

Kasadya

Hellhound Awakened

Written by Karen Swart



Appraisals for the Kasadya Saga

“Kas, was a great main character! She bold, determined and sometimes stupid. But she was awesome. She went from a spoiled teen to a warrior! Yes a great warrior with BAT wings!! This book as it all....with, action, HOT males! :)” [Derinda Love-Young Adult and Teen Readers for Hellhound Awakened](#)

“Holy crap, I could not put this down!! What a great read this was, although at the end I was screaming NOOOOO..... I didn't want it to end! If you are looking for a book with some action in it, THIS is it!! I loved the characters, I could

picture them in my head. That's awesome character building!" Brenda Romine –
Hellhound Awakened

"Another great book, written amazingly, with so many great characters! I can't wait for the next book and totally recommend this for all paranormal lovers!!" Carrie Fort – Hellhound
Twisted

"I have so many emotions warring with each other- sympathy, anger, sadness, betrayal and more. This author knows how to pack a wallop regarding her writing." Merisha Abbott –
Hellhound Twisted

"I've said it before and I'll say it again! Be sure when you start Karen's Kasadya Series you start each book well before you plan to sleep at night! I don't mean that it will keep you up all night with night terrors, but it will keep you up all night turning the pages." Julia – Hellhound
Born

"Holy Shit! Talk about an emotional roller coaster." Alyssa Williams – Hellhound Born

"I don't think it's any secret to anyone at all that I love Karen Swart's Kasadya Hellhound series. They are just so much fun! I'm serious, I haven't had this much fun reading in a long time. The premise of the series is more unique than most "Angel" type books and the author throws in enough twists to keep me guessing, and on the edge of my seat." Lori Parker –
Hellhound Born

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Dedication

To my husband, family, and friends that had to bear the wrath of my insane writing,
thank you and I love you beyond words.

Acknowledgements

To Anchor Group Publishing for the development and publishing of my novel, a huge thank you. To my beta readers; Jane Anne of Lindsay and Jane's Views and Reviews and Delphina Miyares of Delphina Reads Too Much. Thank you doesn't even cover it.

Glossary

Custos - Guardian Fallen

Apprendo - Apprentice Fallen

Filiola - Little Daughter

Dominus - Master

Salve - Greetings or Hello

Vale - Farewell

Puella - Girl

Caveo - Take care

Cor - Heart

Bellus - Beautiful

Exsilium - Banished realm

Fillia – Daughter

Bellator – Warrior



Prologue

There was a time when heaven was filled with peace and serenity. God, Jesus Christ, and all the angels lived in harmony; no evil and no sin existed. Until one fateful day...

With all gathered to hear their Sire speak, God rose and addressed his Angels. Before all, he proclaimed His Son, Jesus Christ, was equal to Him. That Christ's words should be obeyed as if they were His own. Christ would command the heavens, with the same authority as Him. All the Angels bowed down before Christ and accepted their Sire's proclamation, all except for one...

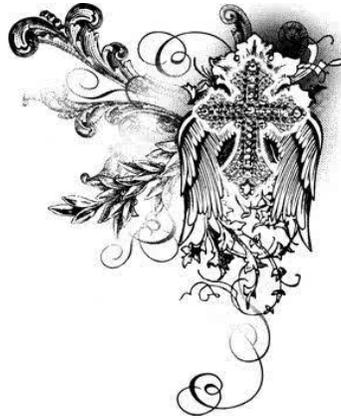
An Archangel was furious with this proclamation. He was his Sire's right hand, the deliverer of justice, the commander of all legions. He had served his Sire for centuries, and never failed him. It should be to him that God bestow power, not a Son whom had never even seen battle.

With his heart filled with hatred and jealousy, he gathered all the angels in secret. He told them that their days of sweet liberty were at an end. That God has now placed Christ as their ruler and that they should now obey his wishes. Many Angels were angered at such a false statement, but many also agreed with the Archangel. He had led them for many years, why should they now question his leadership?

The faithful Angels fled to God and told Him what was happening, and together they prepared for war. With the sun rising on a new day, God and his Angels stood ready for battle against the Archangel and his followers. The battle only lasted a day, the Archangel and his followers defeated before the sun set for the night.

On their knees before God, He gave them one final chance... "Repent and declare your loyalty, and I will forgive you, my children." He told his beautiful angels, tears falling with each word. This was His family, this was His love. How could they betray Him? Some of the Angels cried their penance, begging Him to forgive them for their deceit. They claimed that the Archangel deceived them, and they followed him into battle, as they have done for centuries.

God took pity on them, but still believed that their deceit must not go unpunished. He had spoken many times about the importance of punishment, that lessons learned must be



earned... “I herewith grant you mercy, but as punishment you will be sentenced to an earthly realm. I will take your beauty as payment for my children lost today. In the place of your beauty I will give you another. In mercy, and because I love you still, I give you life in this realm. Let this be known, that I was merciful this day,” God finished.

He placed them in an earthly realm, and called it Exsilium. In this realm they would carry their deceit, and earn their place with him. He took their beauty and replaced them with elements of his earth. Half would be of animal and element, and would resemble punishment. The other, in a humanoid form, and would resemble mercy. He called them his Fallen.

The Archangel, and those whom did not repent, were not that lucky. God looked into the eyes of His once faithful angels and only saw destruction, hatred, jealousy, and heartache. He knew that His beloved ones had died this day, and that others needed to be protected. But how could you destroy one you loved? He placed the Archangel, and his followers, in another earthly realm, but where Exsilium was above the earth, this one was in the centre. With one wave of His hand, their beautiful forms were replaced with its opposite. Using His word and blood, He sealed this realm from any other.

As He looked into the many eyes of hatred, He spoke his final word... “This realm will be called Hell and you will be called demons. You, my once faithful Archangel, you will be called the Devil, your angel name will be erased from the past, present, and future. You will be forgotten,” He proclaimed and left them to their demise.

Many years passed since that day. God created mankind and cherished his new children. The male and female were his new hope; in them he would find peace again. But the Devil had grown strong through the years, and somehow managed to enter God’s garden. Here, he found the female God created, with her he would strike back. He whispered words of deceit in her ears, and watched as God’s new children stepped into sin. With her first bite, a crack appeared in the seal around Hell, and demons escaped to earth.

From that day onward, the Devil and his demons created chaos amongst God’s new children, leading one after the other into sin. God looked upon this and decided to fight for his loved ones. He went to Exsilium and spoke to the Fallen... “You, my children, have proven your loyalty in the years that have passed, and so I came to offer you another chance at Heaven. If you slay the Devil, and his demons, to protect mankind, I will give you a place in my Heaven once again. With your last breath on this earth, you will join me and your brethren in Heaven,”

he finished. The Fallen agreed and God gave them the power to move in and out of Exsilium to battle the demons. The war between Good and Evil began.

But as mankind spread over the earth, sin became their followers. And with each sin, the demons grew stronger and created more demons to torture mankind. The Fallen were now fighting against millions; they needed assistance to ensure victory. God had watched the battle from Heaven and saw that they were failing because of their numbers. He also saw that the demons grew stronger than the Fallen. He intervened and created a new creature. This creature would have all the realms in one. One half was as strong and loyal as the Fallen, while the other was as hard and enduring as a demon. This was his ultimate weapon. This would be His greatest creation. To ensure that these creatures could not be swayed, He placed Heaven's soul into them. He called them his hellhounds.

The hellhounds delivered justice swiftly, as strong and just as the Fallen, yet hard and durable like the demons, they conquered the earthly realm and the demons retreated. Not one hellhound could be swayed, all stayed true to their calling. God, knowing that the Devil and many more demons had retreated, gave his hellhounds life, and offered them a place among the Fallen.

Until this day they still watch over mankind, protecting them from evil. Will we be worth it?

Chapter 1



Looking in the mirror, the face looking back at me had such sad eyes; in them I could only see despair and heartache. With blue eyes, long brown hair, and soft tan skin, she didn't look bad. It's pretty funny how a simple thing like DNA could play into your destiny, that a simple drop of blood could predict your fate. This was my fate, to become what my DNA wanted me to become.

Something I wished I never had. Life in general was hard and uncertain, but mine was about to take a very bad turn. The only question was, would I survive it?

Ever since I could remember, my dad was always away on business, especially during the nights. Mom was a landscape specialist and stayed home with me, doing her thing when I was at school. We stayed in a normal town, a normal house, and I lived a normal life. But at the age of twelve, Mom and Dad filled me in on my destiny, or perhaps I should say my curse.

You see, my parents are Fallen. My dad was a hellhound and my mom a fae. Dad was always away on "business" because it was his destiny to defeat evil demons and protect humankind. Mom was given leave of her service to attend to me, at least until I was old enough to go to The Hellhouse in Exsilium.

It was explained to me that I could never have a regular human life because I wasn't human. I was born a hellhound, thanks to my dad's genes. He was one of the strongest Fallen, created by God himself. It was my destiny to protect mankind from evil in order to earn passage to Heaven. Unlike human children born without sin, I was born with it and, to redeem my soul, I had to serve. That part sucked big time.

To add to my curse, I also had to follow "The Fallen Laws". The first law was you may interact with humans, but never join them. To make it short, I was allowed to go to a normal school, but wasn't allowed to have friends. The second law was that we were not allowed to take a human partner, so no boyfriends for me. Yeah, sucked really badly.

Apparently there were many laws, that's why The Hellhouse was created, to teach and train us. Wedded couples, like Mom and Dad, were allowed to raise children in the human world,

but every childless Fallen lived in Exsilium. They believed that by exposing us to humans from a young age, we would serve better.

I don't think that idea worked out too well. About a week ago, two days before my seventeenth birthday, Mom and I got into a huge fight because I accepted an offer to go on a date with a boy at school. Ranting and raving, my emotions went haywire and the next thing I knew, I was standing on a street, in an unknown town, in the middle of the night. I had no idea how the hell I did it, but there I was.

Just when I was about to go insane, Mom appeared out of the blue next to me, even angrier than before I left. Still screaming at me, she took my hand and then zap, I was back in the living room to find Dad standing there, totally pissed off. I broke a law, only Dominus and Custos Fallen were allowed to shift in the human world. Apprendos, like me, were only allowed to shift with their consent. Also, Apprendos could only shift after their seventeenth birthday, when their bodies started becoming Fallen.

In total shock, I just stood there and listened to them going off at me. How the hell could I have known what shifting was in the first place, let alone know that I would be able to do it? Dad and Mom decided that my normal life should end immediately and that it was time for me to go to The Hellhouse and start my curse.

So, here I am, sitting in front of a mirror in a hotel in Omsek, Russia, a few steps away from me living a curse. What a life. A soft knock at the door made me turn my head, and in came the two of them, to collect and deliver me to my torment.

"It's time, my Filiola," Dad said, looking at me with what could only be called a mixture of sadness and pride.

"Is all your stuff packed?" Mom asked with her poker face. No way in hell would she show any emotion; too proud I guessed.

"Yeah, it's all there," I replied, while turning my head to look at my three suitcases. Bummer, seventeen years and all I had to show for it was three suitcases.

"Time is wasting Kas, we need to go." Dad walked over to my suitcases, picked them up, then walked out of the room, heading for the car.

Mom stood there, looking at me. No words came, so I stood up and walked outside to the hallway, and went down the old stairs. I looked at the humans in the small lobby, envy in my

heart. They never had to live a curse just to be able to go to Heaven one day. All they needed to do was go to confession and be forgiven. That's so unfair.

Outside Dad was already in the driver's seat of the minivan, so I went to the back door and got in, with Mom following suit. We drove for about an hour into the country, until Dad turned left onto a dirt road. A mile in, we came to an old cottage with a man waiting outside. Dad stopped the car in a garage and we got out.

"Salve Vulcan, good to see you again," Dad greeted the guy.

"Salve Troian," he returned, and they braced both their hands on each other's arms. Fallen don't shake hands like humans; they greet each other in an old warrior way. Who gave a damn?

"Vulcan," Mom said and greeted him in same way. Married women - or females as my mom always said - are not allowed to show affection to another male, so a kiss to the cheek was taboo.

"May I introduce my daughter, Kasadya," Dad said, gesturing to me.

"Salve Kasadya and welcome," Vulcan replied, but luckily he didn't do the arm thing with me. With long, golden blond hair and ember blue eyes, he looked down at me with a smile.

"Hi," I said in return, my mom rolling her eyes at my short greeting.

"Shall we get your baggage?" Vulcan asked. We walked back to the garage to get our suitcases. I grabbed two of mine and my mom's vanity case. Since they were getting rid of me, they were also returning to their home inside Exsilium.

"Okay, that's everything," Dad said. We started walking to the cottage, a shifting portal waiting inside. A portal made by fae, like my mom, to gain access to Exsilium. Not all the Fallen need it, of course. It was made for Apprendos like me.

We walked into the old cottage to find it empty. Following Vulcan, we made our way to the kitchen, where Vulcan opened the pantry door and walked inside, disappearing into a green light. *Okay, I'll admit that, was cool.* Next to go was Mom. Dad and I were left; we stood there looking at each other. My breathing picked up with anticipation, and dread.

"Come my Filiola, your turn," he gently prodded, nodding toward the open space in the pantry. No escaping, I guess, so I took a step into the portal, stepping out onto a brick road in front of a huge house. I looked back to see my dad standing behind me.

“Welcome home, Kas,” he said and started walking towards my mom and Vulcan, who were waiting for us at the gate of the house. I sighed and walked after him.

When we reached them, my mom turned towards the gate and it opened all on its own. One by one, we stepped inside and went up the stairs, only to find the next door doing the same. *Wow, getting cooler.* It made little things, like opening a door and gate, easier. Walking behind Vulcan, we entered a lobby in the front of the house.

“Freya, Vulcan and I are just going to drop our luggage at home. We will be right back,” Dad interjected, before placing my big suitcase on the floor to take my mom’s vanity from me. He looked at me with a smile and then poof, they were gone. I turned to look at my mom and found her smiling at me.

“You’ll find our world interesting, that I promise Fillia.” She smiled, picking up my suitcase and motioning for me to walk with her.

“Yeah, pretty cool so far,” I responded, walking behind her into a hallway. When we reached the second door, it opened on its own and she walked inside. I followed into what looked like an office.

“You can place your luggage here for now,” she instructed, putting my suitcase down in the corner of the office. I dropped my luggage and turned around to see her sitting on one of the couches.

“So, is this The Hellhouse you guys were talking about?” I asked, looking around at the paintings and stuff inside the office.

“Yes, here you will practice your apprenticeship for about six months. Afterwards, you will live with your Custos, until you are a Custos yourself.”

“How long will it take?”

“It depends on the Fallen, but the average is about two years.”

“So, I guess that means there will be no prom for me?”

“No, my dear, there will be no prom. That is for the humans. We have other balls, and you will need to attend them, its tradition.”

“Oh just great, I don’t even know how to dance, Mom. You wouldn’t allow me to go to any of the dances at home, remember?”

“Don’t fret about it now, only focus on one thing at a time.”

Rolling my eyes at her, I planted myself on another couch, only to have the living daylights scared out of me when Dad and Vulcan shifted in next to me. Laughing, my dad went to sit next to Mom, while Vulcan walked behind the desk to take his seat.

“Let’s begin. Kas, you will be attending here at the house for about six months. From there, you will live with your Custos until he has found you worthy of being one yourself. We have rules for the house, which I will give to you. Learn them by heart,” Vulcan finished.

“Okay.”

“You’re chosen Custos is Chax De Luca. He will introduce himself when he arrives later today.”

“You have arranged for Chax?” Dad asked.

“Yes, he is the best and just finished with his other Apprendo,” he replied, looking at my dad who turned his head to me. There was something in his eyes, something like dread. *Okay, what’s wrong with this Chax guy?*

“Then I will trust your judgment. My Fillia will not disappoint me,” Dad said finally, getting up from the couch. “If you need anything Kas, you only need to ask Vulcan. We will only see you once a month from now until you finish. Be good my Filiola,” Dad said and kissed me on the head.

Mom was up next and we just stood there, looking at each other. I was waiting for her to say something, anything. But, just like always, she kissed me on the cheek and joined my father at the bookshelf. Some girls have that best friend mom, I had... well, I had her.

“Be strong, Kas,” Dad encouraged, before he shifted out with Mom. I turned, really pissed off at Mom, to look at Vulcan. *You would think that she would at least say goodbye. But no, too much for Mrs. Perfect.*

“Okay Kas, let me show you to your room and introduce you to your roommates, Nanini and Lada. They will assist you with the rest,” Vulcan said, walking over to my suitcases. He picked up two of them, leaving me with the third.

I followed him up the corridor, going up a few stairs, until we finally made it into another hall, which was buzzing with life. As I walked behind him, kids my age were everywhere. In one

room my eye caught a girl completely green from top to toe, dangling in a meditating position in the air. *Okay, now that's freaking awesome!*

He finally stopped at a room and went inside. Following him, I found two girls in a huge freaking room. A dark haired girl was lying on the bed, and a blonde was jumping up and down in front of her. The moment they saw Vulcan the one jumping stopped and the other one got off the bed.

"Greetings puellas," Vulcan greeted, placing my suitcases on the floor.

"Hi Vulcan," they said simultaneously.

"Kas, this is Lada Facetus," he said as he motioned to the dark haired girl. She had brown eyes and dark tan skin, coupled with long brown hair to complete her majestic look.

"And this is Nanini Dacus." He indicated to the blonde girl. She had blue eyes, long, blonde hair, and a very petite figure, like a pixy.

"Girls, this is Kasadya Levourne and she will be joining us. Please show her around and introduce her to the others, her Custos will introduce himself later. Kas, get settled in, and best of luck," he finished, walking out of the room.

"Hi there, so glad we have another American girl," Nanini said, starting to jump on the spot again, like she needed to get to the bathroom or something.

"Yeah, the Europe girls can really bug the hell out of you," Lada commented, smiling at me.

"Glad to hear. Do you need to use the bathroom? Or something?" I asked Nanini, her jumping totally breaking my concentration.

"Don't mind Nanini, she has an adrenalin disorder and is always jumping or pacing around. Believe me, the moment she plants her butt, it's her mouth that goes off," Lada teased, laughing.

"Yeah, but at least it's a positive when I need to fly," Nanini countered, trying to stop, but failing miserably.

"Did you just say *fly*?" I asked, stunned at her words.

"Yeah, I'm a fae and one of my powers is flying. I had to come live in Exsilium when I was eleven. I had a big problem keeping my flying under control."

“Wow. I could just imagine the human’s reaction to that.”

“This will be your section of the room, and luckily we have a bathroom to share so, we need to work out a routine. Nanini goes in last because she takes the longest,” Lada said, gesturing to a bed in the corner near a window and another door to the right.

“Thanks,” I replied, and picked up the first suitcase, placing it on the bed to start unpacking.

“I’ll help, you stand at the closet and I’ll give one a piece at a time. It will go a lot faster with some team work,” Lada insisted, and sat down next to the suitcase.

“Nice, so, how long have you been here Lada?”

“About two months now, turned seventeen in March. Don’t worry, the place isn’t that bad. At least we have sexy guys to keep us entertained,” she answered, handing over a pair of jeans.

I took the jeans and placed them in the closet. *Sexy guys, yeah right.* Then I remembered the two in the hall; they did look pretty yummy.

“So, where are you from?” Nanini asked, pacing around the front of the bed.

“I’m from Ohio, it’s a pretty cool town,” I replied, taking clothes from Lada and placing them inside the closet

“And who are your parents?”

“My dad is Troian, a hellhound, and my mom is Freya, also a fae like you,” I said, directing the last bit at Nanini.

“Wow. That will make you a hellhound. Totally wicked.”

“Why would that be wicked?” I asked her, turning around to face her.

“Hellhounds are the strongest of the Fallen, but really rare. I’m also one,” Lada said, looking at me with pride written all over her face.

“Have you transformed yet?” Nanini went on.

“If you mean transformed into a hellhound, no. But I shifted to somewhere, and that had my mom and dad throwing a hissy fit.”

“Then you are going to have to get a spark, to hit the transformation,” Lada continued.

“What do you mean a spark?”

“In the old days, we would transform for the first time when we were near a demon, but now we are taken to a spirit fae called Maia. She uses her powers to trigger your hellhound inside. Then you will be able to transform into a hellhound. Afterwards, everything is pretty cool.”

“So, this Maia is going to zap me with her powers, to turn me into a monster?”

“Basically, yeah.”

Oh, just great, not only will I be a monster, but someone has to zap me into one.

“Do you know what I would look like?” I asked Lada, worried over the aftereffect this was going to have. I didn’t want to look like a bull or something.

“I can do more than that,” she said smiling.

Getting up, she walked over to an open spot near the window. When she turned around, she wasn’t a girl anymore. She was two feet taller, and was covered in what look like fur. Her brown eyes were now yellow with black pupils. On her forehead were two small horns sticking out. But it was the two black, bat-like wings lifting up behind her that did it for me. *Oh my freaking soul! I am going to turn into a huge freaking bat!* My legs turned into jelly and I planted my butt on the bed.

“It’s not that bad, Kas. We can do a lot cool stuff with our Fallen bodies. Our wings grow stronger as we develop our Fallen nature. We are able to use them to fly and fight. We are just as fast as Harpies, but even better,” she told me in a slightly deeper voice, before she transformed back to normal. I didn’t see the okay part in this, definitely not the cool part. *I don’t even know what a freaking Harpy is.*

“Come on Kas, think positive about this. I know it’s shocking the first time, but at least you don’t turn pink all over,” Nanini said, patting me on the shoulder.

“You turn pink?” I asked her, remembering the girl drifting around in her room earlier.

“Yeah, it’s a fae thing. We turn into almost any color on the planet. Even my freaking hair goes pink, so not cool.”

“Well, at least you still look human, and not like a huge bat.”

“Point taken.”

“How do your clothes stay on when you do that?” I asked, worried about my birthday suit making its appearance in front of other people.

“Don’t worry. A fae charms our clothing, making it possible to move and stretch. Your clothes are already charmed, must have been your mom,” Lada said, coming to sit next to me again.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here?” a girl with a thick, Russian sounding accent asked. I whipped my head towards the door to find three girls standing there. The one in front looked almost exactly like Kate Beckinsale. The one on her left like Jennifer Lopez, and the last one at the back like Kirsten Dunst.

“Can’t remember inviting you into our room, Kali,” Lada sneered, clearly pissed off at the girl.

“Since when do I need your permission, dog?” Kali countered while smiling at Lada, who jumped up ready for a fight.

“Okay, you two cut it out! Save it for the arena,” Nanini demanded, but she also looked ready for some action, taking a “just try it” stance at the bed’s end.

“And who might you be?” Kali asked, swinging her finger at me.

“Kas.”

“So, are you another dog?”

“If you are referring to a hellhound, then yes, I am.”

“Perfect, another one to pound down in the arena. Can’t wait,” the Jennifer Lopez girl said with a French accent, while looking me up and down.

“Oh please, like you can talk, werewolf,” Lada chimed in, moving forward to stand between the girl and me.

“Don’t push me, Lada,” the girl replied, a growl escaping from her throat. *Oh man, she is a freaking werewolf.*

“Come girls, we have to entertain the boys. Let’s leave these losers for later,” Kali said and walked out, the other two following her.

“One of these days, I’m going to kill her,” Lada declared, turning around to look at me.

“Something I should know about?” I asked. I wasn’t really into the diva squad thing, at least not since I was fourteen, and being the odd kid out, I was picked on daily. Soooo over that now.

“They think they are the bomb,” Nanini replied, pacing around in the open space in front of the bed.

“So, I guess that will be the local cheerleader squad then?” I asked, still looking at the doorway the girls left from. Man, I hated them in school, but now I’m stuck with the same type of divas all the time. And to add on to the whole thing, they turn into freaking werewolves.

“Yeah, every school has them right?” Nanini replied. From the look on her face I could see that she had missed out on it because she had to come here when she was eleven. I, personally, didn’t think she missed much.

“Come on, let’s get you unpacked so we can get some grub before its time for our Custose,” Lada instructed and went back to the suitcase.

“Yeah, so, who and what are they, just to be on the safe side?” I asked, taking some clothes from Lada again, and pointing to the door the girls were standing in earlier.

“The leader of the pack would be Kali, she’s a harpy. Then the werewolf is Nina, and the blondie at the back is Juno, who’s vampire,” Lada explained with a displeased face.

“Okay then. We are so not doing a slumber party with them!” I said, making a joke to try and lift the spirit in the room. It worked, both of them laughed.

We finished unpacking and the girls showed me how to get to the mess hall, or as they put it, grub spot. Pretty much like at school, you get in line, take a tray, grab food and look for an open spot, which was easier.

The grub spot only had a few kids, about twenty from what I could see. We went to sit down and I had just taken my first bite when a group of four guys came to sit with us. Lada introduced me to them all, and I must admit it was quite nice to be able to talk to boys for a change, without feeling odd. And man, were they fine! After we ate, we got up to return our trays to the kitchen area, the three divas checking us out with every step.

“You can actually date one of them, if you are interested. The “no go zone” is officially over, they are Fallen, so it’s permitted. You’re going to need a date for the ball,” Lada said to me when I placed my tray in the wash bin.

“Really?” I asked, excited and scared at the same time. I didn’t have much experience, but hell, I wouldn’t mind getting to first base before I was eighteen.

“Hell yeah, it’s cool now. So grab and enjoy,” Nanini said, very pleased at the idea.

“I’ll keep that in mind when a hunk comes along,” I responded, smiling back at her.

Laughing we went outside, still on the guys subject, until they steered me into what looked like a huge entertainment room. A huge TV, two pool tables, and some other stuff were crammed into the room, with kids playing on them.

“We hang out here until our Custos come and fetch us for our training,” Lada explained, going over to the TV to flip it over to MTV. So glad we can watch the normal world from here. I was wondering if they had the same stuff, and so far it was as normal as usual.

“So, who’s your Custos?” Nanini asked, grabbing the pin ball machine close to us.

“I believe it’s a Chax somebody,” I replied, looking at her feet moving like they were on fire. The girl clearly had a problem keeping still, but then she suddenly stopped dead, so I looked up to see her staring at me in shock.

“You mean Chax De Luca?”

“I think so, didn’t really pay much attention to the details, one boring teacher to another isn’t worth it, right?”

“Boring will be the last thing you call a Custos, but Chax is the worst of them all. Vampires aren’t people persons, and man, he is the worst of the lot,” Lada said next to me.

“What does that mean?”

“First of all, it means they are not old guys or women, the Fallen never grow old. Haven’t you noticed that with your parents? We hit a late twenty stage and that’s it for eternity. Second, he is a Dominus Custos, being one of the first original Fallen and he serves on the council. He is permanently in a bad mood.”

“Oh, that’s just freaking great! I get Darth Vader?”

“Yeah, you get the most desired, sexiest vampire in existence, but with a really bad attitude to completely spoil everything else.”

“Crap that sucks,” I finished, laying my head back on the couch, my hands on my forehead. That’s all I needed, an ass training me, and apparently he looked like a god to spoil every dream guy I ever had.