





# *A Journey From Within*

*Samples of short stories and novels  
Written by*

*Laurlee Harbig*

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*First Printing*

*All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any  
resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

***To all the dragons...***



***and to all of those  
who think that they are.***

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## Introduction

*The last several years have been amazing. If you knew me, then you would know that I have said this a lot. I still cannot believe all that has happened to me, even the little things mean so much.*

*The journey started with “First to Prove Himself”, this was the original title of both “The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight” and “The Daysong of the Knightbird”. Not to mention, the young man’s name was going to be David Knight, but I was having second thoughts even then. David Knight brought up bad visions of talking cars and crime fighting, so I changed the name for my own sanity. After it was divided and a new titles were picked, I started to think beyond ‘Jesse’. I started to write the notes for the third book and beyond. It would be from these notes and the smaller stories about the many loves lost of King E’Mor that E’Mor’s Romances came about. Those notes and that story line has been long scraped, but the intention was still there.*

*“Star’Leen” was the first and the hardest to write of E’Mor’s Romances. I knew I was a private person and writing a romance, or even a scene of intimacy, was something which made me very uncomfortable. The hardest part of “Star’Leen” was the rape scene, but it was needed. It shows how uncaring E’Mor’s father really was and it gave the conflict a true starting point. “Star’Leen” was entered in a contest with Forbidden Publications and it turned out to be one of the winners.*

*The third story to be written was “Craziness of the Dragon”. It was intended for a on-line goth magazine, but the publication went under before the short story was even looked at. I added more story line and tried to pitch it to Forbidden Pub. They would not take it, so I striped it down and rewrote most of the beginning. I submitted it again and I’m still waiting to hear back from them.*

*“The Touch of Trinity” was a story written for St. Patrick’s Day of this year (2007). It has nothing to do with the story lines for the Knightbird series or E’Mor’s Romances. It is a complete story onto itself. I wrote this story rather quickly to make the deadline with Forbidden. Not only did Rene Walden edit it, she also designed the cover. It is my faerie tale about Davin Ramberg and a DJ by the name of Pan Trinity.*

*I am far from being done with my writing. I still have stories to tell and Faerie Tales to weave. So to say...there is a lot more to come.*

*Love to all... Laurlee Harbig*



# Time Line

**Star'Leen (Novella - Forbidden Publications - December 2006)--**

} "The Desert of Stars" (Tentative title - Novel)

**Donni (Novella - Lulu Press) ---**

**Jazz'meen (Novella - Still being written)**

**Coralanna (Novella)**

**Rebe (Novella)**

**Zendell (Novella)**

**Na'Diea (Novella)**

**"The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight" (Novel - Publish America - May 2006)**

Craziness of the Dragon (J'ar) - Lulu Press

**"The Daysong of the Knightbird" (Novel - Publish America - March 2007)**

A Time of Loss (Loss) - Lulu Press

**"Feathers of a Dancer" (Novel - Still being written)**

May the Stars Cry (Cry'Star) - concept for story

**"Claim a Soul of a Knightbird" (Novel)**

**"In the Temple Mists" (Novel)**

**"Before Known Time" (Novel)**

**"To End with Love" (Novel)**

**"Tales of the Golden City" (A collection of short stories)**

May the Stars Cry (Cry'Star) - concept for story

(Cristalore)

Craziness of the Dragon (J'ar) - Lulu Press

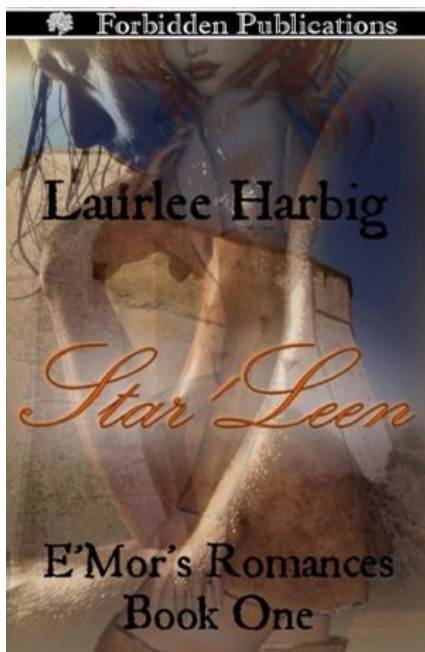
(Wave Jammer)

A Time of Loss (Loss) - concept for story

(Drago)

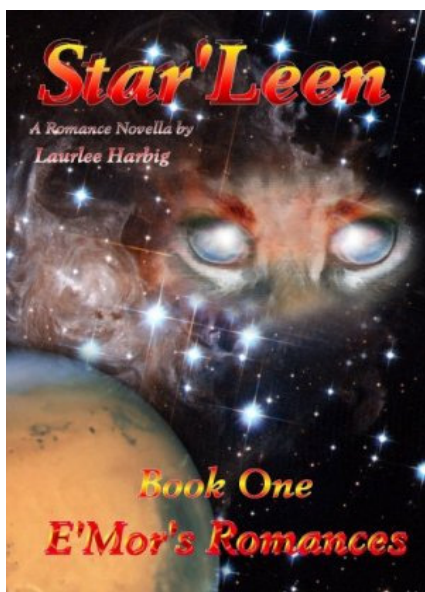
(E'Anna)

***Book One of E'Mor's Romances "Star'Leen"***



Book one of this series was released by Forbidden Publications on December 8<sup>th</sup>, 2006. I was very proud of this story and was honored that it won a contest sponsored by Forbidden. The printed version soon followed from Lulu.com, a self publishing website. Dayna Hart did all the editing for Forbidden Publications and D.J. Alling designed the cover.

***Book One of E'Mor's Romances "Star'Leen"***



This is the cover used for the Lulu.com version. I designed it using over four different pictures. Some additional editing was done by Jeanne Patterson prior to being published by Forbidden Publications.

## Star'Leen by Laurlee Harbig

Written by Frost  
Saturday, 03 February 2007



**Title:** Star'Leen  
**Author:** Laurlee Harbig  
**Publisher:** Forbidden Publications  
**Genre:** Fantasy  
**Publication date:** December 2006  
**ISBN:** Not Assigned  
**Pages:** 66  
**Series:** E'Mor's Romances Book One  
**Heat Level:**  , violence, enforced rape  
**Rating:** 

Prince E'Mor is a compassionate and caring young man just developing into his full complement of the paranormal power, while simultaneously struggling against a brutally sadistic father, the King, and his brothers who are replicas of their father. The final straw comes when the King and his other sons force E'Mor to rape a new slave, a furred female, Star'Leen, whom E'Mor finds attractive. It is his first experience, and he tried to escape it, but the King's psychic powers and his brothers' physical strength were too overpowering. Now the King wishes E'Mor to administer poison to the visiting Dragon Lord, and E'Mor sees this as a potential opportunity to rid himself, and the Kingdom, of this murdering sadist.

**Laurlee Harbig** demonstrates a gift of imagination in the opening tale of the Love Bird who visits E'Mor, and E'Mor does prove to be an appealing character with depths hardly shared by anyone else in his sphere. Many of the other characters are villainous and form a dark backdrop to E'Mor's depths and integrity.

*Caution to delicate readers:*

*the story is fast-paced, but quite graphic, with violence and rape.*

*~~ Author's Thoughts about the review from TwoLips.com ~~*

I thought to be an honest review and I was pleased with it. I'm thrilled that I conveyed the right message about E'Mor. Dayna Hart, who edited "Star'Leen," also stated the following in one of her e-mails during the editing process.

**"You've got a good character with E'Mor, though. Quiet, unsure of himself, but really wanting to do the right thing. Definitely a 'poised on the brink of manhood' type of character."**

I wanted E'Mor to show qualities of leadership even at a young age. It is too often that we see our children take the lead while we still do the same damage over and over again. There was no way the world of Quadstar was going to move forward during King E'Mir's time. He was way too obsessed with power and as the old saying goes..."It is only going to worse, before it gets better."

I also wanted to say that the 'bones' of this story were set in "The Daysong of the Knightbird". The story was told out of what E'Mor remembered about it. Over thousand years had come to pass since it happened and some of the finer details were lost.

E'Falco, E'Mor's name sake and his youngest, stumbles upon the tower with some friends. His own paranormal powers reveals only bits and pieces of the fight. When his father arrives, he asked about what happened instead of laying blame. This is when E'Mor decides to come clean about the battle for the throne and E'Falco's grandfather.

## *Prologue*

Love is a multi colored song bird that flies to the different parts of the universe and brings its pleasure as it flies. She spreads her wings and graces the sky with her song of joy and hope. This beautiful bird can spread love and does so without prejudice.

Now this elegant bird has been summoned to a tainted world. She flies across the landscape looking for a host. As she slowly moves across the barren fields she can hear the cries of its people. That is what brings the graceful creature to this far off world known as Quadstar. The pain and torment of this planet's people could not be denied. She cries for those who have fallen victim to the ill will of those that lead here. As she flies, the dark landscape starts to turn her feathers dark and dirty. She feels the malice of this world flow through her and its darkness is now starting to taint her own feathers. It is time for a change and this beautiful bird of Love can only change one heart in one person at a time. With that in mind she must pick wisely.

She believes that the center of this chaos is where she will plant her seed of Love. It is going to be a long time before change will come, but it will. Her host needs to be someone who can bring about the change that is needed. Someone who is strong and who knows the difference between right and wrong. Can she find such a person here?

The bird of Love has come from worlds away and now grows tired in her flight. She must rest her wings and regain her strength. A

low-lying city lays ahead. It seems to be made out of gold with towers that sit at its center. The black tower is firmly connected to a lower gold-looking tower and a white tower that stands alone, connected by a bridge to the black tower. It is truly a sight to be seen, but at what cost? These towers were built on the blood of the people.

It would not be here she would find her rest, but lower. She spots a very small garden with a tree of simple design that will do. She flies in low and lands without a sound on one of its strongest branches. She heads for the center so that she will not be seen. As she nestles down for some rest, she can hear someone enter the little garden. Her curiosity is strong now, so she jumps from limb to limb to get a better view of the visitor.

He is young, with long dark hair that covers his face and is past his shoulders. His shirt is open in front to reveal a strong broad chest. His legs and arms are not too muscular, but strong. His pants are tight and they show that he has the means to give pleasure to many beautiful women...and he will...in his time. Well fit and firm in appearance, as well as young.

*Love takes better in the young, she thinks to herself. Could he?*

A breeze blows his long hair back from his face and she begins to coo. It is the face of a young god-like being. His eyes are dark purple and his face is not hard in appearance, but soft in the jaw line.

She bows her head and begins to coo again. She has found her host and gently locks with his inner being. His thoughts are gentle and his ways are as well.

*It is a pity really, she thinks to herself. He will not remember this meeting, but he is the host I have been called here for. It is him I love,*

*and love is what I bring to him for the rest of his days.*

She gently casts off out of the tree that she had landed in and began to circle above the garden. He looks up and to see her flying. He watches with interest as she flies above him. She slowly descends in her flight and flies a couple wide circles around him. His breath is taken away by the sight of her. He feels the need to touch her so he holds out his hands and she lands in his open palms.

He looks into her eyes and sees all the stars of the heavens and a warm heat begins to build in his heart. The heat spreads from his heart to his chest and through the rest of his body. He feels a need.

The need to kiss her. She leans forward and with her beak kisses him on the lips. He feels her warmth fill him, and then with a flash of soft light it is over.

Lying on the grass asleep, he begins to gently stir. He awakens from what he thinks was just a dream, but a wonderful one nonetheless.

## *Chapter One*

The dark clouds moved as if to say the days will always be the same and joy is only found in cruelty. A handsome young man with wild dark hair dressed in finery sat in a window and watched as the dark clouds rolled by. They were thunderous with just a flash or two of lightning and the clouds even hinting at rain, but they were just as dark as the mood of the day. Could he smile? Would he smile ever again?

His dark purple eyes looked past the long straight hair that had fallen into his face as if trying to hide his sorrow. He was just a young man on the verge of adulthood. The tears started to roll down his face, but he was trying not to cry. He was trying to be an adult. E'Mor looked down at his hand as the Royal Power moved from his soul to his now open palm. A small ball of dark violet power formed, glowing bright and floating free over his open hand. He had the power...he was born with it. He trained himself in the use of it because the one person who should be training him would have used it against him. His own father. The wind started up and it was cold, but he did not care, it fit his mood too. He was startled back to reality by a scream. He gripped the sides of the window. He sighed, jumped down out of the stony window and headed down the hall toward the noise.

"Where is he 'rat boy,'" the huge bearded man screamed again shaking Lon Lon by the arm. "Where is he?"

"I do not know, kind Lord," the little boy said with tears rolling down his face.

He was bald, dark skinned and dressed in rags. It was clear that

he was nothing more than a whipping boy. The man drew his hand back to strike him and the little boy tried to pull away, but he was still in the man's tight grip.

"Do not hit him again, Captain. I was in the window, out of his view. I told him to wait here for me," E'Mor stated with out emotion.

The Captain turned and looked at the young man as he approached. With one good shove from the Captain Lon Lon fell to the floor. He lay where he fell afraid to move. The Captain walked away from him as if he was now just part of the floor. He walked right up to the dark hair young man and leaned in close.

"He is supposed to know where you are all the time, Prince E'Mor," the Captain said through gritted teeth.

"And he does," E'Mor said trying to give his little friend a smile. "He does...most of the time."

Lon Lon tried to smile back, but he just closed his eyes, still afraid to move. E'Mor noticed the two guards, who just shook their heads and turned away.

"What is it that you want?" E'Mor asked coldly, as he turned his attention back to the Captain.

"Your father wants you in his presence. Now," the Captain told him coldly and turned to leave.

The two guards followed him down the great hall. E'Mor watched them as they passed through some doors and out of sight. He wanted to make sure that they were gone. It was then his attention was drawn back to Lon Lon.

"You better pull yourself up off the floor. The maids just might sweep you away from us," a cheerful voice stated.

E'Mor turned to the little boy as he was being literally picked up off the floor by Siff'el. The blond young man then reached into his vest pocket to pull out a candy and handed it to Lon Lon. Siff'el took out a rag, wiped the little boy's tears off his face and gave him a pat on the back.

*Compassion, E'Mor thought. Where did it go?*

Siff'el looked at E'Mor and smiled. All E'Mor could do was smile back before his eyes shot down to Lon Lon, enjoying his piece of candy.

"You may not want to be seen with me, Siff'el. My father might think you a traitor," E'Mor said shooting him a wicked look from under all the dark hair that had again fallen over his face.

Siff'el walked over and leaned over as if to bow, "Let him."

"What do you know about the Captain coming to get me?"

Siff'el motioned for them to walk and as they did, he filled him in on what he knew. Lon Lon was still sucking on the paper that the candy came in as he brought up the rear.

When Siff'el, E'Mor, and Lon Lon finally made it to the throne room, E'Mor thought he knew what was going on. Siff'el knew that a slave trader was summoned to court by the King so that he could show him his wares. E'Mor shook his head. He knew that his father was a cruel man. Slaves were the perfect target, as was his family, for his special kind of cruelty.

E'Mor went to the door of the throne room and turned to Siff'el.

"Keep an eye on Lon Lon. I do not want him involved in any more of my father's follies. That is, if I can help it," E'Mor said in a low voice.

Siff'el just nodded, turned to Lon Lon and herded him off back down the hall. E'Mor only entered the room when he saw that Siff'el and Lon Lon were well out of sight. E'Mor grabbed the door handle and pulled it open. What he saw confused him.

There were two armed guards on one slave. She was chained and on her knees with her head down. Fur covered her from head to toe, including her claw like hands. She had a patch work pelt with tufts of white fur in a beautiful design unlike anything he had ever seen. Her eyes were pale blue, but down cast as if she would be beaten at just the thought of raising them. Even though she had fur, she was wearing a tattered piece of cloth that looked as if it could have been a simple dress at one time. E'Mor slowly circled around her to get a better look. He was so fascinated with her that he did not even realize that his father was in the room. E'Mor jumped when he started to speak.

"A wonderful creature, she is," King E'Mir said, knowing that his son was taken by surprise.

E'Mor slowly turned to look at his father. King E'Mir was seated on the throne, a council member sitting on a stool at the King's feet. The King waved him off, and left as fast as he could. It was clear that he was upset. The King now turned his full attention to his son.

"I see. Another Lord that will not bow to your needs?" E'Mor asked, motioning to the fleeing council member.

King E'Mir smiled at his son, "No...He is not a problem...anymore."

E'Mor looked at his father and cocked his head. His father never disclosed matters of state with his son. Then again, E'Mor did not

need him to, he knew what his father would do to get what he wanted.

"The Captain must have fallen out of favor with you. You sent him to do a Page's job. He did not seem happy about it either," E'Mor said, taking the opportunity to change the subject.

"I wanted the message delivered...today," The King sternly replied. "Some of these Pages are nothing more than meat to be wasted. I see that you have something though...need to make you a man first. Then I can show you how to fight. When you kill the Captain and take his place you might earn the right to call yourself my son and heir."

E'Mor was about to enter into the spring of seasons. He knew that his father thought he could force him into manhood by forcing him to have sex. He knew also that his father wanted to witness this grand occasion like the sick man that he was. E'Mor, on the other hand, thought that love might have something to do with it so he wanted the right time, place, and most importantly, the right person.

The King gestured to the new slave, "I bought her for you. You need a woman in your life and I want to see you happy."

E'Mor knew instinctively that was a lie. His father no more wanted him to be happy than the slave that he just bought.

"I will find my own lady in my due time, father. This was not called for," E'Mor said as he looked back at the now shaking slave. "Besides my King, how do you know that I can even take her?"

"She is trillen and in season all the time. All it takes is once my son, and that will be you," King E'Mir replied as he shifted in his throne. "Just think of the sweetness of her. Women are for men to use, my son. They were made just to satisfy and for our enjoyment.

Like your mother was. However, she did not please me right and I ended up with you. You were a disappointment at first, but I think with the right conditioning you will be something. Not much but...something. You will take her and I will show you how. You are far from knowing how to sex up a woman the right way."

"And if I refuse?" E'Mor questioned almost unwilling to look back to his father.

"You will not," King E'Mir stated. "You will do as you are told."

With that said King E'Mir clapped his hands and three of the King's other sons came into the room. E'Mor started to power up, but before he could finish, a black hood came down over his head. Forced to kneel, he was bound. He knew better then to fight them. The less of a struggle he put up, the less it would hurt latter. They picked him up and began to haul him out of the room. E'Mor could hear was his father giving them instructions.

"Bring him back here tonight. I will have his new lover cleaned and ready for their time of passion."

With those last words, E'Mor's mind started to race. His father had planned this and he was sure it was going to be something that both he and the trillen were going to regret.

## *Chapter Two*

E'Mor remained bound and hooded until just before his brothers were to bring him back to the throne room. He hated this and knew that whatever was going to happen, it was something he would not approve of. He was beginning to think he should have never disagreed with his father, but came to the same conclusion that he always came to, *if it was not this then it would just be something else.*

He sat quietly on the floor swimming in his own thoughts when he heard the door open. They had come for him. It was time. Whatever was coming would be something he would have to live with for the rest of his days. Not removing the hood, they removed his clothes and then dressed him in something simple. He could feel them dressing him a open front shirt and a pair of easy to put up slacks with no undergarments. By this time he knew it was his brothers because they were not gentle. They were never gentle. Again they picked him up and hauled him out of the room. The trip was not a smooth one, then again it never was. Every time he disagreed with his father, and that was often, his brothers would be called to do the dirty work. No guard dared to touch a royal Prince like this, so his father called on his other sons to take care of their younger brother.

When they came to a stop, they dropped him onto the floor. They pulled him to his feet by the back of his shirt, and then they untied his hands. He was allowed to take off the hood himself. His father was standing in front of him with the Royal Power flashing in his eyes. E'Mor could feel a familiar pain in his head as it shot down

his spine. He almost could not remain on his feet and his father knew he had a hold of his son.

King E'Mir stepped away from his youngest son and gestured to the female trillen slave. She was now laying flat on bedding set up for this occasion. Her hands were bound together and pulled up over her head. She was covered with a blanket, but he could tell that she was bathed and cleaned. Her short fur looked smooth and soft to the touch. Her hair was not matted and it even looked as if someone tried to style it. The sent of flowers and perfume lingered in the air. The King snapped his fingers in front of his son's face to draw his attention back to him.

"Make it quick. I have other things we must attend to."

"And if I refuse?"

Again the pain shot through E'Mor's head and down his spine. This time, he almost fell to the floor.

"Drop your pants and do what you are told. I care not for this creature, but I want you to take her. The baby will be interesting to say the least," the King whispered into E'Mor's ear.

"No, Beast...you have one of your favorites do your dirt work," E'Mor said in defiance.

The pain this time almost knocked him out as he dropped to one knee. E'Mor could feel someone pulling him to feet. They were undressing him. Before he could gain control over himself again, they pulled the blanket off the slave and placed him on top of her. She was scared and he could feel it. The pain came again.

"No..." he barely got out.

The pain came and despite it he could feel his brothers trying to

position both of them. He tried to fight them, but it was no use. He could feel his brothers hands groping him and pulling at his clothes. The smell of her mingled with the smell of sweat and body heat. His mind was racing and there was nothing he could do. He felt her warm body under his and he felt like he was crushing her under his own weight, but it was not just his weight, his brothers down on him. He didn't understand. A part of him was acting on the heat and he couldn't control it. The rape was done and all he could hear was her crying, just her crying.

After E'Mor gained what little control he had of himself the King was merciful enough to let his son go. E'Mor couldn't leave the room fast enough. He did not engage in the formalities of departing his King. He knew he would pay for it later, but he didn't care. He actually wanted someone to challenge him on leaving. Preferably the Captain of the Guard. He wanted to hurt someone, and he wanted it to be one of his father's followers. E'Mor could only hope that it was someone dearer to the King than his own son.

He was covered in sweat, his clothes ripped and barely on, his head pounding out of control. He made his way out into the hall. E'Mor passed little Lon Lon, who was hiding. Lon Lon tried to pull his courage together. He feared for his friend so he followed. E'Mor was in so much pain, he did not know he was being followed by anyone and he did not care.

He walked out of the main palace and into the main courtyard. Nobody was there because it was past curfew. He stopped at the fountain and put his hands on the stone work around the fountain's base with his head down. It was still hurting. In fact, every fiber of his

body hurt. He had received a very large dose of his father's power. It felt nasty and corrupted. It made him sick to his stomach. This whole mess made him hate his father even more. What kind of man would make his own son do that kind of a thing? And to such a beautiful being? He doubled over and started to throw up, until it turned into dry heaves. Lon Lon, who was following him, ran for help. He ran for the only person he knew would, or could help.

When the dry heaves stopped, E'Mor almost could not stand. He leaned on base of the fountain. The slow flowing water looked like it could be something he needed. He felt bad; his father had made him feel dirty. Before he could stop himself, he was standing in the fountain. He was hoping that the flowing water would wash the filth that he felt away, but up close, even the water in the fountain was dirty.

Siff'el climbed into the fountain and grabbed hold of E'Mor, who collapsed in his arms. E'Mor cried and Siff'el held him afraid that his friend would hurt himself if left alone. That is when he decided to take E'Mor home with him. Siff'el was not sure what kind of trouble he would get himself into, but the less that his own father knew was the best. E'Mor could stay in the beast barn with Lon Lon until he could get a handle on himself.

Siff'el, with Lon Lon's help, managed to get E'Mor to the house of Da'Vee, Siff'el's house. E'Mor changed his clothes to something Siff'el had. Something without any crests so it would not lead the King's guard back to the house of Da'Vee. That night was a long one, E'Mor couldn't sleep and Siff'el learned what had happened. He was disgusted with the whole idea of the throne.

The three friends did manage to get some rest. E'Mor could not help, but think of his actions toward that beautiful creature. She would hate him forever and he wasn't sure if he could live with that. He needed to make things right, but how? He needed to set her free. She needed to be free. She needed to be with her own people, to find comfort with them. He needed to help her so that he could help himself. That was his final thought as he faded off to claim what little sleep he could find.

It was well past morning when the three started to stir. Thank goodness Siff'el's father was one with loose reins on his son. E'Mor asked again if Lon Lon could stay with Siff'el. He needed to confront his father and he was sure it wasn't going to be pleasant. The three parted ways and Siff'el wondered if he would see his friend again.

\*\*\*

E'Mor walked back into the royal halls at mid-day. He was sure he could hear whispers of disgust as he passed. He walked past the Captain of the Guard, who made some obscene remark, but E'Mor did not hear it. He had other things on his mind, like how he was going to make his father pay for what he had done.

He found his father with two of his brothers in the throne room. E'Mor could not help, but feel sick to his stomach again.

"So, you came back so that you can do the next part of the task. That is good," King E'Mir stated as he stood up from his throne.

King E'Mir walked past E'Mor and gestured for him to follow, which he reluctantly did.

"We are having guests tomorrow night. The Dragon High Lord and his hold will be here for the evening."

E'Mor's stomach tightened. They were heading toward the main feasting hall.

"I am having something special made just for him. I want you...and only you...to serve it to him. I do not trust any of these nosey servants. You will do as you are told. When I introduce you, you will serve him."

They made it to the hall and it was filled with meats and foods of every kind. The King picked up a gold pitcher, the only one like it on the table. He took it and handed it to E'Mor. It was filled with a purple wine with a smell like nuts.

"You will serve him this. It is very strong and he will not have a chance to leave here. It is a pity really. I need the dragon masters to turn to me, not a compassionate coward like himself," King E'Mir said with a smile on his face, as if relishing the thought.

A small smile flitted across Prince E'Mor's face and his father thought that maybe his son might be finally coming to terms with him. Instead, E'Mor was thinking the opposite. That this just might be the chance he needed to get back at his father for making him hurt one of the few females he'd ever come into contact with.

~\*~\* “E’Mor’s Romances ~ Star‘Leen” Ordering Information \*~\*~

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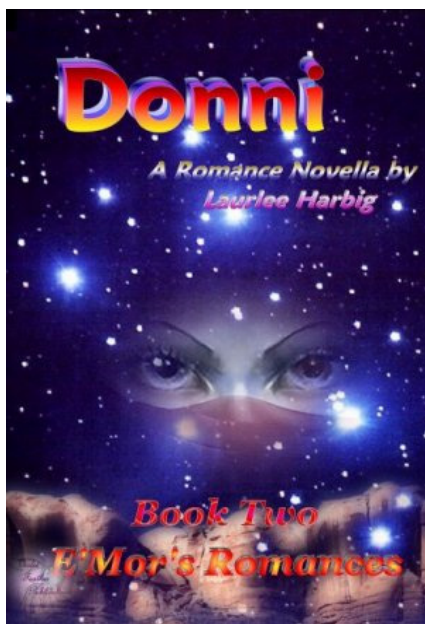
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***Book Two of E'Mor's Romances "Donni"***



I have offered Book Two of this series to Forbidden Publications and I'm still waiting to hear back from them. This is a cover I designed for the release on Lulu.com, a self publishing website. Unlike "Star'Leen" this story had no story line to begin with, I wrote it as I went. The three chapters featured here might be a bit confusing, "Donni's" story line actually starts before "Star'Leen's", but it ends well after. Chapter Five is the chapter in question, it happens after E'Mor is crowned king. All of this is prior to professional edit.

## *Chapter One*

The stars can be some distance away, but yet they put hope in all of us and nobody knows why. How can hope span such distance? Can it be the speed of light which hope uses to make it to its destination? Then distance and speed can be a wonderful thing at times. Nobody knows this better than Prince E'Mor. What can speed bring? Can it be the thrill of the ride? Or is it being in control of so much power? What ever it is, a young teenage E'Mor wants to taste it. As like most young men at his age, they want to be in control and Prince E'Mor is no different.

He has a small problem. Ok...it was not so small, it was quite big actually. His problem was his father, King E'Mir. He had a habit of making his son feel worthless and unwanted. He was a tyrant and would use anything to keep his son in line. The young prince is so unlike his ruthless father and nobody knows why or how that happened, it only did. There were some who even hoped the young prince would not be corrupted by his father and he would turn out to be a better leader. With this happening, the young prince decided to become scarce in the palace. He does what he can to put as much distance between him and his father.

Today, E'Mor was on his way to the local tinker's shop which was run by Due. He said he had something he wanted to show E'Mor. It would be something he could have if he could fix it up. Due said he did not have the time.

E'Mor arrived as he always did to Due's shop, through a side door. The young teenage prince was told by some Lords, who were

concerned for his well being, if he wanted to keep his friends safe. It would be best his father did not know about them. E'Mor decided to visit under a different name or dressed down to common clothes or rags. Even at times he would get into some mud or dirt only to drive the point home.

When E'Mor walked into the shop it was empty of any customers or anyone who wanted to do business with the local tinker. He could not even find Due, himself. E'Mor started to look around for him then he heard something metal hit the floor.

“For all the motherless bastard children!” Due screamed.

E'Mor walked around the vehicle which was up on blocks to find Due lying under it. He then stuck his head under the hood and looked down at Due's greased up face.

“Are you calling for me again?” E'Mor said looking down at his mentor with a smile.

“Oh...there you are. I was beginning to wonder if you would wander in or not. That father of yours is getting more and more strange everyday. I was wondering if he put you to death or something,” Due said as he was fishing around for the tool that he dropped. “Well you better gear up in case some of those nosey guards come back in.”

“I do not think they will be back after what happened last time they were here,” E'Mor replied as he reached down and picked up the tool the Due dropped.

He handed the tool to Due down through the engine well.

“I tell you, they deserved it. You cannot tell me I do shabby work. You might get covered with something which does not come out

of your hair,” Due said as he pulled himself out from under the vehicle.

He looked over at E’Mor who now was putting on a pair of coveralls which he had taken from one of the lockers. They were well stained and greasy as if they were well worn. Due sat on the floor looking at his young friend. He only nodded with a tooth missing grin on his dirty face.

“I will have to find you some adult rags for you soon,” Due said with a little pride in his voice.

E’Mor looked at him and saw something he knew he would never get from his own father. Due was proud of him and this was for sure. What he saw was something he craved, attention...a father’s attention and pride.

“Let us get some grease on this pretty face of yours, Denn,” Due said, knowing full well E’Mor could not use his own name here. “You look to cute to work in a slop hole like this. Besides, we have to get this running if you want to start taking pretty girls out,” Due stated as he patted the vehicle he just crawled out from under.

Due then got up and put his hand in a pan of grease. He walked over to E’Mor. He smeared it on his face if it was done by him.

It was then the door opened and in walked a gentleman dressed all in colors and robes. His face was covered with a head wrap, but his eyes looked weathered. Sand and dust was the smell of his clothes. Due walked over to him and they shook hands. It was like Due knew him or they had done business before. E’Mor decide to look as if he was doing something important. He turned and picked up a rag and started to clean with his back on Due and his customer.

“Denn...get a drink for the good Chief while he waits for me to analyze this com unit,” Due said loudly.

E’Mor did what was asked. He had to. It was part of the deal he had with Due. No special treatment in his shop if he was going to work with him. It was a change really. E’Mor was bossed around a lot at the palace, but here he knew that Due would appreciate it.

E’Mor brought the drink in the cleanest cup he could find. The Chief pulled his face wrap off and his face looked at worn as his eyes. He nodded and smiled at E’Mor as he presented to cup of water.

“If you would be so kind to sit with my daughter while we wait. She is outside watching the clouds...she enjoys it,” he said with a wink.

E’Mor smiled and only nodded. He was not sure if this was a good idea, but decided that he better do what was being asked. He then turned and headed to the side door to Due’s shop. When he stepped outside, he started to look around for the Chief’s daughter. She was not hard to find, she was sitting on a stone retaining wall not too far from the door. She looked as if she could have been no more than sixteen years of age.

A gentle breeze came up and caught her light blue robes. It swirled them up and around her. E’Mor could tell she was slender. She sat quietly looking deep into the clouds as they glided over head. She was completely unaware she was being watched herself. When he approached her, she was startled by him and turned her face toward the ground.

He came up next to her and took up a place for himself on the retaining wall. She looked shyly at him, but with down cast eyes.

“Your father asked me to come and sit with you while he was talking to Due.”

She slightly smiled and E’Mor could see through the veil that she was not an overly beautiful girl. It was the smile which got him...and it was her eyes. They were like two different colors of which was one of the reasons he was drawn to them. It was also how they lit up when she did smile, even if it was only for a moment.

Something happen, it was like the wind was knocked out of him. For some reason all he could see was her inner beauty. He did not know what this feeling was. Was he getting sick? Or was it the weather? What was it? He only wanted to lift her veil and look deeper into her eyes, but he caught himself.

“My name is Denn and yours would be?” he asked shyly as if to get another look at those wonderful eyes.

She smiled again and turned her eyes down, but then brought them back up. She gave him what he wish for.

“Donni...my name is Donni,” she said soft whisper.

“Your father said you enjoy watching the clouds. Do like the stars as well?” he asked hoping that she would reply louder.

He wanted hear what her voice really sounded like. He did not get what he wanted, instead she shyly nodded. He knew he would have to make a move here if he was going to see her again.

“Would you like to watch them with me? I mean...I could point out the Gate of the Graces to you,” he said hoping she would seriously think about it.

She looked up at him as if he had spoken some magical word. He got her attention. Again, it was as if he had been punch in the gut.

It was the gaze which took all his wind, but he could not stop looking at her. He was not sure why, but he wanted to be alone with her. He had to get her where it would be only them.

“Meet me by the front main gate to the city later tonight. There is an old watch post there. It is no longer being used and I know someone who can get me the keys,” he said watching her eyes and the way they sparkled under her sheer veil.

Her eyes were so captivating to him, he did not know they were being watched. The Chief was now done with his business with Due and was ready to leave. Due came up behind the Chief and cleared his throat. Both of them about jumped right out of his skins.

“Denn...where are your manners, boy?” Due stated loudly. “Help the pretty lady down off the wall. She and her father can go on back to their camp.”

E'Mor did as he was told and jumped down first. He held out his hands to her and she all, but fell right into his arms. Even though he was only fifteen, his strength was there and he had no plans on letting her hit the ground. E'Mor could tell she was not much younger than he was, but there was something else. Something that E'Mor could not see as they were sitting on the wall talking.

She let him go and started to walk to her father. She was badly limping. E'Mor started toward her, he wanted an explanation about this. His anger started to come, he wanted to know what had happened and why. Due decided to stop him before he did something that they both would regret.

“Denn...” Due said grabbing E'Mor tightly by the arm. “Go inside and start to clean up before my next scheduled customer.”

Due did not let go until he knew E'Mor understood he was to go inside and wait for him. E'Mor looked at Due with fire in his eyes, but then he relaxed and nodded. It was then Due let him go and E'Mor took one last look at Donni as she was being escorted away by her father. She turned her head and looked back at him too.

Once inside the little shop, E'Mor walked up to a bucket and kicked it hard.

"Hey now..." Due sternly said as he entered the shop.

E'Mor looked at him as if looking for someone to blame. Due stood a head taller than E'Mor, he pushed himself to full height. E'Mor gritted his teeth and backed down knowing he could take out Due, but he looked at Due as a father figure and respected him.

"What did he do to her?" he simply asked with clinched fists.

"He did not do anything to her," Due replied as he stepped forward and placed his hands on E'Mor's shoulders. "She was born with a deformed foot. It was something neither she nor anyone else could control. Sometimes this happens."

E'Mor looked at Due and he could see the truth in his eyes. Due had never lied to him before.

"E'Mor...I am impressed. Are you having feelings for her? You are seeing past the appearance. You are truly becoming a man."

E'Mor started to blush, but Due was right. He was having some feelings for her. He was not sure what they were quite yet. He was hoping she would come and they could both figure them out under the Gate of the Graces at the old guard tower.

## *Chapter Two*

E'Mor looked up at the stars as he moved along the back streets of the city. He was shuffling around a small blanket from his own bedding. He made sure he was dressed in rags and only stopping from time to time to put dirt on his face. Every time he stopped he would check for the key to the old watch tower. Yes... it was still on the string tied around his neck. E'Mor now was wondering if this was a good idea. All this fuss over a girl, he was too young to fussing over a girl.

He started to move again with the same thoughts going through his mind. What made this so special? What was it about her which made him act like this? Was Due right? Was he now starting to become a man? He had seen what some men do with their woman...and he knew what his father did with them. A shiver went down his spine. His father...he cannot know about Donni. He thought about the cruelty which could happen. This was something he did not want to think about at all.

It was his young tender heart started to break. He knew tonight was his first night with Donni, but it would have to be his last. Above all, he had to do this to protect her. He had to let this dream go or his father would destroy it. Tears were making it hard for him to walk. He wiped his eyes clean of them, knowing what he would have to do in the end.

He got to the tower and took a quick look around. He wanted to make sure he got there first. E'Mor took one more look up in the sky and there was not a cloud in sight. He smile through his tears, it was

going to be a great night for watching the stars. He then turned to matter at hand.

The old guard building itself had no roof. The top had caved in years ago. All the rubble was cleaned out with hopes for it to be rebuilt. It never was, this was the reason E'Mor thought would be a great place to watch the stars. They could sit inside out of view of anyone passing by, but yet see the night sky.

So he waits...and watches.

E'Mor was in tune with everything was going on around him. He had been here before when he needed to escape his family. There was something about them which discussed him. He did not want to think about them. He only wanted to think about Donni. As he leaned into the wall which over looked the plain dirt field and the mighty desert which started before the Crown City, he prayed. He prayed for Donni and to keep her safe. He also prayed someday he would see her again and see her happy, even if it was not him.

He was in such deep thought he did not even know he was being watched. Then reality grabbed him and the worse thoughts started to go through his mind. Was he discovered? Nobody knew about this except for Due and he was at the local bar. E'Mor slowly turned around as if he was ready to take someone on. As he turned, he saw nothing...nothing at all. He started to train his eyes on every little nook, then something did move. It was sheer as a veil and black in color.

"You can come out. There is nobody here, but me," he said lightly hoping the slight breeze would take it to the ears of the one he was talking to.

Donni stepped out from behind the half fallen down wall. She started to limp over to E'Mor with her head down as if ashamed of being there.

"You cannot look at the stars with your face in the sand," he said as he met her halfway.

He put his finger tips under her chin to raise her face eyes to meet his. He wanted to memorize them. He wanted more than this. He knew, he wanted her. E'Mor had never had this feeling before and he knew many young men his age would have acted on them. To hurt her was the furthers thing from his mind.

His lips were dry and he could not break his gaze. He did not want to. E'Mor was content to watch the stars in Donni's eyes and not the ones in the sky. She turned way and looked up as if looking for something. She stepped away to the wall where E'Mor was standing. Her black veil dress and head dress rustled in the breeze. She looked like one of Graces that had stepped out of the night sky only for him. He was so in awe over her. Even though she limped, she still had a graceful movement about her.

"Denn, you said you would show me the Gate of the Graces?" she asked as she slightly turned to him.

He came in close behind her. Placed his left hand on her left shoulder, then brought his right arm over her shoulder. With his index finger, he pointed out the constellation to her. He leaned in on her left side and whispered to her in her own language as she watched the stars.

"Now beautiful, let me tell about the love of the Graces," E'Mor stated as he leaned in closer.

He took in a breath full of her wonderful aroma. She smelled like rain come to pass and the breeze made it even stronger. He caught only a hint of flowers. How can this be, she is of the desert? All the smells are of things she is not. He was into how she smelled he forgot he was about to tell her something.

"What is the story? What about this love of the Graces? Please tell me, Denn?" she asked in her own language without thinking twice.

E'Mor tried to shake the thought of her out of his head. He took in air, but her smell was still there. He tried again to carry on with the story.

"There was a strong guard's man by the name of Lore. He tended to his duties without question and was content to do so," E'Mor paused only for a moment.

The night air was making it hard for him to be this close to her. He could not blame her, she was only being herself. He tried to continue with the story.

"One day upon watching from his post, he came upon a High Lord and his daughter. He watched them interact with great compassion. This was a compassion he had never seen before and has never been shown since. The High Lord presented the daughter with a violet stone which shone brighter than any star. The guard's man was truly amazed by it, but he was even more amazed by the girl. The daughter was a very young and truly full of life in spite of the fact she had a physical ailment. He vowed to watch over her and the stone, because he believed it was of value."

E'Mor's emotions were stirring. Donni's closeness was what he longed for. He knew this was only for the night and he felt the pain in

his chest again.

"Lore watched the young girl grow to be a woman and he grew to love her. As easily as she had floated into his life, she had floated out. Out of frustration, he approached the High Lord and asked about his daughter. He told Lore she was gone. One day, she had disappeared," E'Mor continued. "He was strong in his body, but was weak in his faith. The following night the Graces came to him in his dreams and promised him his heart's desire for an exchange and he agreed."

A cool breeze was picking up and Donni started to shiver. E'Mor tried to bring her closer. He wanted to keep her warm, but he was afraid to do so. So instead, he continued with his story.

"Lore asked the Graces to find the High Lord's daughter and keep her safe. They told him he could do this himself. All he had to do was find the violet stone," E'Mor paused.

"Did he find her?" Donni asked.

She turned to him and it was then he realized she was weeping. The story had moved her. It was as if he could not stand it, watching her being sad. His heart told him this was not going to be easy for either of them.

"He did. Lore found her by finding the stone. From finding her, he vowed his faith to the Graces," E'Mor ended with.

All E'Mor could do was gaze into her eyes and watch the Gate of the Graces reflect in them. To him, she was so beautiful. He knew it was her soul he was seeing.

"Denn, I...I..." she trailed off with.

"What? What is wrong?" he asked with concern.

"Denn, my heart is so full and I have never felt this way."

"You will feel it again someday. Your guard's man will come for you," E'Mor said as he smiled sweetly at her.

"I want to stay here, forever," she said.

She placed her hands on his chest and leaned into him. He instinctively wrapped his arms around her. She was still shivering from the cold night air. He felt so warm and he felt like this is where she needed to be. He could not bare to see her go, because he knew it would rip his heart out. Then again, if his father knew of her, she would be his down fall. He must keep her safe at all costs, even if this means letting her go.

"No..." he barely got out.

He breathed again and tried to say the words he dreaded. He believed she heard him. He could feel her grab his ripped up vest, as if she wanted to hold on forever. He bend his head over and rubbed his cheek on the top of her head.

"You cannot stay here," E'Mor stated as if sucking in the night air. "It is not safe for you."

She pulled away and looked at him with fear in her eyes. Tears were now rolling down her pasty white cheeks and soaking her pale veil that she wore over her face. He placed his finger tips under her chin and then in one motion, they gently grabbed hold of the veil and pulled it away to reveal a face which was not pretty nor stunning. It was her eyes which danced for him, those eyes he knew he never wanted to see sad, but had no choice.

"Denn, you could come with us and...."

She never had a chance to finish the sentence. He pulled her

close and pressed his lips to his. She fell into his young strong arms as she had done earlier in the day. Their tongues touched and the world rotated around only them. The kiss was deep and strong for such a young couple in love, but then love holds no age.

He pulled away with every emotion telling him to stay and then it whispered to take her yet again. She gently open her eyes and the tears came. He leaned his face forward again as if to kiss her, but instead his lips brushed the tip of nose. He sighed.

"I cannot go with you, Donni," he said with a shaky voice and he closed his eyes.

"You can...you have no one here," she pleaded gripped his vest even tighter.

"I cannot go with you," E'Mor replied. "Please...do not ask me again and do not ask me to explain."

He could hear her sobbing. All he could do was hold her tight, hoping that she would stop. It would be a long while before she did.

"You have to go...you cannot stay here," E'Mor said as he tried to pull away as gently as possible.

She still had a firm grip on his ripped up vest. She was shaking and he wanted to comfort her, but how? She let go and with shaking hands she pulled the veil back over her face. He stood with his hands out as if his was thinking she would fall.

"Please...try to understand. You are safer with your family. I cannot protect you here," E'Mor said in his own defense, but it was useless.

Donni turned and start to walk away. She did not even turn back to look at him, she only kept walking. All he could do was watch her

go. He stood there as if trying to find some better words to tell her, but he was at a loss. It was a long moment until he decided he should follow her. It was not to stop her, but to make sure she arrived back at her families camp without harm.

He raced to down to the main gate without seeing her once. He feared the worse. E'Mor then saw her black veil dress moving in the darkness against the sands outside the walls. He stopped beside a stone wall and watched her float out of his life as easily as she had floated in.

Watching her walk away was one of the hardest things he had to do and tears were forming in his eyes. He looked out at the swirling sands. They were dancing in the moonlight and swirling up to the stars. Then a thought hit him...what was he really looking at?

There was a woman standing on a distant dune watching him. She was dressed in starlight veils and he swore she was smiling, but the tears were making it hard for him to see her. With one gust of wind, the loose sand moved again and she was gone.

## *Chapter Five*

The mid-day passed slowly as E'Mor waited for his departure time. He wanted to see the Desert Wanders camp. He had only heard of the delights he would find there and he knew one of them would be the Chief Do'Lo's daughter.

"You should come with me," E'Mor said to J'Lon as they ate a late mid-day meal.

"No, I do not think so," J'Lon replied. "Besides...I was not the one invited. I am afraid my good friend you are on your own here."

"I suppose you are right. We wish not to offend," E'Mor replied while taking another bite of food.

The conversation went on and it was decided on how this was to play out. E'Mor was to be escorted outside of the main gates and he is to go into the camp alone. He is to spend the night there as their guest and in the morning he would come back into the city. J'Lon assured him his absents for this time would not be deeply missed. This plan was kept between them until it was time to depart.

E'Mor dealt with business at hand and watch the shadows grow long, but he could not stop thinking of the Chief's daughter. The last of the day activities came end and E'Mor was ready for his adventure. J'Lon told him to wrap his head to help him blend in and protect him from the elements of the desert. He choose a plan violet head wrap.

The plan followed through without a hitch. E'Mor bid his guard a good day and walked out of the city alone. He thought the walk would have been a lonely one, but this was not the case.

Other tribes of the Desert Wanders had arrived and some had

even set up trading stands and tents at the main gate. He walk slowly through the venders looking at their wares. It was more then items they had made, but items they had traded for elsewhere. He was amazed about some of these items. It told him the Desert Wanders traveled great distances, even to the other side of the world.

He walked slowly to take it all in. Each tent had a table before it with the wares of the vender and each table was different. He gradually made his way, looking as he went by. He came across a vender who had no tent and no family, which stuck him as odd. It was only a woman dressed in light veils and reminded him of interwoven stars.

She had a simple table with only a few items. He decided to buy something from her if he needed it or not. Without a tent or a man to help her, she would not survive long in this environment.

He stopped and seen mostly useless items, rags and shiny rocks. She smiled at him through her shear veil and her eyes danced as if they were stars. She did not say a word, but placed her hand on his to pull his attention to her. She then brushed some rags off to the side to reveal a book, a really old book.

E'Mor reach down and picked it up. He ran his hands across the cover to brush off the sand and dirt. He could not believe what he was holding. He looked at the lady again and she only smiled back at him. He started to go through his pockets for some money to give her, but she shook her head. She reached up and pulled the violet head scarf off of him, she then batted her eyes and pulled away.

He bowed his head to her as a true gentlemen should. Without a look back, he turned and continued to the camp. He was still in

disbelief over this discovery, thinking he got the better of the deal.

This book is going to spark debates among those of the religious cast. He opened it only briefly as he walked to confirm his suspicions. It was all hand written by one man. E'Mor closed the book and pulled it to him. He knew this could be either good or bad. These were the accounts of the warrior turned priest, this was the Book of Lore.

E'Mor was lost in such deep thought, he did not realize his feet had found their way to Chief Do'Lo's camp. As he approached the Chief came forward to greet him.

"I hope your short journey here was pleasant?" Do'Lo asked as his eyes came to rest on the book gripped tightly in E'Mor's arms.

"Yes...the vendors who have traveled here had many interesting wares," E'Mor replied knowing the book was the center of Do'Lo's interest. "I received this from a beautiful vendor dressed all in light veils. One would believe the very stars were woven into them. She only wanted my head scarf in trade. I was willing to give her more, but it is all she wanted."

Chief Do'Lo then held out his hand to E'Mor, "Come and walk with me."

E'Mor did as he asked. They walked away from the main group silently. The only person to follow was the chief's eldest son. E'Mor was beginning to wonder if he had done something to offend.

"This woman was with a tribe?" Do'Lo finally asked.

"No, she was alone. I could not help, but feel for her," E'Mor replied. "Do you know of her? I could buy her a tent and a beast for this book. It is the least I could do."

"No, but I know of her," Do'Lo said as he nodded to his son.

He bowed to both of them and took his leave. E'Mor was not sure what to make of this. The Chief was keeping quiet for some reason and E'Mor was afraid to break the tension.

"Who is she?"

Do'Lo took his time in answering, "A legend of the desert. She is neither vengeful or merciful. I have heard many tales of her, both good and bad. I have seen her myself and for this I fear her. I hope I am wrong and my son finds this venter."

E'Mor could see the chief was embarrassed of his vulnerability. She put the fear of the Graces in him. He knew Do'Lo was a good man and father. It was best for the subject to change and for E'Mor to encourage a true heart.

"She may have given me this book, but I know it is real not a legend. I have read bits and pieces of other books which speak of it. This book is a piece of our religious history. It could cause a war or bring greatness to all who worship the Graces. The true meaning is a test for those who are entrusted with such responsibility, but all of this is for another day," E'Mor said as if he was talking to himself. He turned his attention to Do'Lo, "Where is your daughter? The pretty one whom caught earlier this morning."

"She would be with her mother and the other women of the tribe," the chief sounded reluctant to tell E'Mor anymore about his daughter.

E'Mor started to smile knowing he was being a father, "I think she could do me a service. I need someone to hold this book and keep it safe. Someone I could trust and who is trust worthy."

"This is true," the chief replied. "It would also free you up to enjoy this evening with the men."

"Yes...it would," E'Mor stated, but he was thinking something else. *It would also give me a reason to see her again. There is something about those eyes which could easily bring me to my knees.* Then something dawned on him, "I do not believe I was ever told her name."

"Her name? It is not yours unless..." Do'Lo started to say as looked at E'Mor.

"Unless what?" E'Mor asked.

The chief smiled at him and looked him up and down as if sizing him up, "Unless you are willing to take her as a love mate."

E'Mor stopped cold in his tracks. This was unheard of. The very thought of stripping someone of a name was close to stripping them of their own self worth. Not even speaking it to strangers was treating them as if they were an object to be owned.

"Dear King, it is our way," Do'Lo softly whispered. "Woman are not traded like goods, they are respected. If I was to give you her name then it would be giving you herself. I will not give my daughter to a stranger. You must earn her respect then you will receive the right to touch her and call her by name."

E'Mor's feeling were hurt, but he understood. This was not the way he was raised. It was true his father used woman and then cast them aside, but E'Mor thought he was different. He was being tested on his values and intentions.

"I will permit my daughter to keep your book for you. You are not to ask her for her name and you have not the right to touch her,"

the chief said.

E'Mor swallowed his pride, "As you wish."

"Then come and let us take this special book to its new keeper," Chief Do'Lo stated as he turned and headed back to the center of the camp.

E'Mor followed and again, he was lost in his own thoughts. How was he going to do this? Earn her respect and most importantly did he want it. He was use to being able to taste the fruit before completely eating it. If I did not like it, he simply moved on. This also give a unique opportunity to bring the Desert Wanders under his flag. He is torn between two decisions.

They approached a large tent in the center of the camp and the chief motioned for E'Mor to wait. The chief entered the tent and E'Mor could hear voices coming inside. The flap opened and the chief stepped out followed by Dolla and their daughter. E'Mor looked at her, but she could look at him. The chief took his daughter by the hand and lead to E'Mor.

"King E'Mor would be honored for you to hold a book for him until he asks for it back. You are to be the keeper of this book and it is a great responsibility," he told her.

"Do'Lo, is this necessary?" Dolla asked.

"Please, she is not a little girl anymore and she is capable of this simple task," the chief replied.

E'Mor could see the chief's daughter was a little shaken. With great confidence he held out the book to her. She looked at it, then at her father and then at E'Mor.

"I believe this is special and would like to keep safe. It needs to

be kept dry and away from the sun. Could you do this for me?" he asked.

She nodded, let go of her father's hand and she took the book. It must have been heavier than she thought, because she about dropped it. She then took it into her arms and turned to her mother.

"Can I go back now," she asked.

Dolla placed her hand on her daughter's back and took her back into the tent. E'Mor could hear the other girls and woman giggling from inside the tent as they watched this. In the back of E'Mor's mind was a soft fluttering memory. It reminded him of a butterfly as if asking to fly free. How could this be to know of her, but not know her?

It was a gentle touch on his back which would call him back to reality. His daydream would be interrupted by the chief's eldest son. He motioned for them to follow and they moved away from the center of the camp. When he knew nobody could ease drop, he told them of his findings.

"Nobody remembers her. They all remember you, but most were too busy doing business to notice anything out of the ordinary. I asked a few vendors closest to the city and they remember you looking at their wares. None said anything about you carrying a book, but those closest to the camp say they remember the book. She vanished or never existed."

"So it is your desert ghost," E'Mor stated, but could tell the chief's attention was not his.

"She haunts my daughter and all I can do is watch. I cannot say she means her ill, but I would like to know why."

~\*~\* “E’Mor’s Romances ~ Donni” Ordering Information \*~\*~

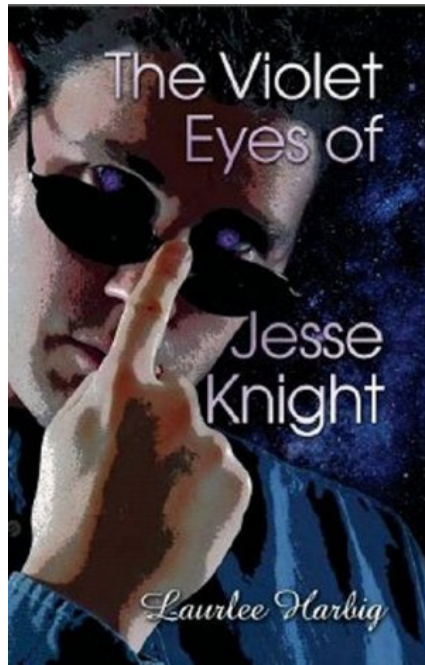
Printed format link: <http://www.lulu.com/CrazyDragon>

Printed format: <http://www.lulu.com/content/713517>

~\*~\* Website of Interest for “E’Mor’s Romances ~ Donni” \*~\*~

<http://www.freewebs.com/emors-romance>

***“The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight”***  
***(Book One of the Knightbird series)***



“Jesse Knight” was released by PublishAmerica in May of 2006. This is the first half of a story I wrote right after my parents past away. I had very little knowledge about writing, but quitting was not an option. I wanted to see this through. I have learned a lot since then and I feel I have become a better writer.



THE VIOLET EYES OF JESSE KNIGHT - LAURLEE HARBIG

ISBN# 1-4137-9811-X

2005 Publish America [www.publishamerica.com](http://www.publishamerica.com)

Paperback \$19.95 166 Pages

Sci Fi

Rating: 2 Cups

Jesse is a gifted young man, born on another planet he knows that someday he may have to return to. When that day arrives, he is both saddened and filled with excitement, for his mentor/father has shared everything with him. Will the stories of the past be enough to give him a future filled with adventure and love? Or is he still the weak babe who will fail to rule in his father's footsteps?

J'Lon has raised the babe E'Falco, also known as Jesse, to adulthood, openly sharing the boy's true heritage throughout childhood. Cry'Star, his half-feline brother, has searched long and hard to bring him home. Now that he has him, he will risk life and limb to protect him, while teaching him the ways of their universe.

Jesse, the exiled prince of a distance galaxy, along with his mentor J'Lon, makes the treacherous journey from Earth to his birth planet of Quadstar. With the help of his mentor and his brother Cry'Star, he will grow from an intelligent caring man into a warrior his family will be proud of. Or does fate have something else in store for him?

In good faith to those who read my reviews, I cannot recommend this book. The cast of characters is too large to account for, making it difficult for the reader to form any kind of connection with a single character, let alone the hero of the story. The story is riddled with repetitive phrases and sentences that it was necessary to put aside because it becomes one of frustration and disappointment to read.

Kimber

Reviewer for Coffee Time Romance

*~~ Author's Thoughts about the review from Coffee Time Romance ~~*

One of the reason why I'm sharing this review is because I really have not had a chance to openly express my feeling about it. It was the first review I had received about "Jesse Knight" and it did sting a little, but then why shouldn't it.

It was clear to me the reviewer did not really take the time nor did she want to. Then again maybe I submitted it to the wrong kind of review group altogether. "Jesse Knight" is not really a romance as much as he is Action Adventure or Fantasy. Rene with Forbidden Publications had to remind me that this is my first book and that I will improve. I believe my writing has become stronger and tighter. I really enjoy this series and where it could go. Everyone has their critics and I am not exception.

This is from an e-mail sent to me from my niece, Dede after she read the review. She is one of my biggest fans and supporter.

"Heh, ok, this lady doesn't know too much about good books if she said that, or at least she doesn't know how to give a good clear review. Just think about it, what about the Lord of the Rings??? WORLD FAMOUS, even got a series of hit movies made about it, probably will also be talked about for a long long time. It was fantasy, and also jam packed with a bunch of characters. You had the hero and all of his friends that you followed. The plot skipped a lot too. I mean come on, if she was even able to condense it enough to give the review she did, then why complain??"



Quadstar is a peaceful world but at risk of attacks from “floats.” King E’Mor and Queen Na’Diea become proud parents of twins, called “equals,” a daughter E’Anna and a son E’Falco. Unfortunately, war erupts shortly after their birth and the family, consisting of six other children as well, is split apart. E’Falco is taken by his brother, J’Lon, to Earth where they assume the names of Frank and Jesse, and thus, E’Falco becomes Jesse Knight, radio DJ. However, the war is not yet over and Jesse will find himself back in the fray while learning about an entire galaxy of people and races of whom he was previously unaware. And just who is the woman invading Jesse’s dreams?

THE VIOLET EYES OF JESSE KNIGHT is a very complex read. This reviewer actually had to reread the novel to grasp the general storyline and even now is unsure if all of the intricate details are clear in my mind. Perhaps, some of the confusion starts with the advertised blurb for the novel which makes the storyline appear very different from the story which is actually being told.

Laurlee Harbig has obviously spent a great deal of time and effort crafting the world in which THE VIOLET EYES OF JESSE KNIGHT occurs. It is very

clear to this reviewer that she has some fantastic concepts in regards to this alternate world she has created. This reviewer would suggest that Ms. Harbig obtain the services of an editor proficient in tightening up the storyline a bit and adding some helpful hints to the reader unfamiliar with the world. Some aspects of the writing style, such as the interjection of journal entries from the Temple of the Forbidden Fire are particularly clever upon a second reading of the story but make absolutely no sense in the first reading. In addition, the use of the pound symbol (#) instead of quotation marks to delineate when a statement was uttered in the trillen language is very clever but a note at the beginning of the book to inform the reader would have prevented this from having an initial jarring effect. However, Ms. Harbig does use the symbols to good effect as it allows her to have characters easily discuss issues in one language or another without constantly telling the reader which language is being used.

THE VIOLET EYES OF JESSE KNIGHT is a novel with a tremendous amount of potential. Some of the names were a great source of amusement, such as the man with many love mates named P'Cock, and the various worlds and races are clearly well thought out. However, this story is a much better read the second time around and this reviewer is unsure if readers will take the time necessary to fully understand the worlds Ms. Harbig wants to share. With some editing and a few helpful hints to the reader, the rating could easily rise on this novel as it is a story loaded with promise.

Reviewed by Debbie

*~~ Author's Thoughts about the review from CK2S Kwips & Kritiques ~~*

I have to admit that I do like this review. Some of it was off just a little in the description of the story line. J'Lon is NOT E'Falco's brother, Cry'Star is. I do believe I did not state anything which was not true in the synopsis for this book. Not to mention, EVERY synopsis is written to glamorize that particular book...it is a selling point along with the cover.

I thought the picture of the guy with purple glowing eyes would be warning enough to anyone who would dare open the cover. Those who read sci-fi know anything is possible. I found the imagination to be a bendable item and it flows with any story line. I want people to be shock and back track a couple of pages. This book, unfortunately, is not cheap so I want them to read it again and get their money's worth. I also want them to find something different, so then they could see a different meaning...if there is one to be seen.

I played with story in my head for over fifteen years. Oh yes, it was well thought out, but my main concern were the characters. I remember a conversation I had with my mother about dreams. She told me the people in my dreams were nothing more then different sides of my own personality. I believe her and this is what concerned me. I didn't want 'up-teen' characters walking around that were like each other. I needed contrast and I needed them to play off each other. Any authors who say they don't write themselves into their own books...are lying.

I sent an e-mail to this reviewer and thanked her for her honesty. It was the least I could do.

## *Prologue*

As the sun set on a more than perfect day something happened that has not been seen for a long time. It was small to say the least, so small that it would not have been noticed by anyone. But it happened none the less.

The animal kingdom is known to be ruthless and cold. Those that are weak, most of the time, do not survive. It is survival of the fittest to say the least. Even if you are born a little different it would mean a difficult life or none at all. So the scene is set for a drama that would even surprise some naturalists.

As the sun starts to throw down the last of its light for this day, a flock of colorful song birds came to rest near a small stone wall. On this wall grew some flowering vines that were dropping their seeds and the birds had come to feed. The larger birds of this flock landed first and started to feed, then the rest came and the last was a little male.

He was smaller than the other males. Because of that he had no mate, but it was not for the lack of trying. Also because of his size he normally the last to feed. Even the hens get better pickings than him. So he can only hope that there is something left over or that he can find something else near by. So he lands and it is not as graceful as it should have been.

He hopped around behind the others, softly cooing, hoping that some seeds will be left for him. But it was no such luck. The ground under the wall was picked clean. So he hopped around to the other side of the wall to make sure there was nothing for him. He inched

around the edge basically just following his nose and found more than he bargained for.

Out of nowhere came a large nasty looking snake with spines and a very long forked tongue. The little male squawked and tried to make a run for it. The entire flock took to flight over the noise. A snake like this would normally not take on a full grown male because it is too much of a hassle. But the little male was just the right size for a meal. The little song bird made his way out to the opening near the stone wall where his flock was but by this time they were gone. The snake had the little bird in his sights and was almost upon him. Out of fear the little bird screamed for all he was worth, such a big voice for such a little bird. With this, the snake could smell his fear.

Then out of the sky came a flash of white with a cry that could put a chill down anyone's spine. The snake froze and looked up to see where the noise came from. The little bird took the chance to flee to the cover of the vines of the stone wall. Out of the sky came a big white bird. He all but landed on the snake and the snake hissed and snapped in defense. That snake had not a chance against this full grown male bird and decided to find his meal somewhere else.

The little bird was watching from his hiding place as the snake left, still wary about coming out from under the vines. He watch as the big white male bird landed completely in the opening. The white bird walked over to the vines and cooed softly. The little colorful male stuck his beak out and the white bird gently touched it and cooed again. The little male was still shaken so this was done several times before he came out. When he did he realized that the white bird was just like him but all white.

The little colorful song bird was so happy to see him that he ran circles around his new found friend. The white song bird was happy too because he flapped his wings and did a little dance.

When the sunlight faded, the two new friends laid curled up together for warmth under the vines flowers next to the stone wall. They now have a bond that will not be broken. They will stay together and help each other until the end of their days. One was so small to live on his own and the other was without the color of his own kind so he was not treated as one of their kind. Two out casts that find what they need in each other.

So the darkness comes and tomorrow is another day...

## *Chapter One*

The blue purple sky was lighting up and the sun was just on the verge of peeking over the horizon. A very faint light caught the shine of the top of a golden tower. Then several towers came into focus forming a city of greatness and beauty. It only seemed that the city was made of gold and if you were any closer, you would notice something else. This city was built on top of another and that city was built again on top of yet another. After King and Tyranny, after all those that have come before, the cycle will come now to a full turn. That which was then is not now or will ever be again.

Yelling broke the silence of this quiet and bright morning. The loud outburst sent a flock of small militia colored song birds, known as 'falcos', to flight around one the smallest towers. The loud booming voice broke the silence again and the small birds began to sing nervously in alarm.

"Is someone going to tell me?" the loud voice yelled again.

"E'Mor please calm down..." replied yet a gentler voice.

E'Mor did not look old for his age but he was a thousand years plus. Not once in his many years did he learn patience. His long dark brown hair moved wildly as he paced the floor. E'Mor's one dark purple eye lay to rest on a dark skinned young handsome man. E'Mor stared at him for a long while. He then reached up to adjust his eye patch that was covering his right eye.

"They told me it would be this morning," E'Mor stated loudly, as if that someone would hear him.

"And it will be," The dark skinned man replied as he rubbed his

hand across his newly shaven bald head. "Stop pacing... that will not make his birth any easier."

E'Mor spun around and with a cape flowing right long with him. He stepped up on to a plate form where a gorgeous red throne chair sat. In one fluent movement, came to rest in the chair. He turned to his full right to stare out a large open window and sighed.

"This will be my last, J'Lon," E'Mor finally said. "This is the one I have been waiting for."

"I believe that everyone is waiting for him," J'Lon's dark eyes flashed.

E'Mor turned and smiled at his good friend. J'Lon has been his long time companion. They were forced together as children. J'Lon was there when E'Mor needed someone. He helped when ever and where ever he could. J'Lon played care taker and care giver to all of E'Mor's brave grown children. Six boys and soon it would be seven. J'Lon now felt the way E'Mor looked.

Just about at this time a nervous falco flew into the room through one of the open windows. The bird flopped around the room and E'Mor and J'Lon watched in amazement. Falcos are known for their flashy feathers and beautiful songs not their flying abilities. J'Lon, trying to keep clear of the bird, ran for the door. He opens the door slowly and looked into the hall. He motioned to someone outside the door. Two young boys slipped into the room, both were no older then six years. Siff, a sandy long hair blond, was the son to the Captain of the Guard and Dagger had short dark brown hair and brilliant blue eyes and was the son to the Lord of the Outerbank. They were best friend and could be seen together at any time of the day.

J'Lon pointed out the falco to the boys. E'Mor started to slowly make his way over and as he did he was taking his cape off. He handed it to Dagger.

"Here use this. Remember, a falco is a special bird. We just want to catch him and release him outside," E'Mor explained.

The two boys looked at him and nodded, and then they set out to catch it. Now both of the boy's fathers had joined J'Lon and E'Mor as they looked on.

"Siff, he is on the other side of the table," the Captain told his son. Siff looked at his father and nodded.

Siff motioned to Dagger to go around on the other end of the table because Dagger had the cape. Siff took one look at his friend and that was all that was needed. Siff jumped up on the end of the table and the bird came running out of the other end. Dagger jumped past the bird as it came running out, throwing the cape on the falco at the same time. Siff leap off the table to his friend and together they folded the cape around the now screaming bird.

The four men could not have been prouder. J'Lon and both of the boy's fathers walked with them to the main door leading outside a couple floors down. As everyone watched as they passed by because Siff and Dagger were hulling one very loud bird. E'Mor watched from the above window as the boys let their 'captive' go. The bird wobbled around for awhile, got its bearing and took to flight back to his flock.

E'Mor heard running and screaming from the hall. He looked to the door as two female servants came running into the room. The servants paused for a moment.

"Sire... It is time. Queen Na' Diea is ready to have your son,"

one of the servants said all most out of breath.

E'Mor froze for several moments just looking at the servants awe struck.

"Sire??" asked the younger of the two.

E'Mor felt like he was hit right between the eyes. He was so unaware of everything that was going on around him. By this time, J'Lon came back into the room. When he saw the servants and E'Mor dumb struck, he put it together.

"It is time?" asked J'Lon.

The two female servants nodded together.

"Well just don't stand there! Your son is waiting!" pushed J'Lon.

E'Mor was all most unable to move. He had fought in several wars and battles to save his world. He faced enemy after enemy.

He even lost his eye in a duel with his own father. Not once did he back down for the sake or freedom of his own people. But it is the thought of his own baby resting helpless in his hands that terrifies him most.

"E'Mor?" J'Lon came up to him, took E'Mor by the shoulders and shook him. "Please?" J'Lon pleaded.

"My baby is being born?" E'Mor said weakly.

"Yes, my friend. It is time," J'Lon stated letting him go.

E'Mor swallowed hard and took a couple of steps to the door he all most felt like he was going to throw up. He swallowed again and took in some air. J'Lon thought he was going to fall so he reached out for him but E'Mor waved him off. He started for the door but it turned out to be a run. He took the turn out the door and down the hall to his and his life mate's private bedding chambers. Just when he took the

turn at his bedding chamber he just about ran into a guard and his aid. The aid was so scared he dropped to his knees. E'Mor rushed by them as if they were not there with J'Lon hot on his heels. E'Mor just about got to the door the bedding chamber when a beautiful young woman stepped out.

"Stop!!" she stated loudly holding her hand out.

"Gerd, we were told it is time," J'Lon said panting right behind E'Mor.

"It is but it is not time for you to enter," Gerd replied.

"What???" E'Mor said loudly. "Listen here woman. My life mate, the love of my life, is in there and she is going to have MY child so step aside."

Gerd stood her ground, "She has only started, and this could take a day for her to deliver."

E'Mor glared at her for a long while. Then he took her by the shoulders and moved her to one side. She attempted to fight back but J'Lon grabbed her before she could strike the King.

"Gerd, you are the best birthing mother in the city but this is your King, do not push it," J'Lon told her in a whisper.

E'Mor pushed the door the rest of the way open and parted a set of shear curtains. He stood there with his hands holding the curtains open looking to the far side of the room. A large trunk tree grew at an angle and in its branches was a beautiful bed inlaid with gold and reds. The bed was covered with rich white linens and soft spotted furs. Lying comfortably in the center of the bed was a young looking short brown hair woman. Her features were like that of a goddess. Her skin was soft peach and she looked as if nothing was

happening at all to her. She looked so peaceful laying there. E'Mor turned and shut the door behind him. He started to her, being ever so quiet as if not to wake her. He got to the bed and stood for the longest of time just watching her sleep. The love for her was like that of a bottomless well, he was always thirsty for more. She gently stirred and opened her pale pearl green eyes. She smiled at him and held out her hand. He took off his outer shirt, his blade belt and boots. E'Mor climbed into the bed with her. She wanted him close and ran her hands across his broad chest to feel his heart beat. He gently caressed her shoulder and then rubbed her back to her waist. His gloved hands rested on her stomach. He then gave her a kiss. Then it happened..... E'Mor pulled away with a wide eyed expression. Na'Diea smiled and she looked more beautiful then ever.

"Your son wants to come out and see his father," Na'Diea said playing with E'Mor's long brown hair.

E'Mor moved down Na'Diea's body until his head rested on her tummy. He laid there a short time then he jumped again. Na'Diea started to giggle.

"He is restless, my love," Na'Diea said in her sweetest voice. "He wants to come out."

E'Mor placed his gloved hands on Na'Diea's tummy again. He just loved the way it felt then he pulled his hand away.

"Active is he not?" E'Mor stated. All Na'Diea could do is just giggle. She stopped giggling and looked wide eyed at E'Mor, and then it was the look of pain. Na'Diea could not breath, the pain had hit so hard.

"Gerd come quickly! Gerd come here now!" E'Mor screamed.

Just on cue, Gerd flew in the door with J'Lon right behind her. She waved E'Mor off the bed and this time he did as he was told.

"It is time... Go outside," Gerd instructed.

Both E'Mor and J'Lon moved out into the hall. E'Mor was pale white. You could tell this was not easy for him. J'Lon put his arm around E'Mor's shoulders in a show of support.

It was along time before Gerd opened the door. When she did her breath was taken away. E'Mor was standing right there facing into the room holding onto the top of the frame.

"Well??" E'Mor asked

"Sire..." Gerd whimpered holding on to her chest. "Na'Diea is fine. It is not time but it will be soon."

"Good because I will be here when it happens," E'Mor stated loudly. "J'Lon?" E'Mor turned to his right, "I want you to contact my other children."

"Conceder it done," J'Lon replied.

"Sire, you should not be here," Gerd finally stated.

"I want to be here when he enters this world," E'Mor asked. He was now getting very annoyed.

"It is not proper. It is not a man's place," she said in her own defense.

"Are you saying it is not my place to bare witness to the birth of my son?" E'Mor asked all most at his boiling point.

Gerd, knowing she was in too deep now, tried to suggest, "Should not the guard be readied for this?"

"Gerd!" a soft but stern voice rose from behind them.

Queen Na'Diea was laying still in the bedding with her eyes

trained on the three. Gerd made her way to her side. E'Mor was right behind her.

"I will take my leave," J'Lon stated and as he did he bowed and turned to go.

"My other children, J'Lon," E'Mor reminded him. J'Lon grabbed the door and nodded to the comment.

"My lady, are you in pain again?? Gerd asked in concern.

Queen Na'Diea's eyes stayed on Gerd for a long moment, and then shot over to E'Mor. Gerd was not the only one concerned. It could be seen in E'Mor's eyes as well. Na'Diea reached out and touched E'Mor's hand.

"I want the king here for the birth of his son. My father birthed each one of my sisters and myself. I believe it made him a better father," Na'Diea looked up at E'Mor. "Not that my love is a bad father now. He is a better father than his own."

This comment made him smile. His father was more about power than family. E'Mor's father mated with as many women as he could. If there was a child, he took it and had the mother murdered.

Queen Na'Diea continued, "My father so loved my mother, He made sure that it was his hands that touched my sisters and myself first. At each one of our births, he named a bird after us in honor.

Na'Diea gripped E'Mor's hand. He knew what she was asking. Naming his son after a bird was not what he had in mind. He would decide that when he came to it.

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*This entry was taken from a journal written at the Temple of the*

*Forbidden Fire.*

Day 642: Some feathers so light that they do not even touch the ground but instead, are pulled up by a breeze or a gentle wind. Birds use these feathers to fly. They have other uses for them as well. These feathers can be used for show. They can be use for mating or even warfare. So I ask... is the name of one bird the same as another, on yet other world? We had a cold shower today with strong gusts of wind.

## *Chapter Two*

Several days passed and it was like walking on glass around the palace. The Queen was in false labor most of the time but it was clear the baby was coming soon. King E'Mor was with her every moment he could spare away from matters of state. E'Mor's six older children began to arrive. Na'Diea united with E'Mor knowing that he had other children. She may not have gotten along with all of them but she never came between them and their father. She believed that they were her children too and wanted E'Mor to have the best relationship possible with them.

J'ar, E'Mor's third son, did not come but did make his support known. He had sent two beautiful blankets for his new younger.

Cry'Star, E'Mor's mysterious cat-like trillen son and eldest, arrived to only have to leave again.

Cristalore, E'Mor's second son, was 'the voice' for the desert people. He came to give his blessing to the heir of his father's throne. Cristalore's mother was killed in defense of her son. It was through her, he was left with the true wisdom to look after her people.

Jammer was as equally talented in the ways of 'the power'. He took advantage of 'the power' in the ways of communication. Jammer's mother was like that a mermaid. But this left Jammer with the inability to speak so he came to speak telepathically. His relationship with Na'Diea was of respect maybe not all the time but at least around his father.

The two sons that were last to arrive were Loss and Drago.

Two of the oldest tribes (or races) are the Ancients and the

Aeryals. The Ancients are dark or brown in appearance with brown spots or stripes. The Aeryals are tall fair skinned and beautiful, most are blondes, like Loss. They would give the appearance of being magical beings. Some say they are the reason the royal family have such remarkable powers. Loss carried all most the whole weight of the Aeryals on him. He was ambassador as well as the fifth son of his father's house.

Drago, E'Mor's sixth son, was born and almost raised on back of a dragon. Drago's mother was a court dancer of "Dragon's Keep", a fortress on the plains of Fire Lake. She was a 'prize' won by the king in a game a chance. The only reason why E'Mor allowed this to happen is because the relationship between the Crown City and Dragon's Keep was strained at that time. There was some bad blood between these two groups way before E'Mor's took throne. He was hoping this could end it, he was only partly right.

All of E'Mor's children had made a pact. Never talk down about Na'Diea in front of their father and there is no fighting in personal chambers. All matters of state or religion are left outside. In spite of it all... here they are family.

But something else was on E'Mor's mind these days, his attention was divided. He had heard a voice on the wind talking war with a force so terrible it could the world he knew. The King knew of a race called 'floats' that lived just outside of the 'Gate of the Graces'. This cluster of stars was the last group of star you saw before you left the twelve known worlds. The only planet E'Mor knew outside 'the Gate' was La'Vel and it was not a threat. J'Lon was in exile from La'Vel and that is how E'Mor knew of it. No... There was something

else growing and it concerned E'Mor greatly. His children were a welcomed distraction from this tense situation.

E'Mor made a point of being there for his children when they arrived. He wanted them to have his undivided attention if not for awhile. It made him sad to hear the J'ar would not be coming. But after the union with Na'Diea, J'ar was not interested in his father much any more. E'Mor was afraid he might have lost his son. At least with this gift, E'Mor thought, that door was not quite shut yet.

E'Mor tried everything to make Na'Diea happy during this time. The one thing that caused him trouble was that fact she wanted her father to know of this birth. Na'Diea was proud of giving birth to a son and coming from a family of all females. She wanted her father to know he had a male grand fledging on the way. It would be the first in centuries. Na'Diea is not from Quadstar but from the planet of Nest' Lea. Her mother was one of the many love mates of the Bird Master, P'Cock. E'Mor had not spoken to him since he and Na'Diea ran from there. E'Mor stole away his favorite daughter. E'Mor thought about and instructed J'Lon to place a message to Nest' Lea about his son's birth but he did not want to speak to P'Cock directly.

Early on the third day Cristalore, Jammer, and Cry'Star had taken their leave back to their people and their lives. That evening Na'Diea went into full labor. E'Mor had another message sent to Na'Diea's father at that time. E'Mor was nervous. He had felt something different about this child. Gerd started to let her emotions take control and was fearful she was doing the wrong thing so she called for a Healer. Both Gerd and Healer worked for most of the night with Na'Diea. E'Mor, J'Lon, Loss and Drago waited out side the

royal bedding chamber doors.

"It is just a hatching. Why not go in and take it? They do that at Dragon's Keep all the time," mentioned Drago.

E'Mor smiled, "It's not that easy with Na'Diea, my son."

The door opened slowly, it was Gerd. The front of white apron was now covered with blood. She was shaking, something had happened. The four men stood there and just looked at her.

With the worse running through his mind E'Mor asked, "Na'Diea? My son, was he born... alive?"

Gerd just stood there, she could not say anything. E'Mor at this time had just about enough. He pushed pass Gerd and into the room. Na'Diea was lying still on the bedding. She was so pale from the loss of blood. E'Mor looked at the healer who was holding a small bundle. He approached him slowly.

"My life mate, how is she? What about my son?"

"Queen Na'Diea is weak and needs rest," The Healer said approaching E'Mor. "And your daughter is fine."

"What do you mean daughter? She was carrying a son."

The Healer was not sure if he should speak again.

"She had a girl." As he try to hand the small bundle to his king.

He looked at the baby laying still, she was so beautiful. E'Mor took the small bundle and tried to hold it close as if trying to bond. She wiggled awake and yawned. He could not take his eyes off her. Just about then Na'Diea woke up and moaned in pain. E'Mor gripped the little bundle as if she was the source of the pain and she squeaked. The Healer ran to Na'Diea and took her by the hand. He placed the other hand on her tummy then he pulled it away. He

looked at E'Mor in shock.

"I believe there is yet another child," the Healer stated. E'Mor all most could not believe this fact.

The Healer set Na'Diea up for yet another birth. He retrieved a bowl of clean water and cleaned the birthing fluid from Na'Diea. He reached up and pulled her into a sitting position when a contraction hit. He then placed more pillows behind her for her comfort. The Healer began stroking her tummy and E'Mor, with daughter in hand, watched as a tiny movement shifted around inside her tummy. It looked like it was trying to turn around as if trying to find a way out. It stopped and the doctor patted it and started to move again.

"The baby is tired and having a stressful time," the Healer said to E'Mor. So with gentle hands the Healer tried to help it come into the world. E'Mor was holding his breath. Before to long, the top of a very little head was visible.

"Now my Queen you must push again," instructed the Healer.

Queen Na'Diea was so tired she could not move. E'Mor turned away from this and moved toward the door. When he got there he called for J'Lon and handed the baby girl to him. Then he went back to Na'Diea. He held her hand and stroked her brow and whispered words of love and encouragement to her. She had found her strength through him. She began to push and more birthing fluid came out and as if it was not even noticed so did a very little baby. It laid there for a second and began to thrash around like a fish out of water. The Healer picked it up and with his smallest finger he cleaned out the baby's mouth. The Healer then grabbed a cloth and cleaned it off and as he was doing so it began to cry as loud, if not louder then its sister

whom it had shared a womb with. Everything about it was tiny so it took awhile before the Healer was even sure what sex it was.

"I do believe this is your son," the Healer finally said. "I give you and our beloved Queen my deepest sympathies. He is too small and I see the 'equal curse'."

At this E'Mor was at a loss for words. He held out his hands for the child and the Healer handed him over. E'Mor looked at him and he was still for just a moment. The tiny baby opened his eyes and instead of yawning like his sister, he began to cry loud again as if this was all just an inconvenience to him. E'Mor stepped away from the Healer as if trying to find just a moment of privacy with his son.

He looked at the Healer and he could see sympathy in his eyes. "Look after my life mate," he asked and the Healer just nodded.

E'Mor then started for the door with his tiny son in his hands. He was looking for a friendly face. Someone who would tell him it would be right. This was his fear. This is what he had been feeling all this time. He entered the hall and found Gerd being comforted by Drago. Loss was looking at the baby girl J'Lon was holding. J'Lon turned to see where the loud crying was coming from and saw E'Mor coming with yet another small bundle. He now was getting excited and rushed over to see this one too. Loss was still interested in the first baby girl so he just followed J'Lon.

"Is he singing? Oh my, look at all that hair. Have you ever seen so much on a baby?" J'Lon almost started to laugh.

E'Mor stood there with the tiny baby in all but one hand and he smiled.

"I think he is," E'Mor guessed.

He looked over at Gerd who now was watching still in Drago's strong arms. She then saw that he was carrying another baby. Gerd pulled away from Drago then took him by the hand and lead him over to his father to see his new younger.

"The Healer said he may be all so small to survive. I want to prove him wrong," E'Mor challenged her.

Gerd took off her blood stained apron and cast it off to the side. She gathered up the front of her gown and took the tiny baby up in it as if it was meant to be.

"I will hold this child all night if I have to," she said with tired determination.

E'Mor looked at his new son with a cocked head and started to smile. He then looked at J'Lon who was still holding his baby girl.

"We saw something like this before this day. All this screaming and fluttering around," he said with wonder.

J'Lon shot him a curious look, and then it dawned on him. E'Mor looked back at Gerd who was really confused now.

"We ran into a noisy determined bird several days ago or may I say, it ran into us," he told her.

"Oh... what does this 'bird' have to do with your son?" Gerd asked.

"His name...." E'Mor said finally with even a broader smile, "I will name him... E'Falco."

Gerd smiled and looked down at the squirming tiny baby and whispered, "Please be still now, E'Falco."

"What about your daughter? Do you have a name for her?" J'Lon asked.

Both Loss and Drago were watching this, looked at each other. "What about E'Anna?" Loss suggested. "She was one of our founders of our beliefs."

"Yes... I like that. She cleared the way for those to live in peace with others of different beliefs," E'Mor took his daughter back into his arms. "Yes quiet one. Your name will be E'Anna."

Several days had passed and it had turn into a month. E'Falco had grown a little and this gave him more of a chance. Queen Na'Diea was thrilled that E'Mor named their son after a bird and a colorful one at that. E'Mor was so happy about his children but the threat of the 'floats' was still there. He tried to push it away but could not. Then it all came crashing down.

\*\*\*

*This entry was taken from a journal written at the Temple of the Forbidden Fire.*

Day 721: The snow came down in big fluffy flakes. You know I was told that each snow flake was different. It reminds me of people and how different from each other we can really be, even if we are from the same family. Even 'equals', as they are called, are not the same. For I believe we are all cut differently from the same cloth. The pattern may be the same but the cut is different.

~\*~\* “The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight” Ordering Information \*~\*~

(Be sure to use my name, Laurlee Harbig or the book title in your search.)

<http://www.amazon.com>

<http://www.publishamerica.com>

~\*~\* Website of Interest for “The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight” \*~\*~

<http://Jesse-Knight.bebo.com>

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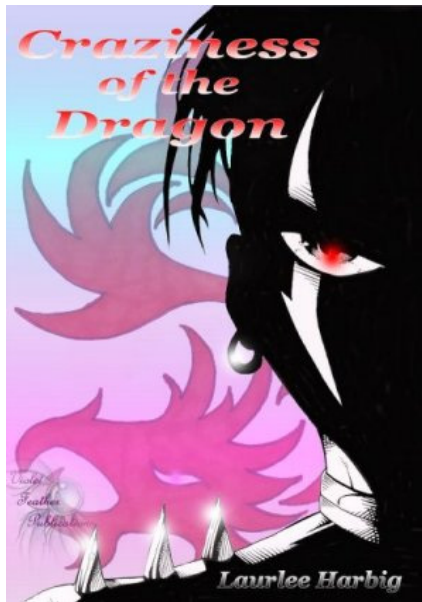
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## ***“Craziness of the Dragon”***

***(A short story from “The Violet Eyes of Jesse Knight”)***



When I wrote this short story I had one question on my mind...what was J'ar doing that was so damn important to not answer the call of his father? This started out to about 2,000 words then it moved to about 5,000 words and now...it is at a grand total of about 6,700.

The cover art for this story was done by a good friend of mine, Rob Titus.

### *Craziness of the Dragon (an excerpt)*

The stars shown down brightly as if made of pure honey sweets. The kind which is refined and turned into pure white grains. The moonlight only enhances the mood of playfulness and joy of the moment. In the Crown City of the distant world known as Quadstar, the light is giving it a magical glow. On the dark street far below the royal palace, it is far from being enchanted. Here the games are more ruthless and far more deadly.

When the night comes, there are those who like to play different kinds of games than those found on any child's playground. Tonight is no exception. As the moonlight slowly passes over the ground and through the Community Plaza, a little of it lights falls upon a being standing alone, bidding his time as if waiting.

He slowly turns his head around and the moonlight catches his face. Then there is flash from his dark eyes. The thick spiky pitch black hair which covered them could have easily kept out the light, or did it? Maybe the light came from within not from without? But either way, his eyes could light up the entire night. The faint light of the moon reveals the badly burned skin or was this all a part of the illusion too.

"What a bright night, " he said to himself. "It is going to be tough on the thieving guilds...but it could be good for business."

He shifted on anxious heels as he turned his face towards the moonlight again. His eyes flashed as if daring it to come any closer. The moonlight heeded the warning and slowly started to pass on by. J'ar pulled his blacked cloak up and around him even tighter as

something catches his eye.

He watched the darken street. The only light was coming from inside the drinking establishment he was waiting in front of. His attention was then drawn to the large painting on the side of the building. The paint of the picture was peeling and the image was starting to fade, but not without a fight.

It was of a dragon. Contorted and deformed as if it was in pain or being mutated by some unseen force. It even looked crazed, but it looked alive and in much pain. He remembered this painting, it was what drew him to this bar. It was one of the factors which caused him to want to buy it in the first place.

"Ah...a good coat a paint and you will be good as new, my pet," he sang softly to himself.

He reached up with a burnt hand and petted the hard brick wall. Several large flakes of paint fell off exposing the fact it has been painted several time over. He smiled, this was his and nobody could take it way from him, or at least he would like to see someone try.

A noise came from the street behind him and he quickly turned around. He looked up the street again and this time there was someone there. It was a person and they were making no effort in concealing their approach. J'ar decided to move away into the shadows, this may not be who he is waiting for.

He pulled himself into a darken corner of the street and away from the light of his precious bar. For some reason he started to laugh. He was hiding in plain sight, not one of his better choices. Due to the circumstances, he believed he could get away with it. His dark clothes and hair, it would give him such an edge.

He watched from the shadows as a handsome young man approached the doors and then hesitated. He was dressed all in finery and seemed to be shy about going in. His attention was drawn to the faded painting as if transfixed by it. It was time to teach this young warrior a lesson. J'ar knew from experience you do not turn your back on the street around here. It was a good way to lose more than your life.

“Are you going in or are you going to stand here blocking the door,” he asked with a wicked cheery voice.

The pampered young man turned around so fast his feet could not follow. He caught himself before he hit the ground. The fear in his eyes was all J'ar needed see.

*Maybe from now on, you will think twice about turning his back to the shadows,* he thought to himself as he looked at the young man frozen in his own fear. *Poor pup, you may never come here again. What a shame.*

It was clear, words were failing the young man. The crest he wore on his vest told J'ar all he needed to know about him. He was from the palace and here on a bet no doubt. Wearing those kinds of finery in this part of town could get you robbed or worse...a painful death.

“You better go inside. There are no witnesses out here,” J'ar smiled again as he nodded toward the big glass doors of the bar.

The conversation was interrupted before it even began. J'ar's attention was drawn to a slow moving vehicle. It came to a soft stop right in front of him. The driver side window opened and the driver motioned to J'ar to approach.

“Lord L’oren is here for some gaming and evening events,” the driver told him. “Would you be so kind in retrieving the proprietor of this establishment? We are being expected.”

As this was said the driver tried to hand J’ar a silver coin. J’ar gave him a twisted smile and nodded at him.

“Keep your money,” he said as he leaned over to the window. “I am the owner and yes...I have been waiting for him to arrive.”

J’ar stood up and went around to the passenger side of the vehicle. He spotted the young man still standing in the same spot. J’ar gave him a serial killer look as the passenger door started to open. With one nod toward the bar the young man turned and ran in. J’ar smiled and shook his head.

“So what brings you outside the Crazy Dragon on this fine night, J’ar, my friend,” a stately man asked as he stepped out of the passenger side. “You are never seen on the streets even on eventful days. It must be a special occasion.”

“Of course it is a special occasion,” J’ar said turning his full attention to Lord L’oren. “It is always a special occasion when one of my biggest players puts in a request for a room, good company and some high stake gambling. Come, let me show you to my finest and you are a guest in my house.”

“J’ar, you are good to me and for this I will leave something extra for you,” Lord L’oren stated loudly. “I will also leave something sexy for the curvy little barmaid you are smitten with.”

J’ar eyes quickly shot back to the doors. He could see the outline of the young man in the stain glass door windows.

*Is he going to stand there all night or am I going to have to kick*

*him in the ass?* J'ar thought.

“Was that, Lord Sharpeye’s pup?” Lord L’oren asked.

\*~\*~\* “Craziness of the Dragon” Ordering Information \*~\*~\*

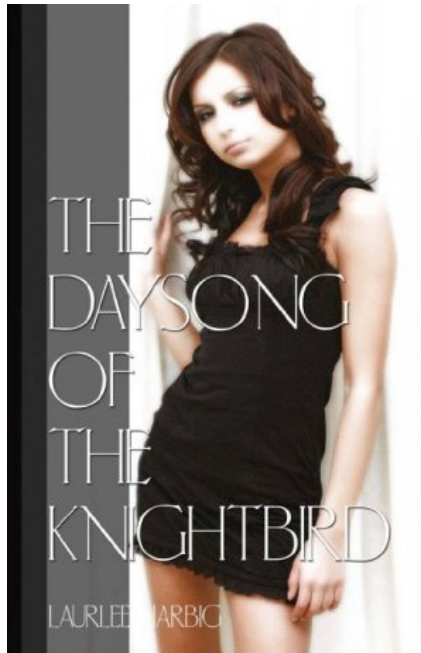
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***“The Daysong of the Knightbird”***  
***(Book two of the Knightbird series)***



This is the second half of the story I wrote after my parents passed away. I could not help but bring it to print somehow. It was just released this year (2007) in March. I had to justify the cover, to let you know it is in a dream Jesse has. I have been told it is to ‘normal’ for the stuff I write.

## *Prologue*

Every story has a beginning, and this one is no different. This story is about Prince E'Falco and his return to his home world. This is not only about his return to Quadstar, but his birth and his rediscovery of his family. This is a story about growing up, even when you think you are already there. In life you never really stop growing at all, you only think you do.

E'Falco and his 'equal' (twin), E'Anna, were born right before their world was invaded and war broke out. King E'Mor feared for his son's safety. He decided to send him away to be raised in secret by his long time friend, J'Lon. E'Anna remained on Quadstar to be raised in the temples as an unknown child by those who were loyal to the royal family. The invaders, known only as 'floats', would be seeking King E'Mor's male child, the next King of Quadstar. E'Anna would grow up to lead those of the religious faiths. It was said E'Falco died at birth, but it was nothing more than a smoke screen by the media. All those in and around the royal family knew better, mostly the equal's elder brothers.

King E'Mor had six children before the equals were born. They were off and conquer their own little parts of the world when the news the equal's birth was known to them. They came to the Crown City to be with their father and his current life mate, Queen Na'Diea. They knew the truth about the equals and the fact the smaller of the two had lived to leave Quadstar at the beginning of the war. The eldest of the brothers, Cry'Star, a trillen half breed, would spirit J'Lon and E'Falco to a new life.

The plan was to take E'Falco to La'Vel, J'Lon's birth planet. It would be from there they would take the mysterious 'jump point' into the unknown and hopefully, away from harm. Cry'Star and his well seasoned crew came under attack and a choice had to be made, the 'jump point' or La'Vel. J'Lon decided to take the 'jump point'. Cry'Star fought to keep the 'floats' at bay and to keep them from following J'Lon. He, and little E'Falco, made their escape into the 'jump point'.

E'Falco was raised on the nearest planet that would support them. This world was a light year from the 'jump point' and it was a place where they could blend in easily. It was a world with diverse cultures, languages and people, a place called Earth.

He grew strong in body as well as in mind. E'Falco also known as Jesse Knight had a life, along with a best friend, Daniel Bouy. They were together as often as they could be. Jesse also had a girl friend, Pamala, but she left him to go to Athens, Greece on a vacation where she ended up getting married. Jesse was heart broken, but with help from J'Lon (who took the earth name of Frank) and Daniel, he remained in Newport instead of going after her. He decided to stay at his job at a local radio station, KXNT FM 97.5. It was a tough call for him not to sacrifice his destiny for her.

It was time...Cry'Star, E'Falco's brother, found his way to Earth...and to E'Falco and J'Lon. E'Falco was ready to full fill his destiny and he was ready to become the King he was born to be. Fate would have it, he returned to his birth planet to find the war over. Their father was still alive and occupying the throne.

He would find out his brothers would survived the war and he would meet up with two more of them. J'ar, the shady owner of one of

the world's most dangerous bars, the Crazy Dragon and Drago, one of the famed dragon masters of the north. Together they, along with J'Lon, would rise to the occasion and rescue E'Falco from one of the most ruthless criminals. Through war, danger and love, they will conquer all of which is put before them. They will prove what they have known all along. There is nothing stronger than the love of family.

After dragons face off and win a game of tag with a space shuttle and a head on collision with those of the distant world of La'Vel. Not to mention an attempt to take over of the trillen fleet and in the game called love. E'Falco has come through it all, but has he truly arrived? Has this Prince of Quadstar come home to save his people or himself? What of those he has left behind? Is he ready for what awaits him on the planet he now calls home?

## *Chapter One*

This morning was a crisp and clean one as a dark tall figure stepped into it. He still had hands on the big double stain glass doors as he took in the moist morning air. He turned, closed the doors and with a single pass of a solar key, the locks clicked again. It would be the first time in a long time; he would notice the fine details of these large doors. He admired the beautifully laid glass of the dragons of which gave name to this drinking establishment.

J'ar pushed back his jet black spiky hair from his badly burned face. He had not ventured out of the "Crazy Dragon" since he was burned in a dual with Mar'Anda, the Sorcerer. J'ar had conducted business, both of his crime guild and personal, from inside this bar. Recent events having to do with the return of his youngest brother and then his kidnapping, J'ar had found an inner strength he did not know he had. Today he decided to step out into the light of day and venture to the other side of the Community Plaza. He wanted to pray and worship at the same temple he was raised. This is the temple he took his youngest brother's equal (twin) for her own safety and to be raised. He could keep an eye on her there. J'ar had to see her now, because he was concerned for her well being.

While he thought about his youngest sister, his eye caught a movement through the glass doors inside the bar. J'ar smiled to himself, he watched Jezz wipe down some table and prepare the bar for its morning opening. He felt like a free man as if he had been released from some prison somewhere as a sly smile came to his lips. She may be small for her size, but she could rock his world.

Watching her through the doors, J'ar knew he had made the right decision to make Jezz his life mate. It was a life changing moment when he took himself off the market and gave his heart and soul to her. Their relationship was not an open one and it was not widely known.

J'ar grabbed his cloak and pulled it around himself a little tighter. He turned from the door to look out at the Plaza. There were only a few people moving about. He realized he had not traveled the Plaza in the light of day in many years. It was time for him to leave if he was going to make it in time for the first Daysong.

E'Falco has given him the courage to face life, maybe to start over as a legit business man. Little bird has given everyone a new form of hope living through the hell he was given the last several days, maybe the hell he was given to live in having to do with the war. He would never know who he could trust and always looking over his shoulder. J'ar giggled to himself as he started out toward the other side of the Plaza. Little bird's life was starting to sound like his own.

J'ar passed by the shops, he remembered the beautiful women who lived in the temples. Some were family and some were lovers, but it was now he needed to hear them sing. His mother was one of those lovely ladies, he was taught to pray when in doubt. He slowly made his way hoping he could be in time for the first Daysong and the Morning Prayer. J'ar saw the sun come out and had a feeling better things were to come. He saw the sunlight hit the crystal tops of the temples and his heart lightened. J'ar approached the temple with care, he wanted a good place or even a chance to go inside and light some candles for his wonderful new found family.

J'ar pulled a scarf over his face and started into the small crowd. He gently passed through unnoticed. The small crowd parted for him and he found out they were the only ones there. J'ar was in luck, the kneeling pads near the front were not occupied. He got as close as he could, but not to be directly in front.

He came to rest on a tattered mat off to the left. J'ar reached into the pocket of his cloak and pulled out several coins. He laid them on the mat before him. With the scarf still covering his face, he closed his eyes and mumbled a small prayer.

After awhile, he opened his eyes to see one of the most gorgeous beings standing right in front of him. He could tell by her clothing that she was one of the temple singers. Before each song they would come and collect an offering from those who could afford it. J'ar pushed the coins toward the young teenage singer. She reached down and picked up the coins. This young girl then kneeled in front of J'ar, reached out and pulled the scarf from his face, smiled at him and took his hand. She closed her eyes and began to pray. J'ar, as if on cue, began to do the same. After a moment he felt a gentle tug on his hand. She was standing up and asked him to do the same. He took to his feet not knowing what it was she wanted. The young singer motioned toward the temple, it was still early and she thought he should go inside. He smiled at her and nodded. Going in the front door was something he had not done for a long time. He made his way up the steps thinking about all those he loved so dearly. He decided to light a candle at each alter.

J'ar stepped into the main room of the temple. He surveyed the room; he slowly pulled off his gloves one finger at a time. J'ar's eyes

simply glowed in the dimly lit room and his smile was as bright. He knew the areas he wanted to go to.

The first candles he wanted to light were the white ones. J'ar watched as some of the young girls were walking around with little sticks for lighting the candles. He smiled because when he was a boy, this was his job.

One of the little girls came up to him and held out her sticks. He smiled at her, reached into his cloak and pulled out some sweets. He thought it was only fair, some of lighting sticks for some sweets. She giggled and took the trade. J'ar managed to get five sticks from her before she snatched up the sweets and ran off. He knew this was a good idea to come and pray, this felt like it was home.

With his lighting sticks in hand he looked about and headed for a group of white candles. A few of them were lit and there was only a faint light on a velvet mat in among them.

J'ar gently stepped down two steps right up to the mat. He could tell he was shaking. He had not done this prayer in the many years since the war ended. J'ar knelt on the soft mat and lit one of the sticks with the fire of one of the lit candles. He stopped. He still could not remember the prayer.

He lit the first candle for his mother, for Jazz'meen. She was murdered and he knew now Bear Tooth did it. He confessed to it with his dying breath. J'ar realized if Jezz was any taller she would look like his beautiful mother. He thought his mother would have liked Jezz. He smiled at this thought.

J'ar lit the second white candle and part of the prayer finally came to him, "For those who protect."

*For my honorable father, J'ar thought. He has always been there for me with advice and such.*

After Jazz'meen was killed, his father had a hard time raising him. J'ar remembered acting out and blaming his father for everything. When Mar'Anda burned him, he again blamed his father the King. J'ar had always felt he was never good enough for his sire, but King E'Mor has always tried to reach out to J'ar. For this J'ar was thankful.

J'ar stopped and thought a moment before lighting a third white candle. The part of the prayer he remembered, "For those who protect," and he clearly remembered J'Lon lived by those standards. J'ar lit the third candle and he made a promise to himself. Little bird was here because J'Lon made a promise to protect him and bring him home, so J'ar decided to reward him with his heart desire. He will go after D'Lon and make him pay for what he had done to his own brother. He will make sure D'Lon loses his rule of La'VeL to J'Lon. J'ar was in his element, scheming and going for the throat and this time, it was for all the right reasons.

J'ar breathed in the smoke of the candles and got to his feet. With four lighting sticks in his hand he started to move to the other side of the room. He had not noticed, but by this time, several people had come in to pray. He passed an elderly lady who was having problems paying for some lighting sticks. J'ar could see that she was in tears. She looked again to try to find a coin to pay with in her robe. J'ar slipped a coin into the young temple girl's hand. The girl smiled and nodded at J'ar as he moved away smiling back at her. He took one final look back to the elderly lady, who now was holding her own

lighting sticks and blessing the young girls for her generosity.

J'ar passed by those who had come to pray. As he looked around the room, his eyes were drawn to the blue candles.

*For those who are equals, He thought to himself. I have to stop and pray for my brothers, it has been to long since I have.*

While these thoughts went through his mind, he found his knees coming to rest on the soft white velvet mat. J'ar looks at the dark blue candles and his eyes started to tear up. He decided to only light candles for those who needed his prayers the most and have endured so much within these past several days.

J'ar reached out with his right hand and touched the hot wax of a nearby burning candle. It was hot to touch, but cooled immediately. He did not care about the burning sensation. His mind was not there, but on his brother Drago. He helped J'ar conquer his fear of fire, and recently, Drago put his life on the line to save his younger brother. He even risked the life of one of those most dear to him, his dragon Brotherhood. Drago is a true dragon master so the first candle will be for him. J'ar took a second lighting stick, lit it and lit the nearest candle.

"Fly strong my brother," J'ar whispered lightly. "I hope you always have the winds at your back and the strength of dragon fire under you."

With tears still in his eyes he opened them. J'ar had always given Drago his due. He has nothing except respect for his younger brother. Oh yes, he might have given Drago a hard time but this is what older brothers are for.

He smiled knowing full well if father knew half of what all his

children had done to each other he would have had a second thought of having children. J'ar sure his father knew everything. He was even sure his father knew about the time Cry'Star put wine in the juice at the Spring Festival. They could not remember it, but they were told they had a good time.

Cry'Star said J'ar climbed to the top of the flag pole and claimed to be king. So the next candle would be his.

"To my elder, may your star shine bright and light your path back to us in your time of need."

J'ar was fighting back the tears again. In spite of the fact they went after each others throats, they were still brothers. It would be pity to those who come between them. A wicked smile and a thought came to him. *Bear Tooth should have known this when he took Little Bird.*

J'ar reached out and lit yet a third candle. He had a vision of a well beaten young man in his mind. The thought of E'Falco's swollen face and seeing the pain in his eyes sent waves of hate over him. It was not to long hot wax was rolling down the sides of his hands. In his anger, he had reached out and grasped two of the taller lit candles. He wanted to feel the pain he was carrying for his youngest brother. J'ar started to feel the burning on his hands. He closed his eyes as if waiting for punishment for an unknown crime.

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*This entry was taken from a journal written at the Temple of the Forbidden Fire.*

Day 30: In the beginning of all things, how does one know the effect you will have on others? Can you change a life by merely willing it? Do your actions speak louder than you ever could? Life is a funny thing is it not? We all have to deal with it sooner or later. The days are cold, but the night is full of warm dreams.

## *Chapter Two*

The hot wax was more than he could bear with the waves of memories, bad memories of his encounter with Mar'Anda. It was the memory of wave after wave of hot flame scorching his flesh right to his very soul. The pain was close to what he felt in his heart when he saw E'Falco lying helplessly bound on the ground after being rescued by Drago and his dragon, Brotherhood. It is the helpless feeling knowing someone close to you has been hurt and you could have done something to prevent it.

As he was deep in his pain he felt the most wonderful sensation. It was pure ecstasy and rapture. He tried to hold on to his pain. He wanted it and it belongs to him, but the soft cooling feeling would not be denied.

He slowly opened his teary eyes to see who his soft conqueror was. His arms were pulled in tight and he was still kneeling on the velvet white pillows. Wrapped around him was a set of flawless pale skin arms. He tried to grasp where he was and then he knew who was trying to save him.

"My little jewel, you need not come to my rescue," J'ar said hoarsely as he then gently placed his hands over hers.

"Your pain is being felt by all those here, my brother," her soft voice whispered. "Most of all, by those who share your bloodline."

J'ar realized she was right. He caused E'Falco more pain without need. He threw back his head and tried to cry out, but no sound came. Her grip tightened hoping to blanket anymore pain, but it did not come. J'ar's tears were real and who was it that he was trying

to protect? She could only wonder. Her pale face was framed by long dark curls, but they could not hide her concern for him. Her pure white lace dress swirled around him as if a fog was trying to protect all it could engulf. Unfortunately, their embrace was short lived.

One brave young temple girl dared reach out and touch the beautiful lady in white. "Should I call the city guard, my Priestess?"

"No...no, he has endured a lot during the war. He must find healing from the inside," the Priestess said as she and J'ar were rocking back and forth.

She turn back to him and whispered only J'ar could hear, "My Elder, why are you in so much pain?"

He could not answer, but instead he fell back into her strong soft arms. Knowing full well, if one person could save him it would be her.

Priestess E'Anna looked to a couple of older temple servants to gently encourage the other worshiper to go about their own business. Sitting a moment, the Priestess managed to encourage J'ar to stand. She moved both of them to a smaller room with light red candles. The pillows here were very pale violet and well worn. J'ar knew this room. He knew why all the candles were spent and the pillows looked as if a hole could appear at any moment. This room was private for a reason.

Here is where the parents came to pray for their children and men came to pray for their families. That is why the candles are burnt into stubs for "Those who need to be protected".

J'ar stopped and touched some melting wax. The Priestess E'Anna turned around after shutting the curtains and tried to stop him.

Only to find she was not quick enough.

“My Elder, why do you punish yourself like this?” she asked as she placed her hands on his back.

He could feel the warmth of her hands and the heat of her breath on his neck.

“I must not let fear overtake me. Besides, today is a beautiful day. I have my family and nothing, I do mean nothing, can make me feel pain or loss, my sweet E’Anna,” J’ar mused as his finger played with the hot wax.

She leaned in closer wrapping her arms around him. He was her savior. E’Anna knew her brother would sacrifice himself if she would only ask. Her only concern was for his well being.

J’ar leaned back a little to feel her warmth even more. He reached into his pocket and pulled out another lighting stick and lit it.

“My sweet E’Anna, if it was not for me who would light a candle for you?” J’ar said as he lit a candle for his only sister.

He could feel her smile as she tightened her grip. J’ar placed his hands on hers to loosen the grip so he could turn to face her. She looked deep into his eyes to see if she could tell what he was thinking. He smiled at her knowing full well he had her attention.

“I have something for you back at the ‘Crazy Dragon’,” J’ar said.

“You bartered or stole something for me?” she asked, knowing her brother’s business all too well.

“Well...almost,” he replied.

He wanted to tell her about her equal’s return carefully. J’ar knew what this kind of news could do to her.

“Is it beautiful?” she asked with a shine in her eyes.

“Oh yes and there is only one like it in existence,” he replied as if making fun of her.

“Then what is it?” she asked so full of curiosity.

J’ar eyes started to tear up and E’Anna got frightened. J’ar wrapped her up in his arms as if to tell her everything was going to be alright.

He leaned in closer, “Your Equal has returned my jewel. E’Falco has returned to take his rightful place by our father, our King’s, side.”

She started to shake violently as if some strange fit had hit her. J’ar held her tight then she started to cry and the shaking stopped. J’ar’s robes muffled the sounds of her sobs and then she gently pulled away. J’ar let her do this, but kept his hands on her just in case. She stood there looking at him trying to catch her breath.

“I have seen him. He was here in front of the temple,” she said with a shake in her voice.

“Yes, my jewel. I know what happened to both of you,” J’ar stated as he started to stroke her shoulders.

“I...I...” she started to say, but was interrupted by a young girl who opened the curtains.

“My Priestess, Morning Prayer is about to begin. Do you still wish to lead it?”

E’Anna looked at J’ar as if this was a do or die situation.

“Go my jewel. Go and lead the faithful in prayer and give them the hope you are feeling in your heart. E’Falco will not be leaving us any time soon. Cry’Star, J’Lon, Drago and little Jezz will see to that, I am sure. Besides, E’Falco has had a rough several days and the only thing he is wanting is rest. I am going to leave, but I will be back to

fetch you later,” J’ar said as he was trying to ease her fears.

She looked long and hard at him then gathered herself. She turned toward the door and waved the young girl out. She turned to look once more at her older brother. He just smiled and nodded to her. She nodded back, grabbed her long white lace dress and drifted out of the room.

He wanted to light another light red candle for his beloved Jezz. He felt in his robes and found the two last lighting sticks. Yes, he had four more candles to light. He left in search of the green candles and he did not have to look far.

J’ar found the green candles right out side of the private room. Most of the candles were new and never been lit. The pillows were blue and new looking.

Not many knew what these candles were even for, but J’ar did. The prayer ran through his head like running water.

*I guess you would have to be a son and have sons to understand,* he thought.

He whispered, “For those who will become me.”

J’ar lit the first green candle and thought of Cry’Star’s brave adopted one, Rozz. He deserved a candle. Rozz saved his life and loved little bird with out question. J’ar knew how it was to grow up alone; he understood what Rozz went through.

He was thinking of the fact that Rozz saved his life by shooting Bear Tooth. It was also a good thought Bear Tooth was eaten by a female dragon. Skyward would not have been there if not for Tazz’men. The second green candle will be for his adopted son, Tazz’men the dragon master and soul brother to J’ar’s own brother,

Drago.

J'ar sat there on the pillows for a moment. A tear rolled down his cheek as he reached out with a shaking hand and lit a third candle.

"This is for you my eldest, where ever you may be. Your mother and I love you and miss you everyday. Someday, I hope to meet you again," J'ar whispered for a son who had long since left home.

J'ar stood up and turned to leave knowing his and Jezz's child may never return.

He started to walk for the front door thinking his time of prayer was done, but something caught his eye, the black candles. J'ar took his last lighting stick and lit just one in passing.

*I own that man, he thought. I am grateful to the good Captain J'orge for getting me out of harms ways. Besides, he has taken a shine to E'Falco. That young man needs all the friends and allies he can lay his hands on.*

He was done with his prayers and he decided his time would be more valuable with E'Falco and the rest of his loved ones.

He approached the front entrance and reached into his robes. J'ar pulled out his gloves and scarf as he watched people coming and going from the temple. All he could do was smile hoping they find as much relief today as he did. He opened his scarf preparing to wrap his face and then he stopped.

Two lovely ladies came through the door. They did not even notice him as they continued to visit and started to remove their head scarves.

The younger of the two turned toward him and all he could do was look down. When he was younger he would have approached or

even asked the young lady out for a drink and now all he could see was scarred hands. She cleared her throat and she had his attention. He looked deep into her bright green eyes and he saw it. She was neither scared nor disgusted with his appearance. She just simply smiled. He gripped his scarf and gloves and smiled back.

“Excuse me, my ladies. My life mate is waiting for me,” J’ar lightly said as he inched pass them.

“Then truly she is the lucky one.”

J’ar heard one of them say as headed for the main entrance. He came to a stop outside of the front doors. He still had his scarf and gloves still in his hands. He felt the sun on his face and the freedom he has not had for years. He descended the steps and began to hum for the happiness he felt he could not contain. The hope has come back to his days and he knew where he needed to be.

J’ar reached down and picked up a lose falco feather.

*Oh yes, little bird, he thought. Someone is truly looking out for you.*

He drew a sly smile as he fondled the brightly colored feather in his fingers. He turned and headed back to the other side of the Community Plaza. Back to his loved ones who needed him the most.

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*This entry was taken from a journal written at the Temple of the Forbidden Fire.*

Day 91: Courage is found in love, but it is also found in many other things. What does one have to do to be courageous? Do you

have to conquer your enemies or your own fears? Where does one find courage? Can it be bought or stored for later use, when needed? It is a funny thing about courage, like death, it simply is. Again my prayers are with him.

~\*~\* “The Daysong of the Knightbird” Ordering Information \*~\*~

(Be sure to use my name, Laurlee Harbig or the book title in your search.)

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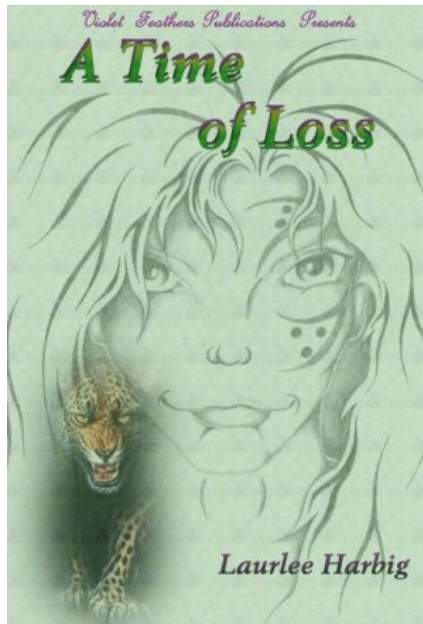
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***“A Time of Loss”***  
***(A short from “The Daysong of the Knightbird”)***



This short story comes right out of scene in “The Daysong of the Knightbird.” Jesse is sitting by a fountain and gazes in only to see a vision of his own brother’s death. What happens here is a major part of “Daysong”.

The cover design is my own artwork. It is the only picture I like out of all the pictures I drew for this cover.

### *A Time of Loss (an excerpt)*

The trees are losing their summer foliage. There is a smell on the air and it is of change. It is the way of the seasons. Nothing is constant, but change itself. The scene is surreal and the city only shows this...even more as it ages. The great Aeryle city on the distant world of Quadstar. There is only one for this race. There is no name or title for it. Today it stands alone as it had done when it was first built and through the recent war with the floats. How such a massive piece of architecture passed by unseen is more of a mystery than those it holds. The Aeryles are an ancient race and they have laid witness to all events which have come to this world, recent and past. They are the last of its original people.

The city is layered and each holds deep wonder for those who pass through them. The deeper you go, the more pure of thought and of body you are asked to become. Some say those who dwell in the center are without form. They are without cares of the world around them, but they only serve those who call upon them. Once you enter the center you shall never return to the outside again.

{{Mother...mother, can you hear me? Do you know I am here?}}

A tear rolled down his round cheeks as he felt the wind catch and pull back his long dark blonde hair. Loss called upon his inner Aeryle being as he stood with his eyes shut tight and his arms out stretch toward the city. His mind was concentrating hard on the words as he repeated them again and again, but to no answer. Loss knew the Aeryle minds were linked, so why did she not hear him?

With his eyes still closed, he brought down his arms. He knew

why she would not answer. It was this simple, something was blocking his thoughts to her. His mind raced with thoughts of abandonment.

It had been several hundred years since his mother, Rebe, had passed to the center of the city and on to a greater service. Loss knew his human father would not understand. Rebe was special, she fought hard for skills which she possessed. He would be 100 years young when Rebe passed from him. It was the 'human' in him which kept him from understanding her, and those around him. When she passed, he left the city to be with his father never telling him why or what was bothering him. It would Rebe's last lover, Lord Darkwater, who would call Loss back to his mother's people.

As he stood there staring at a city he could only hope one day he would understand, his thoughts were interrupted by a gentle invader. A pair of soft hands drew up and around his chest like the breeze. Her sweet breath tickled his neck. It filled his sense of smell with flowers, even though there were no gardens outside the city. The touch he knew only as Aria's.

She spoke to him without any using any words. {{You should not stand here so still, my Love.}}

{{She will not answer. Am I doing something wrong?}} He returned her thoughts.

{{Have you thought of trying to contact her when your spirit is free from all bounds?}} She asked.

He opened his eyes and took her into his arms. She felt like the wind. Impossible to hold onto, but so beautiful to touch. Her eyes could see into his heart and soul, but something was in the way.

Some unseen force kept them apart. She was full Aeryle and so alien to him, but he loved her with all of his being.

{{Aria...}} Loss's reluctances was noted.

{{You hesitate, my Love}}

He paused before returning her thoughts. {{Your father will never smile on this.}}

Loss felt ashamed of even touching such a beautiful creature. She smiled so sweetly as she brushed her fingertips across his face, then down his cream colored shirt.

{{I have been long since parted from my father. He may be a our great Emperor, but it has been far to long since he told he has told me what I can or cannot do.}}

Loss loved the feel of his her hands on his skin as she gently touch his bare chest. They felt like petals of a flower as they fell softly onto the ground. The moisture of his lips was so inviting to him. It was like morning dew as if collected on the leaves. To kiss her was calling to him, but he knew the cost of the invitation.

{{I will take as much of you as I can. The union of our bodies may not happen, but we can enjoy our time together.}} She knew of his hesitation on this subject.

Aria took his hand and started to lead him to a place they knew well. They walked hand in hand without a thought or a word passing between them. The only thing which passed freely was their love and desire for each other.

Loss's mind wandered as they walked to their special place of rest. He remember the talk he had with his mentor and his mother last lover, Lord Darkwater. It was about Aria. Darkwater warned him about

making love to her. Two Aeryles would sing the song of love and it was a great show of respect toward each other, but Loss was different. He was half human. The high pitch song of mating could hurt him. It was not uncommon for Aeryles to union with full humans, but on a few of those occasions humans died trying to satisfy their Aeryle lovers. Loss knew his father only made love to his mother once and maybe it was the small strain of Aeryle which ran through him that saved his life. No one can be for sure, but Darkwater did not what to take the chance.

Aria turned to Loss and giggled. She let go of his hand, ran and then down into a bed of flowers. They were violet Starbursts, his favorite flower and fragrance. He watched her frolic around in them for awhile and it made him smile. She came to him and pulled him into the bed of flowers with her. He laid on his back as she laid her head on his chest.

{{I can hear your heart beat, my Love}} Her thoughts echoed in his mind like a butterfly gently fluttering there.

She ran her finger tips to his abs and he shuttered. Aria slowly moved down his body and kissed each one of the six. He could feel his maleness rising and the hardness it brought with it. He closed his eyes and prayed knowing this could be his last. She then kissed him on the tips of his ears and then on the lips. He opened his eyes and swore he watched her float off of him.

He sat up and was breathing hard. His mind was spinning. Loss sat there waiting for his senses to truly return. Aria was kneeling beside him and she took his hand in hers. She then, brought his hand and kissed it.

{{I will leave you with the memory of this pleasure. You can be assured we shall do this again when you are recovered from this moment.}}

She thoughts were sharp and to the point. Aria stood up, kiss Loss on the head, turn and walked away. She left as softly as she had arrived. Loss felt his heart grow light with the love he had for her as he sat among the flowers he loved so dear.

Maybe it was the human in him which noted the time. Aeryles never noted time, because they have some much of it. He got up and started to walk back to the city.

Loss smiled as he retraced Aria's steps as she left him. He was a solo hunter, but he was a better tracker and Aria made no effort to cover her trail away from him. He started to laugh to himself. If there was ever a time he felt he had to pay for his crimes, he would allow Aria to do the deed. Death by making love, truly it would be the ultimate price.

The trail would take him back to the spot he was standing when they met earlier in the day. When he got there he would find someone waiting for him and it was not Aria. It was Lord Darkwater and he was not alone.

"You look like your tracking for some big game and without your bow?" Lord Darkwater asked with a smile.

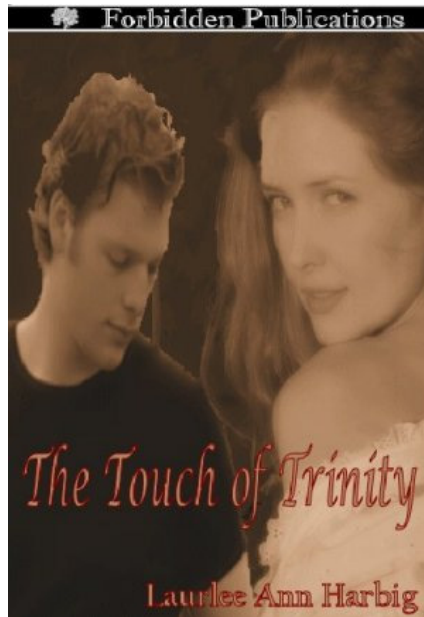
\*~\*~\* “A Time of Loss” Ordering Information \*~\*~\*

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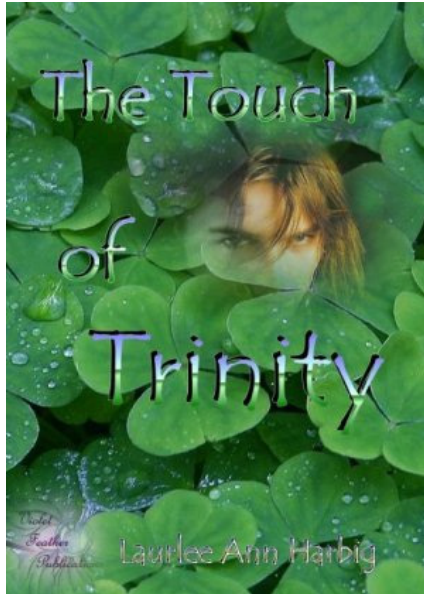
## *“The Touch of Trinity”*



This story is a St. Patrick’s Day story. It has the luck of the Irish with it. I was born in St. Patrick’s Day and Rene, owner of Forbidden Publications, must have thought it would make a great birthday present and it did. She did both the editing and the cover design. I just love this story, I’m glad it was published.

“The Touch of Trinity” has NOTHING to do with the Knightbird series or E’Mor’s Romances. It is one of those odd little stories I have been wanting to put on paper.

***“The Touch of Trinity”***



This is the cover I designed for the Lulu.com printed version of this short story.

## Chapter One

*In 1917, photographs taken by two girls changed the world's mind on how we look at faeries. Frances Griffiths and Elsie Wright were the two young ladies in question and they were from Cottingley, Yorkshire. Even a famous author, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, stepped forward to defend the young ladies in their claim. The girls produced three more photographs in response to an article Sir Conan Doyle wrote in 1920.*

In the U.S, out on the coast in a town called Newport lived a little girl by the name of Davin Ramberg, and she believed in those faeries, too. Her mother was a red headed Irish woman, and her father was a hard working dock hand. He taught her about the realism of life... hard work would get you somewhere and it's not all fun and games. Every night her mother would send her to sleep with tales of faeries and magic folk. Davin came to love going to bed. She would fall asleep with dreams of white horses and playful faeries, which took the form of little lights.

Life has a way of crushing dreams and dreams have a way of ending, but if you keep them safe they will return. In late 1980, Davin was called from classes to the principle office. It was her senior year and she was passing all of her classes.

"Davin..." Principle Johnson said as he looked up. "Please come in...and close the door behind you."

He took off his glasses and sighed.

"Please sit," he said. "Davin...I called you here because I have received a phone call from the police station."

"I haven't been in trouble Mr. Johnson, I swear" she said as she sat down. " My parents would..."

"It's about your parents, Davin," he replied cutting her off.

She could feel the blood rushing from her face as she white knuckled the chair. He looked at Davin with a moment of silence. All she wanted to do was scream.

"Davin..." Mr. Johnson said as he played with his glasses. "Your parents were in a bad accident. Your mother went to pick your father and on their way home..." he paused. "On their way home, they collided with a semi truck."

Her tears were starting to form. She sat frozen in her chair with her mind racing. This kind-of thing happened to other people, not her or her family...to other people.

"I'm sorry," he said with a soft tone.

This is all she would get, an *I'm sorry*. She decided to go back to her classes. Davin was on auto pilot for the rest of the day. The principle and his wife were waiting for her after school. She would stay with them, grieve with them, and finish high school. It was what her parents would have wanted. Mostly, it was what her father would have wanted.

After she graduated, Davin picked up a full time job and a place of her own. She took up serving coffee at the local Coffee House. After her parents passed away, she became distant. Her long time boyfriend walked out on her. This was more than he was willing to handle. Davin was devastated and made a decision guys were not

worth it. She felt abandoned, alone, and left to the mercy of the big bad cruel world. It seemed the fairies were leaving her, too.

While at work, Davin saw something which would cement her hard core solitary life. While cleaning off a table at the local Coffee House, she picked up the paper that was lying on the table and lost her breath. She pushed the curls her strawberry blond curly hair from her eyes. She couldn't believe what she was reading.

It was an article about the infamous Faerie Photos. The two girls, who were elder women by this time, had confessed four of the five pictures they had taken back in 1917 were nothing more than a hoax. They only wanted to prove to their parents that they were truly playing with faeries. This was the last straw. Tales of the faerie folk was something she loved and held dear. This confession did nothing more than cheapen her love for them.

At the moment, faeries were not real and life was only to be survived by the fittest. Davin decided she wouldn't go down without a fight.

## *Chapter Two*

Davin moved on to better jobs and a better places to live. She kept her friends at arms length and decided a social life wasn't called for at all. She had no feelings about leaving the Coffee House behind, as well as some of her dreams. Dreams were faeries; they were for those who were foolish enough to believe in them.

Her new job was a step in the right direction for her, so she thought. It was a sales associate position at the local radio station, KXNT 97.5 FM. The position was a great one. She would sell commercial spots to local and non-local businesses. She could travel and not be confined to her desk all day.

This morning started as they all did recently. She got up, dressed, fed Jenna Kitty, and headed for work. Something had her hackles up. Davin had a way of knowing something was not right, like the day her parents died. These gut feelings had gotten worse since then.

After parking her car, she checked herself in the mirror. Her suit was pressed perfectly, and her make-up was flawless. She took a bobby pin out of her purse and pinned back some of the stray hairs. She liked the fact she took pride in her appearance.

The car door opened, and it startled her. It was Jon, the radio station's General Manager. She smiled and stepped out as gingerly as possible.

"You know, you shouldn't scare a girl that way. You could get a face full of pepper spray," Davin said as she shut the car door.

"Like that hasn't happen before, but you know I'll risk it for a

pretty girl."

"Ohhh...and a sexual harassment suit on top of it. Keep talking big boy," she said with a smile.

Davin turned and headed for the door. All Jon could do was follow. They met at the front desk and signed in.

"No...I don't think I would want to get your Irish up," Jon finally said as he motioned to the elevator. "You would probably kill me."

"There is no *probably* about it," she said as she pushed the button to their floor.

"Now that I have you alone..."

"Wait..." Davin said, as she started to go through her purse. "I know my pepper spray is here somewhere."

"Down girl," Jon said with his hands out. "I only wanted to tell you we're losing a DJ. Jason has accepted a position with another station closer to his girlfriend. I think they're getting married or something."

Davin stopped and looked up at Jon. "Is this going to upset the new radio programming we have?" She pulled her hand bag back up on her shoulder.

"Maybe..." Jon replied, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Finding someone is only part of the battle. Training them is going to be the bitch."

The door opened on to their floor and Jon, gentleman that he was, let Davin step out first.

"Hi Peggy," Davin said as she addressed the hostess.

"Miss. Ramberg, you have five messages and a client waiting for you," Peggy replied and handed Davin some slips of paper.

"Well then, I'm off to work," Davin said as she turned to Jon.

"Lunch?" Jon asked.

"No, I don't think so."

Davin turned and headed for her office. Peggy was right, a local business man was waiting for her. Her business meeting went well. He bought more advertising, and the five call backs were just as fruitful. The day was going without a hitch. Then Jason, the DJ who was leaving, stopped by and the bad feeling Davin had came back with a vengeance.

"I wanted to say good-bye. You were so nice to me," he said as he entered her office, closing the door behind him.

"Oh...it's not necessary," she said as she inched toward her purse.

It was from past experience which Davin made this move. For reasons she couldn't totally explain, Jason had always given her a bad feeling and at this moment, the bad feeling was even worse.

"I know you've been putting me off," Jason said as he leaned across her desk. "But I think we would be great together."

"I don't. By the way, why did you tell Jon you were leaving to move closer to your girlfriend?" Davin asked as she removed her pepper spray from her purse.

He leaned in even closer. She was trying not to break a sweat, but it was about to show. Then she caught sight of Jon standing with a couple of other guys out in the hall, deep in conversation. Jason was starting to get angry.

"You can be such a bitch..." Jason said in a low growl. "You think every guy is going to lick your boot heels? It's only a matter of time

before I come back around..."

Davin pulled out the pepper spray and nailed him in the face. Jason screamed, and in a matter of seconds, Jon came through the door. They had Jason wrestled to the floor in no time.

Davin stepped to the window behind her and turned around to look out. She felt herself starting to cry from the stress, but she didn't want anyone else seeing her weakness. After a while, Jason was removed, and Jon came up behind Davin, who was still looking out the window.

Jon gently touched her on the shoulders. She jumped, and he pulled away.

"Listen..." he started. "Let's go out into the lobby. I'll call the cleaning crew up here to clean your office. This pepper spray is going to linger for awhile."

They slowly moved out into the lobby as Davin watch security come and remove Jason. He turned to look at her, and all she could do was look away.

"Take the rest of the day off," Jon said softly. "Come back when you're ready. Don't worry about Jason, he is so gone."

"I think that's a great idea. I need to regain my composure," Davin said as she fought back the tears. "Yea, I think it would be a great idea."

\*~\*~\* “The Touch of Trinity” Ordering Information \*~\*~\*

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<http://Touch-of-Trinity.bebo.com>

~\*~\*~\* About the Author \*~\*~\*~



The author, Laurlee Harbig, was born in Moab, Utah. She and her family moved to Glendive, Montana about the time she was three years of age. Even though Laurlee was born in Utah, both of her parents are from North Dakota. Her mother, Jeanette, was born and raised in Tioga, North Dakota and her father, John, was born and raised on a farm in Stoneview Township near McGregor, North Dakota. John and Jeanette had five children of which Laurlee is the youngest. Unfortunately Laurlee's father would lose his battle with cancer in October of 2001. She would also lose her mother earlier the same year.

Laurlee's favorite pass time is not only writing, but she also enjoys drawing. She regularly bowls on a bowling league at the local alley, Glen Bowl Lanes. She is not the best on her team, but she enjoys her night out. Laurlee also listens to a lot of music. Her favorites can range anywhere from Yanni to Nickelback to Keith Urban. Laurlee was raised on it all.

She has lived in Glendive most of her life and loves looking out at the Badlands. Laurlee believes they can be an inspiration to us all.

~\*~\*~\* Websites of Interest \*~\*~\*~

<http://LaurleeHarbig.bebo.com>

<http://www.myspace.com/efalcoslanding>

<http://linktiles.com/?tile=1761>

<http://www.authorsden.com/laurleeharbig>

<http://www.midrivers.com/~loreann>

<http://knightbird.blogspot.com>