if any harm comes to Hamza family or any Shams. Well as the old saying goes. I can show you better than I can tell you."

Hud remained silent, trying to figure out Thompson next move. "Your Revolution guards are no match for my harassas. Call me, and tell me how much you like the package I sent. It should be there any minute." Thompson finishing the onesided conversation.

Hud glanced at his cellphone, before setting it on the bar. He decided to gulp down another shot, and figure out what the hell Thompson could be sending him. An idea ran across his mind, which cause him to chuckled lightly. "I know that son of a bitch is not hoping..."
Aisha laid in her lounge chair holding one of her stuff animal, her glued to the eyewitness news. Fourteen people were found dead in the downtown streets. Six were harasas. Aisha heard nothing about the finding of any werewolves. She assumed that they must have transformed back into their human form. Aisha been breathing for over three hundred years, and never heard or seen any beastly being like it.

She turned the volume up when Brenda Evans, the news reporter, spoke with Mr. Thompson, about why he think happen, and finding his employees dead at the downtown massacred. "Mr. Thompson, six of your employees were found dead this morning. What happen here you think?"

"I'm not sure. Sorting out what happen here last night is not my specialty. But I do know very well the men were murdered."

" Murdered!" the reporter interrupted. "What make you think they were murdered?"

"Common sense. They vehicles were destroyed. One by a wreaking ball. They other blown up. These men were part of a security team, making rounds. Checking on a few building and stores, The Shams corporation owns in the downtown area."

"Do you think robbery was the motive?"

"Possible. But they don't collect money."

"Would like to add anything else Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes. That my heart goes out to the families of those good men. Their sacrifice will not go unrecognize." Thompson sounding promising.

After Mr. Thompson interview, the news talked about the five days forecast, and how lovely the November nights are gonna be. There were no rain, snow, in the coming weeks.

Thompson had ordered the ranking members, and Hamza family to stay confine to the compound, in which Aisha had to cancel her plans to meet Meke and Lita, at the nightclub. Bumpers. Lita had plans to introduce Aisha to her lawyer friend, that been interested in her.

Aisha attention been drawn to the green light, blinking. And the beeping sounds over the patio window. The metal blinds commence to
recede, and the tinted window faded from black, into displaying the beautiful night skies. Aisha stepped out onto the balcony in her purple plaid pajamas. She inhaled the fresh night breeze, then survey the compound. She noticed that security had been increase. Able to leave the compound, Aisha figured she'll go for a ride on her favorite Arabian horse, Pegasus. But first, Aisha knew it was time to feed, feeling her veins restricting.

Exiting the elevator, Aisha begin to make her way to the kitchen, and also request the chef to prepare her something to eat. Pausing in her steps, she heard the ballet by Mariah Carey, Hero, coming from the library. There, she knew she would find her mother, singing along with artist, with her eyes closed, or starring up at the family portrait. Longing for the return of her husband.

Maryan smiled at her daughter, as she took a seat beside her. Martha a servant, came in, and ask if she could get anything for her.

"What's she drinking." Aisha pointed to her mother Bloody Mary. Both sat quiet for a moment, looking up at the portrait, listening to the rest of the song. Wishing for the return of the huge dark skinned man, that stood beside them. Aisha ask if her mother was doing okay, after what happen last night.

"Thanks to you, we're alive."
"I don't think we would be, if not for the sacrifice of Sampson, and the other harasas."

"How true." Maryan felt guilty, not acknowledging their sacrifice. "Still it was brave of you to jump out, and into the driver seat, to get us out of there. While the rest of us women screamed our lungs out." Maryan mustered up a light laugh.

"What the hell was those hairy things? I didn't know other supernatural exist outside us, and the Shams."

Maryan took a swallow of her feeding, before explaining what, and the reason, why things happen last night. "We are not the only species that exist along mankind. There are another sect of vampires called Jinns. Created by the first three Khalefas, to be servants. The Jinns were divided into two classes. The Monarchs. The managers
maintainers of the Khalefas affairs. And there were the Scants. The slaves of both the Khalefas and Monarchs. Because of their cruel mistreatment, the Scants stage an uprising, defeating the Monarchs, and storming the castle in the daylight hours, to kill the Khalefas. But somehow, the Khalefas manage to escape, by a secret tunnel.
The werewolves looking monsters you seen last night are called Qa-mars. A beast the Jinns created to protect them, and sniff out and kill Khalefas."

"How do you know all this?" Aisha surprised.
"Youe father killed one a few centuries ago. Just before you were conceived." Maryan informed. Martha brought in Aisha drink, then ask again if she could assist them in anything else. Maryan relayed a massage to the chef that her and Aisha would be ready to eat in a few minutes. Maryan waited for Martha to leave the room, before continueing. "I didn't know any more exist, until seventy five years ago, when Mr. Thompson killed two in Washington."
Maryan finished her drink, placing the flute glass on the sculpture end table. She look intently at Aisha devour half of her drink.
"Thirsty." she commented.
"A little." Aisha wiped a drop of blood from the side of her mouth, with her index finger, then suck it. "I felt like my veins were restricting a bit."
Maryan stood to her feet to stir the fire in the fireplace. "That's why your father traveled the world before his dormancy, to find the best fighters to protect us, in his absent."
"What would you think will happen, when father return?" Aisha voice express concern. Maryan turned around and leaned against the fireplace mantel, considering Hamza action. She answered her with three words.
"Kill them all."
Mr. Thompson walked through the harasas training facility, with Shaolin Master Zing Jing, and Master Sukudo. Both men dressed in their traditional garbs. Thompson came to view the new harasa prospect to be the guardian of the Queen and princess. While walking to the fighting arena, Master Sukudo informed Thompson about the fighter, who skills were incredible. double above our best harasas. Master Jing paused in his steps. "Even a better warrior than the Elites, I must admit." his face looked solemn.

"He runs faster. Jump higher, and mastered all the skills." Master Sukudo noted.

"Really?" Thompson surprised. "How long have he been here?"
"Six years. Showed up one day grieved and distraught. No one knows why. He only speak when spoken to, except to one of the harasa he befriend. Terry Walker."

Thompson and the two masters: enter the fighting arena, and sat in the stands along with the rest of the Masters. Standing in the middle of the arena, a five ten, brown skinned bald man, with a trimmed mustash and beard. He wore nothing but the white pants of his karate suit. His bulky upper body was well portportion, and stomach flat. Exposing little niches of a six pack. His wide back exhibited a portrait of a tiger walking through waters, and the mountains behind it. With the glow of the moon, in the upper left corner. Planted next in the ground next to him, a wooden sword. Also on each side stood three harasas, holding different kind of weapons. He bowed in respect to the masters, in which they returned the same respect. Master Jing shouted in his native tongue, commanding them to fight.

Swiftly the six harasas surround the main attraction. The bald man never move, except with his eyes. Speedily, two harasas rushed him. One with a sword, the other with a six foot pole. The bald man quickly kick the sworman in the chest, lifting him off his feet. He pulled his wooden weapon from the soil, lifting it over his head, and blocking the downward blow. He donkey kick the harasa with the pole, sending him crashing into charging harasas.

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Two more harasas pursued the bald man, whom seemed to corner himself. With the intent to strike him from behind, the bearded fighter, ran up the wall, turning a flip over them. Battling fiercely with the two harasas, from his peripheral vision he spotted a third harasa, and ducked the blow, by his three stick nun-chucks. The mystery fighter swiped kick the harasa, sending him in the air. Mr. Thompson jerked in his seat, in amazement, when he roundhouse, knocking out the other two fighters, then kicking the other fighter into the wall before he landed on the ground.

The last three harasas simultaneously attack, in which he springed clean over them, stricking one in the head. With two left, Thompson watched impressed, as the prospect fighter moved effortless, never being touch by the other harasas. Knocking out the last two fighters, with the blow of his weapon, the prospect toss his weapon to the side, challenging the swordman.

Maneuvering every swing by the harasas, the prospect slid to the fighter right, of his thrust of the sword, catching his wrist. The fighter yepped was heard in the stands, as he dropped his weapon, standing on his toes like a ballerina. The lock and twist on the harasa wrist, been so excruciating, that he only could plead to be release.

A command was given by Master Jing to cease, which the prospect immediately obeyed. The rest of the harasas struggled to their feet, forming a line behind him. The bald man bowed to the Masters, and Mr. Thompson stood to his feet, returning the same respect.

"What's his name?" Thompson asked, never taking his eyes off him. "Mykaya." Master Sukudo answered.
"Does he have a last name?" Thompson glanced down at him.
"We don't know. Mykaya is the only name he given us."

Thompson turned his attention back to the superior fighter, who didn't show any signs of exhaustion. Thompson made a mental note to himself, to do a background check. And find out more about the man that displayed incredible fighting skills.

Now at the moment, nothing matter except finding the best harasa to protect the Queen and Princess.
"Master Jing, tell Mykaya he’s assigned now to protect the Queen and Princess. Also bring his friend Terry Walker with him to help.

Thompson satisfied with finding a new harasa for the Queen and princess, he lifted the confinement to the compound. Aisha been ecstatic to get some space from her mother, whom been blasting love ballets everynight. She wanted to hit the club with her girlfriends, but Meke went to Las Vegas with Taz. Aisha been alittle shock how Meke was committed to Taz, ever since they met at ButtNaked. The hundred and fifty years she known Meke, it was always a one night stand, with the men she met. Aisha pondered about the anul sex thing, and wondered if it's that good.

Lita moved back in with her boyfriend, Kevin, whom also propose to her. Lita wasn't able to join Aisha tonight either, on the town, because Kevin had plan a night of role playing. Bad Student. Lita described to Aisha the outfit she purchase to play the naughty student. Aisha rolled her eyes in laughter, and was happy for her friend relationship working out well.

Dressed in all black, including a leather jacket, Mykaya waited for the princess outside next to the new amour Escalade. Mykaya only laid eyes on the princess twice in passing. After tugging on his light jacket, Aisha exit the mansion, dressed in red printed Louis Vuitton mini skirt, and matching high leather boots. her hair style in a bun. Aisha strolled down the mansion walkway with authority. She interrupted the rythum of her stride, when she spotted the sort of short harasa. Stopping to examining her new guardian, Aisha removed her Louis Vuitton big face shades.

"And who are you?" she asked rudely.
"Mykaya, your new harasa."
"Odd name. You rather short to be a protector over anyone. Especially me."
"Have no fear my princess, you been assigned the best to protect you."
"Hmmmm." Aisha raised an eyebrow. She focus her attention to the silver locket that hung on a silver chain. She attempt to reach for
it. Faster then a blink of an eye, Mykaya grabbed Aisha wrist, applying enough pressure for her to yep in pain.

"Please never touch the locket." Mykaya requested harshly
"OKAY! ALRIGHT! Please let me go, your hurting me." Aisha pleaded in anguish.

"Thank you." he replied sincerely, releasing her.
Aisha grabbed her wrist, trying to massage the pain away. She stared angrily at Mykaya for a moment, then down at the locket.
"What the hell is so secretive about that locket. Is it your cocaine stash! You bet not be on no drugs." she scowled. "Or I'll report you to Mr. Thompson."

Mykaya avoided her question, and ask politely for Aisha to climb inside the Escalade, to take her safely to hee destination. Aisha eyed her new bodyguard with resent. Mykaya gestured to the SUV, showing her a half smile. "Please." he repeated.

"Will see if you're the best." she commented under her breath, before getting inside.

Aisha been abit befuddled when Mykaya didn't accompany her in the back seat, and sitting up front with the driver. Sampson always sat in rear beside her. "Why are you sitting in the front seat? Don't you suppose to be in the back with me? My last harasa, Samp-son always did."

"It's not neccessary in this vehicle." he answered, looking at her in the rearview mirror.

Suddenly Aisha jolted back in her seat, when the driver turned around, Terry, exposing his buckteeth grill, and asking for their destination. "DAM! you need a dentist." Aisha verbally insulted him.
Terry folded his mouth over his teeth to conceal them. "Where to please?" he mumbled.

"Club SpotLight."
CHAPTER 18

Terry pulled the extended Escalade up to the VIP parking barricade, and flashed his high beams. A attended appear and removed it, for them to enter. Mykaya jumped out to speak with the bouncer at the door, then rushed back to open the door for Aisha. At the club entrance, a huge bouncer embrace Aisha, who was a regular at the club, and a friend of Sampson.

Rihanna new song, Diamond exploded through the speakers. Aisha body automatic begin to swat to the music. She embraced others she known comers to the club. Aisha glanced back, upset, to find Mykaya inches behind. "Is it nececesary for you to be breathing down my neck?"

"It's my duty to watch over you." Mykaya replied seriously. "Okay, watch me from the bar." Aisha pointed. "You cramping my groove."

Mykaya studied the princess for a second. Mr. Thompson informed him that the princess could be a nuisance at time. "But stay firm, and she'll comply." Mykaya flashed a smile. "I'll be at the bar watching." he said.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. Get yourself a drink, on me, and chill."

"I don't drink."

"Okay, then drown yourself with a club soda." she retorted.

Mykaya gave her a sarcastic grinned, and turned, to head to the bar. Aisha stop him, calling his name. "Here, hold my purse." she thrust it in his chest. Mykaya stood still watching Aisha, as she blended in with the crowd.

Standing unconcious holding Aisha Louis Vuitton purse, two beautiful women giggled at him, informing that they like his purse. Mykaya studied the purse in his hand and frowned. He quickly tuck the purse under his arm, and made his way over to the bar. He ordered himself a Gingerale. Turning back around to find the whereabout of Aisha, he had lost her in the crowd, then a moment later, spotted her speaking to a huge gentleman with a mohawk.

Drinking his Gingerale, he saw Aisha point in his direction, while the big man look intensely at him. Mykaya followed the man with his eyes, approaching two more his size. Whatever was being said, the

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two men nodded their head in agreement. Mykaya figured the men to be the club bouncers. Taking another swallow of his drink, he watched the men come his way. "Can I help you gentlemen with something?" he placed his glass on the bar counter.

"Yeah, the lady over there." the mohawk man gestured back to Aisha with his thumb. "Said you took her purse."

Mykaya peeped around the big man, noticing Aisha waving and laughing. Mykaya looked down at the purse still tucked under his arm.

"Not true. She gave it to me." he replied calmly.

"I don't give a shit if she gave to you as a coming out party. I want the purse back!"

"Why? Are you coming out?" Mykaya grinned. "Tell the indian girl to come get it herself."

"No, hand it to me you fucker!"

"Sorry, I can't do that." Mykaya grabbed his drink and finished it. Peeping over the shoulders of the big man again, Mykaya spotted Aisha leaving the club. Standing to his feet, Mykaya apologize that he couldn't stay longer to converse and more, about who looks better with the purse. Trying to make his way around the mohawk mammoth, Mykaya was shoved backwards into his seat, by him. Maintaining his composer, and expression that he didn't want any trouble.

"Well if you don't want any trouble, then hand over the purse." the bouncer demanded, reaching for it. With lighting speed, Mykaya grasped his wrist, twisting it in a awkward position, making the huge man stand on his toes, squealing in agony.

Outside, Aisha ran to the Escalade jumping into the back seat. She shouted for Terry to drive off, lying to him that they were shooting inside the club. Terry observed the entrance of the club, and saw no commotion coming out.

"If someone is shooting inside, where's the stampede?"

"How in the fuck I know. Maybe everyone ran out the back."

"Where's Mykaya ?"

"Inside! Last time I saw him, trying to be a hero, and disarm the crazy man."

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Terry kept his eyes on the door, waiting for Mykaya to come out.

"I think we should wait for Mykaya."

"NO! We should get the fuck out of here! Do you want me to tell Mr. Thompson that you put me in a dangerous situation."

Terry sighed heavily, pondering about the ugly predicament. He glanced a long second at the club entrance, before turning the ignition.

Mykaya still had his wrist lock on the mohawk bouncer, leading him towards the exit. Spectators open a way through, laughing in amazement, how the big man balanced himself on his toes. The other bouncers stood paralyzed, not knowing what to do, until the mohawk man screamed. "GET THIS MUTHAFUCKER!"

Bouncer number one charged, in which Mykaya sent him flying backwards with a front kick, into the crowd. He never release the wrist of the mohawk man. Maneuvering around bouncer two, wild swings and punches, he used the mohawk bouncer as a shield, causing bouncer number two to strike the mohawk man square center in the nose, knocking him to the floor. Cursing in pain on the floor, the mohawk man drew back his hands from his nose and saw blood.

Bouncer number two caught Mykaya leg, as he tried to strike him in the side. The simpered, waving a finger at him. Mykaya jumped off his planted foot, kicking him in the chin. The bouncer release his leg, stumbling backwards. After regaining his balance, bouncer number one stood by his side. Doing a quick expection on one another, they both charged. Mykaya leaped in the air over them. The two men looked at each other in shock, wondering how he did that.

The mohawk man now to his feet, joined his brothers. He suggested that they circle him, and attack simultaneously at different angles. The crowd gasped watching Mykaya dominate the herculean men. He struck the mohawk man with a sidekick to the knee, bringing him down to both. Before he could finish him off, he side-stepped bouncer number one blow from the back of the head, and roundhouse kick him in the face. Bouncer number three, grabbed Mykaya in a bear hug, from behind, trying to crush his ribs. Banging the back of head with his nose, the bouncer released Mykaya, who jumped up and back kick him.
over the bar.
Mykaya turned to see the mohawk man make to his feet, with a furious look on his face. He roared as he charged Mykaya. He teased the big man, blocking and maneuvering his missed swings. Mykaya slapped him in the face, drawing laughter from the crowd. A sinister look appeared on his face, before he tried to hit Mykaya with a straight punch. Catching his wrist for the second time, Mykaya sent the mohawk man back on his toes. The big man tried to muster enough strength and hit him, but Mykaya applied more pressure, making his yeped above the music. Mykaya silent his cries with a backfist to the nose again.
Mykaya observed the three bouncers sprawled out on the floor in agony. He picked up Aisha purse, and straighten out his jacket. Rushing out the club to find Aisha, reaching the parking lot, he didn't see the princess or the Escalade. He figure they couldn't have drove to far away, and glanced up at the roof of the club. He knew it been to high for him to make. Searching the parking lot, he spotted a Navigator, parked close to the building. Running full speed towards the SUV, Mykaya leaped on the roof, springing off, to catch the ledge of the building roof. Pulling himself up, Mykaya circled the roof top trying to locate the Escalade. Finding it five blocks away, he leaped off the roof, running at maxs speed to catch them.
Stopping at another redlight, Terry reminded Aisha that he wasn't comfortable leaving Mykaya at the club. "Don't worry about him, he'll be fine. Everyone claims he's the best. Your job is to ensure my safety." she reminded him.
Terry sighed, thinking, and not feeling right. "I have to go back to see if he's okay."
Aisha started to protest, until both been startled by a knock on the passenger window. Terry displayed his Adam family grin, unlocking the door.
"Shit man, I was just going to turn around, and see if you were okay. The princess said that some fool was in the club shooting, and you was trying to disarm him."
"Ohh. Is that what she told you?" Mykaya looking at the Aisha with a stern expression in the rearview mirror. "You left your purse." he tossed it in her lap, and seeing her stunned feature. Aisha lock eyes with him in the mirror. Mykaya mouth widen, seeing the princess face change to resentment.

CHAPTER 19

The next night Aisha decided to stay put on the compound. She didn't want to deal with her new harasa, Mykaya. He was to arrogance, cocky, and he needed to think of a way to embarrass him. Calling a friend that been at the club, she was told how Mykaya humiliated the bouncers, which increased Aisha raged for him. Like everynight, Aisha stepped out on the balcony to inhale the December breeze. She loved the irregular weather in Houston, and felt tonight was a fine night to go for a ride. Aisha put on her Rocky Mountain jeans, and red Roper boots, and made her way to the stables. When she enter the stable, she found Mykaya inside on his knees. Aisha didn't know if he was praying or meditating. She thought at first to disturb him, then quickly thought against it. Ducking behind some haystacks, when Mykaya lifted his head. Aisha watched him open the silver locket, and stare at it for a moment. She was hoping that he would abstract some white powder and snort it. So she could run and tell Mr. Thompson. Instead, she witness him kissing it. Now Aisha wanted to know badly what was inside the locket. Jumping to his feet, Mykaya beginnend to move flawless, praticing his martial arts skills. Mykaya kick, punched, and swayed, as if the earth had been his orchestra. He started turning back flips, snatchng his sword in the process, plunged in the soil. All the horses in the stable eyes were on him, cutting the air into large and small pieces, with effortless motion. Aisha eyes followed him running across the stable, and springing off a bale of hay, landing on the second level rails. He closed his eyes, balancing himself, continueing striking the air with

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kicks and chomps.

Suddenly Aisha felled back on her rear, startled by a chinese star, that implanted into a bale of hay, she hid behind. Before hse could regain her composer, Mykaya stood before her with a extended hand. Aisha knock it away, getting to her feet, commenting that he could have killed her.

"It's not nice to spy on people." he replied.
"I wasn't spying on you. I came to ride my favorite horse, Pegasus."
she retorted, dusting herself off.

"Do you need any assistance, saddling your horse?" Mykaya politely asked.

"NO! I been riding horses before you were born. Now get out of my way." Aisha scrowled, pushing Mykaya to the side. He swiveled around watching Aisha walk to a stall, and commanding a beautiful Arabian horse to come out. Placing the halter on him, she lead the horse to the saddle area. Aisha climbed on the back of the hundred thousand stud. She patted the strong neck of the horse, talking to it. She looked over at Mykaya, whom still been watching her, and frowned. Aisha yelled, kicking the horse side, and speeding off.

Aisha rode out to Perch pond. One of the five water hole on the ranch. A smile soften her feature, hearing a tiny splash of a perch jumping out the water. The cresant moon ans stars, reflected off the murky waters. Aisha hopped off Pegasus, and stood next to the three arces size waterhole. She kneeled down and stir her hand in the cool water. The coolness of the water sent a shivering sensation through her body, feeling it between her legs. Aisha closed her green eyes, from the unexpected thrill.

Walking back over to Pegasus, she opened up the saddle bag, and removed a small blanket, spreading it out. After, she took off her boots, and slipped out of her jeans. Standing in her white thong, and button down blue jean shirt, Aisha unbutton it, before lying down on her back.

Facing the waters and the moonlight, she placed her hand inside her panty. Rubbing slowly on her click, with her finger, Aisha applied more pressure, fasting the pace. The wild became silent as if it

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seem to be listening to her moans of pleasure. Aisha body and hand found a rhythm to curse out in ecstasy, as she creamed inside her satin panty.

Aisha removed her thong, washing them and herself in the pond. Putting back on her jeans, and buttoning up her shirt, she stuck her thong in the saddle bag, along with the blanket, then climbed on the back of Pegasus. Walking the Arabian stud back to the stables, Pegasus been startled by the rattling sounds of a rattlesnake, causing him to rear up on its hind legs, and throwing Aisha off. Aisha screamed, landing hard, knocking the breath out of her. Shelaid still for a long moment, until she regained her breath.

Sitting up finally, she realize Pegasus had run off. Calling out his name, Aisha hoped that he would return. Dark, Aisha didn't hear the galloping sounds of Pegasus, and knew that he had ran back to the stables. Hoisting herself to her feet, after taking a step, Aisha crashed back to the surface. She reached for her aching ankle, and felt the swelling. Aisha began to worry. looking up at the moonlight, knowing that the sun would be rising soon. And know one knew where she was.

Aisha fears worsen, when she heard the rattling sounds of the snake. She tried again to get to her feet, but stumbled back to the ground. Frighten by the sounds of the rattlesnake, Aisha search for it, unable to find it in the dark. Crawling back to the compound, had been in the direct path of the snake. Aisha screamed been lodged in her throat, witnessing the snake lounging at her, with its mouth wide opened, and fangs bright. Her finally dislodged, when she saw the rattlesnake head separate from its body. Aisha stared in horror, watching the snake headless body go into convulsion, until it became lifeless.

Aisha turned her attention to the sounds of footsteps in the distant. Emerging from the darkness, Mykaya. Aisha sighed deeply in relief. Mykaya squatted next to her, asking if she was okay.

"I'm fine. I think I sprang my ankle badly. I can feel it swelling up." she rubbed it.

Mykaya examining her ankle, feeling the swelling, then made sure
it wasn't broken. Aisha asked where did he come from, as she grimace in pain, turning her foot to the left and right. Mykaya did not answer her question. "OUCH SHIT! that hurt."

"It's not broken." he told her.
"Thanks for the late diagnosis." she frowned at him. "You didn't answer my question."

"And what question was that?" Mykaya stood to his feet.
"Where did you come from ?"
"From the compound. I was out walking."

Aisha didn't believe him, and became furious, wondering how long Mykaya been watching her from a distant, like a pervert. She made a note to tell Mr. Thompson, that he assigned a perturb harasa. Mykaya glanced up at the quarter portion of the moon, knowing that day-light was soon. There was no time to run back to the compound and get a vehicle, to come back and pick up the princess. "We need to hurry back to the mansion." he attented his hand to her for the second time tonight.

"I don't need your help!" Aisha rejected, wrestling to her feet. After taking two steps, she crumbled in agony back to the ground, cursing. Mykaya knew that time was of the essence, if he wanted to save the princess, from the morning sun. He walked over to Aisha and scooped her up in his arms. Aisha shouted at him. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to save your life."

Aisha began to demand for him to put her down, pounding on his chest and arms. "Behave And Shut The Fuck Up!" Mykaya yelled, losing his cool. "You drawing my strengh everytime you open your mouth." he said harshly.

Aisha mouth ajarred, appalled the way Mykaya had spoken to her. "You can't speak to me like that. I'M THE PRINCESS! THE DAUGHTER OF HAM-ZA!! Wait until I tell Mr. Thompson. He's Gonna Fire Your Ass!
You be on car wash duty. You be flipping burgers at Burger Kings."

"Good, because this job doesn't pay enough for baby sitting a un-appreciated spoil brat."
"What!" Aisha blood boil hot from his remark. "Wait until my fa-
ther return. He's gonna rip your head off."

Mykaya stared down irritated at the princess, keeping his composure
and focus in getting her back to the mansion before sunrise.
"Yeah, that's right, I'm gonna tell him to rip your head off, so
I can kick it around like a soccer ball."
"You want ever see your father again, if I can't get you back be-
fore the sunrise." Mykaya stopping in his tracks, and tossing Aisha
over his shoulders. Aisha shriek, from the smack on her ass, by him.

"OH! YOU FUCKED UP, PUTTING YOUR HANDS ON ME, I'M THE PRINCESS! You
Will Be Jail For This, When I Report You To Mr. Thompson."
Aisha shrieked louder, as Mykaya whopped her harder on the rear.
"Shut Up, or I'll hit you again harder. I told you everytime you
open your mouth, draws my strength."

Infuriated, Aisha held her tongue, waiting for the pain of her
rear to subside.
Aisha changed her mind about telling Mr. Thompson that Mykaya had smacked her on her ass, twice. Though she hated it, Aisha had to be truthful, and realize Mykaya was the reason why she been able to see the next moonlight.

Meke and Lita had come to the mansion to check on Aisha injury. She sat on the loveseat in her bedroom, telling the story how Pegasus been spooked by a rattlesnake, and rared back, throwing her off.

"I twisted my ankle badly from the fall." she rubbed it.
"You said something about almost being biten by the snake." Lita reminded.

"Yeah. Pegasus ran back to the stables, and it was dark, and I couldn't see shit. When I realize I couldn't walk on my swollen ankle, I begin to crawl. But right in the path of the snake. All I could see then was its open mouth, and sharp fangs, about to strike me in the face. Then before I could scream or blink my eyes, his head detach from his body."

"How in the hell that happen?" Meke wondered.
"Mykaya took its head off with a spocket star."
"Who's Mykaya?" Meke again.
"My new harasa." Aisha frowned.

"The one that beat up the bouncers at Club Spotlight?"
Aisha nodded her head yes, and decided not to tell her girls, that it was her that set that in motion.

"Yeah, I heard my father mention his name at work. He said he's the best fighter that he and the Elites have ever seen." Lita spoke, sitting beside Aisha, and continueing. "But what's up with the unhappy expression?"
"I don't like him." she answered.
"Why? is he ugly?" Meke inquired.
"Not exactly. A little short for a harasa."
"What! that's the reason, because he's short?" Meke remarked.

"No, he just seem so fucking arrogant. He called me a spoil unappreciated brat. AND SMACK ME ON THE ASS. TWICE!" Aisha holding up two fingers. Meke and Lita laughed at Aisha gripe about her new
Nárasa.
She explained that Mykaya had lifted her in his arms, and begin carrying her back to the compound. Not wanted to be touch by him, and started cursing and punching him. "He told me to shut the fuck up, that I was drawing his strength. Then threw me over his shoulder, and hit me on my ass. Hard!"

Lita and Meke continued laughing at Aisha. "You are a unappreciated brat." Lita agreed.
"No I'm not." Aisha retorted.
"Yes you are. Hell we all are." Lita gestured to the three of them.
"Because we're rich. Sometime being rich, comes with being ungrateful, spoil, and bossy. Its part of the package."
"You didn't like Sampson. You come to like this Mykaya, just like you did Sampson." Meke noted.
"Never." Aisha refused, leaning over to grabbed her cellphone. She saw on the caller ID that it was her mother. "Yes mother."
"Honey I'm leaving now. Do you need anything while I'm out?"
"No mother, I'm fine."
"Well then, I'll be back as soon as possible. For sure before the sunrise." Maryan added some humor.
"For sure." Aisha forced a laughed, ending their call.
"Where's your mother off too tonight?" Meke asked.
"To the toy stores, and coat outlets. You know every year she make sure that children who are foster care, and shelters have a nice Christmas. And all the homeless people on the streets have new coats to stay warm."
"That's thoughtful." Lita commented.
"Yeah, not all rich people are spoiled and ungrateful." Aisha smiled at her girls. Raising her swollen ankle over Lita head. "If you want to see Mykaya, come." she stood to her feet.

Lita and Meke followed Aisha as she limped to the window. Pulling back on the velvet curtains, Mykaya stood erect next to the Humvee, in his signature black clothing and leather jacket. He bowed his head to the Queen in respect, then open her door. Aisha became upset, remembering that Mykaya didn't show her that sort of respect.
the first night.

Mykaya had sense something, and swiveled to find Aisha and the others watching him. "He might be short for a harasa, he is cute and fine." Meke observed. "He can smack me on my ass hard, anytime.

Mykaya flashed a light grin, that raised the level of Aisha blood. Closing the curtains, she needed to find a way to embarrass his arrogant ego.

Hud stood on the sandy shores on the island of Lapedusa, watching the sun rise off the ocean. He was there to bury his brother and his family, in the Royal cemetery, at the castle. He thought back to the last conversation that he had with his brother Seth, to drop the vengeance with the Khalefas, and enjoy life and the wealth that they were granted. Now he constantly blame himself for getting his brother and his family killed, for his failed attempt on Hamza family.

He had increased the security with a small army, for his younger sister, Stephanie, and her family. It was no way possible to call a truce, with Hamza and the Shams servants. Hud summon all of his scientist to the island, and ordered them not to leave until they find a way to enhance the Qamars.

Hud sat in the sand soaking in the warmth of the sunrise, and watch it rise to its throne of glory. He reached in his pocket, pulling out his wallet. A tear fell, looking at his brother Seth, and his family. Hud knew now that boundaries were no more, after Thompson murdered his small nephew and niece.

Alone on the beach, the harmony of the ocean waves, settled down his emotion, abling him to think and calculate his next move of attack on Thompson and his warriors. Suddenly goosebumps covered his body, by the electrical touch of his girlfriend Rose. Hud turned his head to see her comfort smile. Her blue eyes matched the color of the sky. Rose brunette hair blew with the shore wind. Hud returned the warm smile, grasping her hand, that been on his shoulder. Hud remembered again what his brother told him, about having a baby with his beautiful girlfriend, and continueing the Machacek
dynasty.
He turned his eyes back to the coming waves, and sighed heavily. Rose kneeled behind him, and began to massage his neck. She smoothly pulled over his Izod shirt over his head, to plant more kisses on his back. Stopping, Rose crawled in front of him, thrusting her tongue in his mouth. Momentarily, Hud forgotten about his vengeance, and the rest of the world, connecting with Rose passionate kisses. She stood to her feet, which the splendor of the sun background multiplied her beauty. Hud displayed no emotion, when she removed her beige shorts, and white halter top. Rose long hair now blew forward over her shoulders. Her pink nipples were hard, from the cool breeze. Hud eyes moved slowly down her slim body, to her trimmed pubic hairs. He smiled, seeing a ship in the distant between her legs.
Rose returned to her knees, and remove his pants. She glanced up at Hud, with a devilish grin, stroking his penis. Hud body tense, watching her insert his manhood in her mouth. He grunted in pleasure, watching her head move up and down. Before he could explode, Hud stop her, laying Rose on the sand, and climbing on top. She gasped softly, when he excavated her wetness.
Both laid naked under the warm sun, Rose head on his chest. Hud whispered that he loved her more than he sometime shows. His words brought a glamour smile. Rose never glance up at him, running her fingers up and down his rip abs. "I understand your position, and your quest to fulfill your forefather conquest. I'm patience. And I love you too."
Hud kiss her on top of the forehead, and fingered through her silky hair. Before he could reply back to her statement, his cellphone rang. He sigh, debating to answer it. After the third ring, Rose gazed up at him with a smile, requesting him to answer it.
"Like I said, I'm patience."
Retrieving his cellphone out his pocket, Hud recognized the number on the caller ID. The lab. "Hud speaking."
Listening, Hud asked or said nothing, as a smile brighter than the sun appeared on his face. "I'm on my way." been the only words, un-
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til he been drawn to Rose sky blue eyes, changing his mind. "Give me an hour." then hanging up, and rolling over on top of Rose.

CHAPTER 21

Mykaya held in his laughter, when Aisha exited the mansion. She been dress in a fuju color leather jumper. Her name been printed on her sleeves, and black calf high boots. The way Aisha was dress was't the reason Mykaya been holding in his laughter. It was the seriousness in her face, and limp in her walk. She asked if he could ride motorcycle. Telling her her that he have rode one a few time, Mykaya saw the sinister look on her face, seeing her opportunity to embarrass him.

"Hope you can keep up." Aisha limped passed him, again showing that wicked grin. She made her way to her costum matching 1199 Panigale R. streetbike, created by Ducatti. Aisha added over $15 thousand in Ohlins technology, and performance.

Titanium pistons rods, and carbon fibre bodywork. Aisha never lost a street race on her two wheel machine. Like the burn she felt on her rear, from Mykaya's smack, tonight she wanted his nose to burn with the smell of her rubber. She took a glance over a Mykaya Suzuki 1300 hyberbooster. Aisha scoffed, and lightly giggled, grabbing her helmet. "Your gonna need more power than that hyberbooster, Mr, Perfect, to keep up." she told, climbing over her bike.

"Its fast enough." he smiled, putting on his helmet. He gave out signals to Terry on the other harasas that would be following them, before slamming down the shield.

Aisha pressed the ignition button, to fire up her bike. Hitting the throttle, to let the Vances pipes roar. Mykaya did the same. Aisha looked back him, to give Mykaya a final laugh, before slamming down her sheild. Exiting the gated of the compound, Aisha stood the bike on one wheel, riding it for a quarter of a mile. Mykaya chuckled, watching the princess showoff. When the front wheel finally touch the concrete, she exploded forward. Mykaya down shifted a gear, hitt-
ting throttle to give chase.

Off the highway, Aisha hopped on 45 freeway, heading south. The metropolitan city been awake on the weekend night, with congestion. Aisha rode wreakless, weaving around and between vehicles. Mykaya shook his head at the princess foolishness. He knew personally, and from experience, that these two wheel machine demanded respect. If not given, it would take it. Most of the time, taking the rider life.

Mykaya check his sidemirrors finding Terry and the other harasas nowhere in sight. Turning his sights back to the princess, Mykaya stomach tighten with fear, as Aisha tried to pass between cars, almost being side swipe, into a concrete barrier, by a four by four truck, that didn't see her, switching lane.

Mykaya sped up to her, warning Aisha to stop riding careless before she kills herself. Adhering not to Mykaya words, Aisha flipped him the finger, and down shifted a gear, lifting her Ducatti on one wheel, speeding off. Mykaya eyes narrowed, displeased, looking at Aisha place distant between.

A smile appeared on Aisha face, when she couldn't find Mykaya headlights in her sideview mirrors. Coming upon a eighteen wheeler, Aisha turned off her lights, sliding under the trailer, in the slow lane. She wanted Mykaya to fly by her, and then sneak up from behind, confusing him. Cruising under the diesel trailer, in the far right lane, Aisha check her left mirror. She begin wondered what was taking Mykaya so long to catch up. Suddenly her attention been drawned to the sound of a horn, on her rear right. Looking into her right view mirror, she saw Mykaya flipp on his lights, beeping his horn again. He been following Aisha a half a mile on the freeway shoulder.

Enrage with anger, Aisha flipped on her her headlights, maneuvering from under the trailer, throttling her fourty thousand bike to its maximum speed.

The scene around Aisha became blur, as she leaned forward on the tank. She peeped in both mirrors finding Mykaya coming up fast on right. He blew his horn, riding beside Aisha. Aisha was irritated,
that Mykaya been able to keep up. She grabbed the clutch, and the
bike roar, as she down shifted one gear, then back up, searching for
power. Moving only a car link ahead, Mykaya repeated the same pro-
cess for power, then flipping a switch with his thumb, flying past
Aisha, waving bye. Aisha pounded her fist on her gas tank, watching
intensely, Mykaya tail light fade away.

Aisha spotted Mykaya bike parked along the Galveston seawall. He
was no where in sight, as she parked her Ducatti behind his. Taking
off her helmet, she found him down on the beach, tossing seashell
into the gulf. Aisha perfume alerted Mykaya that she been standing
behind him. "What took you so long." he smiled, never looking back
at her, continueing tossing seashell in the murky waters.

"Funny." she faked a laugh. "I see that you also a comedian too." Aisha
retorted, placing her hands on her hips. "The only reason
that you beat me, because my fuel filter somehow gotten clog. That's
what took so long." she lied, shifting her weight to the left.

"Okay, if you say so." he accepted Aisha non-chalant lied, throw-
ing another seashell into the coming waves. Mykaya turned around
to face her. He flashed Aisha a conniving smile. Aisha wanted to
rip his head off, seeing the agitated smirk on his face.

"You didn't tell me that you had some enhancement work done on
your bike."

"I don't." he lied.

"BULLSH!" she scrowled. "I have over fifteen thousand dollars in-
vested in my Ducatti. I never lost to a factory bike."

"Maybe its not the bike, but the rider."

"And what the hell that suppose to mean?" she step closer to him.

"Nothing." Mykaya hunched his shoulders. "I guess you didn't know
I was a two time European champion." he revealed, flashing all
thirty two teeth. Mykaya saw the flames in Aisha eyes. She was dumb-
found, lost for words, by the revelation.

"I hate you." been all she could say.
Mykaya chuckled lightly at the princess feeling towards him. "Hat-
ing people is not healthy, you know?"

"Not only if you hate one person."
Mykaya laughed again at Aisha remark. he pick up some more seashell and tossed the in the water. "It's funny how someone can hate a person that's willing to lose their life, to keep another one alive and safe."

Mykaya comment made Aisha feel deeply ashamed, and speechless. Lita words flooded her mind, and that Mykaya been correct, that she was a spoil and unappreciated brat. She watched for a moment Mykaya throw seashells. Sampson was like a big brother to her, than a bodyguard. Giving advise, scolding her when she behave careless. She thought back how Sampson gave his life for her and her mother. But her attraction to Mykaya was different. Irregular. Aisha could not figure out why this man, whom been willing to trade in his life for her, bother her so much. Who is he, and where did he come from. She wanted to know. "Who are you?"

Mykaya ceased in his throwing motion, rotating back to Aisha, tilting his head. Not clear on what she meant by the question. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, what I just asked. Who are you?" asking again earnestly. "No one special. Just a guardian assigned to protect you."

"There's something more to you, then just being my guardian. Where did you come from?"

Aisha recognized Mykaya shifting his body weight, by the vague question. "Where did you live? Do you have a family?"

Mykaya kneeled to collect some more seashells. "Well I lived in France at one time, racing for a living. Until I had to quit the circuit, because you can't race for five hundred years. So I packed up and moved here to the States."

"No family? No mother or father?"

"No." Mykaya answered, then face back towards the gulf. "No, everyone I loved is dead." he said, and commence to throwing seashells.

"Your the most mysterious Sham, I ever met. The Elites tells me that you are the best fighter, swordman, they ever seen. You jump higher, run faster, even better than them. Also you're a champion motorcycle racer"

Mykaya glanced over at Aisha, who now stood beside him. Aisha stared
At the locket hanging from his chest, for a second, then at him.

"Is there anything you can't do?"

Mykaya paused, staring out into the darkness of the gulf waters. He sighed heavily, dropping the rest of the shells in his hands. Aisha notices the grave feature in his face and eyes. "Yeah." he said, if all the fight in him had gone. "Turn back time." he answered, walking away.

Aisha watched him depart from her in grief. She couldn't comprehend why he needed to turn back the hand of time. her emotion now even more distorted, by the obscured man in black. Aisha wanted to let him know, that she had call a truce, and promise not to give him anymore hard time. Her heart and mind were sending her signals, wanting to rid Mykaya of his grief. To console him.

Abruptly, Aisha rare sentimental emotion been disturb by the sound of a horn blowing on the seawall. Spotting the blinking headlights of the Escalade, of Terry and the other harasas finally arriving.
CHAPTER 22

Thompson, his wives, and the entourage that been with him, were ecstatic, about his football team winning the American Football Conference, and playing in the Superbowl for the first time. Thompson and his party took a private back exit to their waited vehicles, heading to one of the Shams Five Star restaurant, to celebrate.

To excited, Thompson paid no attention to the harasas guarding the private garage. Suddenly his attention been drawn to the garage door being open, before his wives, and entourage were safely inside the Humvee. All eyes focus on two of the harasas that laid dead outside, the garage. Thompson cursed under his breath, wondering what the hell happen. He ordered everyone to get into the Hummer, but they halted by the two imposing harasas, holding fully automatic weapons.

Thompson swiveled his head back out the garage door, to see a heavy tinted Excursion drive up, hiding whoever was inside. A man in the front passenger seat, hurried to open the back door. Two tall men exit with ponytails. One, Thompson recognize with the eye patch. Exiting next, Hud, who wore a sinister smile, heading Thompson way, wearing the opposing team jersey, that he will face in the Superbowl. With a intense look. Thompson didn't fear the men with the ponytails, in the daylight. He knew he could take both of them. His worries were the gunmen.

Hud smile blinded him, now up close, as Hud extended his hand to congradulate Thompson on his team going to the Superbowl. Thompson glanced down at his hand, neglecting to shake it. His harden while his eyes traveled from the Qamars, and back to the smiling face of Hud.

"I see that you are a Packers fan." Thompson noted.
"No. A Gaints fan truthfully. But its hard to imagine your good Havoc defense, can stop Arron Rodgers."
Thompson chuckled lightly, before replying. "I'm sorry your Mets were knock out in the first round. I hope you be at the Superbowl to see my team, and watch me hoist that Lambardi trophy."

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"Maybe." Hud returning the light amusement. "To bad you want be there to see it."

"Oh." Thompson raised an eyebrow, understanding Hud remark. "I guess someone didn't recieve my package."

"Yes." Hud eyes narrowed. "And I'm here to seek retribution." Hud signaled for the gunmen to come out. "You remember Sebastian." Hud gestured back to the patch eye Qamar. "You shot an arrow in his eye at that attack at the airport hanger. You see Sebastian has failed me twice. Not killing you decades ago, and on the attempt to capture Hamza wife and daughter. The only reason Sebastian here is still breathing life, because he pleaded to have one more opportunity to appease me."

"And how is he gonna accomplish this feat. There's no forecast for a full moon tonight."

"Hud smiled. "I can't believe a religious man like you believe in the myth of men changing into werewolves by the sight of a full moon."

"Myths are something that are make believed. And your puppy Sebastian." Thompson nodded towards the Qamar. "Is not getting enough moonlight on their skin, expecting to defeat me in their humanform."

"Well I guess Bosco should tag team to help kill you." Hud responded.

"I don't need any assistance." Sebastian spoked. "Bosco can have fun slaughtering his wives and friends."

Hud flashed a quick smile at Thompson before speaking. "This could have all been avoided Mr. Thompson, if you have given me Hamza. And if there's such a thing as an afterlife, don't wait for me." Hud turned to Sebastian. "Bring me his head." he ordered, leaving the garage. Hud waved goodbye, to Thompson, and his entourage, as the garage door begin to shut them in.

Thompson removed his Armani suit jacket, brandishing to small swords, from behind his back. "You know your two asses is mine." Thompson told them, twirling the sharp blades in his hands.

Sebastian glanced over at Bosco, and snickered. "I guess he hasn't figure it out yet." Sebastian spoked, turning back to Thompson, who stood ready to battle. "That your ass is MINES!" he howled.
or any of the skills the Elites taught. She always been protected by her father of bodyguards, as long as she could walk. Once only had Aisha been in a fight, in which Sampson and the other harasas stood watching her and Meke, fight two other women in a nightclub, whom they thought Aisha and Meke were enticing their boyfriends. Aisha remembered how Sampson had tease her on the way home, while she held a ice pack over her eye. "I have to teach you how to duck."

"SHUT UP!" Aisha scrowled. "Where the hell were you and the other harasas?"

"Watching." pausing looking at Jocab in the rearview mirror. "And laughing. You should have saw your face, when you tried to snatch that woman by her hair, and her weave came off."

"I was trying to get that bitch off Meke."

"When that other girl jumped on your back, choking you. You could hear her screams over the music coming from the club speakers. When you sunk your fangs in her forearm."

"I had no choice, no help from you. I was about to pass out."

The edge of Aisha full lips curled up on the right side, thinking back. Her and Meke bragged for weeks about whooping those girls asses.

Aisha watched Mykaya moved like the wind, with his fists and feet. His speed and combination been mindboggling. Retrieving his sword, planted in the ground, Mykaya and his weapon seem as one, slicing air pies. Aisha cleared her throat to summon his attention. Mykaya ignored her, continuing to master his skills. Upset, Aisha folded her arms, then repeated clearing her throat to get his attention again. Again, Mykaya ignored her gruff. Tumultuous, Aisha glanced around the stable, spotting a pitchfork. Removing it off the wall she marched silently over to Mykaya, then yelled, as she tried to stab him from behind.

Mykaya turned a backward flip over her, rotating to face her. Aisha agitation intensified, seeing the cavilier smirk on his face. She thrust her weapon at Mykaya, in hope to poke holes. He easily maneuvered, and block Aisha charged with his sword. Aisha stared at the end of her pitchfork, appalled, after Mykaya had
chopped it off.

"If you want me to teach you how to fight, just ask." he told her, before turning his back and walking away.

"I'll teach you how to fight!" Aisha cried, charging him again, with her stick raised high. Mykaya side step her downward blow, placing his foot on her weapon, to prevent her from lifting it. Aisha struggled to remove the stick from under his foot. Mykaya cut the wooden stick with his sword, at Aisha grasp. She shriek, falling on her rear, holding nothing but the nub of her weapon. Leaping to her feet, Aisha tried to hit Mykaya between the eyes, with what was left of her weapon, missing badly.

"It's obvious, you only played with dolls, because you throw like a girl. You spoil brat." he teased.

"That's the last time you call me a spoil brat." she shouted, charging, desperate to get the best of him. Swinging wild and widely, Mykaya caught her wrist, pirouetting Aisha back into his body. She exert with all her might, to free herself from his grasp. She felt his muscles tighten like a constrictor, with every effort. Exhaustion set in quickly, as she now struggled to catch her breath.

"You had enough?" Mykaya whispered in her ear. Aisha yelled "NO!" But had any energy to move a muscle. The scent from her unblemish Carmel skin, became intoxicated to him. Along with the smell of her silky wavy hair, which gave him the image of a woman. Aisha was laying in a field of flowers. He could feel Aisha inhale and exhale in his grip. Its been a moment since he held a woman in his arms. Mykaya had forgotten how good it felt. Mykaya loosen his grasp, and instructed Aisha to inhale through her nose, then exhale through her mouth. Aisha recognized that Mykaya had loosen his grip, she tried to free herself, but faster then a cobra strike, Mykaya tighten his hold.

"Let me go you bastard!: she demanded.

"I will, but I like to show you something first."

"WHAT!!!" she ired.

"Magic." He whispered. Mykaya breath been warm, inebriating; her
senses and reason. In which it made her concede to his request.

"Breath like I told you." he asked her again.

Aisha did what she was told, and begin to regain her strenght. She felt Mykaya slacken his arresting hold, and noticed herself and him, breathing in sync. Mykaya clutches, now felt consoling.

"Close your eyes." he whispered.
"Hunh." Aisha confused.

"Close your eyes." he repeated. "Relax. Pretend like you're an eagle soaring high in the sky."

Aisha followed Mykaya voice to her upper right corner. She tried to imagine what Mykaya is about to do with her. Almost falling out of sync with her breathing, goosebumps covered her body, when his hands glided down her arms to her hands. Mykaya extended her arms out in front of her, then wide, connecting them over her head.

Mykaya brought her arms down to the level of her chest, palms together. He swayed her arms and body to the left, then to the right, repeating the process several times. He reminded her to breath through her nose, returning back to the position, arms chest level, palms touching.

"I need you to think light. Like a feather." Mykaya placed his feet under hers. "Are you feeling light?" Aisha acknowledge him with a nod. "Okay. prepare to soar." he said softly.

Mykaya slid his right leg out, bending his left knee. He sway to the right, then left, with Aisha doing the same. Erecting, Mykaya repeated the same with the left leg, standing back upright.

Slowly he threw a right punch, then a left. Duplicating the punches faster, Aisha found herself throwing combination. Aisha opened her eyes to witness her arms moving in a illusion, slow motion like, Bruce Lee in Chinese Connection.

Mykaya slid his right backwards, and spun in a circle with Aisha, like a dirtbike. She gasped, gazing at her foot, horizontal in front of her. Mykaya swung it around, and brought up the left.

Back to their starting position, Mykaya whispered. "Focus. Light
as a feather."

Mykaya speeded up the motion they went through, adding more. Left, right combination. Front kicks. Side kicks. Roundhouse. Aisha had been at awe, in believing that she was doing karate, without any effort. She felt like she was floating around the stable, flying like an eagle. No better. Aisha imagine back, when she was a little girl, flying in her father arms. Like everything that goes up, must come down. And like a train decelerating into a station, Mykaya slowly brought Aisha back to the beginning. Eyes closed. Arms chest level. Palms together. He released her, and took a step back. It took a moment for Aisha to awake, from being hypnotize. Turning to face Mykaya, she stared mesmerized at him. For the first time, acknowledging his peaceful beauty. Speechless, witness his full lips curl upwards, then bowed. Aisha returned the respected salutation. When she stood back upright, Mykaya was gone. Aisha did a three sixty, looking for him, calling out his name. Receiving no response, her emotion towards him conflicting, and infatuated.
A pair of headlights streaked across the face of Aisha, bringing her back to the present. The past week been an nuisance up at the ranch. Her mother Maryan was driving her crazy with the love ballets. Wishing her father was here to end that conflicts, with the Jinns. Aisha didn't want to face her own reality, how her heart had become weary. Holding inside the passion to soar in Mykaya embrace again.
She closed her eyes inhaling his musk, implanted in her senses.
Aisha asked her mother recently, how do one know when he or she is in love.

"When they do everything in their power to fight the feeling, and lose."

Everyday since her magical ride to paradise, Aisha waited for him in the stables. Like a canine, waiting for its master to come home from work. Aisha scanned the complex once again, searching for him. No luck, "Dam, where are you." speaking to herself, turning to go inside.

Aisha went to visit the Elites Right headquarter, bumping into Master Mamou Mobec, a African warrior from the Zulu tribe. Tall and slim, Aisha noticed the wrestler had zero fat on his define body. Mobec face feature was strong, and naps, been cut in a chili bowl. Master Mobec smile was blinding off his blue black skin. She asked if he knew the whereabouts of Mykaya.

"His whereabouts, not exactly. He requested a few days to handle some personal affairs."

Aisha was abit baffled by the infor, She been curious what affairs Mykaya had to attend too. He confirmed to Aisha that Mykaya had no family, and been staying on the compound for the past six years.

"Did he say when he'll be back?"
"No. I'm sorry. Is everything alright, my princess? Can I assist you with something?"

No thank you Master Mobec." she bowed, and turned to leave. Aisha needed to find Mykaya, like yesterday. She couldn't wait until God knows when. Like the human blood her veins requires to survive,
her heart needed him like the air she breath.
Aisha had a plan to find him. Or better yet, a plan for him to find
her.

Aisha snuck out to the garage to get her motorcycle. She waited
patiently, timing the rotation of the harasas, rounds, around the
complex. Timing down pack, Aisha pushed her Ducatti fast as she
could away from the complex, before starting it. Cutting the bare-
wired fence, Aisha jumped on the highway, heading towards town.
Aisha turned off the engine to her bike, parking across the Sam
Houston statue, in Herman Park. She strolled around the park, until
she rested on the Miller outdoor theater hill. The night breeze
been lovely, with the surprising sight of the stars, out shining
the city lights. Aisha watched a couple walk hand and hand. She
smiled, she wanted to know what the gentleman said to cause her to
giggle, in a blissful way. What ever it may been, it was pleasing,
as she stop in front of him, standing on her toes to kiss him pas-
sonately. Then hugging him tight.

Aisha thought about Mykaya. She had already experience his hea-
venly embrace. She wondered how would his embrace feel, with his
emotion involve. Would it take her outer space. What about his
kisses, she marveled. The touch of his full lips against hers. Ai-
sha begin to get moist, just thinking about it. She felt like she
might climax. Aisha heart grew fond, listening to her giggled like
a little school girl, as he carried her away, piggyback.

After two hours sitting in the park, Aisha begin to become concern-
that Mykaya wasn't coming for her. She knew by now that her mother
had discovered, that she fled the compound, and that Mr. Brooks
would contact Mykaya.
It wasn't soon that Aisha had been found, but not by whom she ex-
pected. She watched the park security patrol car pulled up, and a
heavy set officer struggling to exit the vehicle. Aisha held in
her laughter, watching the officer adjust his uniform over his
belly. Aisha remained sitting when he approached her, smiling up
at him. About to speak, the officer been interrupted by the loud
volume on his walkie talkie. Turning it down, he explained to Ai-
sha that the park is closed at 11pm. And that she would have to leave. Aisha check her watch, and realize it was after three in the morning.

Aisha apologize to the officer, claiming she didn't know, jumping to her feet, and dusting off her rearend. Telling the fat officer goodnight, Aisha walked in the opposite direction of where her bike was park. The obese officer inclined his head, starring at Aisha ass, in the leather gear. He reached under his belt to clutch his private, imagining what all he would do to her in the bed. Aisha glanced back to catch the puggy man holding his crouch. She flash-ed a fake seduction smile, before turning around disgusted at his lewd imagination.

Still stalking Aisha rear, the park officer face became distorted, contemplating about her familiar face. She turned around again to wave bye bye, as she rounded a corner. He smile returning the same farewell.

Reaching into his pocket to retrieve his cellphone, he search through his gallery of wanted photos. There he found her, second in the gallery. Her mother Maryan, the only photo before Aisha. Scrolling his rolodex, the officer located the number he wanted. Hearing a heavy voice answer, he informed the mystery voice that the princess is here now, at the park.

Standing on the sidewalk, Aisha scanned her surrounding for anyone watching, or following her. Before she ducked into some bushes, and scaled the zoo fence. The zoo had a peaceful calmness at night, that reminded her living in Africa. The only sounds that could heard, was the birds chirping, until the roaring sound of a lion, echoed throughout the zoo.

Aisha visited all the animals. She opened her mouth as wide as she could like the Hippos. Made faces at the monkeys. Then duck, after a baboon tossed fetus at her.

The park officer was standing by the curve, when a black Excursion drove up. Stepping out, been two tall men with ponytails. One wearing a patch over his left eye. The officer pointed in the direction that Aisha went, and told them that she was alone.
Aisha pulled on the reptile auditorium doors, finding them lock. She couldn't leave without visiting the family bloodline. Reaching into her fannie pack, Aisha extracted two pins to pick the lock. Inside she paused in front of the lizards, and snakes pens. She been fortunate to see the King Cobra, whom usually hides its head behind its feeding door. Tapping on the glass, the poisonous snake raised its head, flaring wide its back. Aisha observed the snake sway back and forth, lolling out its tongue. Suddenly Aisha jumped back wards in fright, when the deadly snake face struck the glass at lighting speed. Regaining her placidity, she hissed at the reptile, exposing her fangs.

Last, Aisha enter the chambers, that was lit with a small beam of red lights. Hanging upside down from small tree branches, Bats. Aisha made her way around the high circle chamber, gazing at the large fruit bats, and other types, until her eyes behold what she came to see. The Vampire Bats. They were the sizes of house rodents, with wings. Their confinement been hardly lit. Hanging upside down, like the rest of the clans, Aisha followed one that flew to feed on the animal blood in a small spencer. She disobeyed the request, tapping on the glass, and watching the bats fluttered wildly in the tank.

"You want me to set you free my babies." she spoked. Aisha watched the bats settle back to their state of tranquility, starring at her. She didn't process the same ability like her father to commu-
nicate.

Checking her watch again, Aisha realize it was almost close to day-
light, with then the hour, and needed to hurry back to the ranch. If she wanted to see another star studded night. Leaving the aud-
torium, Aisha saw that it been two tall men with thick sideburns waiting outside for her. She knew that they wasn't the zookeeper, or security. Not dressed in black suits. Aisha stared back and forth at the two, for a hard second.

"Are you Hamza daughter, Aisha?" Sebastian questioned, breaking the silence.
Aisha face tighten, curious how in the hell these men knew who she
was. And her father, whom been resting for nearly two hundred years.

"Who are you? And who wants to know?" Aisha slyly reached around
her back.

"It's not important at the moment. Right now you need to come with
us. You will find out everything you need to know when we arrive
at our appointed destination." Sebastian responded, approaching her.
Both Sebastian and his partner Bosco, halted their footsteps, when
Aisha brandished a Glock 40 handgun.

"Take another muthafucking step, and you will be needing a seeing
eye dog."

Sebastian exhibited a smirk, raising his hands in defeat. "We did
not come to bring you any harm, but to bring you home."

"Thanks, but no thanks. I can make it home fine by myself." Aisha
replied. She studied the two fake secret service looking men, glanc-
ing back and forth, at one another. Aisha green eyes narrowed,
causing her forehead to wrinkle, analyzing Sebastian closer. She
flashed back to the surprising attack, leaving the downtown mall.
Aisha remembered facing off with a one eye Qamar. "I know who you
are now. You that hairy son of a bitch." she cursed, pulling back
the trigger.

Sebastian smirk vanished, replaced with resentment. "You can come
with me alive or dead. My master prefer you alive. But I prefer
otherwise. So I'll let you chose." Sebastian waited.
Aisha kept the Glock still aimed at Sebastian, her eyes bouncing
back and forth, contemplating her option. Sliding the hammer back
into place, she commence to slowly lower her weapon. Sebastian smile,
glancing over at Bosco, surprised that the princess had surrender
without complication.

When Sebastian took a step forward, Aisha quickly raised her Glock
firing off shots. Sebastian dogged the bullets, which one struck
Bosco in the upper left chest, spinning him to the ground. Aisha
fired several more shots, while Sebastian and Bosco search for cov-
er. Aisha fled deeper into the zoo grounds, looking for a place to
hide.
She took cover in the zoo petting area at first, until she heard

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the howling sounds, that match a lion roar. Aisha realized that she needed a safer place to hide, she raced out into the dim walkway, that ended at a high fence. Frightened to turn back, Aisha scaled the twenty foot fence, and his behind a pile of huge boulders.
Peeping around the boulders, she observed some female lions, playing with their cubs. She cursed, realizing that she had jumped into a lion den. Not a believer of the bible, she was hoping that the lions would react to her like Daniel, and leave her alone. In case not, she check her weapon to see how many bullets was left. Just in case she had to down one.

"Shit! six. " she curse again.

Hearing another howling sound close by, she squatted behind the boulders, regretting her stupid decision to sneak out from the compound. Terrorfied to death, she was hoping that Mykaya had came looking for her. But now, she prayed that anybody would come and rescue her.

Aisha situation worsen, hearing a thump nearby. Piercing around the boulders, she saw that Sebastian had leaped over the small lake, that divided the lion grounds, and five foot wall, which separated them from the visitors. She watched him sniff the air, trying to locate her scent. Sebastian growled, turning his focus on the boulders. Aisha gathered all her might to stay calm. With six bullets left, she needed Sebastian close enough to place one between the eyes.

Taking a deep breath, Aisha listen to his footsteps, drawing closer. raising her weapon to fire, she heard Sebastian yepp. Investigating what happen, she saw that Sebastian been attack by two male lions, and all four females. Aisha didn't stay to witness the outcome, quickly scaling back over the fence, and hauling ass back to her bike.

Sprinting for dear life, as Aisha rounded a corner, she crashed into someone, knocking her to the ground. The impact caused her to lose her senses momentarily. After regaining her reasoning and vision, her heart pounded in excitement, laying her green eyes on Mykaya. He extended his hand, and not like the times before, rejecting
it, Aisha clutch it with both hands.

"Are you alright." he asked, helping her to her feet. Aisha embraced him tightly. She responded to his question with a passionate kiss. Aisha action caught Mykaya off guard, confuse by her endearing act.

Welcoming her intoxicating lips, Mykaya realized he was losing his awareness, and the danger that surrounded them. Breaking their intimate moment, her stared at Aisha, still baffled. She pounced on his chest, asking what took him so long to come.

"Yes, I see that you okay. Same spoil brat." he said earnestly. Aisha mouth ajarred, appalled by his remark. He took her hand asking where she parked her bike.

"I'm not telling you, until you apologize." Aisha snatched away her hand, folding her arms.

"GodDam It Aisha! we don't have time for this. We cab fight after I get you safe at home."

Behind Aisha, Mykaya spotted a Qamar twenty yards away, approaching fast. He threw three sprocket stars at the beast, before Aisha could flinch. Lounging in the air, Mykaya grabbed Aisha, rolling under the Qamar. The beast turned and growled at them. Before it could attack again, the Qamar begin to squeal in pain. Mykaya knew that the sprockets stars started to cut into him. Trying to remove the spinning gadgets inserted into it chest and upper arms on opposite sides, Mykaya hurried towards the screaming werewolf, springing in the air, taking out his sword, and decapitating its head.

Aisha watched paralyzed, the dark monster collapse, the vibration of his headless body rattling the zon grounds.

Mykaya placed his sword back in his sheath, and extended his hand for Aisha to come. Aisha frigely walk pass the headless Qamar. She spotted its head a few yards away, its eyes wide, and teeth chattering like it been on ice. Mykaya repeated "Let's Go, we need to hurry. Daylight will appear soon."

Aisha revealed to him the location of her bike, and they both began running in the direction. Rounding the last corner to exit the
zoo, Sebastián appeared from nowhere, ramming into Mykaya, releasing Aisha, knocking him to the ground. Sliding across the concrete, the SG200, slid to the far left of him. A bit shaking, Mykaya was hesitant to get to his feet, he heard Sebastian growl, while awkward frame body expanded brathing. Mykaya flung last two spockets stars, in which Sebastian maneuvered. Aisha screamed Mykaya name, frighten about what's about to take place.

Mykaya ordered Aisha to run, but she cried, unwilling to leave him. Aisha remember the fate of her last protector, that battled the one eye werewolf.

""RUN GODAM IT! NOW!"" he commanded.

Sebastian continued growling as he watched Mykaya pull out his sword. His rotated in Aisha direction, snarling at her, causing her to back away. Sebastian turned towards her, creeping slowly. Hearing the footsteps of Mykaya, Sebastian swiveled to late, as Mykaya somersaulted over his head, slicing off his right ear. The one eye beast squeal, irritated Aisha ears, as she covered them.

Mykaya glanced back at Aisha for the last time to get the fuck out of here. Aisha stared at Mykaya for an emotional moment, wondering if this would be the last time, she'll see the man, she never gotten a chance to tell, I love you. Alive.

Mykaya saw the tears flood Aisha green eyes, before turned to flee. Sebastian tried to give chase, but Mykaya stood before him. The beast howled, before charging him. Both beast and specie dodged and maneuver one another strikes. Mykay realize that he had to risk fighting closer to the Qamar to take its life. Making small incision across Sebastian chest and arms, he was able to cut off his right arm, from a wide swing.

Almost reaching her bike, Aisha could hear Sebastian howling squeal, making her stop and look back. Leaping in the air, Mykaya tried to finish Sebastian off by removing his head. But Sebastian been able to react, leaping himself, striking Mykaya across his upper left arm, sending him crashing to the ground. Mykaya grunted in pain from the hard fall, and deep gash in his arm. Lifting his
head to see the charging Sebastian, looking to his left and right for his sword, Mykayla been surprised, that SG2000 laid arm length beside him. Grabbing it, Sebastian had leaped into the air, his mouth wide, ready to devour Mykayla. He fired the net, catching him in mid-air. Mykayla rolled over from being crush by him. Mykayla laid on his side watching Sebastian trying to break himself free, then seconds later heard the squealing cries, as the net started to shrink, cutting into his flesh.

Mykayla witness Sebastian flesh pour out the triangular holes of the net, like a meat grinder. Knowing that it was over, Mykayla turned on his back, and laid his head on the concrete, closing his eyes, taking a moment to gather his strenght.

Unable to rest, Mykayla been disturbed by the voice of Aisha, calling his name. She was on her knees beside him. "Wake up Mykayla Please!" she shooked him. "You can't leave me, I need you." she pleaded, placing her head on his chest, listening for a heartbeat.

"I told you everytime you open your mouth,draws my strenght." Mykayla spoked. Aisha lifted her head, and holding his face. Tears flowed from her eyes, overwhelmed, that her hope to be lover is still alive. "I thought I told you to leave." finally opening his eyes.

"I couldn't bare leaving you." wiping her tears.

"Why are you so hardheaded." he commented, grunting to sit up. Not waiting for her to respond, he asked what time it is.

"Aisha looked at her watch. "5:47" she informed. "SHIT! daylight is in ten minutes. We got to go."

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CHAPTER 24

Mykaya downshifted the Ducatti, turning into a alley way, and into a opened garage. He parked the bike next to his Hyperbooster Suzuki. Quickly hopping off Aisha bike to let down the garage door. Aisha jumped off, and walked over to a eye catching beauty.

"Wow, this is a nice Cheville." she massaged her hand across the choccoal grey custom paint. The Lexani 22 inch chrome rims magnified the car muscle struture. Aisha poked her head inside to inhale the fresh leather scent. The upholstery was done in a two tone grey and black. New gauges across the dashboard. "Didn't know you were into classic cars."

Mykaya watched Aisha stroll around his child, still massaging it, like some soft fabric. "Yes, I'm sort of into them. I just finish Chrissy, and about to start on another. A 96 Impala SS, until my life change." he told her, somewhat grieved.

Aisha had detect the somber tone in his voice. Speculating about the monumental change in his life, that brought the unexpected glum, Aisha knew she would be here for a while, and hope that Mykaya would open up to her, learning more about his past. She tapped the hood of the Cheville, wanting to know what was under it.

"Seven hundred and fifty horses." he answered. "It can outrun your 67 Ford Shelby Mustang 500 anyday." he glanced at his deep wounded arm.

Aisha leaned against the hood, folding her arm, exhibiting a sly smile. "How did you know I had Shelby."

"I seen your amateur driving skills, once or twice, on the compound track." Retrieving his keys from his pocket, and sticking it in the door.

"Well you have to one day bring Chissy here." Aisha gestured to his car. "So it can see the tail lights of a Ford Shelby classic are designed."

"Just like your foury thousand dollar Ducatti." Mykaya responded sarcastic.

Aisha tighten her facial expression in anger, feeling a little de-
Fààted. Mykaya spotted a strip of light in the distance, through the garage windows. Opening up the door, he requested for Aisha to come inside.

She entered inside a washroom, before stepping into his kitchen, with all white Kenmore appliances, and a small breakfast nook. He asked if he could get the princess anything.

"Yes, water please."

Aisha didn't see Mykaya momentarily pause, as he was surprise that she knew the word, please, and its meaning. Retrieving a bottle of water from the fridge, Mykaya unscrewed the top, handing it to her. As Aisha swallowed her drink, Mykaya hurried to find some dark heavy blankets, to cover the large windows in his townhome. She heard him grunt, lifting his arms, covering the patio glass door. Inviting Aisha to make herself comfortable, she watched him disappear for the second time, through a doorway, hearing his footsteps going up some stairs. She made her way to the living room, and been impressed by the decor of his place.

The odd L-shape of his suede and english leather sectional, and cherry oak swivel tables. A Picasso painting hunged over the fireplace. A England wooden clock sat on the mantel. To the left a bookshelf full of books. World and animals encyclopedias, and art history. On the other shelves were pictures. One in particular, that caught Aisha eye. She shifted her head to left and right, looking for Mykaya, before picking up the picture. The woman that was standing to Mykaya in the photo was wearing a wedding dress. Aisha thought she was gorgeous. Her paper brown skin was flawless, along with her make-up. Her perfect smile revealed that she was the happiest woman in the world. Mykaya expression told her that he felt the same. Next to Mykaya championship trophies, were two more pictures of them kissing, and embracing. Another photo drew her attention, of him cheeseing, holding a set of twins. Last she pick up the photo of the four of them, looking happy and beautiful as a family.

Aisha realized Mykaya hadn't return from upstairs, and heard no movement. She called out his name, and didn't recieve a reply back. Aisha called out his name again, that had a sound of fright.
Again no reply. She placed the picture back on the bookshelf, and creep to the doorway, that Mykaya disappear through. Peeping around the corner, Aisha saw three doors down a short hallway. To the left a few feet from the doorway was the stairs. Under the stair been another round door. Aisha glanced up the well lit stairway. Clutching the rail, she called Mykaya name once more, getting no reply.

Slowly she climbed the stairs. Aisha froze when the fourth step creak under her weight. Taking forever to reach the top, Aisha discovered four more doors. One cracked open. Walking lightly to the ajar door, she open it to find the lights off. She recognized the shadow of a nice size bed, from the light of another ajar door. Pushing it open, she whisper Mykaya name. There she found him trying to snitch up two deep gashes across his right shoulder, down to his bicep.

Aisha saw his emotionless expression in the mirror, as he tried to hide his pain, and weakness. Mykaya looked up in the mirror, and couldn't see Aisha reflection. A curse upon an full-blooded vampire.

"Didn't you hear me calling your name?" she asked him piqued.
"Yes." turning to her.
"Then why you didn't answer me?"
"Because I'm trying to annoy you, and sow up these deep wounds your foolishness cause." giving her a chaff look, then swivel back to attend to his wounds. His retort left Aisha speechless.

Aisha now realize her impatience, her desires, wanting to lay eyes on this man, she somehow fell in love with. Her heart and soul could no longer stand the absent of his magical embrace, that soar her spirit to the highest heavens. She yearned for his musk. Aisha knew her insane action, had almost gotten them both killed. She sigh heavily, apologizing for her puerility.

Mykaya eyes rosed to the mirror to view Aisha. Even though he could not see her, he felt her locking eyes with him. He could smell her sweet scent, as she came closer, then the warmth her breath on his shoulder. He said nothing as she turned him around to examining his wounds. Aisha cringed a little at his injury. She examined again
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Mykaya sewing skills. "I found one thing you can't do." she implied.

"And what's that?"
"Stitch."

Mykaya look in the mirror to observe his medical skill. He saw nothing wrong with his work. "Youn gonna have a big nasty scar, the way you doing it."

"You think you can do better?" he questioned.
"Hand me the needle." Aisha held out her hand.

"There finished." Aisha informed Mykaya, spinning him around towards the mirror, to examine her her work. He rubbed his hand across Aisha stitch job, and been very impress with her homemaking skills.

"You don't want the stitches to far apart from the gash, which will leave an ugly scar. Stitch close and tight to the cut as possible, and it will leave only a narrow mark" Aisha showed Mykaya a small scar on her forearm. He strained to see the scar. "I know you think it doesn't look like much, but believe me it was a huge cut. It happen when I was a little girl. My mother stitch me up."

"I'm glad you inherit something positive from you mother." Mykaya remark satirical.

"And what do you mean by that?" she frowned.
"There's something positive you can do, other than give orders, and act reckless. Earlier you had the whole compound in a uproar, searching for you, like Bin Laden. Hararas who guarding the compound, can lost their lives for allowing you slip by. Luckily I placed that tracker on your bike."

Mykaya response made Aisha feel defeated again, knowing that her mother was worried to death. Though she was over three hundred years old, Aisha could expect a tongue lashing from her, when she gets back the compound.

"Everyone been informed that you are safe. And they will be here tonight to take you home."

"So what do we do until then?" she inquired, studying his muscular
chest and flat abs.

"Rest." he reached for his shirt. Aisha automatic grabbed his arm. Goosebumps covered her body from nervousness. She inspected his well trimmed beard. His goatee that guarded his full lips. Aisha went south with her eyes, before bringing them back up, and locking them with his ebony eyes.

"There was a reason why a snuck away from the ranch."

"And what was that reason? That would put your life in danger?"

"You, Mykaya." she reveled.

Mykaya showned no expression by the revelation. He followed Aisha movement, as she grasp both of his hands. "Before my mother met my father, she saw him in a dream. A man with a scar on his face. He was extending his hand to take her away. I had a similair dream also when I was a little girl. A man taking my hand, and flying me to the highest heavens. Soaring like an eagle. Though he had wings, I understand now the dream wasn't literal, but the meaning was here."

Aisha placed her hand on her heart. Her lips trembled, looking in to the eyes of Mykaya. "I'm in love with you Mykaya. And I'm ready to fly with you to the highest heavens again with you, mentally."

Aisha kissed him passionately on the lips. "Ans physically."

Taught to be a disciple in control of your emotion, Mykaya mind and vision been obscured. At first he would admit, that he didn't care to much for the princess. Aisha was rude and unappreciated of his williness to put his life on the line for her. But in someway, Aisha had reminded him of Melody. Beautiful, fiesty, and challenging. He also felt what Aisha felt that night in the satbles. A force. A attraction. A sensation in a place to a muscle that he only thought now, just pump blood.

Mykaya knew that night at the stable, that he had falling for the princess. And knew he had to leave for awhile to get control of his emotion.

"What are you doing?"

"Preparing for us to fly." she kissed him again. Mykaya made no effort to resist, accepting Aisha tongue in his mouth. His hands be-
gingerly caressed her body, caressing her breasts. Aisha's nipples hardened from his touch. She moaned with every squeeze. Mykaya's hands made their way under her butt cheeks, clutching them tight. The softness of her rear in her leather pants sent blood flowing between his legs. Mykaya pulled Aisha closer to his erection, causing her to release another moan.

Finally coming up for air, both stared intently at one another, wondering what would become of them, if they decide to cross uncharted territory. Aisha knew, but believe that Mykaya, the man in her dream, is the one who could protect her from her father's wrath.

"Are you scare of death?" she asked him.

Mykaya inclined his head, puzzled by the question. "No. Why do you ask that question?"

Aisha didn't answer his question, kissing him again, and gazing into his eyes, before asking another. "Are you willing to die for me Mykaya? Are you willing to die for us? Our love?"

Still puzzled, he sense that there been more implied to her question. He ponder what his heart had allowed inside. He felt like it was no longer a job to sacrifice his life to protect the woman in his grasp. He had fallen in love with the exotic creature, and want to the man to fulfill her prophecy of love.

"For you. For us. For our love, I will battle until my last breath."

Mykaya felt Aisha ecstatic rapture flow through him, as she kissed him on the lips, neck and chest. She ran her manicure pink nails smoothly down his chest into his pants. Aisha pulled on the naps of his pubic hairs, then flinch abit, from the size of his phallus. Mykaya grunted at her attempt to squeeze his steel rod. She stepped back to unzip his jeans, and gazed down at Mykaya penis, then back up at him.

She squatted down eye level to his procreation, taking his testicles in her mouth. He cursed, as Aisha hummed on them, sending shock waves through his body. Aisha pulled down his erect shaft, like a slot machine, taking him deep. Mykaya moved in rhythm with Aisha's head, until he wasn't able to take it anymore.

Bringing her upright to kiss, he lifted Aisha on the bathroom counter.
and begin unzipping her leather jumper. Mykaya reached for the open first aid kit, grabbing a pair of sissors.

He flipped them in his hand like a butterfly knife, before cutting Aisha expensive lace bra, exposing the most lovelyess set of breasts he even seen. Her her nipples solid and erect, Mykaya massage one with his fingers, while taking the other in his mouth. Aisha inhaled deeply, tossing her head back. She suddenly cursed, clutching Mykaya head, as he secretly slid a finger inside her drench hole. Aisha grind her aching nest on his rotating finger, lifting her rear from the bathroom counter, Mykaya removed her panty. He welcome the stench between her legs, along with Aisha sweet taste. Aisha coercion his head in her wetness, repeating his Mykaya name softly, gearing up for take off. He placed his saturated fingers with her wetness in her mouth. Aisha loved the savor of herself, and delighted that Mykaya had had a mouthful. She wanted to explode, but fought back with every being of her body and soul. Aisha wanted Mykaya inside her, when she decended back to earth. She was ready for take off.

"I'm ready Mykaya." she told him softly, looking down at him. "I'm ready to fly."

Mykaya stood to his full height, speaking with only his eyes. He wiped away the tear that formed in the corner of her green eyes. He kissed her passionately, before entering her soul. Aisha fangs exposed, as she gasp for air, while Mykaya inch deeper into her. Increasing the pace of his strokes, Aisha cries of ecstasy echoed off the bathroom walls. Mykaya begin to grunt, plunging in to her womanhood. His eyes open, crying from the pain and pleasure of Aisha sinking her nails into his flesh. Mykaya found himself lost in two different ways. First inside her. Second, watching himself in the mirror, banging the bathroom counter. Mykaya could feel Aisha, and her cries of delight, but saw no reflection of the woman he falling in with in the mirror.

He closed back his eyes, and vanished with her, joining Aisha in highest atmohsere. Ecstasy. The angels were waltzing to their rhapsody, then scattered when both commence to wail at the peak of
their climax together.
Aisha carried Mykaya with her, leaning back against the bathroom mirror. She cursed again lightly, due to the exhaustion and pleasure. She waited over three hundred years to make love with the man in her dream. Now it was a reality. And the wait been worth it. Aisha cradled Mykaya in her bosoms, like a new born baby. She kissed the top of his bald head, and whispered. "I love you." Mykaya raise his head and study the beautiful creature. Its been years since he used the L word. Even felt it, search for it, or ever wanting it again. All Mykaya remember, is the word bringing so much pain, that he built a concrete wall around his heart. From ever entering it again.
But its meaning, its powers, were still abale to knock down his walls and will. Mykaya heard himself, repeating Aisha words. "I love you."
Aisha woke up to the sounds of cracking wood burning in the fireplace. Mykaya was no longer laying beside her, as she closed her eyes remembering, the two making love again in front of the burning fire. A smiled unfoiled, thinking about the extravagant feeling, when she and Mykaya become one. An 'Aisha now wanted him more then ever. Her state of reverie been disturb, when a voice asked. "What are you smiling for."
Aisha turned to see Mykaya leaning against the door frame of the kitchen. Her smile widen, seeing his contagious smile, and sexy upper body. Aisha giggled at his Transformers pajama pants.

"Aren't you to old to be wearing cartoon characteryr on your pajamas?" she pointed.
Mykaya glanced down at his favorite pajamas, and rotated, pulling them wide at the thighs. "One never get to old for the Transformers. Maybe Mickey Mouse, but never Transformers. Octumis Prime is my hero."
Aisha shooked her head in amazement. "The more I learn about you, the deeper I fall in love."
"Well after you taste my cooking, you would never be able to climb out this hole of love. I made breakfast."

Both ate breakfast in front of the fireplace. Aisha praised him on how good the steak and omelete tasted. Mykaya revealed that he attended cooking school too. That he wanted to be a chef, after retiring from motorcycle racing. "Do you want some more." he asked, after Aisha pick up the half eaten steak off his plate, taking a huge bite.

"No, thank you." she continued chewing. "I'm full. I just wanted a piece of yours." she kissed him.
Mykaya stared at her in amazement. Aisha was one piece of work. She placed a hand on his face, and caress his cheek. Aisha had falling madly in love. Her eyes had roamed from his, to his tender lips. His broad shoulders, then to the locket in front of his heart.
For the first time, Aisha realize that Mykaya had never remove it. She remember the first night, that he been assigned to her, as the

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new guardian. And her attempt to reach for it. She still didn't know what was exactly inside, but had a strong idea.

Aisha glanced back at all the pictures on the bookshelves. She asked where is the gorgeous woman in the wedding photo, before turning to face him. Aisha saw the sorrow in his eyes. The same grief, the night at the beach. She felt helpless, watching Mykaya struggle with his emotion. "Melondy," he said her name. "Dead" he answered, staring into the fireplace.

"I'm sorry," Aisha taking his hand. "Where are the kids?"

"Malik and Maya. With her," Mykaya turned away for a second to remove at tear. Aisha mouth fell ajar, not knowing how respond to the terrible revelation. She slid closer to him, tighten her grip on his hands. Aisha followed Mykaya gaze into the burning fire, sitt ing momentarily in silence., until he begin to unveil what happen.

"Melondy and I were fighting one night. I can't remember what we were fighting about." he tittered. "But it got heated, in which she left with the kids. I figured that she'll spend the night at her parents, and be back in the morning. She did it once before. We were both strong minded people, and had to prove one another point. In the middle of the night, I heard a knock on the door. I thought it was Melondy and the kids. I run down stairs puzzled, why she didn't use her key. I stood confuse, finding two police officers, at the door. I could see the grief in their faces, when I ask if I could help them. They said my wife had run a redlight, and was struck by a cement truck." Mykaya paused. "After the officers revealed the life changing horror, I was numb. Paralyzed. I don't even remember burying them. I wanted to commit suicide, in hope joining my wife and kids in the afterlife. But became hesitantly, wondering if I lived a righteous enough life to join them. So distraught, I don't remember how or why I ended up on the compound." he turned towards Aisha, and force a half smile. "The reason I been away, is to visit Melondy and the kids. I needed to let them know how sorry I am, for the cause of their death. Not being their to protect them. And taking so long to visit them. I felt like it was neccessary to inform them that I found someone. Someone beautiful.

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A little wild and mischievous. But Vibrant. Challenging. Smart. And everlasting. I wanted to get their approval, to give her my heart, because I love her very much."

Aisha wiped the flowing tears from her eyes, fighting to display a smile. Touched by Mykaya words, "What did they say."

Mykaya face brighten, placing his hand over hers. "They said be happy."

"And I will do everything in my powers to keep you happy." she promise, kissing him.

Aisha giggled ecstatically, looking into his handsome face, until her eyes been drawn to the locket. Mykaya watched Aisha eyes race back and forth from his face to the locket. He sat still as Aisha reach for it, then open it.

What she imagined earlier been correct. A photo of Melondy and the kids. Though she was happy that Mykaya was now hers, she still could not erase the sadness, and tragic lost of his beautiful family.

Mykaya attempt to remove the locket from around his neck, but Aisha stop him. "Don't. So you want never forget them."

"I never will. They will always be here." he gestured to his heart.

He kissed Aisha on the cheek, and stood to his feet. Mykaya placed the locket on the fireplace mantel. He walked back over to pick up the dishes, and head to the kitchen. While on his way, Mykaya ask Aisha how will her parents feel about being in a relationship.

"When will your father wake from his dormancy." he shouted. Chills ran through Aisha body, in which it was followed by nausea in her stomach. Caught in the moment, she never reveal to him the consequences, for having sex with a Khalefa daughter.

Aisha grieved wondering how Mykaya will accept the news, that he has to fight her father for the bloodline.

Still naked, she wrapped herself up in a sheet, and made her way to the kitchen, to inform Mykaya about their future. Aisha found him putting the dishes in the diswasher. Mykaya didn't know that she been standing in the doorway, calling out her name.

"Mykaya." his name trembled from her lips. "It's something I for-
got to tell you."
Mykay detected the nervousness in her voice, closing the dishwasher, and facing her. "What's wrong, our union want be accepted by your parents?"

"Well I have to find away to show him I'm worthy of his princess."
"There's only one way you can."
"Okay. And whatever way that is, I will do." he responded, walking over to Aisha to embrace her. Mykaya could feel her heart thumping hard and fast, along with her body trembling, as though she was frighten. He leaned back trying to reassure Aisha what ever your father ask of him, that he would do. "Even if he ask me to kill the president." he joked.

"I wish it was that easy." she remark, starring up at him.
"What task can be harder than trying to kill the president?" Mykaya now curious. Aisha sigh heavily once again, dropping her head as she told him.

"WHAT! FIGHT HAMZA! WHY?"

Aisha explained to him the commandments and laws of the Khalefas. That three Khalefas may only exist. If a Khalefa bores a male seed, after a thousand years, the offspring must battle his father for the bloodline. A female must remain chaste for all eternity. Or, she is kill, along with the one she lays with.

Mykaya released Aisha, looking intensely at her, furious for what she has gotten him into. Aisha reach for him, trying to apologize, but he slapped her hand away. "You were dishonest with me Aisha! Its fucked up that you didn't give me the option to chose life or death." he turned away from her, to have a seat at the kitchen table.

"That's not fully true Mykaya."
He stared up at her angrily. One eyebrow raised. "What the hell you talking about?"

"I did ask you before we made love, are you scare of death."
"Are you willing to die for me? Die for us? Die for our love?"

"GodDam Aisha! I didn't know you were referring to your father."
he frowned.

Aisha watched him massaged his smooth scalp, marveled about the situation, she had lore him into. Aisha been abit muddle to see Mykaya rattled about fighting her father. Aisha knew that she had to bring his confident back. She begin to creep slowly towards him, asking him question, to stir Mykaya's emotion. His fighting spirit.

"People say you are the best there is. Well are you?"
Mykaya lifted his head, locking eyes with Aisha. Her expression stern. Mykaya gave Aisha the same answer God gave Moses. "I am."

"Did you tell me that you wasn't scare of death?"

"I'm not."

"Are you willing to die for me?"

"I am."

"Die for us?"

"I am."

"Die for our love?"

"I am."

Aisha stood before him feeling assured that she reinstill her lover courage. Cockiness, and belief, that he could defeat anything on earth that bleeds."

"Do you still love me?"

"Yes."

"Show me." removing the sheet, that covered her.
Hud stood on his balcony viewing the magnificent landscape of New York city. A being that has been around the world more time, than one can count with both hands, there’s no the other city like Big Apple. Its multicultural. Its culture. The food, fashion, Broadway. The stars, and the crime.

Hud had look down and spotted some policemen chasing a blackman with a purse. It been one other thing that Hud loved about New York. The people mind their own business. It was mindboggling to him, watching the pedestrians open an emergency lane for the thief. Hud took another swallow of his drink, and followed the culprit run down an alleyway, hopping over a wrought iron fence. One of the policemen attempted to make his way over, but gotten hung somehow by his gun strap. Hud chuckled watching the petty thief taunt the hanging officer, before making his way out the alley, and quickly blending in with the morning crowd on there way to their destination.

"New York, there’s no place like it in the world."

Hud made a bitter expression from the burning sensation in his chest. Down the rest of his drink. Distracted momentarily from the reason he came out on the balcony, he needed to plan his next move in trying to capture Hamza wife and daughter. Since Sebastian had failed him again. After the fail attempt, Hud had to quickly clean up the mess at the zoo, so mankind wouldn’t be alarmed of their underworld.

Hud knew that he couldn’t send his Qamars to the Shams tower, with trained pitbulls able to sniff out his beasts. And he couldn’t create another havoc in the streets, like the night at the mall. It been all about survival. If mankind knew about their existence, surely he would try to hunt them down, from fear. And his race would maybe become extinct. Hud needed to be patience to ensure the survival of the Jinns.

His eyes and ears followed the thundering sound of a 747 flying above. Moments after, his servant Murphy informed him that he had a phone call. Hud handed Murphy his glass for him to refill, then
grabbed the phone from him.

"Hud." speaking into the reciever.
"We found him."
"Where?"
"Belize."
"I'll be there tonight.' he finished. Murphy returned with his second glass of cognac. Prompt about the new information, he ordered Murphy to contact his pilot, and be ready to fly to Belize in two hours.

Mykaya neighbors watched from there windows, and other stood outside wondering who was so important in the neighborhood. Steven Brooks had sent a ten vehicle convoy to ensure the princess safe trip home. The harasas blocked out every stoplight and signs all the way to the ranch. In no way, Brooks wanted the Humvee to stop.

Inside the mansion, Maryan waited for Aisha, along with Mr. Brooks and the Elites. Many emotions went through Maryan head, when she finally laid eyes on Aisha coming through the door. She wanted badly to put her hands around her neck, and choke her to death. Curse her out, for worring her into a frenzy, and causing chaos throughout the compound. Maryan emotion of relief overcame all feeling, as she tightly embrace her daughter. Aisha apologized to her and the others for her insubordination, promising to never do it again. Maryan thank Mykaya for rescuing her daughter. He nodded, replying that he was only doing his job. Maryan turned her attention back to Aisha, wanting to know the last she had fed.

"Been a few days." she answered.

Maryan took her hand, and lead her to the kitchen. Walking away, Aisha glanced back at Mykaya, who stood errect at attention. Face stern, hands cuffed in front. She smile and winked at at him. Mykaya eyes roamed quickly to see if anyone been watching, then winked back.
Hud landed in Belize that night. Mr. Kaplan greeted him and two Qamars at the small private airport strip. Mr. Kaplan explained to Hud the dangers, traveling through the rainforest at night. Large snakes, pits, quicksand, and the rivers. "We leave at sunrise."

Mr. Kaplan learned from the locals, that the inhabitant of the person that they were looking for, was a day walk into the rainforest. That night Hud and the others set up camp, and waiting for morning to come. Eating by the fire, Hud asked Mr. Kaplan how did he know for sure it was he that they were searching for. Mr. Kaplan bit off a large chunk of his beef jerky, and chewed on it for moment, before giving detail on how he believe he found him.

"In Peru I heard about this tale of a large grey beast with wings, that supposedly slaughtered Francisco Pizarro army, when they first arrived in Machu Picchu. During more research about the tale, I thought the Incas were an extinct race. But six years ago, an explorer named James Rudds had found a pyramid in the deep rainforest in Belize. There's a small sect of Incas guarding the pyramid. Mr. Rudds said its a exact replica of the pyramids in Cuzco. The Inca capital. Except, the pyramid has a gargolye looking statue at the door entrance."

"Have Mr. Rudds seen him?"

"Yes, but never in transformation. He describes him of an African decent. Handsome. tall. Much bigger than the Inca people."

Hud doubts begin to fade away. He knew only four Khalefas existed. Joshua, Yusef, Hamza, and Ramsey. Saleeh being the black Khalefas is believed to be dead. "I conclude Mr. Rudds had no knowledge of the myth of Machu Picchu?"

"I guess not." Kaplan answered.

Hud asked Mr. Kaplan what was in the backpacks. "Presents."

"Why?"

"You'll see."

At sunrise, Hus and Mr. Kaplan made their way into the abyss of the Belize jungle. Hud been astounded by the hot humidity in the
jungle. Before noon, his shirt was drench in sweat. Hud never knew that mosquitoes could get as huge as bees. Reaching a small village, Mr. Kaplan had lost an assistance to a twenty five feet anaconda, and a Qamar in a sandpit.

The indigeneous indians of maybe thirty families, interrupted their daily chores, observing Hud and the others. Mr. Kaplan was hoping to get some direction to the temple deep in the rainforest, and fresh water. A naked little boy ran up to Hud, and pulled on his leg pants, then stuck out his hand. Hud reached in his pocket, and retrieved a paper bill, handing it to the young boy. The bald cut boy examined the green paper, then tossed it to the ground, sticking out hand again. Hud frowned down at the boy. "That was a hundred dollars you toss to the ground. I'm sure your family can eat for weeks with that." Hud retorted, angry boy the boy action.

"Money is of no use in the rainforest, Mr. Hud." Kaplan informed, reaching in his backpack, and handing the naked boy a candy bar. He ranned off screaming in his native tongue, to the other children. Another boy yanked on the pants of a Qamar from behind. He turned and growled down at him. The little boy slowly back away, and fled, screaming in fear. Mr. Kaplan became ire by the Qamar action, again reached into his backpack, pulling out a big bag of candy. He order the Qamar to go where the children were playing and hand them out. The Qamar did what it was commanded, Mr. Kaplan walked over to a man and woman who been stirring something in a large pot. Only the man private been covered, and the woman that stood behind him was topless, and pregnant. Hud been horrified by the stench that was being brewing from the pot. He gave a look over, who he had figured to be the toothless old man wife. He figured that their marriage been fixes too.

With jet black stringy hair, to the middle of her back. Her dark brown skin was smooth. Her perky breasts told him that she was young. Hud acknowledge her with a nod. She smiled back bashfully, exposing a mouthful of brown teeth. Hud spotted a young girl peeping out the hut window. He listen patiently, as Mr. Kaplan communicate in their native tongue.
Mr. Kaplan look back at Hud. "He said go west. In a hour we will come to a river, and there will be a person to take us to a point. And then another two hours of traveling on foot. If we leave now, we'll make it before sundown."

Mr. Kaplan thank the man, and presented him with five arrows as a gift. An hour later they found a stubby man in civilian clothes, wearing a mohawk. He was sitting on a raft at the banks of the river. Mr. Kaplan spoked to him. Hud saw the man respond to Kaplan in agreement. Kaplan offered the man a gift, but he refused, sticking out his hand. Kaplan pointed at Hud, who reached in his pocket.

Riding in silence for forty minutes, they arrived at their destination. Kaplan questioned the pudgy indian, to assure their course to the temple. He answered Mr. Kaplan by pointing south.

Traveling through the jungle, Hud and his companions clashed into the path of a jaguar. Stopping in their tracks, when the cat roared, the Qamars mutated, howling back at the big cat. Realizing it wasn't a match for the two legged beasts, the jaguar hissed at them before fleeing.

Hud took off his hat to wipe the sweat from his forehead. He looked up at the sun, and saw it falling down behind the trees. Glancing at his Rolex sport watch, he knew darkness would be in in twenty minutes. ten minutes later, they heard the sounds of beating drums nearby. Hud picked up the pace, knowing that they were here, seeing the sight of burning fire.

They creeped to the end of the rainforest, before the area open up to the temple. Mr. Kaplan observed in astoundment, watching the ceremony of a race of people who the world thought no longer exist.

Extinct by the invasion of the Spaniards.

Women danced topless around a bonfire, while several men sat legs cross, playing the drums, and a awkward wooden horn, that had a cat like head. All went to the top of the temple, there dressed in full feather attire, a man. Mr. Kaplan imagine him to be the tribe leader. beside him stood two women, who held a wooden dish and bowl. He took whatever been place on the dish in his mouth. Then washed it down with the liquid in the bowl. Moving his way
down the stairs, he stop halfway, making gestures with his arms. Suddenly all heads turned to the screaming white woman being dragged out of a hut. "A sacrifice." Mr. Kaplan whispered. He believe that the Incas traveled to the tourist part of Belize, and kidnapped the woman, for their god to feed on.

Hud watched with calmness, as the Incas tied the wrist of the woman to separate poles. The feather man made more gestures, leading the women in a wail. The drummers increase the pace of thier beat. The sky now pitch black, the chief leader lifted his arms, signaling for the men to join the cry. The tribal leader pirouetted, stretching out his arms again, for everyone to cease.

All eyes focus, watching the top of the pyramid rise a few feet, then rotated to the setting of the sun. Three clicking sounds were heard, and Hud and Mr. Kaplan witness the pyramid door slide back. Emerging from the darkness of the pyramid, was a tall smooth dark chisel black man of African decent. His was dressed in a robe made out of jaguar. The two women prostrated to him, along with the tribal leader, and the rest of tribe followed suit. The dark man turned his attention to the white woman, struggling to breakfree. Suddenly his nose twitched, detecting a unfamiliar scent.

Locating the foreign smell, the caucasian woman screamed terrorfied, when the African man transformed and took flight into the jungle. Branches fell as he tore through the trees, landing in the present of Hud and his companions. "Who The Fuck Are You!?" he questioned. creaping closer to them. The two Qamars transformed into their beastly mode, growling, ready to attack. The African Khalefa hissed at them, showing no fear, as he continued forward.

He cease his forward charge, as Hud stepped forward, kneeling before him. "Khalefa Ramsey. We are not here to bring you harm."

Ramsey inclined his head, pondering how this individual knew his name. "Then who are you? And what is your intention?"

Hud slowly rose to his feet, as he begin to explain to Ramsey. "My name is Hud. The leader of the Jinn race."

"The creation of Joshua, Yusef, and Saleeh." Ramsey noted. 

"Yes. Surely you know the history between the Khalefas and the
Jinns."

"I do. I have no quarls with you Jinns. So what is your warrant in seeking me?" Ramsey curious.
Hud clear his throat before elucidating his reason. "I have a proposition for you."
Ramsey displayed an apprehension look. "What proposition can you offer me, other than daylight."
"Hamza." Hud replied.

Ramsey stared at Hud in silence, contemplating how the Jinns knew of Hamza and himself. It been many centuries since the revolt, and that Saleeh is dead in Africa. "How do you know the existence of Hamza and I."

"Mr. Kaplan here." Hud gestured back to him. "Can find anything and anyone. He discovered the pyramid you and Hamza inhabit in Egypt, during the first dynasty. And he also. "Hud paused for a second before continuing. "He also knows about the falling out between you and Hamza."

Ramsey grunted in anger, flashing back to their battle and the reason. Ramsey red eyes shifted to all of Hud confederates, then back to him, wanting to know the catch to his proposition. "So what makes you think I want Hamza?"

"To get back what he taken from you."
"And that is."
"Maryan." Hud simpered.

Hearing Maryan name drew another long pause from Ramsey. Roaming the earth for thousands of years, Ramsey could never find a replacement for Maryan to filled his void. He closed his eyes thinking back to the night he first saw her on the Nile. Maryan scent was still embedded in his senses. Her smooth coffee color skin, and mesmerizing brown eyes. The silhouette of the moon showing her young curves her her thin gown. Ramsey had transformed back in human mode, when Hud interrupted his stroll down memory lane.

"I know you want revenge from Hamza, for taking the woman you love. And I'm here to help you."
"How."
"I know where Hamza reside."
"Maryan with him also?"
Hud nodded his head. "Yes."
"Where are they?" Ramsey demanded.
Hud lifted his hand at Ramsey to pause. "I will if you accept my proposition."
Ramsey transformed back into Khalefa mode, expanding his wings to their full length, annoyed by Hud arrogants. "Want I just kill your cronies, and rip you apart until you tell."
"I don't believe you can defeat two of my Qamars, Khalefas Ramsey."
Hud pointed back to the growling beasts.
"What gives you the idea that I was alone." Ramsey retorted, gesturing back to the hundreds of warriors behind him on the ground, and in the trees, pointing arrows. Hud held up his hands as a sign of surrender.

"Khalefa Ramsey, I remind you that I come here with no bad intention toward you. But a proposition to get us both what we want."
"And that is again?"
"For you to kill Hamza."
Ramsey took a step closer to Hud, starring down at him. Hud showed no fear. "And what is the reason you want Hamza dead?"
"He murdered my father."
"I'm sure without just cause." Ramsey leaned close to Hud. Hud had no response to Ramsey comment. Ramsey folded his wings, placing his hands behind his back. Swiveling on his heels, he walked away from Hud. "So if I kill Hamza for you, what do I get in return?"
"The Jinns as your servants, and riches beyond imagination."
"Ramsey chuckled. "I have enough wealth until eternity." he turned back to Hud.
"True Khalefa Ramsey. But you don't have Maryan to enjoy it with."
Hud recognized in his eyes, and his silence, that Ramsey been deeply dwelling about his last remark. He remember embarrassing him in front of Maryan. Even though Hamza beat him fair and allowed him to live, he could never accept his defeat.
"Where is Hamza?" Ramsey demanding to know.

"Do we have a deal?" Hud remained stern.

Ramsey paused for a long tense moment before answering. "Deal. Now where is Hamza?"

Hus exhibited a smiled of victory. "I'll be happy to tell you. Houston."

CHAPTER 28

Since Aisha day of passionate love making with Mykaya, it been a change in her attitude. Her heart was filled with love and joy. Her mother Maryan noticed the luminous ambiance that flow from her daughter. Aisha sudden kindness to the staffs, and the harasas. There were no Kanye West and Drake blasting from her anymore, but love ballets.

Maryan didn't want to believe that Aisha had done the unbelievable. Walking into the kitchen, she found Aisha with one of the servant, trying to teach her how to cook. Mykaya had accompany Mr. Brooks to Washington DC for three days, and wanted to learn how to prepare a meal, before he return.

Aisha and her mother sat at the dinning table, test tasting the T-bone steak, mash potatoes, and mac and cheese. Aisha waited impatience for her mother results. Maryan inclined her head and hummed.

"Pretty good, for a woman who only use a microwave to pop popcorn. What's the sudden interest of being a chef." her mother inquired, diving her fork into the potatoes, that she thought were also pretty good.

"No sudden interest." Aisha recognized the apprehension in her mother questioning. "Since the compound is on lockdown. I needed to find something to do."

"And you decided to learn how to cook?" Maryan raised an eyebrow. "That or buy a sewing machine." Aisha hoping her reply would dismiss her mother suspicion.

Maryan tasted the mac and cheese, in which she approve. Sitting her
untensil down, Maryan washed her food down with her Bloody Mary. She stared at Aisha, whom been trying to hide her nervousness. Maryan wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Ever since Mykaya brought you home a few nights ago, I noticed a change in you."

"A change how?"
"Well, your glowing. I never seen you smile as much. Polite to the servants, and the harasas. No rap music, blasting out your room. Didn't know you knew anything about Jill Scott, and Rochelle Ferrell."
"Sometime I change up my music, according to my mood."
Aisha watched her mother pick up her utensils, cutting another piece of steak. "Is there a new love in your life?" she asked, placing a piece of steak in her mouth. Aisha paused, looking at her mother chew slowly on her steak. She followed her mother eyes to her plate. "You haven't even tried your own cooking yet." she gestured to Aisha steak, with her knife.

Aisha curved herself a piece, impressed how well it tasted. She was hoping Mykaya would like it just as well. Maryan interrupted Aisha vision, of Mykaya and her riding horseback out to the pasture, to have dinner under the moonlight. A unconscious smile appeared, thinking about dessert. Him.

"There you go again, smiling for no reason. There's someone in your life. I'm hearing love ballets, and as the old saying goes. A way to a man heart, is through his stomach. Now you have a sudden interest in cooking."
Aisha let out a nervous giggled. "Your reading to much of my new activities."

"I'm I." Maryan raised an eyebrow again. "A woman can recognize another woman when she's in love. Especially if it's her daughter."
Maryan locking eyes. "Is it Mykaya? He is easy on the eyes, and the best fighter."
Aisha sigh, setting down her utensils, nodding yes, exhibiting a timid grin. "I sort of given in to him."
Maryan was abit concern with her reply. "When you say given in to him, are you referring to your heart?" reaching for her drink. Maryan
questioned brought a fearful chill through her body. Aisha no longer was looking in her mother face, as she turned her stares down at her mink slippers. Maryan now knew one of her worst fears have come true.

"GODDAM IT AISHA!" slamming down her drink. Aisha glanced up at her mother with wide eyes, not stun by her mother reaction, but the words she used. Aisha had to come back to rememberance, that her mother wasn't always a vampire. "You know the consequences of this act?"

Aisha nodded her head slowly. "Death."

"How you could you do this to me. I told you about your father and I plans,when he return. You couldn't have waited?"

"No mother. Mykaya is the man I told you about in my dreams, when I was a little girl."

"The man that took you on a flight into the skies, like your father?"

"Yes."

"And how did he do that? Mykaya doesn't even have wings! Or even a plane."

"The dream wasn't meant to be literally, but celestial." "Divine. How? Maryan eyed. Aisha, leaning back in her chair, and folding her arms. Wondering how Aisha is gonna explain such foolishness.

"One night I went to the stables to check on Pegasus and the other horses. And Mykaya was inside training. I got mad at him because he was annoying my agitation towards him." Aisha giggled lightly, thinking back at her action. "So I grabbed a pitchfork, and tried to poke holes in him. With ease he disarmed me, holding me into his embrace. Struggling to break free from his grasp, he asked me to close my eyes and relax. He said he wanted to show me something. Taking a deep breath, before I knew it, our breathing were in sync. Our hearts beating in rythum. Amazingly I was doing karate."

"How is doing karate like flying?" Maryan asked angrily.

"It's ahrd to explain. Mykaya placed his feet under mines, and we were gliding around the stable like ice skaters. Punching and kicking. It was like magic. We were moving so fast, but it was in slow
motion. I could feel and smell the breeze of the high altitude. Mykaya embrace felt like father, when he took me on a ride. And when we landed, Mykaya had my soul. My heart." Aïsha paused before she finish. "And I had his."

"Your sure it isn't the sex having your emotion tangled? Dick can have a woman confuse. madly in love. Especially a virgin."

"I'm not confuse mother. I know Mykaya is the one. Just like you father was the one."

"Aïsha." Maryan sighed. Weary, caught in the middle of Hamza love and laws. And the love for her daughter. "You really didn't sort this out Aïsha. Mykaya can't protect you from your father." Maryan stood up from the table. "Did Mykaya know the consecurnces for laying down with you?"

Aïsha stared back down at her slippers ashamed. "Not exactly."

"And what do you mean not exactly?"

"Well before we had sex, I posed some questions to him."

"Like what?" Maryan stared harsh at Aïsha with pressed lips.

"Would you die for me? For us? Leaving out the reasons."

"So Mykaya doesn't know?"

"He knows now."

The march night was cool. Maryan sat out back by the fire, next to the pool. She thank her servant for the Vodka and cranberry juice. She been drinking a lot of it, since Aïsha deadly revelation. Maryan was waiting on Mykaya, whom she had summon, to discuss the matter with Aïsha. She been contemplating on how to save him and her daughter life. Maryan swallowed her beverage, watching Mykaya make his way towards her.

dressed in his traditional black, Mykaya bowed to the Queen. "I was told that you wanted to speak to me."

"Yes." Maryan forced a smile, and gesture for him to have a seat in front of her. In which he did. Maryan eyed him for a moment, before taking another sip of her Vodka, and placing it on the table.

"Aïsha told me everything." she spoked.

"Which is?" he replied apathetic.

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"Don't play fucking stupid with me! Maryan scowled. "No matter how of a good fighter you are, your no match for my husband Hamza. I been losing sleep, trying to save you and my daughter life."

"For give me my Queen. it wasn't my intention to insult your intel- ligents. I wasn't sure if Aisha had told you everything."

Maryan tested Mykaya love and loyalties for her daughter, asking if Aisha reveal to him the consequences before they lied down together. "Yes." he lied. Maryan locked eyes with Mykaya, realizing the man before her would do whatever to please and protect her daughter. The right side of her full lips rose. "

"I roamed this earth for thousands of centuries, and I seen great men die for territory, wealth, pride. But never for pussy."

"What about love?"

Maryan chortled, standing upright. She stepped closer to the fire, extending her hands, warming them. She reminisce witnessing the bat-tled bewteen Ramsey and Hamza. "For love, yes. Hamza fought for my love. Is that how you feel about my daughter?"

"Yes."

"Do you love her like your decease wife Melondy?" Maryan asked, with a solemn expression. Mykaya gave her a look of surprise, by her men- tioning his dead wife name. "Yes, I know about Melondy, and your twins. I sorry about your lost."

"I love them both the same, in different ways."

Maryan chortled once more, glanced at Mykaya. "Aisha believes you are the man in her childhood dreams. Her protector. Her loves."

"And who do you believe I am?"

Maryan turned to him with a expression of grief. "A dead man."

Mykaya rose to his feet, concealing his emotion, that Maryan re- sponse had did rattled him. "So you said you been losing sleep in trying to figure how to keep Aisha and I alive."

"I have."

"And have you come up with anything?"

"I have." she replied. Mykaya followed her with his eyes, as Maryan sat back down in her chair. She reached for her drink, to wet her throat. She stared jaded at Mykaya, who waited in the position of
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attention. "Run."

Aisha joined her mother out back, after going for a ride. She invited her mother to come alone with her next. That its been a while since she took her horse, Cleopatra for a ride. "Maybe I will." Maryan studied her daughter, while she warmed herself by the small fire. She watched Aisha check her phone, and read the disappointed reaction on her face. "Expecting a call from Mykaya?" she tilted her head.

"Yes. He should be back by now."
"He is. He just left from seeing me."
"Why did he come to see you?" Aisha stunned.
"I summon him. To discuss what to do about you two situation."
"So what did you two discuss?" Aisha took a seat beside her mother.
"I told him that he wasn't no match for your father. And that you wasn't thinking when you offered yourself to him." Maryan paused for a second before finishing. And that he is a dead man." her mother displayed a grave look.
"Mother you had no ."
"Aisha Listen!" Maryan yelled. "Your father will be back in six years. I been racking my brain to find a solution to keep you alive. And the only answer for you two is to leave. And never return."

Aisha silence, cogitated on her mother suggestion. For over three hundred years, she never went a night without seeing her mother face. She been everything to her. "I could never leave you mother. I rather stay with you."
"So I can watch you die." Maryan interrupted her. "Aisha honey, you really didn't think about all the situation of this act. So if you and Mykaya runaway. There's still a problem."
"And that is?" curious.
"That you have eternal life. What will you do after Mykaya die?"
Aisha rose from her seat, pondering what her mother last question. Gifted with eternal life, the thought of death never cross her mind. What will she do, when Mykaya die. Sure they could hide from the wrath of her father, but death is promise to find them. Posing
a question to herself. Could she live without Mykaya. She knew the answer without given it much thought. Aisha gazed at her mother grieving eyes. "I will die along with him." she answered proudly.

"Aisha." Maryan said her name mournfully.

"What other choice do I have mother. Its not like father will forgive me, and welcome me back with open arms."

Maryan moved closer to her only daughter, and held her hand, releasing a sorrowful sigh. She studied the beautiful features of Aisha, that reminded her of her mother. Sadden that she will never see the both of them again. "You and Mykaya need to hurry and decide where you two will live. So I can have funds sent to you. After you two decide, then you must leave right away."

"Why right away?"
"The sooner, the harder to track you down."

Aisha could see that her mother was fighting back emotion, as she tighten her grasp, holding Aisha hands. No words had to be spoken about their love for each other. Aisha felt miserable knowing the pain her mother was feeling. But wouldn't change her decision to make love with Mykaya. Having no doubts, that he is the one. The man in her dreams. Aisha embrace her mother tight, closing her eyes, speaking softly, how much she love and will miss her.

Aisha been startled and confused, when she opened them, looking at the grey wing beast before her, that was impossible to be her father. Maryan turned around, after hearing the ruling being hiss.

Hamza had relayed the history to her about how he and Ramsey became vampires. And knew that one day that they would cross the path of Joshua and Yusef and war.

Maryan hissed exposing her fangs, sheilding Aisha behind her. She locked eyes with the Khalefa, wondering which one it could be. Unexpected, Maryan begin to see his harden feature soften. His head tilting right to left, folding in his wings, as though it seems to be mesmerize by Maryan beauty. Maryan mouth ajar, when the Khalefa transformed to it human form.

No words were spoken, while she begin to creep closer to him. Maryan placed her hand on his smooth black face. Aisha witness the two
speaking with their eyes. She no longer had to guess whom the mystery man was. He was every bit of the description her mother had describe. Handsome. Chiseled, and the most perfect dark skin she had even seen. Aisha felt her flesh chill, when he said her mother name.

"Ramsey." she called his softly.

Ramsey displayed his moonlight smile, when he heard her voice. "Your more beautiful then the night, I first saw you on the Nile." Maryan face flushed from his comment. "I can say the same for you. What are you doing here? How did you find us?"

Ramsey smiled down at her, not ready yet to answer Maryan question. Ramsey looked passed her, pinning his sight on Aisha. "And who is this lovely creature." he gestured to Aisha. Maryan walked back over to her daughter, clutching her trembling hand.

"This is Aisha, my daughter."

"They didn't tell me that you and Hamza had a seed. A daughter." Ramsey walked towards Aisha, and stood before her, admiring her features. He imagine if Maryan and he had had a seed. What would it look like. "She's a splitting image of your beauty."

Maryan exhibited an uncomfortable smile, wondering who had informed Ramsey of their whereabout. She asked him again, which he ignored her question, and swiveled his back to her to view their living quarters. "I see that Hamza has been taking care of you very well. Creating a small military, powerful enough to defeat a small country. Increasing his wealth ten folds. It seems like the prophecy was true."

Suddenly Ramsey took a heavy sniff of the breeze, then turned to them both. "But when Hamza wakes from his dormancy, there will be some major chaos in this happy home." Ramsey eyes turned to Aisha.

"You never answer me Ramsey, on how you found us. And the reason for you being here?"

"Surely Maryan you should have figure that out by now."

"The Jinns." she guessed. Ramsey gave her a sinister look. "It still doesn't explain your reasoning for being here."

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Ramsey moved closer to Maryan, then massaged her cheek with his finger. Her gazed softly in her eyes. You Maryan."

"That is not possible. I love and committed to Hamza. You lost fairly to him, to have me as yours."

"True my love. But Hamza made the horrible mistake of allowing me to live. I come to challenge him again for your heart."

"Hamza spared your life because he was your best friend. He loved you like brother."

"I did for him also."

"So what makes you think you can defeat Hamza this time?"

Ramsey gazed at her in silence momentarily. "You."

In answering her question, Ramsey swiveled his back to Maryan, stepping away, and continued speaking. "After I kill Hamza, the Jinns will become my servants. I will give you the wedding of your dreams. And you will realize that your rightful place is belong beside me."

"Is that what the Jinns promise you? To be your servants?"

"Yes."

"Ramsey you cannot trust them."

"Who say I trust them."

"Well Hamza is sleep, and its against the Khalefas laws for another Khalefa to disturb ones rest. Hamza want be waken until another six years."

"Yes, I know the laws well. So I'm here to collect a little assurance so when Hamza wakes, he have no choice but to accept my challenge."

"And what little assurance you talking about collecting?" Maryan asked muddled.

Ramsey turned his eyes from to Aisha. Mortified, Maryan shielded Aisha again. "Your not taking my daughter Ramsey." she told him, taking a few steps backwards. Ramsey quicken his movement, standing inches in front of them. "Take me, and leave my daughter be."

"I would love to, but I couldn't bare you being near me that next six years, and not allow to touch you or make love. I know Hamza will come to me, if I have his seed."

"The only way you taking my daughter is over my dead body." she
scrowled.

"My love be rationale. You know I would never hurt you. And there's no way was possible that you can stop me." Ramsey sigh, pausing for momentarily. "I promise I want bring no harm to her. Which in that case, you can not say the same for Hamza, when he return."

"Hamza loves me and his daughter very much. I will convince him to bend the laws, ans spare her life."

Ramsey chuckled at Maryan last statement. While Ramsey explained that Hamza has no authority to do so, Aisha retrieved her dagger given to her by her father. Reaching for her mother hand, to pull it behind her back, Aisha placed the dagger in her hand.

"Hamza can not bend the laws, that he did not create."
"Can you say that the laws are already being violated with four Khalefas existing?" Maryan questioning Ramsey, clutching the dagger tighter.

"Neither Hamza or I have cross the path of the other two. And when I do, I will kill them both."
"Then you will be the only Khalefa."

Ramsey smiled, caressing her face again. "You still do not get it. How much I still love you. If I rid all the Khalefas, we do not have to kill our seeds."

Maryan placed her free hand on top of Ramsey, that caressed her face. She gave him a appeasing expression. A heart warming smile. acknowledging to Ramsey how she appreciate what he is willing to do to please her. "I can't explain to you how gratifying it sounds to me, the things you will do for me, to make me happy. But there's one problem." she kissed his hand.

"And that is?" Ramsey curious. Lost in her beauty.
"I'M MARRIED MUTHAFUCKER!" she yelled, trying to place the dagger in the center of his chest. Ramsey reached quickly, catching her wrist. The tip of the dagger broke Ramsey skin, drawing drops of blood.

Maryan shouted for Aisha to run and get help, as she wrestles to push the dagger in Ramsey heart. Ramsey witness the direction that Aisha went, and turned his focus back to Maryan, who continue to
struggle to drive the dagger. Ramsey looked down to the drops of blood leaking from his chest. Wiping it away with his finger, he placed his finger in his mouth, and sucked it. He face displayed delight, from its savory taste. He applied more pressure to Maryan wrist, causing her to drop the dagger. Ramsey pirouetted Maryan, drawing her into his grasp. he inhaled the fragrance of her coffee skin, and silky hair. Bringing him back to the night of the Nile.

"I am somewhat disappointed in you. You tried to kill me. But I forgive you. In time, you will remember how you once love me, before Hamza came and stole your heart." Ramsey inhaled her sweet scent once more, before turning Maryan around, releasing her. "I have lived to long without you in my life. And soon again, you will be mines. For now, I can only wait for that day. Until then, take care my love." Ramsey finished, metamorphising into his beastly ruling self. Taking flight, Maryan screamed for him to return, pearing for Aisha life.

Aisha ran for dear life, finding two harasas. Out of breath, Aisha tried to relay what was happening. Exhausted and frighten, the harasas couldn't understand her gibberish. Aisha eyes widen to their maxs when Ramsey landed behind the harasas. She stuttered, pointing at him. Both turned around, and Ramsey ripped both of their throats with one swipe. Blood splattered on Aisha face, as she felled back on her rear. Ramsey gave her a wicked grin. "Going somewhere."

Maryan could hear her daughter cries in the night, as Ramsey took flight with her.
Mykaya was back at the compound, and been given vague information of Aisha kidnapping, by Mr. Brooks. He been informed that the Queen wanted to speak to him immediately. Inside the mansion, Mykaya was escorted to the home library where Maryan waited for him. She had excused Mr. Brooks, wanting to talk to him alone.

Mykaya glanced up at the family portrait, and for the first time seeing a râcé of Hamza. The viceroy. The creator of the Shams. Without question gave their lives to protect his family. Dark, huge and grey headed, his prophecy scar been very visible across his jaw.

Mykaya eyes went to Aisha, who sat in her mother lap. Not knowing her age, he guess Aisha was no more than five. He could sense in her expression, that she been irritated, sitting in her mother lap for long periods of time.

Mykaya could only regconized half the beauty of the woman in the portrait. Aisha abduction had age her centuries. Maryan had gestured for Mykaya to have a seat across from her. He refused, wanting to know more about Aisha abduction. "What happen? Who kidnapped Aisha? Mr. Brooks telling me you being vague, wanting to speak to me only."

Maryan looked up at him with blood shot eyes, from crying. "You told me earlier tonight, that you love my daughter. That you would die for her."

"That's true."

Maryan been interrupted by her servant, bringing her another vodka drink to calm her. After the servant slid close the doors, she continued. "The past has somehow found Hamza and I."

Mykaya tilted his head curious, wondering what Maryan was trying to say. "Earlier I mention that Hamza had fought for my love."

"Yes." Mykaya nodded.

"When Hamza defeated the man, my husband made a crucial mistake."

Maryan paused for a second, swallowing her drink. "And you know what that mistake was?"

"He didn't kill him."

Receiving the correct answer, Maryan forced a half smile. "The man my husband let live, was his childhood friend. What you might did
know, Hamza is not a Khalefa from birth. But became one after he and his best friend Ramsey, found the body of an original Khalefa in a cave in Africa. I first met Ramsey. He saved my life from being eaten by an alligator on the Nile river, while I was drawing water for my sick father. Quickly, Ramsey and I fell in love, until I saw Hamza. Like my daughter, I also had a dream when I was a little girl. About a man with a scar on his face, extending his hand. I told my mother about the dream, before she died from a village plague." Maryan rose to her feet, and stood in front of the fireplace, glancing up at their family portrait. "She told me that he was my husband."

Mykaya gazed back up at Hamza face, seeing the visible scar. "I remembered when Aisha came to me about her dream. She was ten at the time. I told her the dream meant nothing." Maryan said, pausing momentarily. "But I knew what it meant." she turned to Mykaya. "You asked me earlier tonight, who do I believe you are."

"You said I was a dead man." Mykaya replied.

Maryan stood silent for a long moment. A bitter mien appeared on her face. A different expression that she shown from earlier, when she reveal to him that he was a dead man. "When I told you that, I was not truthful. Like my mother I knew what the dream meant." she swiveled back up to the portrait. "It is a sign of a new blood line. The death of my husband. I didn't want to accept that the time has come." Maryan turned back to Mykaya. "Ask me how I know, and that I can not answer."

Mykaya showed no emotion to the Queen revelation. He wasn't sure to be astounded of being the new ruler on earth. Or if the Queen was playing games with his mind, in motivate him to rescue her daughter.

"I explained to Aisha that nothing last forever. Everything will one day parish. And it is Hamza and I time. That why you must rescue my daughter. Your Queen. Your love."

"Where's Ramsey?"

"I don't know. He didn't tell me. I'm sure the Jinns can."

"How do you know?"
"He told me they were the ones who found him."
"I will go find your daughter. My Queen. I want return back alive without her."

Ramsey, his generals, Hud, and along with his companions, gathered around a magnificent hand carved maple wooden table, and high back chairs. The architect of their pyramid were carved as legs, and chairs, except, for Ramsey. Whom throne was made of solid gold. Wings flared out above his head. Black velvet cushion, his Khalefa face molded on each arm rest. He invited Hud and his companions to feast with him, for the success of the princess capture. Aisha had been removed from the convivility, for her unwanted rudeness and language.

Ramsey summoned a servant to add more avocados and another slab of lamb. He smiled at the beauty, who was filling his royal cup. A medium height, brown skinned, young woman with long flowing black hair. She glanced at Ramsey with her exotic gray eyes, displaying a perfect set of pearls. The young servant asked if there was anything else that she could do for him, in her native tongue. Ramsey held up a finger, checking to see his guess wanted more food or drink. Mr. Kaplan loved the beans and pumpkin pie, and wanted more.

"Khalefa Ramsey, I been around the earth, exploring, discovering and eating all types of food. But never have I tasted anything as good as these beans and pumpkin pie. What is in it, that the Incas women use?"

"Ramsey chuckled lightly. "Mr. Kaplan I do not know. The cooking I learn is the woman domain. When they summon its ready, I eat."

Ramsey relayed the order in the Inca tongue. Before she left, Ramsey grasped her hand and tapped his cheek with his finger. The young servant lips curled up, leaning over to kiss him there. Turning to leave, she shriek, when Ramsey slapped her on her tight ass. He tilted his head, smiling, watching her round ass sway away. Picking up his knife, cutting into his lamb, Ramsey spoke. "The Incas people and their women are intelligent and beautiful people. Those destructive and greedy Europeans will destroy anything and
any race for riches."

Chewing, Ramsey glanced over at Hud's plate, to noticed that he had not tried anything on it. "You know Mr. Hud, back in Africa, when I was a young boy, it was considered disrespect, if one refuse or not take a bite of the food, that women slave all day to prepare."

"No disrespect, Khalefa Ramsey." sliding his plate away. "I don't have much of an appetite."

"That's impossible to believe, after a day long journey" Ramsey lifted an eyebrow. "Surely you must be thirsty? The Incas say the lamb blood is the best animal feed."

Hud grabbed his wooden chalice, taking a whiff. He stuck his finger in it, tasting the blood, then placed the chalice back on the table. Hud turned his attention back to Ramsey, whom been slicing another piece of lamb. Never looking up, Ramsey made an insertion.

"Mr. Hud, I sense your alittle upset about something. You should be celebrating the seizure of the princess, and the coming end of Hamza."

"I don't understand why you didn't kill Hamza while he rest?" Hud retorted.

The Inca beauty returned with more beans and pie for Mr. Kaplan. Ramsey grinned, winking an eye at her. He made a note to himself, to call her to his chamber tonight. Reaching for his chalice, Ramsey spoke. "It is a Khalefa law, that a Khalefa can not harm another or the family while resting."

"If you kill all the Khalefas, you wouldn't have to abide by any laws, but the rising of the sun. Isn't that princess bitch dead any way, when Hamza return?"

"Yes."

"Then what is the fucking problem, if I kill her?"

"Because I abducted her. Not you, or your incompetent beasts you Jinns created." Ramsey pointed to them, standing post with his warriors. He gulped down his chalice of blood, then continued. "Plus I promise to Maryan that I will bring no harm to her daughter."

"This is not part of the deal we made Khalefa Ramsey." Hud reacted
with a hardened tone, standing to his feet.

"I am holding part of the covenant. You want me to kill Hamza, and
the other Khalefas, is that correct? Mr. Kaplan does not know the
whereabout of Joshua and Yusef yet. Until he locate their dwelling,
we can only be patience till Hamza wakes in six years."

Hud place his hands behind his back, and commence to pace around
the colossal table. Ramsey sat down his chalice, lifting his right
foot on his throne, along with his right elbow. He followed Hud
with his eyes, as he spoke. "Khalefa Ramsey two things I wasn't
born with. Eternal life like you." Hud gestured to him. "So not
gifted with eternal life, leaves me no time to be patience."

"How long have you been existininf Mr. Hud?"
"Alittle over four hundred years."
"Is not the Jinns life span five hundred years?"
"True." Hud answered him, standing next to a Qamar.
"Then what is another six years Mr. Hud?"
"Six minutes is to long." Hud answered looking at his Rolex. He or-
dered Mr. Kaplan to remove himself from the table. Kaplan took one
last taste of his beans, before placing on his Harrison Ford derby.
He pushed his wire rim glasses up the bridge of his nose.
"I was truely hoping that our agreement would work out." Hud fin-
ished, nodding his head to his two Qamars, making his exit. Mr. Ka-
plan been right on his heels. Hud turned back to Ramsey, when he
called his name.

"Are you not forgetting something?"
"That is?" Hud displayed a wicked smile.
"These two stupid hairy beasts." Ramsey motion to them.
Hud chuckled lightly. "I think not Khalefa Ramsey." walking back
to stand beside them. "Kill him and everybody. And bring the prin-
cess to me." he commanded.

Chaos broke out inside the temple, when the two Qamars transformed
into werewolves. The women and servants screamed in terror. Ram-
sey sat calmly in his chair, as his warrioirs tried to battle with
the beasts.
The Incas and their weapons were no match for the two Qamars. With their razor sharp claws, they ripped open Ramsey's military. One of the Qamar snatched the exotic grey eyes servant of Ramsey, who still remained seat. Roaring at him, the Qamar toss the Inca beauty up into the temple ceiling breaking her neck. Ramsey watched angrily, as her body fell lifeless to the ground. The Qamar struck his chest, and raoro once more at Ramsey, before charging. Leaping in the air, Ramsey brandished a sharp metal disc, flinging it at the Qamar, amputating its head. Ramsey watched as his headless body fly by him, and its head lay before him on the table. Rising from his throne, Ramsey metamorphosis to his supremed nature. Witnessing the last Qamar rip open his general chest, Ramsey slapped the bodyless head off the table, and attack the Qamar. Driving the Qamar into the wall, Ramsey strucked the four legged werewolf with hammering blows. With every contact, the Qamar yep. Luckily, the Qamar had been able to maneuver away from a punch, that broke off a stone struction of the temple. The Qamar sliced Ramsey with two quick strikes across the shoulder and chest, forcing him to move back. Ramsey glanced down at his gash, rubbing his hand across it. He hissed, while the Qamar responded back with a roar. The two beasts clashed again, exchanging blows, until Ramsey tore his throat out with his razor claws. As the werewolf gasp for air, Ramsey clutched the beast in a bear hug, and took flight fast towards the ceiling, then releasing him. Cracking open its skull, and watching its body crumble to the ground, just like the grey eyes beauty. Ramsey stood still for a second observing all the lifeless body lying in his temple, and became even more furious. Picking something off the floor, Ramsey rushed out the temple.

Hud and Mr. Kaplan been quickly making their way through the jungle, hoping to catch the Mayan wearing the I Love L4A T-shirt, to carrying them back down the river. Sudden Hud blue eyes widen with fright, and shock, When Ramsey landed before him. He knew his grandfather obsession in finding the Khalefas has brought an early death to his father. His brother. He watched Ramsey mouth
curl up. And now him. Ending the Machecek dynasty.
"Mr. Hud, you left so quickly, that you forgot something." Ramsey spoked, tossing the Qamar head at him.

CHAPTER 30

Mykaya and two more harasas were on the Shams private jet on their way to Belize. He had first traveled to New York, in search of Hud. Finding his servant Murphy only there. In ordered to get Murphy to tell Hud whereabout, Mykaya hunged him upside down over the balcony.

Mykaya stared out the window of the plane, thinking about Aisha, while Terry and Bill ordered them something to eat.

William Wayne, who go by Bill, is a six foot five, two hundred and fifty pound caucasian. Firey red hair, that he wore in a crew cut, Bill ran the security in Washington DC, and was considered one of the best fighters next to Mykaya. Though never engaging with one of Hud's Qamars, he welcome the contingency to fight against a Khalefa.

Bill ordered a turkey sandwich on rye bread, and some orange juice. Terry ordered a ham sandwich, and a shot of Teqilla. Mykaya glanced over at Terry befuddled, because of Terry muslim belief, he didn't eat swine or drink alcohol. "We're on our way to Belize, to try and rescue the princess from a Khalefa vampire. I was told that these muthafuckers are seven feet tall, and huge. with wings like a 747."

"Actually six eleven. Three hundred and thirty pounds, with six foot wings." Bill interrupted.

Mykaya and Terry looked intently astounded, how much Bill knew about the Khalefas structure. "Did some research on them." Bill answered the curious looks.

"Like the old saying goes, try everything once before you die."

Mykaya didn't order anything, as he turned his attention back out the window, contemplating about Aisha. Flying above the clouds, brought back memories at the stables, when he and Aisha first con-
nected. Dancing above the clouds, he immediately felt the emotion, the sensation, and the passion. As much he tried to run from it. Building a wall around himself, his skills was no match for love.

The steward disturbed Mykaya's thoughts, bringing Terry and Bill their orders. Watching the steward set up the harasas trays, the last conversation with Maryan cross his mind.

"You asked me earlier who do I believe you are?"
"You said a dead man."
"When I told you that, I wasn't being truthful. Just like my mother, I knew what Aisha dream meant. It's a sign of a new bloodline. The death of my husband. I didn't want to except that the time has come. Ask me how I know, I can not explain."

Mykaya didn't get the meaning of Maryan words. A combination of things had to happen, for him to kill Hamza. And first, that's not getting kill by Ramsey, in trying to rescue Aisha. Terry interfered with Mykaya rumination, commenting about the ham sandwich. "Dam, this shit ain't bad." he chewed, with mustard showing on the side of his mouth. "I wonder why God forbid mankind from the pig. Can't be for the taste." taking another bite of his sandwich.

"It has nothing to do with the taste, its about cleanness. And having control over your appetite. Just not appetite for food, but greed. Doing anything unlawful for worldly wealth." Bill enlighten Terry.

"Dam, I guess you did your research on the hog too?" Terry remark. "No. I practice Jewishism. Right now the swine greed for food is displayed on the side of your mouth." Bill pointed to the mustard on his chin. Terry removed the mustard with a napkin, then took another chunk of his sandwich, and cringed washing it down with the Tequila.

"The alcohol will take time to get use too."

Mykaya raised an eyebrow in displeasure, when Terry offered him some. "You need to get something in your stomach. You haven't eaten anything since we left Houston. Its almost a day travel in the jungle"
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to get to Ramsey temple."

"He can't eat." Bill interceded.
"And how do you know that?" Terry asked, both glaring at Bill, as
he took a bite of his turkey sandwich.
"He's in love. I recognize the signs. The silence. Can't eat. The
sorrow expression."
"With who?" Terry curious.
"The princess." Bill answered, reaching for his orange juice.

Mykaya stared at Bill for a intense moment, then glanced out the
window. He saw Aisha face in the clouds. When Mykaya didn't respond
to Bill notion, Terry exhibit a devilish grin. "Son of a bitch. You
didn't tell me you were tapping the princess. I thought you two
hated each other guts."
"She did."
"What, you had the hots for her?"
"No, it's a very confusion story." he paused, pondering. "At times,
I don't understand how it happen." he stared back out the window.
"How does it feels, dating the king's daughter?"
"Nothing special, because no one knows."
"Is the sex good?" Terry inquired, showing all thirty two teeth.
Mykaya frowned, raising his eyebrow, displeasure with the question.
"My bad dawg." Terry apologized. With a mouthful of food, Terry
spoke to Bill. "So you suffered the same emotion when you was in
love?"
"Yeah."
"What happen?"
"My wife for ten years left me for another man, because I was to
involved in my work. I didn't feel nothing at first, until I start-
ed coming to a empty home everyday. Then suddenly all the emotion
came crashing down on me. I was going through withdrawls. Not even
going to work."
"Just like my friend Mykaya, you couldn't eat."
"Yeah I could eat. I just couldn't cook." Bill smiled, making both
Mykaya and Terry chuckled.
"So you have someone new in your life?" Terry asked.
"No, I'm back with my wife."
"How did you get her back?"
"Somehow the other mysteriously disappeared." Bill glanced back
and forth to Mykaya and Terry, before finishing his sandwich.

They landed at the same private airstrip, that Hud had used. Terry
cursed killing a mosquito the size of a humming bird. The Belize
weather been stale and humid. Mykaya glanced at his watch, and star-
ed up at the warm sun, thinking about Aisha. Wondering if she's a-
live and unharmed.

Bill putting on his backpack, interrupted Mykaya thoughts. "We
need to get moving. If we to make it to Ramsey temple before night
fall. The mayan worker said we need to head northeast."

"The direction mankind begin." Mykaya stared in the direction,
speaking to no one in particular, throwing on his backpack.

Mykaya and Bill ignored Terry complaints, being massacred by the
humming birds size mosquitoes. Moving swiftly through the jungle,
they stumbled upon the same village, where the Mayan couple stood
in front of their hut, stirng food. The same little naked boy, came
up to Terry, pulling on his pants, grinning up at him, his palms
out. He looked down at the boy confused, not knowing what the indi-
gent kid wanted.

"You wants some money?" Terry reached in his pocket, handing him
five dollars. The young boy examined the paper oddly again, retort-
ing in his native tongue, handing the bill back. "What! you want
more?" looking down at the boy open palms. "If you want more money,
I'm broke. Ask him." Terry pointed at Mykaya. "His girlfriend is
the princess, and she's loaded."

Mykaya frowned at his friend, nodding his head in amazement.

"Money is of no use in the village. Goods are." Bill informed,
spotting a pack of gum in Terry shirt pocket. He suggested that
Terry give it to the boy.
"What! Gum?" Terry exclaimed.
"Yeah. The indigent people like to try stuff from the outside world."
Terry face showned disbelief, astounded, retrieving his pack of gum
Before handing the grinning kid the pack, Terry removed himself a
stick. Terry cursed, when the Mayan boy snatched the gum and ran.

"Dam! you can't say thank you." watching the boy zoom over to his
friends.

Not knowing the Mayan language, Bill communicated with the man with
signs, shapes, and gestures, mentioning the Inca indians. The
stained teeth man spoke in the noncomprehending language, pointing
to the setting of the sun. West.

Making gestures of running water, and rowing conoe, Mykaya pulled
out from his side, one of his Mach Five Bowie knife, thanking the
man. Thirty minutes later, they found by the river bank, the young
man, with the I Love L.A shirt. "Inca temple." Bill spoked.
The indain nodded his head yes, and stick out his hand. "I don't
have any more gum." Terry noted.

"He don't want any gum. he wants money."

Terry handed the man the same five dollar bill, he tried to give
the little naked boy. The young man glower at the small note, then
at Terry. He rubbed his fingers, indicating more. "Dam, you wants
some more money?" Terry surprised, as the mayan showed no emotion,
nodding his head. "You ain't from around here. Probaly a mexican,
posing as a mayan." Terry remark, reaching in his pocket, retrieving
fifty.

Arriving at their destination, darkness begin to lurk behind them,
as the setting of the sun, started to fade behind the trees before
them. Desperate to reach Ramsey temple before nightfall, in hoping
to find and rescue Aisha before Ramsey awaken.

Inside the temple, Aisha been vexation Ramsey, strapped to a chair.
She been boasting to him how her boyfriend is coming to extricate
her, and kill him. Ramsey chuckled at Aisha foolish accusation.

"What are you laaghing at?" she scrowled.
"This male you blustering about." he reached for his chalice.
"He's the best fighter in the world. I seen him kill two of those
werewolves beasts."

Ramsey looked over his chalice cup, raising aneyebrow. A little im-
pressed by the revelation.

Taking a long drink, Ramsey placed his cup back on the table.
"Those hairy beasts the Jinns created are incompetent to kill a fly. Plus, I wouldn't worry about your little male friend coming to save you. if he is smart, he will run away far as possible." Ramsey rising from his throne.

Aisha followed him with disdain; eyes, Ramsey sat on the edge of the table next to her. He observed the beauty of Aisha. Her smooth carmel skin. Full lips, and flowing hair just like her mother. Aisha sparkling green eyes had the ability to put men in trances. Ramsey quickly flashed back when he saw Maryan on the Nile, remembering the roses fragrance of her skin. Aisha process the same scent. Ramsey admitted, Hamza and Maryan had created a masterpiece. After he kill Hamza, and have Maryan, he thought about how would their seed look.

Aisha broke his thoughts while he tried to draft an image. "Why."
"When your father return, he is a dead man, for lying with his daughter. But you already know that. And right now your little male doesn't have to worry about Hamza, beacuse I have you. Hamza will come after me, and I will kill him, and your so-called boyfriend is home free."

"Mykaya would never do that!" Aisha yelled, not sounding sure. Ramsey detect the uninsurance in her voice. "Plus, when my father a-wake, he's gonna ripp your head off this time."

"Oh." Ramsey paused, massaging his chin. "And if that happen, what do you think will happen to you?" he snickered. "Remember." he pointed"your little male had ran off.

Ramsey watched Aisha pretty face change to grief. Aisha jerked away, when Ramsey tried to rub his finger across her cheek. "I have an idea to save your life."

Aisha glared at him with dispise eyes, jerking once more, when Ramsey attempted again to massage her cheek. "Marry me."

"WHAT!" she yelled. "Never."
"Son of A Bitch! What The Hell Is That!" Terry cursed. Mykaya kneeled beside the object. He clutched the top of it, rotating right and left.

"It's a Qamar." Mykaya answered.
"GodDam man, what the hell we fighting that rips off heads?"

Mykaya wiped his hands off on his clothes, and stood upright, giving his best friend a stern stare. "A Khalefa."

"Look." Bill pointed high in the trees.
"SHIT!" Terry cursed again, looking at Hud and Mr. Kaplan hanging, tree vines, wrapped around their necks.

Mykaya, Terry and Bill hid behind the large trees, watching the Incas make preparation for Ramsey awakening. Mykaya look at his watch, and saw that nightfall would be in fifteen minutes. His eyes traveled up the long steep stairs to the entrance. Examining the door, he wondered how was he gonna get inside.

Inside, Ramsey was still planting doubts in Aisha mind, about her lover coming to rescue her. Suddenly he turned with the quickness, after hearing an explosion outside. Rushing to the door, he pulled out a three by three triangular size brick to see outside. Ramsey saw his warriors running around in chaos, as more explosion erupted.

He glanced at the sand falling in the hour glass, realizing he eight minutes to nightfall. Making his back to Aisha, she boasted that Mykaya did come to free her. "Oh, what that shit you were saying. I told you he would come."

Aisha tittered, perceive to put a disconsolated look on Ramsey face.

"You ever see Ice Cube movie, Friday?"

"No." Ramsey curious about the question

"Well, it's a very funny saying in the movie."

"Which is?"

"That's your ass Mr. Postman."

Ramsey gave Aisha an intense look, then smile. He slowly creep closer to her, and leaned in her ear. Goosebumps covered her whole body.
as he spoke. "You know I tried to give you way out in saving your life. And now you think your half breed boyfriend is here to rescue you. Let me tell you about a old play, Romeo and Juliet. In this remake, both will in up dead." Ramsey finished, kissing her on the cheek, walking away.

Mykaya and his two conrads dodged arrows, as they sliced their way through Ramsey warriors. Bill screamed for Mykaya to go try and open the door to the temple. "Nightfall is in five minutes."

Mykaya kicked the chest of one of the warriors, then roundhouse at the same time the jaws of two more Incas fighters. After, he sped off to Ramsey temple, jumping to the top of the forty steps in three leaps. He studied the ten by ten limestone door, trying to figure out how to open it.

He searched around it, and along the wall, hoping to find a latch that would open it. Bill and Terry finally made their way up to him. Bill removed his backpack, pulling out a small black bag. Yanking the string, the black bag formed a five by five net, abling them to duck behind, avoiding the clouds of arrows.

The Incas tried to make their way up the stairs, but Bill and Terry made them retreat, showering them with grenades.

Bill look dissatisfied at Mykaya, still trying to find away inside.

"Morning will be here, before you find away to get in." Bill remark. Reaching inside his backpack again, he removed two sticks of dynamite, and stuck it in the crevess of the door. Bill advised for them to take cover. "This bitch is about to blow."

Bill smiled at the large hole in the door. "I wonder if Ramsey awaken after that bang."

Mykaya stared up at the thread of the last sight of daylight. "He's woke."

Terry and Bill followed Mykaya inside the temple. Torches lit the hallway of three corridors. Bill suggested each one take a corridor, to search for the princess. Mykaya hesitant about the idea, know their chances would be greater, in defeating Ramsey, if they stay together. But Bill was able to persuade him of the idea. "If we

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seperate, we can find the princess faster, and get the fuck out of here."

Mykaya took the left corridor. Bill the middle, and Terry the right. Mykaya advised the men to stay alert. "And don't be afraid to shout and continue shouting if you see a seven foot vampire."

"And run too." Terry said, pulling out his SG 2000, and begin creeping down the corridor, with wide eyes. Traveling down his corridor, Terry encountered different men embalm ed along the walls, in military gear, from throughout time. Arabs wearing long robes, and chain vest. Metal helmets, and two egde swords. A Roman soldier, and a fully amour Scotman. Terry paused observing the acient African warrior. The dark skinned African been well built, wearing a leather skirt. A long feather shield in his left hand. A spear in his right. His feature were strong, yet handsome. A lion head was on top of his head, with its paws, resting on his shoulders. Terry been amazed how alive the warrior looked, poking at his chest. Twice.

As Terry continue down the corridor searching for the princess, he suddenly halted in his snail pace, hearing what sounded like a door opening. He jolted in fright, when the jaguar jumped out, roaring. Terry watched the spotted big cat with wide eyes, charging. Raising his SG 2000, he fired the nylon net, catching the cat in drtide. The jaguar wailed loudly, when the net begin to cut through its flesh. Looking at the cat as though it just went through a blender, Terry turned towards the voice behind him.

"You killed my pet jaguar, Blemish."

Terry exhibited an expression of shock, looking into the face of the African warrior, whom he thought was embalmed. "You must pay for killing such a beautiful creature."

Before Terry could say a word, or raise his gun, Ramsey waved his hands forward, putting out the blaze, of all the torches. Terry did not want to waste his rounds, fire at something he couldn't see. But when the torches lights were restored, Ramsey was standing in front of Terry. Ramsey easily disarmed Terry, before he could pull
the trigger, Ramsey sent him flying backwards, with a front kick in the chest. He studied Terry weapon, while he recover from the painful kick. Turning his attention back to Terry, who stumbled to his feet, still holding his chest, he spoked. "Surely you are not the lover and fighter, the princess braggs about. Who are you?"

"The muthafucker who came to kill you." Terry remover his sword, and began moving forward. Ramsey laughter halted Terry in his tracks. "What the fuck you laughing for?" Terry face obscured. "I know surely your not him. You holding your sword improper. I think you need more practice, before you challenge me." Ramsey said, walking over to a latch on the wall. "Meet the family of four." pulled the latch.

Terry fell twenty feet, when the doors open under him. Ramsey exhibited his perfect set of pearls, listening to Terry moaned and groan at the pit floor. Terry quickly became alert, forgetting the pain, and hearing the growling sounds in the dark pit. Ramsey wave his hands, setting the blaze to the pit torches. Terry terrified, what he saw in all four corners, hurried to his feet.

"I also do a little experimental breeding myself. Meet Adam, Eve, Cain and Abel. A cross breed of a Bengal tiger and a African lion." Reaching for his sword, Terry stumbled back to the ground, from the shocking pain in his left ankle. He glanced down and saw the swelling, and figured it had to be fracture. Terry looked up at Ramsey, when he told him to have fun.

Bill shooked his head in unbelief at all the painting of Ramsey at every historical events, during mankind existing. Shaking hands with Alexander The Great, when he defeated the Persians. Whispering in King David ear. Kissing the beautiful Cleopatra. With John and Mary, and Jesus mother of his crucification. The last painting, Ramsey was standing next to Benjamin Franklin, flying a kite.

Mykaya came upon a door in his corridor. He placed his ear against it, listening for any sounds of Aisha inside. Hearing nothing, Mykaya noticed two levels, one on top of each other, sticking out the wall. He hoped one would open the door. Pulling down the bottom level, an arrow shot from the other side of the wall, barely miss-
ing him millimeter in the neck. He exhaled deeply, from a sign of relief. Back away, Mykaya retrieved his whip, wrapping it around the top level, and yanking it down. Nothing happen as the door open. Peeping inside, he found a human skeleton, chained to the wall. The sight made him weary, thinking about Aisha. Finding another door, he pulled down the level from a distant with his whip. Selecting the right level, the door open. Glancing inside, Mykaya check for clearance, before stepping inside. In the room was a shelf, with only a bowl of water. Mykaya grabbed the multicolor quilt, bringing it to his nose. The scent had revealed that Aisha had been in the room. he wondered where have Ramsey had taken her. Hoping that his new found love was still alive.

Bill corridor had lead him straight to Aisha, whom been still strapped to a chair. Rushing to her, Bill took out his knife, to cut her loose.

"Who are you?" she asked. "And where is Mykaya?"
"Mykaya and Terry are here. I just found you first." Bill answered, taking her hand. "No more question, we got to get the fuck out of here."

Pulling on Aisha arm, a voice ceased them both, as they turned around. "No one is going anywhere until someone pays for destroying my door." Ramsey said, entering the dinning chamber, through a secret door. In his hand was a sword, that he placed on his shoulder.

"Sorry about the door. I got no answer when I knock. I guess you were sleeping. But I promise to send a repairman in the morning to fix it. Right now, I have to take the princess home. Her mother been worry sick since you left with her."

Ramsey eyed Aisha who shown a dejected look and smile. "Surely this comedian is not who you been boasting about to come rescue you."
Aisha remained silent, as Ramsey started to shorten the distant between them. Bill took out his Desert Eagle 44, pointing it at Ramsey, causing him to pause.

"I knew you were a comedian and not a fighter. I'm giving you an
opportunity for a fair chance to try and defeat me."

Bill eyes narrowed, wanting to accept the challenge to kill Ramsey. If he defeat him, he would become praised among the Shams, and bring the Jinns into his fold. And rule for eternity. Aisha mouth ajarred slightly, when Bill slowly lower his gun.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed.

Bill said nothing as he watch Ramsey grin widen, pulling out his sword. Ramsey swivel on his heels, waking away, while speaking. "Your a brave man." lifting his sword and seeing Bill reflection in it. Ramsey turned to face him, holding his sword out in front of him. The light from the torches reflected off his shinning weapon, lighten Ramsey face. "This here is a Yashida sword, made personally from him. I studied under him. The best samuri swordman that ever lived. Legend say."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Legend say he killed ten swordman at one time." Bill interceded Ramsey sarcastic. "Now what you gonna do, fight or give histiry lesson?" Bill twirled his sword. Ramsey chuckled lightly.

"Anxious to die. But I am gonna make you suffer first."

Ramsey kept his promise, as Bill bled from fifty cuts, that Ramsey induce. tears fell from Aisha eyes, having relaps of Sampson face, nodding his head at her, giving up his life to save hers. As Bill blood continued to flow out his body, the weaker he became. After moments of torturing Bill, Ramsey cut off his hand, that held the sword.

Aisha covered her ears from Bill's screams, falling to his knees, looking at his missing hand. Turning his odious stares up at Ramsey, Bill expression remained the same, when Ramsey raised his sword to commence to remove his head.

As Ramsey stared to swing, a whip wrapped around his wrist, and yanked him to the ground. His squeals ricocheted off the temple walls, as he flopped on the ground, likw a fish out of water, from the electrical shock. Aisha ranned over to him, holding Mykaya tight. "I knew you would come."
"Are you alright?" Mykaya examined her.
"Yeah." she nodded.

Mykaya did one more look over at Aisha, then turned his focus on Bill who lay bleeding on the floor. He saw his chest expand slightly, indicating that he was still alive. Ramsey had gotten a hold of his sword, and cut himself free. Shaking his head, he wobbled to his feet.

Regaining his bearings, a consternation look appeared on his face. Mykaya shielded Aisha behind him, watching Ramsey twirled his sword, circling around them.

"So this is he, that you sacrifice your life for?" Ramsey tittered.
"So he did come."
"I told you." Aisha boasted.
"The princess here say your the best fighter the Shams have. I hope your alot better then the comedian here bleeding on my floor." Ramsey pointed at Bill with his sword. "Just like him, I am offering you the same opportunity to defeat me in my weakest form. The state you are in."

"You want win." Mykaya responded sternly.
"Will see."

Mykaya removed his blade from behind his back, never looking over at Aisha, ordering her to run. That he promise to catch up with her. "NO! I'm staying" she held him.

Mykaya looked down at the top of her head, catching a whiff of her scent. He closed his eyes, hoping when he open them, he would be victorious. Then he and Aisha can live together for eternity.
Kissing her on top of her head, he slightly parted from her. Mykaya wiped away the tears that flowed down her cheek, and forced a smile, wanting her to know that everything would turn out okay. Aisha also forced a half smile. "You gotta go baby. I will hold him off."

"No. We're in this together. We live or die together."
"No one is gonna die, except Ramsey. I promise." kissing her forehead.
"Ahhh that is so sweet." Ramsey interrupted. "Now move along princess I will catch up with you in a minute. After I cut your lover in half." Ramsey being satirical, but meant every word. Mykaya signal with the nod of his head for Aisha to leave. She hesitated starring into the eyes of the man she had sacrifice her life and falling deeply in love. Aisha didn't know is she was gonna ever see Mykaya again. Alive. Backing away slowly her love deepen for him more, as he was ready to fight the ultimate creature created. Aisha stopped at the corridor entrance, Mykaya read her lips, whispering "I love you." Mykaya nodded his head, acknowledging that he lover her too. Turnig on her heels, Aisha made her way out the temple. Mykaya turned back to Ramsey, who removed his weapon off his shoulder.

"You ready to die." he asked Mykaya seriously.

"Not before you."

Both completed a circle before Ramsey swung his blade, missing Mykaya. The two cut the air, block, and locked up, until Mykaya slice Ramsey across his upper arm. Ramsey look down at his arm, sort of surprise, expression a you got me grin look. "At least I can say your a little better then your friend here. I haven't seen my own blood since I was being taught by Yashida himself."

"Yeah, but you forgot something Ramsey."

"And what is that?"

"It's not your blood." Mykaya answered, charging him. Both battle fiercely, until Mykaya begin showing he had been the superior swordman, then Ramsey. Making incision to his chest, stomach, and left thigh, Ramsey retreated back, trying to regroup. Ramsey grew angry, surveying his wounds. He yelled charging Mykaya with his sword raised high, swinging violently, like when he was a young boy, fighting Hamza, in front of his father Azziz. Mykaya retracted backwards, blocking the forceful blows of Ramsey, that rattled his bones. Knocking Mykaya sword out of his hand, Ramsey was able to nick him across his upper right arm and chest. Mykaya duck and dodged, maneuvering Ramsey sword. He connected with

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Ramsey jaw, a roundhouse kick, spinning him to the wall. Picking up his weapon, Mykaya had ramsey looking like he had ran through a barewire fence. Knocking Ramsey weapon out of his hand, Mykaya tried to finish him off with a downward strike, in which Ramsey caught Mykaya sword with the palms of his hands.

Both grunted trying to over power one another will to win. On his knees, Ramsey rose to his feet, smiling at Mykaya, his blade still in the palms of his hands. Mykaya front kick Ramsey in the chest, hard enough, sending him over the huge wooden table. With his sword raised high, Mykaya charged forward, trying once again to finish Ramsey off.

Stopping in his charge, Mykaya almost fell on his rear. His eyes maxs from the sight. Ramsey was no longer in human form, but in full Khalefa mode. Ramsey slid the several hundred pound table with one hand. Mykaya rose to his feet, his mind boggled on how to defeat the seven foot beast. He watched Ramsey extend his wings to its length of six feet on both ends.

Mykaya had noticed the many incision he had inflicted on him were gone. Ramsey muscles pulsed with every breath he took. Saliva fell from his fangs, as he hissed.

"I fought many swordman in my time, and surely your the best I ever encountered. But I am tired of fucking with you."

Ramsey lunged in the air at Mykaya, whom rolled under him, cutting his chest in the process. Ramsey looked down at his four inch gash, then at Mykaya, who displayed I got you look. Mykaya expression quickly changed, as Ramsey begin to laugh, looking down at his gash. His confident to belief had change to unbelief, when he saw Ramsey wound heal before his eyes.

"What is wrong lover? You thought you wounded me?"

Ramsey attack again, and Mykaya maneuvered Ramsey sharp claws, nicking him, drawing blood, to only see Ramsey body heal itself. Finally Ramsey was able to strike Mykaya across his forearm that held his sword, causing him to drop it. Mykaya grunted in pain. Ramsey commence to be more aggressive with his assaults, in which Mykaya avoided momentarily, until Ramsey landed a solid blow to his chest,
sending him off his feet and across the room. Mykaya strain to catch his breath, as the punch took it away. Struggling to his feet, Mykaya tried to stop the charging Ramsey, throwing five sprocket stars. Ramsey matrix the first three, then folded in his wings around himself, blocking the last two. The Khalefa yelled opening up his cocoon, when the stars begin cutting into his wings. Within seconds, the sprockets tore through his wings and embedded themselves into the temple wall. Mykaya tried to catch Ramsey in a moment of agony, retrieving his sword, and lunging at him, trying to remove his head. Ramsey caught Mykaya in mid-air, slinging him across the other side of the chamber, breaking a hand carved chairs. While Mykaya groaned on the floor, Ramsey inspected his wings, waiting for them to heal. After his wounds closed, he flapped his wings a few times, then folded them in. Ramsey refocus his attention on Mykaya who still laid on the floor in pain.

"Your time is up lover." Ramsey slowly creep towards him. "And do not worry about the princess, she will be joining you soon."

In too much pain to make it quickly to his feet, to grabbed his sword, that been a few feet away. Mykaya rolled his head to left and saw a pointed like stake, broken from a chair. Ramsey halted in his steps, and exhibited a sinister expression, when Mykaya reach for it.

"What you gonna do with that lover? Stick it in my heart." Ramsey pointed to his.

Suddenly a scream echo throughout dinning chamber, making Ramsey swivel and find a charging Bill with his sword raised. Ramsey caught the swinging sword, and clutched Bill by the neck. Bill mouth ajar, his eyes widen with horror, as Ramsey tighten his grasp.

"You harasas are like flies. You want die, and won't leave shit alone."

Ramsey removed Bill sword from his hand, and release him. Falling to his knees, Bill struggled to catch his breath. When he look up at Ramsey, Ramsey chopped off his head. Ramsey witness Bill head
roll a few distant, his eyes showing terror.

Ramsey turned his focus back to Mykaya to finish him. Ramsey dropped the sword that he had taken from Bill, when the wooden stake struck him in the center of his chest. He glanced down with the same expression as did Bill. Death.

Mykaya tried to hurry and front kick the stake farther into Ramsey chest. But Ramsey caught him by the throat, lifting him in the air, eye level with him. His claws begin to penetrate the flesh of Mykaya neck, drawing the flow of his blood. Ramsey hissed, as he fought to break free.

Almost losing conscious, Mykaya reached behind his back for his Mach Five Bowie knife, and slicing Ramsey deeply across his wrist, causing enough pain for Ramsey to release him. As Ramsey attention been tune in to his deep wound, Mykaya jumped up and roundhouse, kicking the stake deeper into his heart. Ramsey inhaled heavily, sucking all the air in the temple. He look intensely at Mykaya for a long moment, before falling backwards to the floor. Dead.

Mykaya observed the massive beast lying on the ground, astounded that he turned out the victor. Reaching for his neck, he begin to fall into unconsciousness, dropping to his knees, then to the floor. Closing his eyes, Mykaya knew he haven't made to the afterlife, being shaking and hearing the once upon a time, the familair irritat-ed voice.

"MYKAYA! BABY! WAKE UP PLEASE!, you can't leave me. I need you. I love you."

"I don't know why I fell in love with a woman who never do what I say. Didn't I tell you to run?" he turned his head to Aisha, and barely opened his eyes, and seeing her tearful face.

"I did, but I heard Terry yelling from a distance, and help him out of a lion den, that Ramsey had threw him into."

Mykaya rotated his head to look at his best friend, whom tried to hide his grief, behind a smile. Terry examined the wound to his neck, and knew things didn't look good. He look over at the headless body of Bill, and grimance abit, discovering the head against the wall. Terry now look at Ramsey, who huge grey body laid cold
And lifeless a few feet away.

"Goddam man, you did it. You killed Ramsey. A Khalefa."

Mykaya turned his head to see if Ramsey was still lying dead, as he remembered, before falling unconscious. "Not before taking mines." he coughed up blood. Aisha took his shirt, wiping away the spilled blood. She smiled down at him, massaging his bald head. Mykaya glanced back at Terry, asking to promise him, that he would take care of the princess, with his life.

"That's done without asking my friend." Terry grasped his hand. Mykaya turned his eyes to the beauty of his life. He forced a smile, placing his hand on her cheek. Aisha closed her eyes, placing her's on top of his. "You follow Terry orders bad girl. He's gonna take care of you."

Aisha shooked her head in agreement. "I love you." she cried.

"I love you too." holding his smile. "Everything is gonna be fine." "Forernity, I know it will." Aisha kissed his forehead, watching Mykaya fall back to unconciousness.

Aisha called his name over and over again, recieving no response. Bawling momentarily, she stared over at the dead body of Ramsey, and knew what she had to do. Drying her eyes, Aisha stood to her feet, and walked over to the cold body of Ramsey. Kneeling beside him, Aisha hissed as her fangs extended from her mouth, sinking them into the neck of Ramsey.
Bo made a left off the highway, into a cemetery. Aisha could barely hear the gravel rocks being crushed underneath the tires of the stretched Escalade. Terry sat on the passenger side giving Bo direction, pulling in front of a white mausoleum. "Bo, this is it." Terry informed him.

Terry and Bo scanned the area before getting out to open the back door for Aisha. Aisha exited the SUV, wearing all leather knee high boots, vest, shorts, and trench coat. She removed her big face shades, and glistened up at the full moon.

Bo. Her new harasa, whom stood six six, two hundred and eighty pounds. Caucasian, and bald headed at the top, the rest of Bo dirty blonde hair was in a ponytail, to the middle of his back. Wearing only a tank top and jeans, the cold air was visible when he spoke.

"Do you need us to assist you inside?"

"No. I'll be fine." she answered, never looking at him. Aisha put her shades in her coat pocket, and check her other pocket to make sure she had what she needed. She looked over at Terry, who acknowledged her with a nod. Aisha smiled at him, before starting towards the mausoleum.

Unlocking the two heavy duty deadbolt locks, Aisha opened the doors, stepping inside, then locking it. Turning around, she stared at the white double marble casket, sitting on a dais. Aisha creep to it, then massaged her hand over the smooth stone, before unlocking the gold latch.

Backing a few steps away, Aisha retrieved the book from her coat pocket, and begin reading from it, in a unmankind language. Harmonizing in a rythum, Aisha tongue moved fast, her voice grew louder with each word. She look up when the casket began shaking heavily. Almost rocking off the dais.

Aisha sped up the pace in her tongue, rasing her voice a notch higher. She been startled when the casket doors flew of its himes. She gasped, witnessing the grey ruler float to his feet. Opening his red eyes, the Khalefa howled, rattled the tomb.
Spreading his wings to their full length, Aisha quickly fell to her knees, bowing her head. The grey ruler glided, landing in front of her. He inhaled Aisha scent, then growled.

"I give you my love and soul, my king." Aisha spoke, never raising her head.

"Aisha, my Queen, arise."

Aisha stood to her full height of five eight, looking into the handsome face of Mykaya. She displayed her perfect smile, placing her hand on his cheek. Mykaya closed his eyes, from her soft touch, covering hers with his.

"It's been a lonely five years. I miss you."

"I miss you my love. Now our love had no time, as we have an eternity to explore it."

Aisha observed his nakeness, and the size of his manhood: "Can't wait to begin exploring." she giggled. Mykaya raised an eyebrow.

"Hmm, that's what got us here in this position in the first place."
Mykaya stared out the dark tinted windows into the night life of Rio De Janeiro. He realized that he would never see the rising of the sun again. But he had no remorse about ever abling to go out into the day light again. Mykaya felt the energy and the power of the darkness. He understood that darkness lurk and surrounded everything.
Daylight, the earth, and space.
He watched the Brazilains people walking the streets. The homeless standing by barrels of fire, hawking, wanting to know who was inside behind the tint. Mykaya felt his superiority and strenght over mankind. Aisha distracted his thoughts, placing her hand over his. He burned to her and smile. She leaned to kiss him. "Can't wait for you to see our new home."

Bo drove up to a twenty foot wrought iron gate, with a huge K initial on the front. Terry spoked into the radio in his ear, giving a hidden gatekeeper the code word. "Nestegg."
Slowly the gate open, and Bo drove down a long entrance way, of the seventeen hundred acres estate. Pulling around a colossal water fountain, Bo stop in front of a sixteen thousand square foot Spanish mansion. Two twins with fully automatic weapons ushered to open the door. Reaching to assist the Queen, the two twins bowed when Mykaya exit.

"Khalefa Mykaya, welcome home?" both spoked.
Mykay acknowledge the two with a nod, then took in the present of his new dwelling. "How do you like it my love?"

"Fit for a king." Mykaya smiled.
"Come let me show you around." Aisha snatching his hand, pulling him towards the house. Mykaya looked back at Terry, while being dragged.

"Security meeting tommorrow night." he told him, before disappearing inside the house. Taking a few steps inside, Mykaya could hear his shoes echo off the marble floors. He had been blown away how Aisha furnished the mansion in french decor, from the sixteen cen-
Almost everything was furnished in gold, and array of color velvet. Gold and wrought iron rails lead two ways up to the second level. Aisha snatched his hand again, leading Mykaya to the dinning room. The dinning room matched the decor of the living room, except the dinning table, in which it was made of glass, and sat fourteen guest. The base been made out of real gold, with the initial K, fac- ing in opposite direction.

In the kitchen, Mykaya watched Aisha activate the appliance by voice control. He ask her why is she showing him the kitchen. "You been taking cooking lesson?"

"Funny," she eyed him for a second. "Cooking is for the high paid chef. You gonna love him too. But I was hoping that you would cook for me. Like that time at your place."

"It was only breakfast."

"I know. But it was delicious." clutching his hand.

"I guess. Sure." squeezing her hand, and kissing her. "Can't wait for you to taste my nutmeg steak."

Aisha hid her expression of nausea, turning her head away, rolling her eyes. "Sound delicious."

Aisha took outback to the olympic size pool, decorated by a manicure landscape. Taking him further outback to their ten garage, Aisha made Mykaya close his eyes, before she pulled open the door. When he opened them, he been all smile seeing Chissy, his seventy Cheville. His pride and joy. Mykaya eyes went to Aisha Ford Shelby Mustang.

"We got a track out back, and I been practicing while you been away. We'll see what's under that hood. And if you win, I got back up." she pointing to her 92 lipstick red Ferrari F40.

Mykaya chuckled at his wife. "I hope you are a better driver, then a motorcycle rider." he peeped over at their bikes, before focusing to the car covered vehicle. "And what is under the covers?"

"A present for you." she gestured for him to go look. Mykaya gave Aisha a curious stared, then made his way over to remove the car cover.
"Wow." Mykaya expressed barely audible. He examined the prime frame, the inside that had no seat in the 96 Impala SS. "You remember when I said I would like to have one for a project."

"I remember everything you say."

"Right. You just disregard my every order." Mykaya lifted the hood, and found no engine under it.

"Shut up." Aisha laughed. "You love when I make your life difficult." she walked over to him. "You can fix it up anyway you like."

"Vision of what I want to do are running through my mind now."

"Come on, I want to show you something else." Aisha clutched his hand, and pulled him to the horse stable.

Mykaya rubbed the snouts of his two Clydesdales, Clyde and Dale. Aisha showed him the beautiful Arabian stud she had purchase for him, she named Maxim. "One of the most fascinating creature I every seen." Mykaya ranne his hand over his back and define legs.

"A horse for you to ride along with me and Pegasus."

Aisha watched Mykaya get aquainted with Maxim. She been bliss that Mykaya had now return, and was looking forward to their everlasting love. Her mind went back when they first fell in love, in the stable, at the compound. Aisha wanted her now husband to her back to the time when they fell in love.

"I want to do something Mykaya." she smiled.

"he stop, raising an eyebrow, suspicious at Aisha. "Here in the barn?"

Aisha nodded, still smiling.

"You can't wait until you show me the bedroom?"

Aisha frowned at him, shifting her weight to the right. "Well I know where your mind is at."

"Well, its been five years."

"Try waiting over three hundred. The hot flashes are unbearable." she remark. "Anyway, I'm not talking about sex." she stepped closer to him. "Not right now yet." she brushed her lips against his.

"I'm talking about what brought us together."

"Oh, that." remembering clearly.

Aisha shooked her head smiling, kissing him again. Mykaya led his
now wife to the open area of the stable. He stood behind her, grasping her hands, and spreading them out. He kissed her on the neck, sending a tingling feeling down her spine. Aisha giggled, asking him playfully to stop. "Do you want me to?"

"Not really."
Mykaya slide his feet under her, and request for Aisha to close her eyes. He inhaled her lovely scent, then ask her to take a deep breath. Mykaya waited til their heartbeat were in sync. "Ready?"

"MMMMuuh."
"Let's fly."
Mykaya opened his eyes after hearing the beeping sounds of the night system. He watched the expensive curtains, and the sheet metal, lose itself into the wall. Mykaya saw the night lurk out their window. His attention turned back to Aisha who stir in her sleep, still exhausted from making love all night, and part of the day.

Mykaya kissed her on the forehead, scratching the top of her head.

"Wake up baby. Rise and shine."

Aisha grunted, cover her head. "Need more rest."

Mykaya chuckled abit surprised that his energetic wife was still tired. Remembering that he had a meeting with Terry, and the rest of the harasas, he kissed Aisha once more on the forehead, and told her to get some more rest.

Hopping out of bed, Mykaya got dressed, and headed down stairs. Not surprised, Terry was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs. He embraced his best friend, thanking him for watching over Aisha in his absent. "Did she give you a hard time?"

"She wouldn't be Aisha is she didn't." Terry laughed lightly.

"How true."

Mykaya followed Terry into a study where Bo and the twins waited. After Bo introduce himself again, Mykaya got aquainted with the twins. Young and identical, the only thing that seperated them, is that one wore a ivy league haircut, and the other had braids, in which he wore to the back.

Mykaya took a seat behind the huge mahogany desk, that use to belong to George Washington. He rubbed his hand across the refurnish ed antique treasure, before leaning back in his matching Italian leather swivel chair, wanting to know how security is ran.

"We have thirty harasas employed, including us four. Fifteen are working at all time. Patrolling the property on four wheelers. Security cameras everywhere, and Bo, the twins. Jake and Blake, and I rotate shifts, guarding the mansion."

"Any problem s here in Rio?"

"No. Quiet. No one knows we're here. Queen Maryan had Mr. Brooks
Funnel money through hundreds of investments and accounts, under different names. It's almost impossible to track us down."

"Almost." Mykaya lifted an eyebrow.
"Yes. I say almost. Because I believe nothing is sure but death. Well some might live alittle longer than others." Terry exhibited his new set of pearls. Mykaya acknowledge Terry remark with a nod.
"The remaining of the servants and employees. Two housekeepers. One chef. One stable man, and two yard men."
"Do they have any idea what we are?"

"No sir, Khalefa Mykaya." Bo answered, lifting his right leg, and setting on his left knee. "We pay them well. They can care less what's going on around here."

Mykaya leaned forward wanting to know more about the twins. Blake who wore the braids took the lead, being the outspoken one. "Yes Khalefa Mykaya, I don't know if you every met out father Shabazz, who was killed eighty years ago, battling one of those Qamars in Washington. But you might know our uncle Sampson, the princess, well now the Queen." Blake corrected himself. "Who protected her before you did."

Mykaya clearly remembered the ambush by the Jinns in downtown Houston. He had heard how Sampson sacrifice his life for the women to escape. "Did you two learn how to fight at the ranch?"

"No, in China."
Mykaya frowned. "Why China? The Elites are the best fighters in world."
"Our parents divorced, and our mother move back to China, taking us with her."

It was clear to Mykaya why the twins had oblique like eyes. "Oh, your mother is chinese?"
"Yes."
"Who taught you two how to fight?"
"Master Zeng Zue. My brother and I are six degree blackbelt, and co three time world champions."
"Co." Mykaya noted.
"Yes. Jake and I refused to fight each other for the trophy."

"So they made you two co-champion."

"Yes sir."

"Mmmm." Mykaya resounded, turning his stares to Jake who said not a word. "Do you talk, or do your older brother speak always for the two of you?"

"No sir Khalefa Mykaya. And I am the oldest sir. I just speak when I am spoken too."

"I like that. The best way to stay out of trouble. You marry?"

"Yes sir, with two boys, and a daughter."

"And you Blake?"

"Oooh no." Blake waved his arms. "I'm a player until I die. Its to many fine women in Brazil to be held down by one." he chuckled. Mykaya laughed along with him, wrapping up the meeting. He promise to get with the twins sometime soon, to test their skills.
Mykaya stared at the famous statue, standing high on the mountain in Rio. The Redeemer. A statue of Jesus Christ, with his arms spread out, watching over the city.

Not a club man, Aisha was blest, that Mykaya agreed to come, and dance the night away. Bo pulled up at the hottest controversial night club in town. The Redeemer.

The club opened up three months ago, and Mykaya noticed a small crowd of devout Catholics, pretesting the name of the club. All eyes were on the stretch Escalade, sitting on twenty-six-inch chrome rims. Terry exited the SUV and hurried past people standing inside the velvet rope, waiting to get inside. He spoke for a moment to the two muscular Brazilians bouncer at the door, before reaching into his pockets. Giving Bo the clear signal, he exited quickly, to open the door for Mykaya and Aisha. Mykaya analyzed the many expressions on the waiting faces. Shock, anger, and wondering who they were, as Bo ushered them inside.

Aisha thought the club in Rio wasn't any different then the clubs back in the States. Inside, swiveling and rotating color lights. Half-naked women, dancing high above the club in cages. Soccer and movie stars, hung out with their entourage in the V.I.P.

Pitbull, along with Neyo, blasted from the speakers. Aisha and Mykaya followed Terry to their waited V.I.P section, where they cuddled together, waiting for their drinks. Bo and Terry guarded them from a distant, sitting at the bar.

A bottle of Don Perrion arrived at the table, with a glass of orange juice for Mykaya. She been disappointed that he wouldn't have a drink. He said he been uncomfortable, being in an unfamiliar surrounding, impaired.

"That's what Terry and Bo are here for isn't it?"
"True. Still no one can protect you better than I."

Aisha smiled, starring in his handsome face. She thought he looked sexy in his silver Armani suit. Aisha thought back to the time when he saved her from the Qamars at the zoo. Then travel to Belize, and risk his life to challenge Khalefa Ramsey.
"True. I feel completely safe with you. But Terry and Bo took good care of me in your absent." Aisha scanned the people in the club.

"Look at everyone in the club, do you think they came here for trouble. No. They came here to party and dance, just like us." Aisha leaned closer to him, to kiss him on the cheek. "Just one drink to relax. To loosen you up. And we get back home we can." Aisha whispered in his ear, telling Mykaya something to make his forehead wrinkle. He gave Aisha a frantic look, then glanced over at the champayne, Aisha poured for him.

"You know you're insane." he told her, reaching for the glass. Aisha giggled, watching him take a long sip. Mykaya wiped the side of his mouth, with his thumb. "It's been awhile since I remember how good Don tasted."

They both made small talks, watching people, and enjoying the ambience of the club. Mykaya wanted to know what she was doing during the years of his incubation. "Finding the perfect place, that you would like to live. Getting our house built and furnished. Driving everyone crazy, insane, pushing to have everything done before your return."

"You did a wonderful job. The house is perfect. Rio is lovely, and you are more beautiful, before I left." Mykaya praised her, brushing her lips.

Aisha jumped to her feet, when Justin Timberland, and Jay Z song, Suit and Tie, blared through the speakers. "UUUH Baby, I love this song. Let's dance." she extended her hand for him to join her.

"But I don't know how." Mykaya revealed abit shamed.

"It's easy. Like martial art. Just flow with the rythum of the music." She grabbed his hand, and yanked him out of the seat. In the center of the dance floor, he watched Aisha rock to the beat of the song. "COME ON!" Aisha ordered for him to move. Mykaya stood still, frozen, as Aisha moved so seductive.

An idea ran across her mind, as she backed her rear against him. Taking his arms, and wrapping them around her. "Now follow me." she whispered back to him. It wasn't long before Mykaya begin to sway in rythum with Aisha. As he held her tight, they felt like the only
people in the club.
Their night of grooving been interruped, by a short Brazilian man, holding a bottle of champayne. Two large gentleman stood behind him. Both were wearing suits, that loked like they were bought at a Goodwill seventy store.

"Hey You!" the short man pointed at Mykaya. "You have a beautiful old lady."
Mykaya stop, and thank him, standing beside Aisha. "She both old and beautiful." Mykaya smiled at Aisha, whom been frowning by his comment.

"I'm not old."
"MMM, you sure."
"I would like to dance with her." the short man spoke.
"I'm sorry, but I'm the only man she dance with." Mykaya noted. The short displayed a sinister grin, after turning up his champayne.
"Do you know who I am?" he asked Mykaya. Mykaya released his wife, placing her behind him. he answered him slowly shaking his head, "No."
"I'm Carlos Perez, and I run this fucking city of Rio."
"And what is that you do?" Mykaya knowing well. "Kill mutherfuckers like you, when I don't get what I want. And I want your woman."
"Sorry, can't have her Carlos. Look, there's plenty other beautiful women in this club. If you knew better, you will leave this one alone."

Carlos frowned for a long moment, wondering if Mykaya words was a threat. Mykaya witness his face incline into a smile, followed by a light chuckle. Carlos took another sip of his champayne. "I respect a man who willing to die for his." Carlos pointed at him. Bo rosed from his seat, but Terry placed his hand on his shoulder, for him to stand down.
"He'll be fine. Watch."

"But if you are ready to die for your bitch, so be it." Carlos reach for Aisha. With the quickness, Mykaya grabbed his wrist,
twisting it up. Carlos yepped, dropping his champagne standing on his toes. Carlos two body guards watched dumbfounded, until Carlos commanded for them to do something.

Both men charged simultaneously, and Mykaya kicked Carlos into one of his bodyguard, and ducking under the other guard, who threw a wild swing. Mykaya kick the side of his knee, bringing the big man down to the opposite one. Mykaya brought his knee to the chin, sending the big man flying on his back.

Fast approaching guard number one. Mykaya jumped up, turning and kicking him in the chest, causing his heart to stop momentarily. The bald guard fell to the floor in agony, clutching his chest. Carlos picked up his bottle of champagne, and charged Mykaya. Mykaya toyed with Carlos, as he tried to crack Mykaya skull with it. Catching his wrist again, Mykaya stood Carlos back on his toes, and releasing the bottle. Mykaya caught it before hitting the floor, then crack Carlos across the head. He stared down at Carlos, as he laid unconscious on the dance floor.

"You lucky I didn't kill you for calling my wife a bitch."

Mykaya took Aisha hand, and begin making their way back to their V.I.P booth. Apologizing to Aisha for the disruption, Aisha screamed from the sound of the gunfire.

Mykaya turned around, seeing the gun in Carlos hand. He was looking down at the hole in his chest. In slow motion, he fell to his knees, then face first to the floor. Mykaya looked over at his harassers, and saw Terry with a gun in his hand.
Maryan gave all the housekeepers the night off. After two hundred years, tonight is the night for her husband to return. Making her way to the library, her lips curled up at the portrait of her family above the fireplace. Maryan walked over to the five shelves bookcase, and removed a large book of encyclopedia about birds. Visible now was a keypad, which displayed a redlight. Maryan glanced around to reassure that the house was empty. Entering the nine digit code (358375489) ENERNITY. The code that she and the Elites knew. The bookcase moved back and slid to the left. Maryan saw the first few steps of the spiral stairwell. As she stared down the stairs, her heart begin to race. With every three steps light begin to glow, and shut off behind her. Maryan paused when she reach the bottom of the stairs. She observed the huge gold casket, molded with a Khalefa feature. Walking slowly to it, Maryan circled the casket, while massaging it lightly. "Its time to arise my husband."

Unlike Aisha, Maryan didn't need the book, having had done this a few time. She had the verses memorized. As she recited it, Maryan heard the latches unlock from the inside, and witness the casket door raise an inch, then slid to the right. Maryan felled to her knee, watching Hamza sit upright, hearing his hissing sound. Seeing the Khalefa feet of her husband. "You have return back to me my king."

"Maryan, my Queen, arise." he instructed her in Khalefa mode. Reaching for his hand, Maryan felt the soft touch of Hamza hand. Tears lightly flow, missing his handsome face. She placed her palm on his prophecy scar. Hamza returned the sentimental emotion, closing his eye. Opening them, he inclined his head left to right, astounded still by her beauty.

"A man with much wisdom as I, can not figure how someone become more beautiful as time pass." he smiled, fingering her long hair. "Its the love and the gift from you, why I remain a splendor in
your eyes."

"I miss you my Queen."
"Show me." she wanted him.

Hamza lifted her in his arms, carrying Maryan up to their bedroom. Hamza remover her silk gown, observing his wife full breasts. Her nipples stood erect from his touch. The hum of her moans broke the silence in the room, as Hamza took a mouthful.

Now laying soft kisses on her breasts and chest, Hamza lifted Maryan by the rear, passionately kissing her, while leading to the silk canopy Greek style bed. Ripping off her panty, he buried his face between her legs. Maryan let out a heavy sigh of ecstasy, clutching Hamza head.

Maryan wetness still held the pure taste of a virgin, as Hamza filled his thirst, plunging his tongue far inside her as it would go. Flipping, Maryan returned the favor, stroking Hamza limp mass to its full length, before placing it in her mouth.

Pulling away before he would explode, Hamza laid his wife for thousands of years on her back, and watched her chest rise, as he penetrated her soul. Maryan embedded her nails into his back, trying to readjust to his size. The sound of their body clapping, along with the groans of pleasure, echoed throughout the room. Apart for so long, it felt like they were making love for the first time.

Reaching their peak together, Maryan laid her head on his chest, getting reacquainted with her hand, Hamza every muscles.

"Your dormancy is the only fault in our lives. I miss you so much when you are away. Many time I come down and talk half the night away. About the things we saw and done. And how the world has change so much since you been resting. How I drive Aisha insane playing love ballets."

"Ballets." Hamza questioned.

"Yes, ballets. Like love songs. Toni Braxton and Anita Baker are my favorite singers. They both have this incredible deep soft voice."

"Can not wait to hear them." Hamza kissed her on the forehead, then sat up against the headboard. He strummed through her hair,
while her head laid in his lap" So what have our daughter been doing while I been resting?"

Maryan felt a heavy sensation of nauseated come over her, in which it cause her to cease, massaging Hamza legs. She dredged now that the discussion about their daughter would come up. And the rage that will come, of Aisha violating the Khalefas laws, and her duty while in his absent.

"Taking advantage of her position as a princess." she replied, non-chalant.

Hamza chuckled. "Giving the servants and the harasas a hard time."

"That's lightly saying."

"Where is she? I would like to see her. Summon her would you."

"I would, but that is not possible." Maryan sat up looking at him, trying to conceal her worry expression. "Aisha is not here right now."

"Where is she? Surely she knew that my ressurection was tonight?"

"Yes." Maryan casted down her eyes.

"Where is she?" Hamza asked again. abit concern.

"I don't know." her eyes still down.

"What do you mean? That you do not know when she will be back? Maryan answered her husband nom slowly shaking her head. Hamza eyes narrowed, sensing something wasn't right. "What is wrong Maryan, did something happen to our daughter?"

Maryan head remained down, not knowing how to reply to Hamza question. Hamza placed a finger under her chin, to direct her brown eyes to meet his. "What is going on Maryan. Is Aisha okay?"

"Yes." she forced a smile.

"So what has you trembling?"

Maryan stared in hamza ebony eyes, then at the prophecy scar, that bond their union. She remember Aisha coming to her when she was a little girl, searching for the answer to her dream, as she also did. Maryan sigh heavily, exiting their bed. Hamza tilted his head in confusion, watching Maryan perfect ass, make her way over to the fireplace. With her back still to him, she heard Hamza get out of bed, and felt his present creep a short distant behind her.

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"Our daughter Aisha has violated the laws of the Khalefas." she finally revealed, shedding a tear.

"And which laws would that be?" Hamza stepped closer to her.
"The Law of Purity." she turned to him, to see the anger on his face.
"Why did she do an act of such foolishness? When she knows the consequences."

"She fell in love Hamza. With the man in her dream, just like I did with you." Maryan placed her palms on his cheeks. She hoped her touch would subside his anger.
"And what do you mean the man of her dream?"
"Just like when I was a little girl, Aisha came to me around the same age, wanting to know about a man who took her flying, to the heavens."

Hamza tittered. "She was referring to me, Maryan."
"No my love." she paused, staring at him said. "The man in her dream had no wings."

Puzzled, locking eyes with his wife, Hamza tightened his face expression, inclining his head. He knew the only creature or being that could fly, were the birds, and the Khalefas. Thinking, Hamza blood boiled, wondering if karma had hunted him. "Ramsey?" he said, his once best friend name.

"Ramsey is dead."

Hamza jerked, astounded by the revelation. "How?"
"By the man in our daughter prophecy, Mykaya."

Maryan started from the beginning, of all that had happen, during his absent. The jinns accidently discovering them. The Qamars, and how they found Ramsey in Belize, promising to be his faithful servants, if he kills you, and the rest of the Khalefas."

"You saw Ramsey?"

"Yes. He came here, and took Aisha away, assuring that you two would fight."

"So this man in Aisha dream, went to Ramsey dwelling and killed him?"

"Yes." she nodded.

Hamza swiveled his back to her, walking a few pace. Maryan flowe-
ed at a close distant. "So he is a."

"Khalefa." Maryan finished his sentence.

Hamza stood silence for a long moment, contemplating everyhting that happen in his absent. Now he had return, to command his secret army and community. Ans bring back aligment and order. It sadden him, that his first agenda is to find and kill his daught- ter, and her Khalefa husband, Mykaya. "Where are they." he asked Maryan sternly.

Maryan sigh, looking down. "I don't know. I advised them to fled, from the coming bloodshed."

Maryan words anger Hamza. Faster than she could blink her eyes, Hamza had transformed, and clutched Maryan by her throat. Her eyes widen with fright. Never have Hamza laid a hand on her.

"You knew the law. You were to contain her, until my return."

"So you can kill my only child. Our daughter. I might be a vampire, but I'm still a mother. And a mother instinct is to do whatever to protect her child." Maryan spoke between breath.

Hamza chest extended and rose, inhaling most of the air in the room. He studied his wife face, with concern eyes. Hamza considered her last words, and remembering his fearless mother. How she was ready to protect him from a hyena, when they traveled back from the trade market.

Hamza remember how frighten he had been, watching the hyena circling them, making its laughing cries. His mother dropped her basket, picking up a stick, ordering for him to get behind her. When the hyena attacked, his mother struck the four legged savage beast across the nose. Hamza remember the animal making a horrible shrieking sounds, falling on its side. While the hyena shook its head to regain its senses, his mother ran up to it, then heard a snapping sound. Hamza listening to his mother curse the hyena, as it limped away yepping.

Hamza released his grasp on his wife, understanding clearly, that a mother would do anything and whatever necessary to protect her child. Transforming back, he apologize. "Sorry my love. My intention is never to frighten you or bring harm. But I have laws to
abide by, for my existance. Our existance." he turned away from her, abit ashamed.

Maryan messaged her neck repliying. "I understand. And I know you would never hram me."

"Never." he turned back to her. "But I have no choice but to follow the laws."

"Everything that has free will has a choice. I made a choice to protect my love, my heart, my daughter, from the laws."

"My Queen, I can give you another seed."

"For What Hamza!? to torture myself when this situtation arise again. Surely it will. Rather it be male or female."

Hamza saw the stress in her features, as she stepped closer to him. "I ask of you my love, to let our daughter and her new love be."

Hamza look at his wife for a long moment with saddness. "It is not possible." he turned his back to her again, hating to see the pain in her beautiful face. Maryan eyes followed him to a large window, he stood near, and stared out.

"Hamza I begg, please let the matter be. its for the best if you knew."

Hamza swiveled back to face Maryan, with a darken look. "And what does that mean, if I knew best. What is it that you know, that I do not?"

The bloodshed that will come if you and Mykaya fight for the bloodline." Maryan look intensely at her husband, than clanced down at the floor. "The blood that will be shed won't be Mykaya." she paused once more, looking up. "It will be yours."
Hamza sat in the stretch Humvee along with the Elite Eight. He had contacted Mr. Brooks to set up a midnight meeting with the Twelve Tribes, at the Shams tower. None of the twelve existed, when Hamza begin his dormancy. He wanted to see, and get acquainted with members who multiplied, and ran his fortune. 

Hamzas hurried to open the door, when the SUV pulled up front. The Elite Eight exit first, and heads bowed at the present of Hamza. Hamza observed the city of the new world. Impressed by mankind advancement. He glanced up at the Shams eighty five story building, and smile. Highly proud of his creation. 

The vicious snarled pitbulls at the door sense Hamza superiority, and moaned as they bowed. In the elevator ride up to the conference room, Hamza looked down, loving his Armani eggshell suit, that hugged his big frame. He check the time on his hundred thousand dollar Audemar Piguet Royal diamond watch. "How man has really come along with keeping time." he thought. 

The tribe made small talk, until the Masters started making their way inn. They stood in front of chairs the been set up for them. All eyes were on them, till their attention turned to the shadow creeping to the conference door. Tention filled the air, when Hamza presented his present. He stood there a second, making eye contact with each member, then took in the elegance of the conference room.

SHAM ENTERPRISE (Building a new world) he read in gold bold letters. His foot steps could be heard on the two inch plush carpet., as he made his way to the chair that Mr. Brooks had occupied since Thompson death. Hamza glared at the portrait of his once faithful servant Geffery son, Phillip Thompson. Whom he was told by Maryan who had expanded the empire. 

Standing before his new throne, Hamza unbutton his suit coat, and ask Mr. Brooks, "Why are they women present at this meeting?"

"Khalefa Hamza, Mrs. Harris here is one of our top lawyers, Graduated at the top of her class at Harvard. The best law school in the country. Since having her here at Sham Enterprise, she has won every
lawsuit for us, and against other companies."

Mr. Brooks gestured to the other woman, "And Ms. Feilds is also a top executive. Finding new ways to increase Shams profits, and is excellent in doing hostage take over of other companies. As of this moment, we are about to be the owners of the best car maker in the world."

Hamza eyes scanned back and forth to Mrs. Harris and Ms. Fields. He thought Ms. Feilds, whom sported some fancy Versace glasses, was a beautiful woman. He could have seen her as his wife, if Maryan hadn't enter his life first.

"Before my dormancy. I remembered women only job were to cook, clean, and raise the children." he commented, taking off his suit coat.

"Time has change alot Khalefa Hamza, since your absent sir. Women has and now run entire country. A woman is the most powerful person in the old world. America, the most powerful country in the world, is on the verge of having a woman president." Mr. Brooks informed. "Maybe man has not advance as much as I thought." Hamza remark, settling in his seat. "My wife has told me about the abundance of wealth this counsel has created." he paused. "My mother told me many centuries ago. Do not confuse being weak, with seeing a woman point of view." Hamza paused another short second, leaning forward.

"I see no reason not to trust in your ability."

"Thank you Khalefa Hamza." both praised.

Hamza gave the ladies a welcoming nod, before continuing. "I am going to make this meeting long. I understand that you will be back at the rising of the sun, building more wealth. I needed to see the faces of the people that is controlling my empire. Soon I will get with you all individually, to get to know you, and your duties. In time I will understand all operation of the Shams Enterprise. Until I comprehend and become updated of how the new world function, continue doing the things you do."

Hamza dismissed the Tribe, but asked Mr. Brooks to stay back. When everyone had left, Mr. Brooks ask Hamza was there a problem.
pushing his wire rim frame up on his nose.

"Yes." he exhaled, leaning back in his seat, and crossing his leg. Mr. Brooks nervous, by Hamza demeanor, remained silent waiting for him to tell his dilemma. "I need you to find my daughter."

Hamza request caused him to flinch. "Khalefa Hamza, I don't have the know how to tract people down."

"Surely you do not. But you controll all finances at Shams Enterprise right?"

"That's correct sir."

"Well my daughter and her husband has to have income coming from somewhere. And I can bet my rulership that the money they recieve, is funneled someway through this corporation."

"It's possible sir." Brooks knowing it was true. "it would be almost impossible to find who the investors are. Shams Enterprise have over two hundred of investors, who invest under them. Which money is transfer to misled, for tax purpose."

"You said almost impossible." Hamza giving him a stern look. "But not impossible, to find my daughter."

"True, I did. " Mr. Brooks grieved, knowing he had left an opening. Hamza rose from his chair, putting on his suit coat. "So I expect you here at thr rising of the sun, on the hunt for my daughter." he said demanding, buttoning his coat. "And I need you to find her quickly." Hamza glanced down at his watch. "You have seventy two hours."
Mykaya was in the stable sparring with Jake and Blake, simultaneously assault, while Terry and Bo watched from the sideline. Terry cringed when Mykaya struck Jake with a roundhouse kick, turning him a cartwheel. Blake tried to swipe Mykaya feet from under him in which he jumped over his leg, and kicking Blake in the face. Mykaya glared at the two men stumbling to their feet. "Are you sure you two aren't lying about being three time world champion." he taunted them. "Let me see you two are with weapons."

Jake choose a spear, while Blake grabbed a sword. Mykaya gestured for both men to attack. Both charged in rage. Mykaya spun off the piercing jab, propelling Jake forward with a fist to the back of the head. Easily Mykaya maneuvered Blake sword skills, catching his wrist, turning his palm up. Blake yepped dropping his sword.

"I must have a talk with your master Zue." Mykaya noted, yanking Blake shoulder out of socket. Mykaya turned to the screaming charge of Jake, jumping over him, and striking him in the back of the head again.

"His gonna have a heartache tonight." Terry commented to Bo.

Blake glanced over to his brother, who face was buried in the dirt, rising to his feet in agony, because of a dislocated shoulder, Blake picked up his sword. Becoming frustrated with every swing, that he couldn't nick Mykaya with his sword, Jake in the process grabbed another sword off the wall, to help assist his brother. Mykaya battled the brothers momentarily, until he nick Blake across the thigh, and Jake on his shoulder. Blake cried with his blade raised high charging Mykaya again. Mykaya blocked his downward blow, and clutching his dislocated shoulder, lifting it, he kicked him under the armpit, resetting his shoulder bone. Before Jake could try to assist his brother, a harassas crashed through the stable doors on a four wheeler. Coming to a halt in front of Mykaya, he saw that the harassas was covered with blood. Terry and Bo rushed to the side of Mykaya, and help him take the harasa off the four wheeler, and lie him on the
ground.

Mykaya wiped the flow of blood from his mouth, and ask what had happen. The harasa looked at Mykaya with failure in his eyes. "I'm sorry." was the only thing he said before dying. Instantly, Mykaya thought about Aisha safety, who was out riding Pegasus. "Aisha, we have to find her now." Mykaya exclaimed. Before he and his man could set out to find her, Aisha horse, Pegasus ran into the stable. Terry saw that it been a note attach to the stáddle. Snatching the note, Terry read it. After reading what it said, he gave Mykaya a grieve look. Terry expression told him everything. "Hamza." he said, the taker name. Terry acknowledge his correct assumption with a nod. "he said you know what must be done. And you have week, or Aisha is dead." Mykaya eyes traveled to all four men, that stood before him. He knew the day would come, when Hamza would find them. But not this sudden. Like he been trained, he check his emotion of rage.

"What do we do now." Terry inquired. "We leave for Houston tommorrow night, to fight and kill Hamza."
Terry gave the harasas standing at the front gate a salutation nod, as they drove through, onto the Genesis compound. The harasas strained their eyes trying to see through the dark tinted window of the stretch Navigator, Mykaya, the new Khalefa.
No need for direction, Terry pulled up to the arena where the harasas trained. Bo got out and opened the door for Mykaya to exit. Mykaya met the stares of the former harasas that he used to train with. He followed the lead of his two trusted guardians into the arena, in which that they found empty.
Mykaya looked heavily around the place where he learned to master his skills. It's been over six years since been here, what he called the War Room. He knelt down to grab some soil.

"Where is everybody?" Bo wondered, observing all the weapons along the walls. His inquiring been quickly answered, as they turned their attention to the clicking sound of a open door.
Mykaya watched as the Elite Eight strolled in, in their warrior garbs, and taking their place in their assigned seats. Behind them, Maryan and Aisha, guarded by two harasas. Furious, seeing the mis-handing of his wife, Mykaya started towards them, until he was halted in his tracks by a voice from behind.

"The only way you can have her back is through me."
"Or kill you." Mykaya retorted. He saw Hamza perfect white teeth, glow off his dark skin, as he chuckled. From the distant where he stood, Mykaya could see a glimpse of his scar.

"My wife has told me that she has reveal to you the prophecy, of you taking my last breath."
"It doesn't have to be fulfill, if you hand me over Aisha, and let us be."
"Sorry, I can not do that. My daughter had violated one of the laws, set in stone." Hamza replied, making his way over to the weapon board. He retrieved a set of Sai off it. Hamza examined the short-pitchfork looking weapon like Chrystal glass. "The Elites say you are the best fighter that they ever seen. You run faster and
jump higher of any harasas. The Elites also tells me that your
gwrdmanship is undescrivable."

"I'm the best there is." Mykaya replied confident.
Hamza tittered. "Well, we just have to see." Hamza retorted back,
then rushed him. Mykaya ducked and dodged, spunned and maneuver a-
way from Hamza strikes. Until Hamza been able to draw blood, slic-
ing Mykaya across his upper shoulder. Aisha covered her open mouth,
as she gasped in grief. Maryan displayed no emotion, believing what
just occured wouldn't change the prophecy.
Hamza smiled, looking at the blood at the end of his Sai. "The
blood of my former childhood friend."

"The same blood you share from Saleeh."
"Well tonight you will spill your portion on this arena floor."
Hamza surged again. Mykaya somersaulted over Hamza, kicking him
in the back of the head, bringing him to one knee. Mykaya ran over
to the weapon wall, to remove a sword, before Hamza could regain
his bearing.
Hamza watched Mykaya display his magic, whirling and twirling, with
his favorite weapon. Hamza exhibited his swowmanship once agian,
before charging. As the two battled fiercely, Mykaya gashed Hamza
deeply in his face, and arm, that cause him to drop one of his Sai.
Maryan panted in fear, witnessing the prophecy starting to come to
a reality.
Hamza placed his hand on his matching scar on the opposite side.
He glared at Mykaya with skewed eyes. He now had realize, that
Mykaya was a good as the Elites had uttered. Hamza turned his ob-
lique expression to Maryan, whom somber feature begin to form
tears in her brown eyes. Hamza picked up his drop weapon, and con-
tinued his battle against Mykaya.
Only the grunts, and clinking of their weapon could be heard in
the arena. Then erruptly the arena echoed with the cries of Mykaya,
being jabbed in the forearm. Hamza tried to finish thier conflict
by placing the other Sai in the middle of his chest, but Mykaya
was able to land a front kick to the chest of Hamza, propelling

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him backwards off his feet. Mykaya grunted in agony, removing the Sai that puncher his forearm, all the way through.

Getting back to his feet, Hamza made his way over to the wall and retrieved a sword. He spoke, while he creep toward Mykaya. "Maybe what my wife vision in her dreams wasn't a prophecy, but a nightmare." Hamza grinned.

"It doesn't matter, both will end tragic for you." Mykaya responded, picking up his sword.

Mykaya and Hamza continued their battle, and soon the fight had become onesided, as Mykaya begun to dominate, making incision on the body of Hamza from head to toe.

Angered, Hamza lunged with his weapon held high, hoping to kill Mykaya with a downward blow. With ease, Mykaya blocked it with his sword, landing a sidekick to Hamza temple, turning him a cartwheel. On his his hands and knees, Hamza shooked his head, trying to regain his vision. For a short moment had seen three Mykaya's.

Now with his senses back, he gave the one in the middle a loathe stare. He spoke, rising to his feet.

"Your are every bit of the words that the Elites speaks highly of. So I think its time to change the rules of engagement."

Instantly Hamza transformed into Khalefa mode, hissing at Mykaya. Hamza started forward siege, while Mykaya was still in his human form. Heading for a collision course, Mykaya transformed before they collided. Both ruler brawled into a stalemate, till Mykaya caught the wrist of one of Hamza punches, turning his palm up. As Hamza body tense up from the pain, Mykaya broke his arm at the elbow with a kick. Hamza howled in pain, falling to one knee.

Quickly Mykaya placed him in a choke hold. Everyone in the arena watched in silence, listening to Hamza gasp for air.

What was left in him, Hamza tried to land some blows to the face of Mykaya, but was unaffected. Hamza focus his blurry vision on his wife, who stood weeping. His life with Maryam flashed in his mind, as he begin falling deeper into unconsciousness.

"STOP!" a voice yelled. "PLEASE MYKAYA!"
Mykaya looked up to see the crying eyes of Aisha. He watched her decline down from the stands, and stood a few feet from him.

"Baby I plea to allow my father to live."

Mykaya hissed, and stared down at the almost unconscious Hamza in his grasp. "I love him as much as I love you. Mykaya my mother will be lost without him." Aisha continued her pleas, as she crept closer.

Mykaya looked intensively at Maryan, whom beautiful face turn grave. His eyes met every stare in the arena, waiting on his decision, if to end Hamza life. Looking down at him still in his grasp, Mykaya hissed, releasing Hamza limped body. Hamza crashed to the floor, Back in human form, Mykaya felled back on his rear, clutching his forearm. Aisha rushed to him, to comfort Mykaya, as Maryan decended the stands to console Hamza.

Taking him into her arms, Hamza smiled up at his beautiful wife. "Everything is gonna be fine now my love." Maryan whispered to him.

Hamza reached up to touch her face. "I told you that the prophecy was not true."

"What happens now?" Mykaya asked.

"We become a family." Maryan answered.

"And we need to be strong one." Hamza raised his head, with the assistance of Maryan. "Because they finally found him. And they are coming for us."

To Be Continue.....
COMING THIS DECEMBER.

"LIKE MOTHER, LOVE DAUGHTER"

Sterling Maxwell, a.k.a Black Osiris, is Houston hottest male dancer, and a aspiring writer. Growing up with a complicated past, Sterling life becomes even more compound, when he is paid big money to do a show for a sorority of African American Women of Success, and meets a woman who will connect him to his past, and created his future.
Lori and Cynthia laughed at Hellen, one of their sorority sister, starring mesmerized at Shaka big penis, as he dance in front of them. Married to a white dentist, "I bet Dennis don't have a big dick like that." Cynthia commented.

"Jesus Chirst no." she leaned closer to pull on his thong, and peep, placing a twenty inside.

After two more songs, the dancers took a short intermission, to allow Lori to introduce the main event. Asking the ladies are they having a good time, the walls echoed with cheers. "Bring Them Fine Black Asses Back Out Here!" one lady shouted, making the room erupt in laughter.

"Hold patience for a moment, the men are taking a short break, and will be right back. But until then, I want to see who is the lucky woman, coming to the stage to be up close and personal with the headliner of the night."

"Lori and I pick him out ourselves." Cynthia spoked, pulling out a black box.

"Sisters he is more handsome than Shamar Moore. Finer than Idris Elba." Lori said.

"Ladies, he is his name." Cynthia described, sticking her hand in the box. Her face beamed, while announce the winning number 21.

"THAT ME!" a woman in the center of the dinning room stood up. Her masquerade mask matched the black and gold silk Tulle Maria Lucia Hohan evening dress. A long slit been cut on the left side, up to her rear, showing her shapely leg. A gold necklace held up the backless dress, around her neck. Cynthia and Lori assisted her to the chair in the center of the stage. The woman adjusted the gold mask, with three feathers, sticking out, being excited to be on stage.

"My sisters, I give you Black Osiris." Lori introduce him, as the light went out in the dinning room, and two beams of lights lit the stage. One on the lucky winner and on Sterling, whom been wearing a Trojan outfit.

With sword and helmet, Sterling marched to the sound of drums, com-
ing from the speakers. On Q, he ceased in front of the woman, when the drumming stop. The room been dead silent, as Sterling removed his sword from his sheath, and beginned swinging and twirling it like a professional swordman. After his sword act, Sterling planted the sword into the wooden stage.

Removing his helmet, an astonishment smirk appeared on the woman face. The room went up into a cheering roar, when Pretty Ricky, [Grind With Me] blasted through the system. Sterling moved and rolled to the rythum slowly, taking off his war-rrior gear, never unlocking eyes with the woman sitting before him. In one smooth motion, Sterling kick his leg over the woman, spinning, and landing in her lap. Taking her hands, he softly grind his ass on top of her, while sucking on her fingers. Turning to kiss her on the cheek, Sterling placed her hands on his sculpture chest, and guided them inside his G-string, stopping at the edge of his trimmed pubic hairs.

Sterling kissed her once more on the cheek, then shook his head, indicating, No, No, No.

Standing to his feet, he danced his way to the edge of the stage, where the rest of the ladies waited to stuff large bills in his G-string. His waist covered with large bills, Sterling dance his way back to the waiting woman on stage. With his back turned to her, Sterling bend over backwards, like olympic gymnast, balancing himself on his hands. Slowly he lower his legs on the shoulders of the unknown woman, sitting in the chair. Moving backwards on his hands, Sterling ceased, his private parts inches away from her face. She inhaled the intoxicated musk between his legs, arousing her spirits.

Watching Sterling tight ass clutch, as he roll his body, with another move, Sterling was sitting back in her lap. Taking the woman hands again, Sterling placed them back on his chest, and guided them south on his body. Pausing at the fabric of his G-string, he leaned back to kiss her cheek, and whisper in her ear. "Would you like to touch it?"

"Please." she answered.

Sterling pulled open his G-string, and the women screamed in amazed
and excitement, as he allowed the masquerade woman stroke his rod.

When the night ended, The men from Mandigos been please with their earning and thank Sterling, for choosing them to make some great extra cash. Cynthia stood at the door, as the men exited through the back way of the dinning room. She stop Sterling whom been trailing last, to express her appreciation on putting on a great show, that he and his friend exhibited.

"Thank you. I'm happy that you and your sorority sisters been pleased with the performance, and gotten their money worth."

"The satisfying smiles on your associates faces, say both sides are very please."

"Good."

"But, there's some more money for you if you want it." Cynthia showing a simper smile. Sterling smile widen, examining Cynthia, Vivica Fox figure, in a eggshell white Elie Saab pants suit. She burst in a light giggled, reading Sterling thoughts. "It's not me, but maybe in the future. It's one of my sister. She wants a private show with you."

"Is that all?" he raised an eyebrow.

"I don't know. It can go as far as you wanted to go."

A smirk appeared on Sterling face, hearing her reply. Stepping closer, he inhaled her lovely scent, before asking. "Does she look as good as you?"

His compliment made Cynthia cocoa color skin blush. "I will let you be the judge of that. She waiting upstairs for you in suite 611." she flashed her perfect set of pearls, before turning on her heels.
THE SUBTLE MYKAYA AND UNPREDICTABLE TRASH
TALKING AISHA ARE BACK...
IN THE PRINCESS BITE, PART TWO
KHALEFA SUPREMACY

Mykaya and Hamza have bonded as family to protect the women they
love, The Empire, and the Sham species. With Hud dead, the Machacek
dynasty no longer rules the Jinns. The Qamars have disappeared, and
Hamza Sham dynasty has agreed to a treaty to continue their war in
controlling the corporate world. But believing that Hud left no
first born son, theirs a power struggle among the Jinns for ruler-
ship.
After twenty years, Hamza blood boils, sensing danger coming. That
Joshua and Yusef has finally found him. And when all the Khalefas
meet, it will be for Khalefa Supremacy...
At night, specialize stretch off road military vehicles, kicked up clouds of dust, traveling through the wide mountains dessert of Kisangani Zaire.

Heavy dark tints covered the back windows, to keep the sunlight out. Jayavarman and his general Chugani converse up front on where to stop and begin their search, until Jayavarman heard his name on the two way radio. "Yes Khalefa Yusef."

"Stop the vehicle. we will begin searching here."

General Chugani heard Khalefa Yusef on the radio, and brought the SUV to a halt. Both men exited, and made their way to the trailing vehicle behind them, to converse with Khalefa Joshua men.

"We were ordered by Khalefa Yusef to stop here." Jayavarman spoked. General Chugani scanned the wide range of mountains, and then glanced up at the full glow of the moon. General Virgo heard the roar of a lion in the distant.

"We don't have much time to search, the sun will be up in three hours."

"Then why are you rambling at the mouth, anf not searching for what we came for."

The four men swiftly turned to find Joshua and Yusef behind them. The men bowed, and apologized, before scattering in different direction. Joshua and Yusef stayed together, while conducting their search. Excavation their second cave. Yusef and Joshua exited the cave feeling discontent. Their quest in finding their brother had begin to narrow. Both had searched the whole continent of Africa, except the Central Republic.

"My blood boils, telling me that our brother is here."
"Mind is doing the same Yusef." Joshua survey the vast range of mountains, then continued. "But it might take another two days be-
fore we find him."

Seeking out their next cave, the brothers heard a loud screech in the distant. Scanning the black skies, Joshua and Yusef looked at each other somewhat thrilled at the sight of the familiar bird, flying across the moonlight. The fanged fowl looked back at them, and screech in a code. Comprehending the toque, Joshua and Yusef transformed, taking flight.

Following the bat to a higher area of the mountains, the brothers pursued the black bird until it reated at the entrance of a dark cave. Landing on the edge of the grotto, and transforming back into their human form, the brother crepted in union inside the pitch black cave. Finding torches along the walls, Joshua used his magic to light them.

Both continued their expedition deeper into the cave until they seen the moonlight shine down in the center of the lair. Yusef and Joshua stepping in the beam of the moonlight, looking up. Yusef raised his arms, setting fire to the torches in the lair. Both displayed a sinister grin, of satisfaction, discovering the commandments and laws on the walls.

"We found him." Joshua said.

Another screeching sound drew the brother attention upwards. Finding the bat that guided them to their brother dwelling, hanging upside down, with its wings spread. The night fowl begunning a rapid shrill, that echo throughout the cave, into the mountain valley. When the black fowl ceased, Joshua turned hearing the crumbling sounds of falling dirt behind him. Calling his brother attention, they both witness the wall slowly seep like falling grain, then collapse. Their quest in finding their brother was finally over, seeing the casket. Joshua whispered his brother name. "Saleeh."

Both moved forward to pull the coffin out of the wall. Lowering it to the ground, and opening it, the spirits of the brothers were melancholy, seeing the vision of their beloved brother handsome face, reduced to skin and bone. Joshua moved his hand up and down the wooden stake, instill into Saleeh heart. He grunted, pulling
M. RILEY

the stake out.

After, Yusef opened Saleeh mouth, and he and Joshua then punched their index finger with their sharp nails. Feeding Saleeh drops of blood, the brother together recited verses. Moments later they heard a heavy suction of Saleeh grasping for air, then the beating of his heart. The brothers pressed their finger harder to feed Saleeh more blood. Slowly Joshua and Yusef witness the hole in his chest begin to close. Saleeh breathing became rapid, as his eyes begin to flutter. The brothers watched his body tremble as though Saleeh was having convulsion. Then suddenly his trembling cease, along with the beating of his heart. Joshua and Yusef stared at Saleeh in silence.


Within a brief moment, for the second time, Joshua and Yusef heard the heavy suction of Saleeh taking in air. Without flickering, his eyes slowly open. Still a corpse of skin and bones, Saleeh been weak. With enough strength to turn his head, when Joshua called his name. Fighting to breath, Saleeh manage a smile.

"My brothers, you have finally found me."